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David Halberstam on McGeorge Bundy

July 1969 75 cents

Harper's

BIRMGAME
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Magazine

by Richard Pollak



Mr. Luce's most successful invention is going through a change of life. Here's the story—with a close look at the personalities and conflicts that produce an American institution cursed by many and read by almost everyone....



251512

**We're always striking up friendships
with people we never see again.
's a little sad."**

We hire stewardesses that we like.
As people.
We figure if she makes a good person,
she'll make a good stewardess.
And your flight will be just a little bit nicer,
because she is.
One girl that we hired is Linda Scruggs,
from Sacramento, California.
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the air:

**People like talking to the stewardess.
And I like talking to people.
Especially businessmen. They're the
most interesting.
First they give me a hot tip on the stock
market, then they warn me to stay out
of it.
You know, I've been flying for two years
now.
I've probably met over 10,000 people.
Many of them I remember.
And every once and awhile I wonder how
they're doing."**

We think Linda is a nice person. She brings
a little something extra to her job. That's
the American Way.

Fly the American Way. American Airlines

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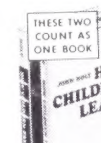
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

David Halberstam, at the age of thirty-five, has already become something of a legend in American journalism. Unlike many of the bright young Harvard writers of the 1950s, he avoided the pull of the cultural capital and went to work as an apprentice reporter on a small daily in Mississippi. After working for the *Nashville Tennessean*, one of the South's distinguished papers, he moved to the foreign staff of the *New York Times*. His bold and incisive reporting from Vietnam—indeed, we believe Halberstam has proved to be more consistently right on that contorted issue than any other of our contemporaries—won him the Pulitzer Prize for 1964. As the *Times* correspondent in Warsaw, he met and, after considerable troubles with the Polish bureaucracy, married the actress Elzbieta Tchizevska. They live now in Manhattan's East Sixties, in a rambling household constantly swarming with European émigrés, peregrinating journalists, and down-and-out New York editors. Since becoming a *Harper's* contributing editor two years ago, Halberstam has probed many of the important issues and personalities of our day—he has written about the experience of being expelled as a Western correspondent from an Iron Curtain country, the deepening U. S. involvement in Vietnam, Martin Luther King, J. K. Galbraith, McCarthy and the American Left, Claude Kirk of Florida, Bobby Kennedy, Mayor Daley, and Al Lowenstein. In his "The Very Expensive Education of McGeorge Bundy" (page 21), on which he spent three months' research, Halberstam deals with one of the most brilliant and enigmatic figures of that elusive institution known as the American Establishment, and in the process explores for the first time the actual decision-making that led us into our military commitments in Southeast Asia.



David Halberstam



Larry L. King

Larry L. King, another of our contributing editors and the only dropout we know from Texas Tech, considers the flamboyant Texas lawyer Warren Burnett his most consistent friend of the past twenty years, although he admits "he didn't have much competition." "In his role as lawyer," King says, "Burnett once extracted me from the pledges of an old wedding ceremony. Presumably in the role of friend, he was my best man at another. He billed me for professional services each time. I figure we're even." King's pen has barbed Presidents, Senators, Governors, Congressmen, Mayors, boxing champions, jazz and country musicians, football stars, writers, and, he says, "such pop Renaissance men as William F. Buckley, Jr. and Jacqueline Susann." Where he normally writes an article in ten days, King was stymied by the Burnett article for six weeks. He blames this on "a highly personal regard for the truth conflicting with my old friend's personal habits and character." See his portrait of Burnett on page 66.

This issue of *Harper's Magazine*, as you have surely noticed, is the first to be printed and bound in a new manner. To save you complicated technical explanation, it simply will mean later deadlines for our writers, more visual possibilities for our editors and for Sheila Berger, our new art director, and, we hope, more timely articles and more attractive and easier-to-read pages. If anyone is curious, it's called "saddle-stitching."

Harper's criticism contest for college students, announced earlier this year, has had an extremely satisfying response: there were 579 entries from 148 different colleges and universities. For details on the winners, see page 96.

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.



LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ

LETTERS

Flu Remedies

There were several items in Professor John Thompson's article ["Yesterdays in Grand Rapids," May] to which I take exception.

Having somewhat of an understanding of the racist nature of American society, I am not particularly upset by the misquotations of my statements, as much as I am disturbed by the futility of interviews. It appears that the racist, conscious or inadvertent, once having labeled a black person as a "militant," conjures up all kinds of monstrous images in his mind. Consequently, when a militant makes certain statements, they get filtered through that mind and emerge conforming to a preconceived notion of "what a militant should sound like."

First: Anyone who knows me knows that I would never recommend Scotch to offset the influences of the Hong Kong flu. The only thing that brings relief is bourbon—100 proof at that.

Second: Only an idiot would suggest, without qualification, that black people comprise 49 per cent of the total population. What I said (facetiously) was that, taking the 10 per cent that has been ascribed to us and adding to that the percentage passing for white and adding to that the percentage of black people that are passing for white and don't even know it, the total percentage of "black" people would be closer to fifty.

Additionally: I did not say, "when we take over..." anything. I said, "Effective change comes about through revolutionary efforts of people."

The Grand Rapids Planned Parenthood agency is today, as it has been in the past, located in the heart of Grand Rapids on Barclay Street. Obviously, they have not been "run out of town" as Mr. Thompson quoted me. I would like to... and they know it... but factually, they continue to exist and to attract clients. The problem here, in terms of Planned Parenthood, is between black men and women. The fact is that when black men attempt to influence black women to ignore Planned Parenthood, *we* are the ones likely to be run out of town....

Grand Rapids has enough problems without the Second Coming of a flu-ridden self-styled Thomas Wolfe.

REGGIE GATLING
Executive Director
Kentfields Group
Rehabilitation Center
Grand Rapids, Mich.

JOHN THOMPSON REPLIES:

My thanks to Mr. Gatling for his amplification of the remarks he made in our talk; and although it is too late to do me any good personally, let it be recorded that the prescription for flu is bourbon, 100 proof, and not Scotch.

Bay of Pigs

Mr. Connell is right and Miss Decter wrong in the discussion of Adlai Stevenson and the Bay of Pigs in the May letters column. Miss Decter spoke of Stevenson's having been permitted to "lie in ignorance." I don't know, by the way, how anyone can "lie in ignorance"; the dictionary defines a lie as involving the "intent to deceive." However, passing on from Miss Decter's use of words, one must note that the only time Stevenson misinformed the United Nations about the Bay of Pigs was, as Mr. Connell correctly says, when he himself had been misinformed (in good faith) by the CIA. The conversation between Governor Stevenson and me, to which Miss Decter refers, took place on April 8 and had nothing to do with Stevenson's telling the U.N. on April 15 that the Cuban planes which had landed in Florida were authentic defections when they were really CIA plants. As for Miss Decter's belief that Kennedy and Stevenson should have consulted personally regarding

Stevenson's speech to the U.N., it implies a theory that a President must do everything himself in government. Both Stevenson and Kennedy relied on the State Department. On this occasion, as on other occasions, they were disappointed.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER,
New York, N.Y.

Praising Pauline

Your April issue carried a letter expressing outrage at Pauline Kael's article, "Trash, Art and the Movie [February]. Since the letter was written by someone who works at the American Film Institute and the organization's name was paired with the signature, it is, perhaps, well to say that most of us at AFI have considerable respect for Pauline Kael. For my part, I thought her piece was superior and said some things that badly needed saying. For all of this, I reserve my own right to be outraged in the future by Miss Kael... and full expect to be.

GEORGE STEVENS, Jr.
Director
The American Film Institute
Washington, D.C.

Geography Old and New

"To learn is to be young, however old," says the leader of the chorus in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. So it is with pleasure that many of us with relatively long backgrounds in geography will, I trust, read of the "Geographical Revolution" in Professor Peter Gould's revealing and perceptive article on "The New Geography" [March].... To speak of a new anything often implies that there was an old phase. We read in Professor

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Gould's article about the application of the work of the late Professor Thorntwaite in "programming" the harvest period to prevent such floods of vegetables and fruits in modern America" and in solving good many problems for companies that sell frozen foods. True. I use visit with Thorntwaite at Seab Farms when he was hammering the techniques that were even though valuable enough for a commercial to use and also to reward the professor with a high retainer fee. But it was twenty-five years ago. (Professor Gould was twelve years old.) Was the New Geography then, or did it happen in a benighted period of Dark Ages of the Old Geography? Cultural geography is fluid, like subject matter with which it deals. cannot tether all the accumulated geographic material to the New Geography, or even to the Future Geography, like a goat to a post. Geography is geography.

One is thrilled to hear that the farmers of Ceylon stretch out the harvest period of rice by deliberately growing a number of different varieties of rice that reach maturity at different times. Paraphrasing Monsieur Jourdain in the *Bourgeois Gentleman*, they have been speaking geographic prose for centuries without knowing it, and the geographer has just caught up with them.

The geographer, after all, is dealing with human beings. Man is not a new phenomenon and there is much to be known about him; there is also much already known about him, and much about human problems that it would be possible to foresee if one saw man historically as part of the cosmos. Technology is important, it is developing rapidly, and it is necessary to keep up with it. It is not enough to feed "science-oriented" just because one keeps up with technology. One must be selective, for technology must be subordinate to the mind. And the role of history is to humanize technology.

The greater the amount of valid data the more valuable and pertinent the work the computer can accomplish. Invalid or biased data fed into the computer will come out still invalid or biased. A typewriter does not correct misspellings.

The profession of geography is, or should be, most keenly aware of that hard fact of evolution, *viz.* that everything—people, professions, institutions—must adapt to new conditions.

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LETTERS

tions or perish. If the geographer to think clearly enough about his fession to be able to explain and tify, in short, to communicate to educated layman his *raison d'être* geography—new or old—will superseded, for ours is a highly competitive society. However, in the lution of living organisms as well of institutions, freakish adaptations and abortive mutations have occurred. The profession of geography will be well served by the growth of crescences, unseemly deformation and overdeveloped, overspecialized members. Although history does tell us how to adapt to the future, does provide us with a necropolis mistakes which it is not necessary make again.

History is valuable for us in that makes it possible for us to think outside the prejudices of the present day. The job of the geographer would seem to be to record significant aspects of the dialogue of man, in time with all the facets of his physical and cultural environment. Without a sense of history it is almost impossible for the geographer to see himself at what he does in perspective. The superspecialist sometimes mistakes his own blind spots for walls. . . .

It is customary for a scholar to begin with the history of his subject and acknowledgment of the contributions of previous workers, as Professor Gould so exhaustively does for the aspect of geography he is discussing. A scholar should always take into account the present state of knowledge as the basis for his advance, and to get the present state of knowledge in focus he should study history. This might be a corrective to the all-too-common spectacle of geographers who write, lecture, report and construct models on subjects *ad initio* as though no one had ever heard of them before. A study of the history of one's subject tends to make a person wiser and more courteous. . . .

PROF. RAYMOND E. CRIST
Dept of Geography
U. of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Oversight

The editors wish to apologize for the fact that in our May issue we omitted the photo credit for the picture of John Thompson appearing on our "In This Issue" page. The photograph was taken by Sandra Gatten.

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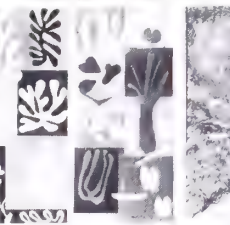
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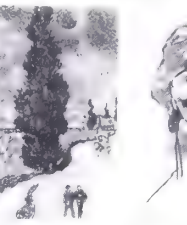
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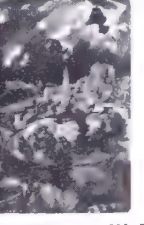
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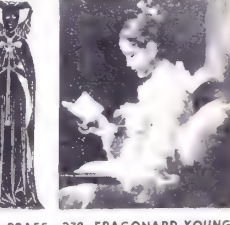
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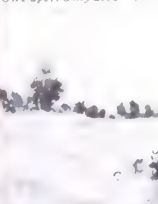
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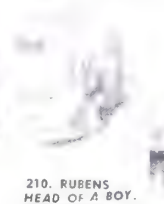
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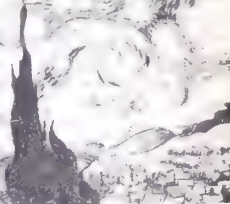
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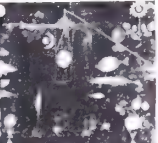
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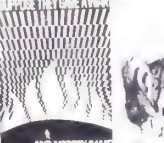
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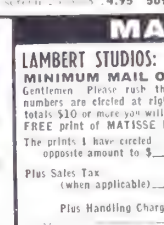
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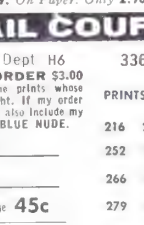
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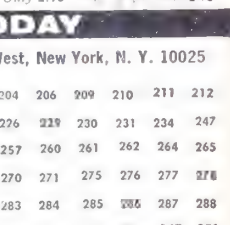
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THE EASY CHAIR

A different kind of campus

The experiment at Santa Cruz

For three puzzling months this spring I worked at a unique institution: the new campus of the University at Santa Cruz. It is an experimental university, started only four years ago, which is different in its structure, living arrangements, and methods of instruction from any other in this country. Its students are a carefully-selected elite, as bright as you can find anywhere. Its site is matchless: two thousand acres of rolling hills, meadows, and redwood groves rising above the northern shore of Monterey Bay. For the most part, its faculty is young and enthusiastic. Up to this writing, it has not been bombed, burned, or besieged.

That is one of the things that puzzled me. The Santa Cruz students are just as anti-Establishment as anybody else, but their rebelliousness takes strange forms—quite different from the mode at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, or Stanford, which is only fifty miles away. In some cases their behavior was so unexpected that I wrote it off, at first, as just another example of the well-known California kookiness. Later I began to suspect that it might be more profound than that, and more promising.

The more troubled students often are not very articulate; they tend to express their feelings (which they may not fully understand themselves) in dress and symbolic gesture rather than words. I may have misread some of their signals. In the end, however, I concluded that they are disenchanted not so much with their university as with the whole of American culture—especially the subculture of the wealthy California suburbs where they grew up. They don't want merely to sack the Dean's office; they want to prevent Los Angeles. Or, since they are too late for that laudable endeavor, to keep the world from committing another Los Angeles, ever again any-

where. If they can't forestall the crime, they are determined not to get implicated in it themselves.

"What we are trying to do," one of the more articulate ones told me, "is to experiment with alternative lifestyles, to build counter-cultures. We've had the affluent society. We have to believe that we can find something better."

Some of their experiments are comic, pathetic, or dangerous. Others will come to dead ends, because the student view of the world beyond the campus often is unbelievably myopic and oversimplified. But occasionally, I think, they may result in something valuable.

Santa Cruz does, of course, have its standard SDS-type radicals. One of them is Mark, who lives in a perpetual state of moral outrage. He sees that the American economy is capable of producing enough food, clothing, and decent homes for everybody. The fact that it has not done so proves to Mark that this is an evil society, unwilling to live up to its professed goals—and racist to boot, since so many of the poor are Negroes and Mexicans. He wouldn't believe it when I pointed out that even more of the poor are white; and if you mention the phenomenal gains made by black people in recent years, that only goes to prove his point. Why hadn't they been granted instant equality—economic, political, and social—generations ago? Obviously because the White Power Structure is hypocritical and wicked.

His ambition is to destroy that power structure, beginning with that part of it which is closest at hand, the

Mr. Fischer recently returned to his home in Connecticut and to Harper's from the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California, where he was Regents Professor of Government.

Santa Cruz campus. He is ashamed that his university has had no uprisings like those at Berkeley and San Francisco State. Oh, sure, a few students did try to disrupt a recent meeting of the board of regents, and on another occasion several hundred boycotted classes for a day in a symbolic protest. But these mild demonstrations fall far short of Mark's revolutionary goals.

One of his problems is that Santa Cruz students can't find much to revolt against. Unlike their peers at most state universities, they cannot complain that they are being processed in a vast, impersonal education machine. Santa Cruz isn't vast—no yet. It has only 2,500 students, although it is expected to grow to more than ten times that number in the next twenty years. Neither is it impersonal. It was specifically designed to foster close personal relationships among students, and between them and their teachers. It is modeled on Oxford and Cambridge: that is, as a cluster of small, independent liberal arts colleges with an average of six hundred students each. Unlike their British counterparts, however, each of these colleges is coeducational, so that boys, girls, and their preceptors live together as a community in spiritual and intellectual intimacy. (If other kinds of intimacy develop, nobody takes much notice.) Moreover, the faculty is encouraged to put more emphasis on good teaching than on research—a reversal of the usual, and rightly resented, custom.

There is no competition for grades, because the only grades given are "Pass" and "Fail." This has not, as some professors feared, led to sloppy academic performance. On the contrary, Santa Cruz's first four-year graduating class received six of the coveted Woodrow Wilson awards this spring—as compared with twelve each

When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

Like hope.

abled minds: Back some 18 months there were a lot of troubled minds over this country. Including many of our business. The life insurance business. And what troubled everyone was the cities. There was poverty and frustration and decay and ugliness all the way around. In that atmosphere, when there was precious little hope anyplace, a lot of companies from our business got together to do something about it. To give it a try.

To invest a billion dollars worth of funds in the city core areas. Money that would create more jobs. More housing. Hopefully, more hope. And we made a public pledge of this investment.

You may say, this was just business as usual.

Because historically, life insurance companies invest in housing and in enterprise that makes jobs.

But this was different.

This was a new and special case of investment.

It went to an area—the inner cities where capital was not readily available on reasonable terms, because of risk and location. Our business felt this special commitment was essential.

After all, our business is totally bound up with the health and safety of people. And people live in the cities. You could say people are the cities.

If those cities crumble, people are going to crumble, and business—ours, yours, anyone's—is apt to crumble right along with them.

In a businesslike way, our business was investing in its own future.

Due to the nature of the problem, the life insurance companies would need the closest cooperation of government and responsible leaders of the community. And they're getting it. With the result that the billion is now almost completely committed.

What we learned, was people.

By our very involvement in the core areas, we of the life insurance business found ourselves getting a lot closer to where people live

We confirmed a deep feeling. That the problem of the cities needs people—people in government, business, and labor, working together—to help solve it. And we discovered we weren't trying alone; other businesses were making special efforts.

The life insurance companies are re-learning a basic truth. Let everyone do what he does best. We ourselves know investment in housing and enterprise. Local planners, developers, and agencies know their communities and know their needs.

Our business has learned that its hope was justified.

Sure, minds are still troubled today. The situation won't "just go away." But...

We're taking another step.

A second billion.

A second billion devoted to the same aims.

While knowing that it doesn't nearly fill the whole need, the life insurance business regards this, like the first billion, as an investment in its own future.

Isn't it your future, too?

If you would like some suggestions on what you can do, write for the booklet "The cities...your challenge too." Dept. L

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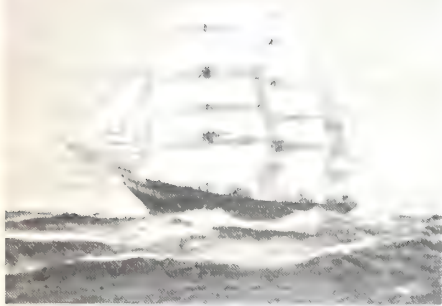
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EASY CHAIR

for Berkeley and Harvard-Radcliffe, which have senior classes many times as large.

Neither is there any ROTC, or Pentagon-financed research, favorite targets of militants at other universities. Moreover, the campus can expand indefinitely without displacing poor people from their homes, as Columbia and Harvard have done. When a new building goes up, nobody has to move except a few squirrels, and they can find plenty of low-cost, high-quality housing in the next clump of redwoods.

Mark likes to proclaim that the university administration is rigid and unresponsive, because the orthodox radical dogma says all administrations are like that. He doesn't sound altogether convincing, because the Santa Cruz administration is, in fact, permissive to the point of being unbuttoned. It makes few rules and those are seldom enforced. Pets are supposed to be banned from the colleges, for example, for sanitary reasons; but every quadrangle is aswarm with dogs and cats. One boy even keeps a couple of goats, and the girl who raises guinea pigs in her room posted a notice offering to give away her surplus stock. (A footnote read: "No sadistic scientists need apply.")

If a handful of students ask for a new course in Zen, junk sculpture, the Japanese tea ceremony, or pottery the administration is glad to oblige. When Government students decided that they wanted representation on the Board of Studies which controls the curriculum, their request was promptly granted. Another demand, that a new college be started specifically for black studies, also was warmly endorsed by the faculty; so was the suggestion that it be named "Malcolm X College."

Under these circumstances, Mark has a hard time rallying other stu-

dent to his revolutionary standard. Besides, some of them feel that his self-righteousness is a little wearing. "Mark thinks he invented morality," one youngster remarked. "He has stigmata instead of acne."

To work off some of his frustration, Mark has grown a Movement moustache and wears a Che Guevara costume. One night he and a few friends "liberated" the main courtyard of Adlai E. Stevenson College, and rechristened it Che Plaza with a bottle of mountain red wine. Nobody seemed to mind.

Stevenson would have enjoyed the ceremony, and the irony in the fact that their No. 1 hero is Che, the born loser—the most inept professional revolutionist since Béla Kun.

Successful revolutionists, such as Stalin and Mao, have few admirers at Santa Cruz. They were organization men, and any kind of organization is repellent because it implies discipline, which is the enemy of freedom and spontaneity.

The usual kind of student organization is almost nonexistent. There is no football team, nothing like a fraternity or debating society, no permanent political club. (One of the students in my Government seminar admitted, to my astonishment, that he had tried to get together a Young Republican Club before the 1968 election. Since then it has been "taking a rest." He was not socially ostracized, as he might have been had he supported the Democrats. Professing Republicanism is regarded as rather quaint, even an original way to be nonconformist.)

The horror of organization has doomed all efforts to found a good student newspaper. Nearly 20 per cent of the Santa Cruz students worked on high-school newspapers, and many claim to be interested in creative writing, but they have never been able to

stance, is Merrill College, christened for the late Charles Merrill, whose foundation put up \$650,000. Is anybody likely to give a comparable sum in memory of Malcolm X? The administration doubts it—although a student-faculty committee is soliciting pledges. So far it has been promised something less than \$30,000 to help "buy the name."

Incidentally, if any reader of *Harvard* wants to memorialize himself, he should get in touch with Chancellor Dean McHenry. Fifteen opportunities for immortality are still available, if your price is right.

able a staff that could abide the
ines, assignments, and editorial
archy necessary for a competent
ation. There is an "official" (that
inted) campus paper, and half-a-
t "underground" (or mimeo-
ned) publications which appear
regular intervals, but none of
contains much news. *Purple*
s, for instance, specializes in little
rs about mysticism and macro-
c diet. *Stevenson Libre*, which
itself "UCSC's first student-con-
ed, non-bureaucratic newspaper,"
in for scatological poetry and de-
iations of the Chancellor. ("Lull-
s whispered in our ears by the
opausal and hairless father can
nger keep us asleep. We have been
kened by the sting of the lash. The
icidal ritual is now historically
ssary.")

in fairness, I should add that *Libre*
ted the only bit of conscious humor
appeared in any student publica-
while I was at Santa Cruz. Even
was second-hand: a reprint of a
er sent by the Warden and Fellows
adham College, Oxford, to a group
students who had presented a list
nonnegotiable demands. It read:

*Dear Gentlemen: We note your
hreat to take what you call "direct
action" unless your demands are
immediately met. We feel that it
is only sporting to let you know
that our governing body includes
three experts in chemical warfare,
two ex-commandos skilled with dy-
namite and torturing prisoners,
four qualified marksmen in both
small arms and rifles, two ex-artil-
lerymen, one holder of the Victoria
Cross, four karate experts, and a
chaplain. The governing body has
authorized me to tell you that we
look forward with confidence to
what you call a "confrontation,"
and I may say even with anticipa-
tion.*

n lieu of organizations, Santa Cruz
generates spontaneous short-lived
roups for the cause-of-the-week. A
ypical case is the handful of students
ho decided to stage a grape boycott,
support of striking migrant work-
s in the California vineyards. They
cketed a supermarket in the town
Santa Cruz, about four miles from
e campus, because it had ignored
eir demands that it stop selling
apes.

As it happens, the town is a lower-
iddle-class resort, a kind of two-bit

It says
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about you

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Atlantic City, whose permanent residents are largely old-age pensioners. They came there long before the university, because it is a warm and cheap place to while away what are known in California as The Golden Years. Naturally many of them are fearful of inflation, higher taxes, and change. They are apt to be supporters of Reagan, Rafferty, and the John Birch Society. Their pet hates are labor unions and hippies—a term they apply indiscriminately to anyone who is hairy and unconventionally dressed. It was hardly surprising, therefore, that the pickets stimulated the briskest sale of grapes the market ever had. Not much was heard about the boycott movement after that. It was superseded by other *ad hoc* groups agitating for Biafra, black studies, and the Chicano Liberation Movement.

Such enterprises help, apparently, to assuage the free-floating sense of guilt that saturates the campus. Lots of students, and some of the faculty, feel guilty because they are privileged, because they are not black, because only a few Negroes have been so far admitted to Santa Cruz, because of Vietnam, and (in the case of some boys) because they are *not* in Vietnam. They even feel guilty, sometimes, because they can't manage to hate the university.

"I know I ought to be protesting against an elitist institution like this," one girl remarked, "but the truth is I need it. You see, I never before felt that I belonged to any kind of community. My family kept moving so often that I never had any permanent friends, and then there was the divorce and all. I guess Cowell College is the nearest thing to a real home that I've ever had."

A by-product of these guilt feelings is Santa Cruz's enshrinement of the The Black. Anything a Negro may say, however outrageous or silly, is accepted with uncritical reverence. This annoys some of the Negro students, who see it as an inverted form of white racism. They would feel more comfortable with less deference. Inevitably Dr. Herman Blake, the only Negro faculty member, has become a campus hero. Several white boys affect dashikis just like his. Probably he would have become a charismatic figure regardless of color, because he is a remarkably forceful lecturer—and; even more perhaps, because he is deeply involved with life beyond the academic world. Somehow he finds

time to work in any number of causes in the San Francisco Bay area.

Any such contact with The World Outside is valued by many students—perhaps because they have never known anything but the academic life, and suspect that they may be heading, willy-nilly, for academic careers themselves.

Two other campus heroes (there aren't many of them) are notably non-academic types. Al Johnsen never got beyond the eighth grade. The son of a Norwegian ship carpenter, he has been earning his own living since his teens—as a sailor, construction worker, and now as a potter. Twice a week he teaches a pottery class. The rest of his time he spends running the Big Creek Pottery, with his partner, Bruce McDougal, at an old dairy farm up in the mountains above the campus. Since their products are first-class—simple, durable, and well-designed—they have no trouble selling them all.

Al is craggy, tough, and a disciplinarian. No pupil leaves the workshop until his clay is put away and his wheel cleaned. The other classrooms, by contrast, are generally a shambles, littered with cigarette butts, soggy coffee cups, and discarded newspapers. Although they talk a lot about love and community, the undergraduates are entirely inconsiderate of each other, so far as tidiness goes. Aside from Al, no teacher ever hints that they might pick up after themselves. That would be square; moreover, to most teachers the only dirty four-letter word in the language is "Don't."

Though he doesn't seem to know it, Al's most valuable contribution is to demonstrate an acceptable life-style. "The only man I've ever met who knows how to live right" is the way one boy characterized him. He went on to explain that Al's profession is respectable to the young. (So are certain other "creative" crafts, such as leather-working and playing musical instruments; bookkeeping, selling insurance, and working for IBM are not.) Al looks suitably piratical, but also relaxed, casual, and obviously happy in his work and home life. He and his family raise their own vegetables, rabbits, goats, pigs, and chickens. They even know an Italian winemaker who delivers a good red wine in bulk, from door to door. Close to nature! Liberated from such as time clocks, computers, freeway traffic,

and the buttoned-down collar! W.

The other exemplar is Alan Chadwick, a onetime Shakespearean from England. He's not a faculty member, exactly—I'm told that he carried on the payroll as a maintenance man—but nobody has a more devoted undergraduate following. He came to the university a few years to visit a faculty friend, and started to start The Garden.

This is an acre or so of formerly used land where Chadwick and his disciples raise flowers, vegetables, chickens, and pigeons. Some of the produce they cook themselves, in a shack at the edge of the garden, for meals which seem almost sacramental. Everything is raised organically, without chemical sprays or fertilizers; for, like so many other Californians, the gardeners have a mystique about "natural" diet. The rest of the crop is given away. Each morning an armload of whatever flowers are in season is placed at the bus stop near the main entrance to the campus, so anyone who likes can help himself. The eggs and vegetables are available for the Chancellor's table, student picnic, or people like myself who just drop by to ask for a head of lettuce. Only rhubarb is given reluctantly; the acolytes believe it has special properties—I never found out what—and prefer to save it for their own ceremonial occasions.

Chadwick, too, is a disciplinarian who bosses his volunteer workers with gruff assurance. And, again like Al Johnsen, he is seen to be a man close to the earth, content with his world and himself. Several of the brightest students have dropped their classes to work with him full time.

Few regular faculty members command such reverence. A professor who was about to leave, gratefully, for two years in Madrid, told me that he was distressed because "my students rarely seem to have genuine respect for intellectual matters. They don't want to be taught. They want to be turned on." Another teacher is about to move to Dartmouth, where he hopes to find "a more serious and astringent atmosphere."

What turns them on, bright and clear, is mysticism. A favorite lecturer is Norman O. Brown, the apostle of the sensuous and irrational. And when Krishnamurti, the Norman Vincent Peale of India, delivered a series of four talks, he drew overflow crowds.

f the student papers hailed the
of this "renowned philosopher
ystic...independent of all au-
y, all affiliations" under a three-
n headline, and announced that
uld speak about the "possibility
al freedom... psychological free-
which is mind freed from itself."
e he did. I wouldn't know, be-
at the one lecture I attended,
ought me to *satori* in the first
inutes and I spent the rest of the
ong evening in a state of *nirvana*.
f the student listeners, however,
ted that Mr. K had been "real
y," although he couldn't begin to
e what the message was.
most equally large crowds kept
ng out for other itinerant preach-
uch as Timothy Leary, the priest
e LSD cult, and Tom Hayden, the
d old man of Students for a Dem-
ic Society. Eventually it dawned
e that these students, hundreds
em, actually were searching for a
religion. The Judeo-Christian tra-
n is discredited, in their eyes, be-
e it hasn't put an end to injustice,
erisy, racism, and war. Having
doned Christian mysticism, they
hungry for another mystique to
its place. Some hope to find it in
Zen *koan* or Vedanta, others in
ltism, drugs, sex, or the gospel
rding to Marcuse. What they seem
e reaching for, most of all and by
tever route, is intensity of feel-
As a consequence, they often
ad anti-intellectual; for they see
eal analysis and intellectual rigor
hhibitors of spontaneous response,
ory awareness, and warm human
tionships.

hey put me in mind of Arnold
nbee's suggestion that we are now
ng in an era comparable to the late
lenistic period, when the old Greco-
nan gods had lost their power, and
cults suddenly sprang up in wild
fusion. I have no idea whether any
he present cults will emerge dom-
nt, as Christianity finally over-
dowed its competitors; but in their
sionate seriousness, at least some
the current truth-seekers come
se to emulating Paul.

Certainly the youngsters at Santa
iz are the most unmaterialistic that
e ever met. Michael, for instance, is
enty-four years old and married
he has not yet begun to think what
will do for a living after his gradu-
on next year. He really isn't inter-
ed in a job. Money, he apparently
ieves, is delivered by a stork; and

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in any case he doesn't have much use for it. Like most of his fellow students, he grew up in a prosperous middle-class society, and he doesn't have any use for that either. He regards the *Sunset* magazine way of life, preoccupied with patios, sports cars, barbecue pits, and gracious manners, as trivial and false.

Michael prefers a life of voluntary poverty, and is practicing up for it. He goes barefoot most of the time, wears threadbare jeans and a second-hand Army jacket, and hasn't wasted a penny in a barbershop for years. He has no intention of getting encumbered with possessions, or entrapped in any kind of rat race. What he has in mind is only relative poverty, of course; he can't imagine what it would be like actually to go hungry. But he is probably in no danger of that, since he is bright enough to earn the necessities somehow.

Some of the students who come from poor families are not quite so ready to put down affluence. Yet Michael's attitude seems to be reasonably typical of the Santa Cruz scene. The American Council on Education recently did a survey of the aspirations of college freshmen throughout

the country. It discovered that 41 per cent of them, nationwide, hope to become "very well off financially"—but at Santa Cruz less than 15 per cent admitted to such an ambition, and only 12 per cent wanted to "succeed in my own business." An overwhelming 92 per cent of the Santa Cruz freshmen reported that their most important goal is "to develop a philosophy of life." Seventy per cent also mentioned "helping others in difficulty."

My own class provided a happy illustration of the latter point. The middle part of Santa Cruz County is growing rapidly; its population probably will triple in fifteen years. But it has no effective government; today it is just an anarchic mess of villages, farms, scattered real-estate developments, and nondescript unincorporated areas. The county supervisors are thinking of organizing a new city, capable of dealing rationally with such things as sewage systems, water supply, schools, and zoning before it is too late. Trouble is, the county has no planning staff capable of making a feasibility study for this kind of project.

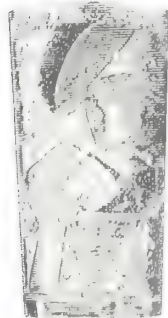
When the fifteen students in Government seminar heard about it, they volunteered unanimously to serve as staff assistants to the county planning officer. Under his direction, with the help of Karl Lamb, head of the Government department, they began to lay out their own work assignments, assemble data, design benefit analyses, and interview members of the county power structure. They also agreed among themselves to stick together as a task force at least through the following academic quarter; and the administration gladly arranged to give them credit for the work under a freely improvised field study rubric. They are still hard at it. Every week one of Judy Gaines or Mike Twombly or one of the others from the seminar writes to let me know how they are coming along.

One thing that got them excited about the project, obviously, was the chance it offered to work in the new world—more fruitful, even, than the Garden. But their main motivation, I think, was their eagerness "to help others in difficulty." God knows, California is in difficulty, Santa Cruz County not the least. Every student I met is appalled by the rapidity with which a once-glorious environment is being destroyed—by the lumberman's saw, the freeways, leaky offshore oil wells, smog, garbage-choked waterways, and tract developers who sell houses on sites bound to wash away in the first rainstorm. The new city enterprise held out the possibility of their helping to save a remnant of the environment—to do something about what Adlai Stevenson, long ago, called "the quality of American life." They snapped at it like a trout.

By traditional standards, the Santa Cruz experiment may be a failure. It doesn't seem likely to crank out many graduates who will raise the Gross National Product, or manage conglomerates, or command efficient political organizations. On the other hand, maybe we already have enough universities producing people like that. If the Santa Cruz output runs instead to seers, artists, experimenters-with-life, or just gentle, concerned people, it may still be worth the considerable sums which the California taxpayers are putting into it. If I were twenty, I think I might want to go there myself.

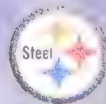
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COMMANDER, OPENED
A BOTTLE OF OUR
ELIXIR, FAILING TO
REALISE HOW HEAT AFFECTS
SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE.



THE RESULTING CHARGE FRIGHTENED THE HORSES SO THEY ADVANCED SPONTANEOUSLY; PROVING



VICTORY IS NOT ALWAYS SWEET



David Halberstam

THE VERY EXPENSIVE EDUCATION OF McGEORGE BUNDY

*A study in the uses of power and how it is manipulated in the upper reaches
where the nation's elite operates . . .*

There was a time in the winter of 1961, and now it seems very long ago, when there was excitement which was generated throughout Washington, and perhaps even the rest of the country, that America was going to change, that the government had been handed from the tired and flabby Chamber of Commerce mentality of the Eisenhower years to the best and brightest of a generation. Now it was our time and our government again; one sensed it most clearly on Inauguration Day itself. It was not the young President's most widely quoted phrase ("ask not what your country . . .") which struck some of us, but another: the torch had been passed to a new generation of Americans. They were not tied to the myths of the past, they seemed the best that this generation in this free society could produce, and those of us who had sometimes been a little uneasy that a totalitarian state could produce a vigorous figure like Khrushchev while we produced the more phlegmatic Eisenhower, now were reassured that the democratic society itself could produce men of excellence.

They were tough, they had good war records, they played squash and handball to stay in shape and hiked up mountains to clear their minds. Each day we read about them, each new man

more brilliant than the last, not just an all-star first team, but an all-star second team as well. Those of us who were not privy to the inside dinners and cocktail parties of Washington in those days (we did not feel badly about it since our achievements hardly matched theirs and did not allow us entrée) nevertheless listened anxiously to the replay of those parties, the bright and quick and relevant repartee, the flashing sharp wit. McNamara, Bundy, Rostow, Schlesinger. Did they need a Texan? Everyone in town who met Bill Moyers came away impressed. A general? They had Max Taylor, a *good* general, a soldier's statesman, intellectual, and anti-mythologist. It was all too perfect. We quoted around town Lyndon Johnson's reaction to them at the first Cabinet meeting, because it was our reaction in some ways too; they were all so brilliant that it was hard to tell who was the most brilliant, but Johnson told us that he sure had been impressed by the fellow with the Stacomb in his hair. (We liked that line, because in a way it delineated them from Johnson, who, Vice President or no, seemed closer to the Eisenhower era than to this one.)

To many McNamara was the symbol of the Administration but to some of us, McNamara, though brilliant (he had left the Republican

party to vote for Kennedy, and what clearer portent of individualism and brilliance could be flashed?) was still a little tarnished. Harvard yes, but the Harvard Business School; a towering figure yes, but a towering figure in business, indeed at Ford. He had yet to prove his credentials with us.

And so to some the prime symbol of the Kennedy people was McGeorge Bundy, aristocratic, a Brahmin, and yet not a prisoner of the Brahmin world, with a cold, lucid mind. Some of us thought of him as the best the country could offer, McGeorge Bundy of Boston, a legend in his time at Groton (for whatever that is worth in 1969, being a legend at Groton seems a good deal smaller than it was in 1961, which is one more mark of the changing values in the country), the brightest boy at Yale and then Dean of Harvard (almost President of Harvard; "sic transit gloria Bundy," John Finley, the classicist, had said when Pusey was chosen); the mind combining the brilliance of the mathematician with the insight of a government scholar at Harvard.

The early years in Washington seemed to confirm this impression: Bundy was always there, darting in and out of the President's office ("Goddammit Mac," someone heard Kennedy say, "I've been arguing with you about this all week," and *that* was power, the access to argue all week long). We knew he was brilliant because magazine after magazine reviewed his career, which was, first, above self-interest ("Bundy's devotion to duty is consonant with his upbringing," said the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1962) but, most of all, brilliant. "You just can't beat brains," Kennedy said of him, a remark which reflected well on Bundy but of course well on Kennedy too since it showed that he had an Administration which collected the very best men around. Whatever else, there were no doubts about his brilliance. He was also judged enormously charming at dinner parties, witty and funny and engaging, and colleagues marveled at the difference in the professional and the social Bundy. The professional Bundy was all steel and work and drive, and the social Bundy was often gaiety, and he was given this round too; it reflected well on him, he knew when to play and when not to play. Out poured the articles in those days, somewhat uncritical, never really penetrating, for Bundy is not an easy man to penetrate. The guard is always up, it is indeed a game which he enjoys; you try and he parries and he wins. All that forceful mind is used to block the reporter, unless of course it is a favorable confrontation. He will, as the saying goes, answer everything except what he really is, that and Vietnam.

He seemed the ideal man under Kennedy (if Bundy did not reflect enough upon the past, then Kennedy himself would reflect upon it), a towering figure, a man with access to the President, access to the intellectual community. What mattered was that Bundy was without a doubt one of the favorites, perhaps the favorite man of the

Washington tastemakers; that is to say he not the favorite man of Capitol Hill or the reaucracy, since he ignored the former and clearly out to circumvent the latter, but in part of Washington which tells us not only is in and who is not, but who is good and who is bad, who is valuable and who is not, Bundy doing well. Though he was not accessible to most of the press, he was accessible to the right part of the press, those who knew how to play the game and observe the rules and he was a valuable insider's friend. It was not surprising that in November of 1965, Joseph Kraft, one of the best American political writers, could write Bundy in this magazine:

The central fact, what I most want to say, is that Bundy is the leading candidate, perhaps the only candidate, for the statesman's mantle to emerge in the generation that is coming to power — the generation which reached maturity in the war and postwar period. His capacity to read the riddle of multiple confusions, to consider a wide variety of possibilities, to develop lines of action, to articulate and execute public purposes, to impart quickened energies to men of the highest ability seems to me unmatched. To me anyhow he seems almost alone among contemporaries a figure of true consequence, a fit subject for Milton's words:

*A Pillar of State; deep on his
Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face...*

A closed subject

In the early summer of 1968, following the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the self-willed decline of Eugene McCarthy, the American Establishment was looking for a candidate who would be both respectable and again the war. The idea was to put as many important names as possible on a very important list and thus send out waves. The man originating the idea was Kingman Brewster, the President of Yale, a solid Establishment figure but also, a President of Yale, a man caught between the old forces and the new, and also one of McGeorge Bundy's oldest and closest friends from the days they used to edit the *Yale Daily News* together.

"What about your friend Mac Bundy? He's ideal for any list," one man told Brewster.

"Mac," said Brewster, "is going to spend the rest of his life trying to justify his mistakes on Vietnam."

The three years between Bundy's nomination for statesman by Kraft and his failure to get on the good list had been very difficult ones for this country, painful for all Americans. They had seen the Johnson Presidency, which had started with high hopes, ravaged by one fatal decision. "Johnson," a friend would say, "was in some

the most dubious of the inner circle about being involved in the land war. The reason was that he had the most to lose. And he lost it"—I sent him back to Texas to brood on the futility of it all. The rest of the country has not come back to Texas, and if it has not lost its jobs, it is nonetheless hard pressed on its ideals. Many of us brought up on certain ideals as to what this country is, the question of the war is the parallel and inseparable domestic crisis that unleashed an extraordinary revaluation of values and attitudes. Very much of this comes from Vietnam, from the fact that the country no longer works to any satisfactory degree, and that it comes from the fact that Vietnam is particularly troubling disaster. It is not the case that it was a miscalculation of a LeMay or Goldford or even a Nixon, but that it was produced by the best and brightest men of a generation, that the decisions in 1965 were made by McNamara, Rusk, Taylor, Johnson, and others, and more, that having made them, they are not been big enough men to admit what they were wrong. Thus there has been, I think, a drop in public confidence and faith in public institutions, as the men involved have all gone on to their newer and bigger jobs (while, more often than not, the few men who fought the policy at State and Defense have seen their careers seriously damaged and have quietly been moved out of the mainstream).

Bundy, for example, will not talk about the war on Vietnam, will not review mistakes;* he talks about it only in the privacy of the Establishment, so that a few friends on the Council on Foreign Relations will know his feelings. He has circulated memos on it to a few friends, at least one was supplied to Hubert Humphrey for campaign papers on Vietnam; but the public does not know his views, except for a speech he gave at DePauw University last fall. The speech was a odd one. He made it during the campaign and there was a sense among some Bundy watchers that perhaps it represented a limited bid to rehabilitate himself and get back to Washington in the job Bundy has always wanted, Secretary of State. It was by any standards a bad speech,

He would on many foreign-policy issues be an intelligent force: he would help destroy the myth of the MLF, and he would be influential in cautioning Johnson not to blow up at de Gaulle. There would be a certain pragmatism and conventionalism of thinking which would allow the U.S. to get into a problem, and a more flexible second effort in trying to get out of the problem. Thus he would be for the use of force in the Dominican crisis, but he would as the President's negotiator favor a genuine neutral settlement there; he was a hawk during the Cuban missile crisis, favoring what was then known as the surgical air strikes against the missile sites (air strikes are known as surgical by those who use them rather than by those who are bombed) though in the post-missile period he would also wonder aloud about the possibilities of seeking accords with Castro. "There is the lack of a general context for him," says a friend; "he is a problem solver, and a good one. That's how he can help us into something like the Dominican, and then help us get out."

trying to reconcile things which are irreconcilable. "What he's saying," one colleague and friend said, "is 'I was right then, and I'm right now.'"* It was not the first time he had faced this problem. At Harvard, in March of 1968, he had agreed to debate Stanley Hoffmann, a distinguished professor and an old friend who had gone a very different path on Vietnam ("we are creating desolation and calling it pacification," Hoffmann said the night of their debate), and the evening had not gone well for Bundy. The students would not accept the inconsistencies (no more, one senses, than Dean Bundy would have accepted them a decade earlier) and at the end a student got up and said, "I don't think you're a liar any more. I just think you're deaf."

Bundy had begun the debate by saying that he would not talk about things he had been privy to as a White House aide, alleging that those who served and talked were like assassins. Sitting with Mrs. Bundy in the audience was Jim Thomson, a China expert who had been a member of Bundy's White House staff, but who had incurred Bundy's anger earlier by writing a piece for *The Atlantic* on the anatomy of decision making, one of the rare bits of thoughtful journalism on what happened in 1965. (The absence of good reporting from Washington on how America went into the war is one of the major scandals of the journalistic profession and a serious reflection on the clubbiness of the top layer of the Washington press corps.) Mrs. Thomson, sitting in the audience beside Mrs. Bundy, turned to her husband and said:

"He's talking about you, Jim."

"No he's not," her husband answered; "he's talking about Arthur Schlesinger."

The next day, at a meeting of the Kennedy Institute, Thomson ran into Schlesinger; he recounted Bundy's remarks and said, "He was talking about you, Arthur."

"No he wasn't," Schlesinger said, "he was talking about Ken Galbraith."

To be a Lowell

Bundy is from Boston. The rest of us, who are not from Boston, think of him as being very Boston.

"The thing you must remember," said the lady, steeped well in what the Pentagon would call the infrastructure of Boston, "is that the name Bundy means nothing here. A brother runs a fish factory in Gloucester. Bundy is a Lowell, that's who he is. His father is from Michigan someplace. His mother is a Putnam too, and the Putnams are very good too, but really Lowell is the important name."

Katharine Lawrence Putnam Bundy was a

*Indeed it was the post-Tet change of mind of Bundy and Dean Acheson appearing with a group of wise men called by the President which, according to White House sources, had a profound effect on the President and led to his March 31 decision.

"He will... answer everything except what he really is, that and Vietnam."

David
Halberstam
McGEORGE
BUNDY

Lowell, the daughter of Elizabeth Lowell Putnam, sister of A. Lawrence Lowell, the educator, Amy Lowell, the poet, and Percival Lowell, part of an extraordinary galaxy in an extraordinary family, descended from Percival Lowle, who came here in 1639. Bundy's great-great-grandfather was John Amory Lowell, a towering figure in Boston in those days who directly picked six presidents of Harvard, the last being Charles Eliot ("John Amory Lowell had been keeping an eye on young Charles Eliot of the class of '53, grandson of his father's old friend and adviser, Samuel Eliot," goes a Lowell family history), who naturally reciprocated by picking as his successor A. Lawrence Lowell, who was John Amory Lowell's grandson. Most of the Lowell money came from textile mills. The problem of labor for textile mills had always been a severe one, but these families came up with a genius idea known as the Lowell mill girls—all the good young country girls of Vermont and New Hampshire and Massachusetts were promised decent chaperoning, religious training, and proper housing if they would come and work in the Lowell mills. They did, and while much was made at the time of what a virtuous and good idea this was, it nonetheless included exhausting work shifts of twelve hours a day, with the average pay of two dollars a week, against which great fortunes were made, fortunes which allowed great families to dominate the entire structure of American society at that time. Theodore Parker, a crusading minister in the 1840s, would write of these families: "This class is the controlling one in politics. It mainly enacts the laws of this state and the nation; makes them serve its turn. . . . It can manufacture governors, senators, judges to suit its purposes as easily as it can manufacture cotton cloth. . . . This class owns the machinery of society . . . ships, factories, shops, water privileges." The families were noted for conspicuously large gifts and grants to Harvard University and just as conspicuously, for doing as little as possible for public-school education.

Augustus Lowell, the son of John Amory, according to the family history increased his share of his inheritance six or seven times. Augustus Lowell's children were extraordinary even for Lowells, including Amy Lowell, Percival Lowell, the noted astronomer, and A. Lawrence Lowell, the great President of a great university. Katharine Putnam Bundy was a Lowell during these finest hours when being President of Harvard meant something less than being President of the United States or Secretary of State but more than Attorney General and Secretary of War;

David Halberstam, managing editor of the Harvard Crimson in 1955 at the time when McGeorge Bundy was Dean, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1964 for his reporting of the Vietnam war for the New York Times. His current best-selling book, The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy, grew out of his article on the Kennedy campaign published last July in Harper's.

she was Lawrence Lowell's favorite niece, since the Lawrence Lowells did not have children, he having married a cousin, Kay Putnam was virtually an unofficial hostess at the official gatherings.

It is the consensus of most people who knew McGeorge Bundy and his mother, that to understand the former you must understand the latter and particularly the atmosphere in which he was raised, an atmosphere which she dominated. "She is a very strong, very vivacious woman," said my Boston friend. "Very much a person of very bright. But she also has this extraordinary sense of being an intellectual, the consciousness of being part of a great intellectual tradition. You are always aware of this with her. But she's never done anything herself, never written anything, or acted anything, but she's aware that she's linked with a great intellectual tradition, an intellectual heiress really, that she feels and she lets you feel that she's accomplished something. She lets you get your say in, but she dominates the conversation, she gets the last word and she makes the judgments, and that's that. You must remember that in those formative years Harvard was the great intellectual center of the country, the only one, and the Lowells were the great family, scientists, inventors, educators, giants, and that A. Lawrence Lowell as President of Harvard seemed to be the epitome of intellectual achievement, though his future reputation would be tarnished by his upholding of the Sacco-Vanzetti decision."

All of this was very helpful to Harvey Hollister Bundy, a pleasant, intelligent, and gentle young lawyer from the Midwest. The Lowells had enormous connections, a giant family reaching throughout the city, and this would bring him a good deal of business. In Boston at that time one of the chief industries was the management of trust funds. There were a lot of Lowell and Lowell-connected trust funds, and Harvey Bundy was the lawyer for many of them. He was a man with a strong sense of public service, eager again and again to serve in the government, particularly with his close friend Henry L. Stimson (his son McGeorge Bundy would write and edit Stimson's memoirs). Harvey Bundy was an aide to Stimson when he served as Secretary of State under Hoover, and again when Stimson was Secretary of War under Roosevelt. Harvey Bundy was typical of the era when the great families who had already made their money withdrew from the new restless grab for wealth by some of the newcomers and turned to government and the public arena as a means of exercising power. (This was one reason why there was such an angry challenge in the Republican party in 1964: the new money people, many of them from the West or Southwest, felt they had never had the chance at the kind of power commensurate with their wealth, that instead power within the party and government was still exercised by old Eastern families, Wall Street lawyers, the Establishment.)

is Bundy's particular tradition. He is to it from his past and he exemplifies it as does his brother, Bill Bundy, who also had a major role on Vietnam as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. Bundy was to an extraordinary degree a man of inner bureaucracy; what counted with him was the institution, he and it were inseparable. (as in the bureaucracy under three very different Administrations, and he rose under all of them," an associate says.) The tradition is much more important than the party. Bill Bundy is a Democrat, McGeorge is a Republican, but he can do as he did back in the Eisenhower days when in defense of Dean Acheson as Secretary of State (Acheson is Bill Bundy's father-in-law) he allied fellow Republicans, "I was brought up in a school where the American Secretary of State is not the subject of partisan debate." Bundy's youth was not unlike the Kennedys': lots of children everywhere, lots of intellectual and physical competition, lots of energy, lots of confidence. Mrs. Bundy, according to friends of the family, apparently centered her highest hopes on Bill, two years older than Mac, and in some of Mac Bundy's oldest friends ascribe to an intense drive and competitiveness ("Mac is calm on the surface," says a friend, "but underneath is a very tense and driven man"). Bundy's boyhood of competition with an older and more favored brother. He is still remembered fondly at Groton, where he captured every conceivable honor. Louis Auchincloss, a contemporary of his at Groton, has said that Bundy was likely to be Dean of the Faculty at the age of five. The story is told that a group of outstanding students were asked to prepare papers for the Duke of Marlborough. The next day, Bundy was called upon to read his paper in class. He read, classmates began to giggle. The giggles continued all the way through the reading of his excellent paper. The teacher was pleased by the paper but puzzled by the giggles. The next day he asked one of the students, "What was all that giggling about?" "Didn't you know?" said another student. "He was unprepared. He was reading from a blank piece of paper." From Groton he went to Yale, where the legend grew. "When we arrived at Yale," notes a classmate, "the Dean announced that there were two distinguishing features about our class. First, that there were 850 students, which was the decided number, and second that one of us was the best Yale student to get three perfect scores on the college entrance exams. That was Bundy." Bundy recalls this with a certain annoyance: "I thought it was an improper thing to do—I don't think you should talk about grades that way, either good ones or bad ones.") The very choice of Yale was somewhat unusual since Bostonians usually sent their children first to Groton and then to Harvard, but the Bundys decided that after life in Boston and school at Groton, Yale might be broadening. At Yale he was a mathematician. He was editorial chairman of

the *Yale Daily News*, class orator, a member of Skull and Bones, and Phi Beta Kappa. He was a formidable figure on the campus (the Yale yearbook for 1940 notes: "This week passed without Mahatma Bundy making a speech"); he was already deeply involved in foreign affairs, more internationalist and interventionist than most.

In 1940 in a book called *Zero Hour*, in which writers discussed the coming threat to the United States, Bundy, writing in a style which reflects the sureness of his upbringing and the values instilled in him, said, "Let me put my whole proposition in one sentence. I believe in the dignity of the individual, in government by law, in respect for the truth, and in a good God; those beliefs are worth my life and more; they are not shared by Adolf Hitler."

From Yale Bundy went to Harvard as a Junior Fellow, a member of the select Society of Fellows, a chosen of the chosen. The Society had been founded of course by A. Lawrence Lowell, who set aside millions of his own money to endow the program, and who told each new Fellow, "You will practice the virtues and avoid the snares of the scholar. You will be courteous to your elders who have explored to the point from which you may advance; and helpful to your juniors who will progress farther by reason of your labors. Your aim will be knowledge and wisdom, not the reflected glamour of fame. You will not accept credit that is due another, or harbor jealousy of an explorer who is more fortunate..." The Society offers a special program at Harvard designed to spare supremely talented people the drudgery of normal doctoral work. It means, among other things, that Bundy is not Dr. Bundy (anyone, of course, can get a Ph.D., very few can be Junior Fellows); indeed in his lifetime he has done no serious scholarly work at all. His two major books are edited volumes of the papers and speeches of two family friends,



and his intellectual credentials are in a way curiously thin.

It was at this time that Bundy made his one attempt to run for elective office, and the way in which he became involved is revealing about the way things are done for those who have a certain head start in life, as well as ability. "Henry Shattuck, who was a very powerful and important figure in Boston in those days, called me and asked me if I wanted to run for his place on the Boston City Council. He told me that for a young man with an interest in public life it was a splendid way to begin. He assured me that the election was a formality, no one but a Republican had ever won before, and he would assure me of the support of the Republican Ward Committee, since it was a very heavy Republican committee. I agreed. I had an opponent, he did his work, and I did not, and I got licked and I deserved to be beaten." Bundy never ran for public office again. Nor did he ever make himself responsive to public controls or checks.

This is a crucial part of his personality. For though American elective politics can be a terrible and imperfect thing, often cheap and degrading, it is, at the same time, a great humanizing factor, particularly for men who already have advantages and resources. They sometimes manage to overcome the cheapening part and absorb a feeling for the country, a certain respect and almost an affection for its frailties and its foibles. Those who knew Jack Kennedy well felt he was a different man after the West Virginia primary; similarly, Robert Kennedy was a vastly changed man as he moved from running a campaign to being a candidate. But McGeorge Bundy never ran again, nor did he ever put himself in a position where an electorate could approve or disapprove of him, though he would continue to affect the most sensitive public issues.

He left Harvard for the war. He had been rejected by the draft board because of weak eyes, but managed to memorize the eye charts and finally served as an aide to Vice Admiral Alan Kirk. He helped do some of the planning for D-day (he was remembered by some for not being intimidated by his lack of rank and seniority), then in the postwar days helped set up the Marshall Plan, and returned home to become a political analyst for the Council on Foreign Relations. From there he went to the Harvard Government Department as a lecturer. "You had the feeling about Mac in those days," a friend says, "that he did not change jobs, that he was always working for the same people and simply changed office bureaus." He was also a good and faithful Republican, working for Thomas E. Dewey in the 1948 campaign. Friends recall sitting in the House common room the night before the election listening to Bundy airily list Dewey's Cabinet. It would be months before he would return to the common room again.

The Harvard years were very good ones. He was immensely popular with the undergradu-

ates. He was accessible and not pompous; atmosphere sometimes distinguished by the rowness of professional discipline, Bundy generalist, in touch with the world at large. He brought a sense of engagement to his. He loved taking on the students, combating and their ideas. It has always been one of the most attractive marks of Bundy that he judged other people's ideas solely on their worth, not by the age of the advocates. There was a sense of endless quick matches between students and Bundy (Bundy loves informal debate). For the sake of the debate's sake, he delights in other quick p because one senses that he is always sure he will win; it is something of an exercise as an end in itself). His course—The U.S. in World Affairs—was a popular one. "The thing I remember most," one student said, "was how filled the lecture was when he gave his Munich and Czechoslovak lecture, and how his voice cracked with emotion. Eventually, it was decided that the young staff of the Government Department should be given permanent tenure, and the idea was advanced to President Conant. Conant, a distinguished member of the Chemistry Department before he came the head of the University, was a little uneasy about the recommendation. Bundy, noted, had never taken any graduate or undergraduate courses in Government.

"That's right," the representative of the Government Department said.

"Are you sure that's right?" the puzzled Conant repeated.

"I'm sure," the professor said.

"Well," Conant sighed. "All I can say is that it couldn't have happened in Chemistry."

Becoming a Kennedy man

At Harvard Bundy's popularity increased; he was a more forceful man than most of his colleagues, with few conventional academic traits. When Conant left to become High Commissioner to Germany there was considerable talk that Bundy might succeed him. Instead Nathan Pusey was chosen President, and Bundy became Dean, inspiring a Yale colleague to write this doggerel:

*A proper young prig McGeorge Bundy
Graduated from Yale on a Monday
But he shortly was seen
As Establishment Dean
Up at Harvard the following Sunday*

The faculty of Harvard quickly came to dislike Nathan Pusey (whose first major act was to build up the Divinity School) in much the same way that the intellectual community would later come to dislike Dean Rusk, and it soon transferred its affections to Bundy. Pusey was the bland, cautious, conservative force on campus while Bundy was the faculty's and student choice, the anti-bureaucracy, anti-conventional man. Bundy, playing on the field where he ha

an enormously sure of himself, living in his environment, seemed to dominate Pusey, newly arrived from the Midwest, stayed in background and seemed to prefer it there; when Bundy finally went to the White House, Pusey took more than a year to name a successor and was heard to say that he wanted the pleasure of running the university himself while.

Bundy," says a critic, "was really a very good man. He made decisions quickly and cleanly. I say he made them a little too quickly and abruptly but that in itself is a rare thing among academics." There was above all a quality which was admired about Bundy, the ability to organize, to follow up, to penetrate the vast bureaucracy first at Harvard and later at Washington. Lillian Hellman, the playwright and a friend of Bundy's (they do not talk about names), remembers being with Bundy in Cambridge one night when he suddenly said to her, "Why don't you come up here and teach?" "Oh," she said, "the English Department wouldn't want me."

"We'll see about that," he said. Off he went and at an hour later called her: "It's all set." "But I don't know how to teach," she said. "But you know something about writing," he answered. "Give them some real work. Teach them how to take from what's really around them and how to use it."

He was in those Harvard days a good and cerebral Republican. Besides writing foreign-policy speeches for Tom Dewey, he had twice supported Eisenhower. But in the late Fifties he began to forge a relationship with John Kennedy, a relationship in which Galbraith and Schlesinger served as intermediaries.

Bundy and Kennedy got on extremely well. Bundy impressed Kennedy immediately by suggesting that he vote against the confirmation of Louis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce: it was not the kind of advice that would delight Kennedy. Where a generation before the gap between them might have been greater than the similarities, the one a product of Boston Yankees, the other of their most bitter enemies, the Boston Irish, now a generation later each was somewhat free of the prejudices of the past. One was a Yankee Brahmin, but a Brahmin bored by the social and clubby life as an end in itself who wanted to play a major role in American politics. The other was the first of the Irish Brahmins, carefully bred, educated, and prepared for his role. They had much in common, but Jack Kennedy had two advantages. First, though he was a Brahmin, he was the product of outsiders, and he knew how the other half lived, the difference between theory and practice in society, and it was tougher; to get where he was from where he had started, he had traveled a longer and harder road than Bundy. Second, he had triumphed in electoral politics and thus had created a real base for himself. Bundy, on the other hand, had no personal base. If he were to play a

role in American affairs he was dependent upon someone like Kennedy.

Bundy became a Kennedy man and indeed in late 1960, right after his election, Kennedy thought seriously of making Bundy Secretary of State, an appointment urged on him by Walter Lippmann and others. Kennedy came close to making the appointment, one which was close to Bundy's heart, but Adlai Stevenson took Bundy's support of Eisenhower more seriously than Kennedy (and apparently more seriously than Eisenhower, in whose Administration Bundy never served), and said that he would refuse to work under Bundy. Some others in the Americans for Democratic Action were also opposed. "You must remember," one of them told Kennedy, "that this man did fight us all those years." Kennedy finally retreated, in part because of the adverse reaction within the Democratic party about putting too many Republicans in high places (Dillon, McNamara) and in part because of his belief that his youth and Bundy's youth would be too much of a liability for his Administration to bear (which marks one difference between that time and this; it is no longer a question of a man of forty-one being too young, it is now a question of a man of fifty-five being too old). Thus Rusk became Secretary of State.

When McGeorge Bundy arrived in Washington in January 1961, perhaps the brightest star in the galaxy of brilliant young men who were going to change the course of this country, his reputation above all else was for his intellectual brilliance. Yet in a curious way he had actually accomplished very little. He had to a large degree run the most important university in America, and the result was that in Washington and to most of the outside world his intellectual accomplishments were assumed and thus honored and weighted, though at Harvard he was not honored as an intellectual, but rather as a very able ad-

"...Bundy's strongest feeling is the sense of his own link to the American past ...part of a line starting with Teddy Roosevelt ...Stimson and Acheson..."



ministrator, a man, moreover, on the side of the individual against the bureaucracy.

"I think much of Washington viewed him as an intellectual, though I don't think Jack Kennedy ever did," one member of both Administrations says, "but the problem was more serious with Lyndon Johnson. Johnson used to call him 'my intellectual' and 'my debater' in those early Vietnam days and he used to believe that what Mac said really had the blessing of the intellectual community. What he didn't realize was that Harvard turns out two very different kinds of people. Intellectuals who go their own way and against the grain, men of ideas, and second, brilliant bureaucrats, and that was what Mac was. So Johnson read him wrong. I don't think Kennedy ever did. I think he read Mac like a book."

Bundy had done all the right things but he was untested in the way that men starting from very little are usually tested on their way to power. For him the pieces had always fallen easily into place. One friend says, "He's terribly smart, maybe the speediest mind I've ever seen, but in a curious way it's a limited intelligence. There's something missing, a lack of depth, a lack of reflection. There is no real philosophy. It's a mind that very seldom has a theory, but it has a given answer for a given problem. He can be sharp, sometimes a little too sharp for his own good. There's no one quite like him for doing a putdown,* though I'm not entirely sure that's a compliment." Another friend believes Bundy's strongest feeling is the sense of his own link to the American past. "It's not so much an intellectual tradition as virtually a blood-intellectual tradition, a belief that he is part of a line starting with Teddy Roosevelt and continuing with Stimson and Acheson which best understands the goals, responsibilities, and interests of the United States, part of that very select group of Boston and New York lawyers who combined intelligence and a sense of the past and a knowledge of the country's goals and were *disinterested* in their own minds, which is of course untrue. None of us is ever disinterested, but some of us have the illusion that we are. But there is a powerful

*He had a fine sense of his own value, indeed perhaps too fine, and it sometimes seemed to outsiders that he was patronizing them, even when he did not mean to patronize. A friend would describe him as having a "pugnacious morality." A good example of it would come in 1967 when as the new head of Ford he held a press conference to announce the formation of the Public Broadcast Laboratory. He mentioned during the conference that he hoped to work out a formula whereby the major networks would help subsidize a competitor for prime Sunday evening time. To Mike Wallace, who asked Bundy if he seriously thought this could happen, Bundy snapped, "It sounds like that question came from the business department." It was vintage Bundy, a man who had never shown any interest in communications other than keeping reporters at arm's length, flashing moral superiority at another man who had devoted an entire lifetime to serious work within the field.

sense in this tradition that these people know what is right for the country."

Bundy, adds another observer, coming from this particular background has a very special view of himself: "His own talent and the nation's talent, his own future and the nation's future, are all wrapped up together, and the result is a curious amalgam of public interest and self-interest, his destiny and the nation's destiny, a strong sense of propriety and a drive for power all wrapped up together."

He is indeed not a democratic man or a man for the democracy; he loves democracy and exalts in it, but he does not run in the public process, does not make himself responsive to it, and serious reporters investigating serious issues with him have often found themselves treated condescendingly. He puts himself above questioning on such things as Vietnam and the Cuban missile crisis, and indeed at the beginning of the New York school strike when it was suddenly discovered that Mayor Lindsay's chief adviser was Bundy, local newspaper editors were first highly frustrated in their attempts to reach and talk to Bundy. "He was more than a little condescending to us," one editor says, "and it was a little annoying that he could play such a large role and put himself above us," an attitude which changed once the Ford Foundation began to get in trouble over the issue; when that happened Bundy became more available.

Elitist, not ideologist

Bundy, one colleague says, is a very special type, an elitist, "part of a certain breed of men whose continuity is to themselves, a link to each other and not to the country. In their own minds they have become responsible for the country, but not responsive to it and there is a very great difference here. Thus foreign policy is not a record running to the country and reflecting the changes in the country. What they have not understood is the steady democratization of the country in recent years, and the fact that the country will no longer accept the elite's judgment for it."

Mac, someone once asked him at the height of his powers when he seemed to dominate Rusk, if you were Secretary of State, would you want Bundy in the White House? "No problem," he said, quickly. "There is only one Bundy."

In the Kennedy White House Bundy was the invaluable man. "You would sit there at a meeting," a former colleague says, "discussing some complicated issue and the President would turn and say, 'Mac, would you sum up?' and damned if you wouldn't get the quickest, most incisive and complete sum-up. An extraordinary business. Mac's also a great list man. You need a list of people for something, for some job or some committee, you turn to Mac and he knows the names of everyone who should be on it and everyone who should not. And he's a great memo

r. In government being a great memo writer terrific form of power. Because suddenly one is working off your memo. 'Did you see memo?' That kind of thing. And so you guide the action. That means he's in there. He was not so big at policy making in a sense as most people think, but in the int sense. In guiding what the President saw, as very influential. He killed the Multilateral e with a memo. That was a major policy ion and he did it in a typically Bundy man-He was against the MLF, I'm sure it jarred leanness of his mind—it was a monstrosity all—and he waited and bided his time and when it was time to sum up, he summed up pro-MLF arguments on one side, the anti- on other, and it was so heavy against the MLF it was dead."

e was—and it is still perhaps his greatest e—particularly good at getting excellent g men to work for him, and to give them e head. Indeed Thomson remembers that n he met Bundy in Vietnam in 1966 Bundy optimistic, and Thomson was pessimistic. dy did his thing before the National Security ncil staff but was careful to point out that "if would like a different judgment from some- who saw more and went further afield and e up with radically different conclusions they d talk to Jim Thomson."

is a very special quality in government. "The is the better a person is, the more room Mac es him," a friend says. "He was the best man er worked for. He had a rare quality in Wash- ton to evoke whatever excellence existed in person. Every encounter was like a mini-Ph.D. m. In a world of bureaucrats and great tedium ere you often felt your superiors were there ide things, and beat down originality, this s quite bracing. Even when you failed in your e and he ruled against you, you had a clear se that you could come back and make your nt another day, and he would hear you an- er day. If you disagreed with him and dis- eed well, your stock went up, not down."

He was Jack Kennedy's kind of man, not an ologue, not a bore. It was, Galbraith says, re than just Bundy's quickness and brilliance ich impressed Kennedy (though Kennedy did other friends that Bundy and Lord Harlech re the two brightest men he knew); it was ndy's style. "Kennedy liked Mac's self-assur- ce and quick stylish way of doing things. I member once at the beginning of the Kennedy ministration when Kennedy was about to hold e of those live press conferences. The only prob- le was that he had no news to announce. Well u can't have that, so we're all scratching around ying to think of something to announce—the nference was coming up that day. Kennedy had ivately just reversed one of Eisenhower's last cisions, bringing home the dependents of merican troops in Europe—it was having a asastrous effect overseas. But the Kennedy deci- on had not yet been cleared and normally that

takes years through the bureaucracy. While we were talking Mac got on the phone and called Dillon at Treasury, and then the Pentagon and State and said, 'The President would like to announce today that...do you see any objections?' In five minutes he was back. It was all cleared. Presidents like this sort of thing."

Fuel for the myth

The Kennedy Administration in foreign affairs was a deliberately structured group. McNamara was the superbureaucrat designed to wrestle with the Pentagon to harness the military as much as it could be harnessed after more than a decade in which its power and influence had grown spectacularly and virtually unchallenged. At State Kennedy placed Rusk since he intended to be his own Secretary of State; Rusk was not chosen because he was the best available man, but because he was respectable, older, and had good ties to the Establishment. He would reassure the good Establishment people with his age, his instincts, yet unlike most men who would reassure the Establishment he was nominally — and rather thinly — a Democrat and thus acceptable to the party. Then Bundy came in at the White House, the man who would cut through the bureaucracy, the man to keep State honest, with his Little State Department. "We were never contemptuous of the Secretary of State," one of the Bundy people recalls, "but there was a certain archness that crept in, and we used to talk about discussing something with the 'good people' over at State." It was an impressive array of high officials but it depended to a large degree on the President himself to set the guidelines for foreign policy; it was generally applauded because this was Kennedy's strong suit. He was modern, intelligent, informed, had a

"...in his lifetime he has done no serious scholarly work at all ...and his intellectual credentials are in a way curiously thin."



sense of the contemporary world, had doubts about the omnipotence of power, was not an automatic anti-Communist. But it was also an arrangement in which a young President had deliberately chosen someone a little weak and somewhat more conservative than himself as his chief officer in foreign affairs, a man chosen as much to appease potential critics as to carry out the President's ideas. All of this is terribly important in understanding the breakdown of civilian authority in 1965 over Vietnam.

In 1961 Kennedy made a booster-shot commitment to prevent Vietnam from going Communist. At that point it was probably as much because of factors outside Vietnam (the Berlin Wall, the Bay of Pigs, Khrushchev's bullying at Vienna) as because of forces inside. In sending advisers to Asia, Kennedy nonetheless escalated the American commitment, and planted the flag deeper—more casualties, more silly speeches, more efforts by the government propaganda machinery to justify involvement there, more fuel into the myth that since we were there and had been there in the past, we had to stay there. In 1965 Bundy would make much of the past American position in Vietnam, the honoring of commitments, and O. Edmund Clubb would answer, "Lord Salisbury has said that one of the commonest forms of error in politics is sticking to the carcass of dead policies."

The booster shot failed; our proxies had great military superiority because of American aid, but the enemy had total political superiority. By the fall of 1963 the enemy had virtually defeated our proxies, though this was not reflected yet in the military reporting. In 1964 it was not a great political issue in Washington, and the Administration was doing all it could to keep it that way. The orders were to cool it, at whatever cost. Lyndon Johnson spent the first part of 1964 learning how to be President and the second half running for reelection.

On Vietnam, however, there was by spring a growing sense of crisis and urgency that Washington likes best to function in. There was much talk of keeping the options open (keeping the options open is a favorite Washington theme, and rarely works; the Washington instinct is to delay as long as possible, which means that automatically options are closing; time closes them). But even in those early months of 1964, even though the President was not concentrating on Vietnam, this did not mean that powerful forces were not building up. There was indeed at both Defense and State a steady congealing of position, and the thrust was for escalation.

The military's political power of course increases enormously once it gets its foot in the door. It may be a relatively small foot, but once inside it becomes a far more potent political force. It has expertise, it controls the intelligence coming back, it can claim that it is being throttled by civilians, and it has a natural-born thrust to do more, spend more, send more troops. It is like something long bottled up which finally escapes.

Its influence increases with the Congress and its journalistic allies. It can tell what it would if it were really let loose. It controls contingency planning, and therefore there becomes an intangible solidifying of the institution toward the next step, which is upward. It always seems to deal in hard facts, and its opponents are inevitably on the defensive; they must talk in vague terms and vague doubts while the military talks in tangible figures. (Arthur Goldberg once sat on a meeting where an Air Force general got discussed the plans for bombing the Haiphong depots and said that they had calculated the civilian casualties it would cost. Five. Five casualties. "I didn't know anything about Haiphong," I did know something about industrial sites," Goldberg told a friend, "and workers live close to where they work, and when bombers come through those runs it isn't going to be an easy surgical job.")

The military would inevitably push for greater escalation; it would be part of the civilian mythology that with each escalation it would be holding the military back, giving the generals less than they wanted, whereas in reality they would be creating a situation where the military would have the right to demand more at each subsequent session and would dominate the planning and the intelligence used in Vietnam.

At State there was a similar institutional movement; the upper echelons, particularly in the Asian field, tended to reflect conventional wisdom, a deep sense of careerism, which meant above all not risking a charge of being soft on Asian Communism. Indeed within the Department some of the men who fought the Vietnam policy suffered in their careers, while others who wanted to fight simply withdrew and avoided the battle as much as possible or paid lip service to it. There were men at State uneasy about the policy, but they generally were at the lower levels; as one progressed in rank there was a growing reflection in each man of the institution's prejudices.

Thus even while Lyndon Johnson was out campaigning and trying not to think about Vietnam, a certain hawkish momentum was building up.

Four could have stopped it

At this point there were four civilian leaders who could have stopped this steady drift.

Lyndon B. Johnson. "In early 1965 he was a terribly difficult man," one member of the White House staff says. "He was like a man on a toboggan course, like it was out of control and he finally realized what the outcome would be and he didn't like it. He was tense, frustrated, and almost impossible to work with. It was as though he realized the inevitability of the decisions he was making.... To understand why he was so restless you have to understand him as a politician. He is a hell of a shrewd politician, very good at the infighting, at assessing his enemy at close

and very cautious. He is not a particularly politician in the sense of setting goals and realizing to the country the need to achieve not in that sense a leader. His real genius is his shrewd and cautious assessment of resources at a given time, for a given goal; if he thinks the resources are there, and he'll take his chance and judge very closely, he'll move; if he doesn't think they're there, he'll move back. For much of the time a lot is made of the fact that in 1954 he blocked the Joint Chiefs against the air strikes around Dienbienphu, and thus he undercuts the futility of that particular war. Well, that's against it all right, but simply because he judged very shrewdly that right after the Korean War the country could not support or absorb the war if the will was not there, indeed the very psychology of the country which had elected Eisenhower showed the country was against intervention.

In 1965 he knew the resources were not there, what the military wanted and what he could do. The military wanted one million men for years. You have to take this into consideration in judging the military's failures there. They got what they asked for, though they did say the job could be done with less. Johnson was starting on the great society and with his shrewd and cautious assessment of the resources of the country he had decided that it was all right, it could be done, the country was ready to do something about these long-ignored problems. Johnson wanted to be the man who would cure the nation, and go down in history as a Roosevelt. He would cure these ills, run for a second term, win an equally impressive victory, and live eleven years. A great historic figure, and history books would tell it that way. That's what, at the beginning of 1965, again and again in his speeches he was using the phrase about the country coming through sixty months of prosperity. It was not just an expression of party propaganda, though there was some of that in it. The main thing was that he was subtly reminding the country that it had been having it good, that it was secure and affluent, that it had the resources to do these things."

But at the same time threatening those resources, and Johnson knew this better than anyone, was the growing dilemma in Vietnam; the pressure there to do something was intensifying. Right after Kennedy's assassination Lodge had come back and told him he was in deep trouble and he had to bolster the Saigon government or the Vietcong might take over in thirty days. Remember Johnson was new, he was President by accident. These were not Johnson men coming around him. They were Kennedy men, and Johnson was looking around the room, thinking, 'They're going to judge me on this, they're going to decide whether I'm strong or weak, and if I don't show I'm tough either Bundy or McNamara will be out of here in ten minutes telling Joe that Johnson is weak.' So he felt he had to make a stand on being tough. He stalled for a

time, he sent word to Saigon, telling them what he really didn't believe, that we would give them anything they needed, but this was to become later, without anyone knowing it, an obligatory commitment. Now you must remember that the others sitting in that room, they are looking for direction too, trying to sense which way the President is going to go because they must serve him, so they may be reading things off him he doesn't really want to read. Maybe everyone is bluffing everyone else. So a trend is being set by all of them without their even knowing it. Throughout 1964 and early 1965 it gets worse, this growing pressure from two sources which are quite obviously in deadly conflict, one something he wants desperately to do, and the other something he is desperately afraid of not doing. So he becomes restless and angry and irritable. Johnson is funny, you know. The more he is warned about what is happening the angrier he gets, but he doesn't like the truth about himself, so he starts lashing out, particularly at people close to him, at Lady Bird, and Moyers and Valenti, when he's really lashing out at himself. In those early months of 1965 he was at war with himself."

Robert S. McNamara. McNamara is a curious and tragic figure in this epoch. His reputation is now somewhat dovish; the final view of McNamara as a Defense Secretary was of a man doubting the war, an uncertain member of the Johnson team who had to be dumped for a more reliable teammate.

The reality is that no one fought harder, more relentlessly, more articulately, and more effectively for the escalation and the military commitment. He was pushed hard by the military, and it is true that he occasionally gave the military less than what it wanted. Nonetheless he was a relentless force for escalation, and his earlier concessions to the military would per-



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mit them, once the foot was in the door, to demand and receive more and more. Yet even at the time he was pushing for escalation he was perfectly capable of visiting more dovish liberal friends in Washington and agonizing with them. "It was absolutely fascinating," says a friend and admirer of McNamara. "There were in fact two McNamaras in 1965. There was a Kennedy McNamara and a Johnson McNamara, and it was very important who you were which one you got. If you were a Kennedy-style person you got the Kennedy McNamara, filled with all the doubts about our course and where we were going. But the Johnson McNamara was another McNamara. He did not doubt that this was the right thing to do, and that it could be done by American power; he always had the facts and figures to prove it."

"McNamara loved being a defense minister," one member of the Administration said. "It was only when he woke up one day and realized he had become a war minister that he began to have convolutions of doubt, agony, and self-pity." In the councils he was the leading supporter of the policy; he wanted in fact to call out the reserves early in the escalation and was dissuaded only at the last minute. He would sometimes take other members of the Administration, doubters, aside before meetings, knowing they planned to dissent and try to dissuade them, telling them to talk to the President in private; it upset him to be challenged in public, all this ground had been gone over before. Adlai Stevenson, in his famous interview just before his death with Eric Sevareid, said that McNamara was the one who opposed the U Thant initiative with Hanoi in 1964. McNamara vehemently denied the charge, but there is in the Sevareid story an eerie ring of truth, it just sounds like the way they talked at that time. ("But Defense Secretary Robert McNamara," Stevenson went on, "flatly opposed the attempt. He said the South Vietnamese govern-

ment would have to be informed and this would have a demoralizing effect on them; that government was shaky enough as it was....")

One assistant said, "What made McNamara effective in most other areas, indeed what made him such a fine Defense Secretary, was what made him so dangerous here. Because he would not be deflected, he was so relentless, so single-minded. Others with doubts or dissents simply were pushed aside. He believed if he set his mind to it there was nothing American power could do. Our capacity was limitless. All of these people around Johnson were representatives of the successful areas of American life. That's how they got those jobs. They had never worked in any of the areas of American failure. They were about as completely misinformed as people could be about the ability of American technology to satisfy human desires. They felt that no matter what it was that was needed, America's capacity to produce could do it and fill the job. Was that a revolution? Then we would meet the revolution with more economic goods. Our kind of rice, our big juicy pigs. Fertilizer. Good American fertilizer."

McNamara would change his mind on Vietnam, eventually, would testify to the Congress in late 1967 that the bombing was not proving effective and in 1969 his friends would note an extraordinary sense of anguish about Vietnam, and that he could not bear to talk even privately about his role in these decisions. "The enormity of it all has really hit him," one friend would say.

Dean Rusk. "Dean was always refighting the Korean War. He was deeply involved in that area from his days in the China-Burma-India theater. In a way he's the least complicated man of the group because for him I think it was a matter of deep conviction. I think he was probably the only one who really had matters of deep conviction about it—I think the others had a lack of conviction against it—and belief that American power would win out, so why not go ahead. They did not think it was anything America shouldn't be doing, but Dean was a real believer. I think if the military had wanted to invent a compatible Secretary of State for that period they would have invented Dean Rusk," one member of the State Department says. Another colleague adds, "In some ways I envy Dean. McNamara now has sieges and agonies of doubt. Bundy has been scarred; it will be a little harder for him even to be Secretary of State. But Dean has no regrets, he can still come before the Council on Foreign Relations and give a forceful and eloquent speech on the new dangers of isolationism in America—a very valid subject—and then launch into the most pedestrian defense of Vietnam you ever heard without ever admitting what every schoolboy in America knows—that the war is responsible for most of the isolationism."

McGeorge Bundy. He was very anxious at the beginning to construct a strong relationship with Johnson. He had hoped to be Secretary of State, and now associates in both Administrations be-



he saw an even better chance under Johnson, ambition which Bundy hotly denies. His colleagues, however, believe Bundy felt there might be room to maneuver under Johnson, well-versed on domestic issues and somewhat uneasy on foreign affairs, and that he might be more needed in the new Administration. Bundy made a smooth and easy transition, so much so that he alienated some of the Kennedy people. "I remember a little after the assassination he gathered some of us together and told us, 'You people are nobles. You don't understand Texas and you don't understand this man and this man can be one of the greatest forces for good. This man has a gut power which gets things done.' I think Mac believed he could manipulate Johnson on the side of the angels," an associate says.

One of his public statements, Bundy himself compelled to say, "Loyalty to President Kennedy and loyalty to President Johnson are not only naturally compatible, but logically necessary, a part of a larger loyalty to their common cause." Though his strongest loyalty was to the Roosevelt-Roosevelt-Stimson-Acheson past, his colleagues felt there was another part of Bundy which was just below the surface, "what I would call the ultra-realism syndrome," one of them said. It was something very strong in the Harvard Government Department and many of the Ivy League Eastern universities in the Fifties. Mac was influenced by it and he influenced others with it. "There was this feeling, we're tough, we know what the world really is, and we accept force as a basic part of diplomacy. This is in contrast to the rather traditional diplomatic view which is that force is the last hope to be used most reluctantly when all other possibilities fail. Mac was badly infected by this. Stalin was tough in the end and so we'll meet toughness with toughness. Force meets force. Suddenly you have gradual currents—guerrilla warfare, counter-guerrilla warfare. Force becomes an everyday resort.

To which Galbraith adds, "Mac always used to tell me: 'Ken, you always advise against the use of force—do you realize that?' Of course he was right. I do. There are very few occasions when force can be used successfully." Another member of the Administration points out that Mac was fascinated by operational problems, how to do it, how to plan it... instead of the reflective questions like 'Where is that leading us?' The terrible and quite extraordinary thing is that when the academics came down to Washington, some of us who had been fighting the good fight were very pleased—we figured here come the reinforcements. But—and Rostow was very much worse than Bundy—instead of showing reflection and doubt and instead of having some philosophical view—I say philosophic and not theological, I don't want ideologues—they all became taken up with operational problems and how to solve them. Counterinsurgency. How to run strategic hamlets. Writing constitutions for the Asians. They became operators, not thinkers. Mac was above all else the pragmatic opera-

tional man. He hated to do anything conceptually, a pragmatist first and foremost, which sounds very good. You know, a single pragmatic answer to a single problem. So Mac is very good at it, much better than most, an intelligent problem-solver. He's for getting us into the Dominican mess because he doesn't have a particular philosophy, but then he's quite good and understanding in trying to get us out because that becomes the next problem (that is until he was shot down by Tom Mann in Washington). Of course we were a little lucky in the Dominican thing but Vietnam points out again that there are some things to be said for conceptual thinking.

"I don't mean you want a pure ideologue. Take Vietnam. Pragmatic thinking is short-range thinking. Always panicky. Is the government falling—then prop it up. How do you prop it up? You bomb. Conceptual thinking is long-range. Where is this taking us? Someone like Ball or Moyers would ask, where are you taking us, and they would answer, we're pursuing something we have to do. You overrate the risks. Unless we move and move quickly it'll all go down. There is an entire foreign policy of the pragmatist. The thing in the Dominican. Always this intensity of purpose, if we don't act with force now the Communists will take it over and it will be too late. The same with the Bay of Pigs. If we don't do the Bay of Pigs now the invasion force will fall apart and Castro will stay on forever. If we don't move in Vietnam now the government will fall apart. They don't look at historical forces, the fact that if there is this desperation, if the other side is so strong we may be moving against a historical force, that if we were moving *with* history it wouldn't be so desperate. There is an inability to see where we are going, and also an inability to concede that the Communists might win and the world still won't come to an end."

"What it comes down to," says one critic of the Administration, "was how good a politician you were. Those people like Bundy were just bad politicians. They did the short-range thing, took a lot of short-range credit, you know, took tough positions, standing up, and that got a lot of applause, the columnists all like that, it makes you look good in Washington. There is a whole psychosis in Washington about standing up. And the forces that are critical of you for doing it barely exist. But what you also have is the inability to see the long-run consequences of a bad policy—and the long run is not very long anymore, given the velocity of life in this world. So the short run gets you applause, but it gets you into situations which very quickly come back to haunt you."

The questions not asked

In the early summer of 1964 Johnson wanted Vietnam on the back burner. There was already some Congressional opposition to the war, and though it was marginal Johnson did not want it to intensify. Meanwhile the two forces con-

"He had hoped to be Secretary of State, and now...he saw an even better chance under Johnson...."

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tinued to strengthen. Despite all the talk of keeping the options open, they were closing day by day. In Vietnam the Vietcong was becoming stronger and the Government forces weaker and more intimidated. In Washington, meanwhile, the forces which would coalesce around a greater military escalation were crystallizing; as Saigon's position became weaker it was more likely each day that they would have to negotiate from weakness, and that was unthinkable. In June there was some talk in the White House about going for a Congressional resolution which would allow the President to do what he wanted in Asia, but they discarded the idea because of the possible backlash in Congress; Morse and Gruening might jump on it and create what the White House deemed further divisiveness. Then in August the second Tonkin incident took place and the atmosphere changed. Rather than seeming to be the aggressor, the United States had been attacked. Johnson sensed immediately that the mood on Capitol Hill would be different, anyone criticizing him would be on the defensive rather than the offensive, the country would be for him. So one morning in August, right after the second Tonkin incident, Bundy gathered together the people who worked for him. The President, he

said, had decided to go for a Congressional resolution calling for a general posture in Southeast Asia. The idea was that if anything happened during the election campaign he would have the resolution in his hip pocket and would be able to respond.

Douglass Cater, a White House adviser, was one of the first to speak up. "Isn't it a little precipitous," he asked. "Do we have all the information...?"

Bundy looked at him and said, "The President has decided and that's what we're doing."

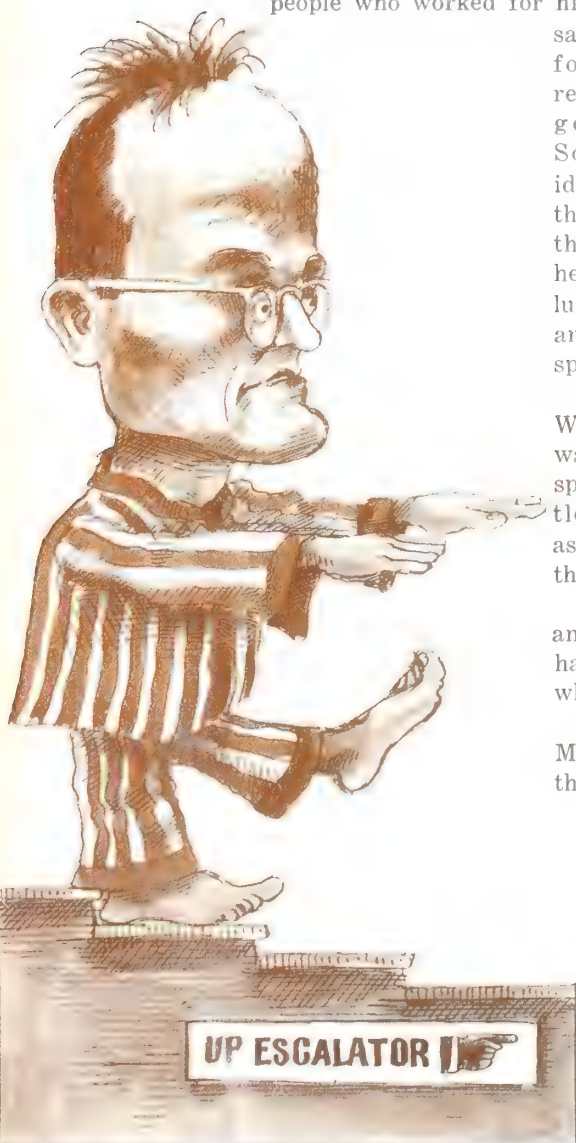
Cater persisted: "Gee Mac, I haven't really thought it through..."

Bundy, with a very small smile: "Don't."

The collapse in Saigon continued, lending a sense of desperation to planning which Washington particularly seeks for its decision making. "In early December," a staff aide said, "Bundy came to me and said, 'I have something for you to look at.' He was rather expansive. It was very impressive and very well put together. Lots of little details." The aide told Bundy he did not know the military calculations, "but the thing that bothers me is that no matter what we do to them, they live there and we don't and they know that someday we'll have to go away, so thus they know they can outlast us."

"That's a good point," Bundy said.

It was, the aide said, his first clear inkling of where they were all headed. It was the opinion of those who worked for Bundy that he wanted to keep all options open, to be an arbiter as much as a man could. "He was trying to steer a middle course, enough of this, not too much of that. He would in fact continue to try and steer that course, finally being an advocate of bombing, an advocate of the bombing halt, and then because there was nowhere else to go, giving the confines of the problem, an advocate of the resumption of the bombing. The thing you might remember about Mac was that he was a weather vane both up and down. He reflected the maneuvering of the options from below and the choices were being limited every day. State and Defense were pushing for what they called solutions. At the same time Mac represented the President's desires and also the Establishment's views and desires, and remember that in those days the Establishment was for escalation; it did not doubt American power. He played fair in that he was not after all an ideologue like Rostow, but he did not challenge the Establishment's assumptions, which he would claim was not his job. Now a good chief of staff would be free to fight if he thought the man he served wanted him to fight, and so despite Johnson's doubts about the whole thing he must have sensed the steady congealing of the President. I know Mac, and he would have asked tough and angry questions of the Establishment if he sensed his chief was headed that way. It was finally a political decision of the most basic kind for Johnson. He had two enormous forces pushing in on him. He was far more cautious and uneasy about the decision about going into Vietnam than he is presently credited with. He finally had to make his decision which way he was going and of course being Johnson he made what was primarily a political decision. He reacted to what he thought the country was, and I think he misread America. He judged the country which had defeated Stevenson and he judged that the Cold War generation in the Senate, in journalism, in the universities, the Karl Mundts in the Senate, the C. L. Sulzbergers and Joe Alsops in journalism and the Grayson Kirks in the universities, were really in control. He did not see the new generation coming up. After all the only person in touch on



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aff was Moyers, he did not have a lot of out to it, and he did not see that it would be with forces which had existed from Johnson days. Rather he saw what had been assumed that their power was very real. All there had been no testing of the subtlety of political change in 1964; that election had red new forces coming into the electorate. It turned out the Cold War generation's conclusion was a very shaky one, there was another generation in the wings very much ready to take over or to share in power; indeed its entry into power would be very much accelerated by his entry into this war. It was not so much that Johnson misjudged the politics of the country, he misjudged the *potential* politics of the country."

We're going to miss Mac

In January of 1965 the force was out of control. By that time Bundy was the only one who had not taken a clear position; he was still going to adjudicate. So the President decided to send him to Vietnam. "I think the moment he made the trip he was through," a colleague said. The long knives were already out for him, and because he had not taken a position he was therefore the special target, they had been waiting for him. He had a power base, but in Washington to lose your power base on a tight issue when you leave—that's what happened to Bundy when he went to the Dominican Republic—he worked out a good settlement, but they cut him up back home. So the long knives are out, here's the one that they haven't beaten, but now he's unable to protect his flank because his flank is his ability to get to the President each day and undo what has been done to him. So Bundy is in a very tight spot when he goes; if you're a betting man and you know the names and the personalities, you would bet against him. Is he or is he not going to side with everyone else? I think in retrospect he had almost no choice, given his makeup, given the Washington mood, and the Saigon situation. Everyone in Saigon was waiting to bear down on him. Maybe a greater, deeper, wiser man might have done differently, but that's asking a lot. The whole thing had gotten out of control. Even while he was there the attack on Pleiku took place, and he went up there and saw the dead and the dying and he was horrified by it. His reaction was very visceral. I'm not sure his going there changed anything, but it committed him, and committed him with an urgency. He gave his approval to a retaliatory strike, in fact I think his presence there speeded up the retaliation a little and on the way back he wrote a report saying we should move ahead on retaliatory measures. He was all revved up on the way back to Washington. From that time on they had him. He came down with the tough boys. He was no longer an adjudicator, he was an advocate and propagandist. They would use him now to get what they thought was his constituency, the

intellectuals. He would be My Debater, My Intellectual." Indeed later when McNamara would become the first target of dissatisfied liberals, and be called a warmonger, Lyndon Johnson said half-jokingly that McNamara was not a warmonger, "why, Mac Bundy over there. He's ten times the warmonger that McNamara is."

Could Bundy have turned the pressure around on Vietnam? "You are suggesting, I think, something that is not in his being. Perhaps someone forcefully standing up and fighting them all the way might have done it. George Ball thinks so. He thinks one more man might have done it. But Mac is not that man. He is not by instinct a hero or a loner. He is not someone to lay his body down for something like this, particularly in an area like Asia where he was not that interested. He was after all a man of the Atlantic, and he would tend all else being equal to apply the lessons of the Atlantic, very different lessons indeed here. Rather Mac has a great sense of power and a great instinct for it, he loves power and being around it and he responds to where he thinks power is moving, but he also tries, within constraint, to get people to do intelligent things in an intelligent manner. You must understand that when Mac left and Rostow took his place it was far worse. Mac at least would make sure that the President heard dissenting voices and he would be quite fair about it. But then Rostow comes in and you have a very dangerous situation, a total ideologue with a captive President, a Rasputin with a Czar coming under siege."

"I remember," one member of the Administration who was not a particular admirer says, "going to see him shortly after Pleiku and asking, 'What the hell's going on here? What are we doing, what's the reason for this?' And I remember him pulling out that Pleiku memo and the one thing I remember, even more than the words on it, was that he was very pleased with it and very proud of it."

But why did they do it, I asked a member of the group. All of them had been through the Bay of Pigs and they should have learned from it, they should have learned to trust their own best instincts and their own judgment against the official institutional wisdom, which produced so much self-serving evidence. "You read the Bay of Pigs differently from the way they do," he replied. "People like you and me read it as a mistake, where they went against their own better judgment and instincts and listened to the allegedly mighty. They read it as a screwup particularly after the missile crisis in 1962 because they hadn't followed through, they had used the American flag without American power. This is terribly important in all that decision making, they just did not doubt American power. They really thought that when the first American soldiers came on that soil, when the first American bombers flew overhead Hanoi would damn well come to its knees. Yet the whole decade was really an experience in the limits of power, that you can't hold an indigenous people by force—

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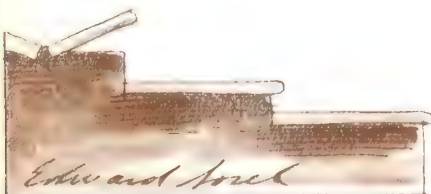
you can't read Algeria and Vietnam and Africa any other way. But they were so sure of themselves, so certain. As late as April 1965 they did not even want the word negotiation in their speeches. I remember that." Or as Bill Moyers has recalled, "There was a confidence—it was never bragged about, it was just there, a residue perhaps of the confrontation over the missiles in Cuba—that when the chips were really down, the other people would fold."

Bundy inevitably became Johnson's propagandist for the policy. He debated Hans Morgenthau and Clubb for CBS (he asked his wife that morning how he should go at it, and in one of the most incisive comments about Bundy she told him, "Mac, try and be the man I married instead of the man I almost didn't marry") where his performance was strangely brittle. It was not satisfying to the nation at all, and there were those who believed that it hurt Bundy a little with Johnson, that Johnson sat back expecting His Debater to destroy those anti-patriots; it had not quite happened; maybe more doubts had been planted than removed. Whatever, the Johnson-Bundy axis never worked out the way Bundy had hoped; there was a belief in those days that he wanted to be Secretary of State, an assumption made in part because Bundy seemed to be a Secretary of State type. Bundy claims this is simply not true, that he never sought State, that anyone with common sense knew that Johnson and Rusk had a special post-Kennedy relationship which a Bundy-like Easterner could not undo. The one Cabinet job he wanted, and sought, he says is Health, Education, and Welfare, which went finally to John Gardner, Johnson being particularly reluctant to lose his White House staff.

Their relationship had started well, Bundy making a quick and effective transition. Johnson of course cared more about loyalty than anything else and he kept putting loyalty tests to Bundy, most of them

having to do with Robert Kennedy. They minated on the day that Johnson sent Bu to suggest to Kennedy that he voluntarily withdraw from Vice-Presidential consideration suggestion that Kennedy did not want to h especially from a man whom his brother placed in high office. It was a foolish thing Bundy to do; there was no reason for it. Al had to do was point out to Johnson that he wa Republican and this was a Democratic ma and it was improper for him to interfere. curious thing is that he probably would h stood a little better with Johnson if he had fused some of these errands; it might have m him an iota more attractive. It very much sou the Bundy-Kennedy relationship, although t would gradually ease some of the bitterness. "Bob in his last years viewed Bundy as some who had a lot of money which could go to Bedford-Stuyvesant project and could be he ful there—that and damn little else," an a says. There are Bundy watchers who believe t his post-assassination Ford grants to the K nedy staffers were not without future politi overtones. "You don't like to think that," c Kennedy man says, "but you have to because w Bundy, power is not very far in the background."

But even with this kind of service for Johns the relationship never worked out. Johnson f that Bundy was patronizing; he was enormous sensitive to what he considered condescension (later he would refer to Bundy as a "smart kid that's all"). There is this quality to Bundy, very controlled and conscious tact that occasionally slips. A friend of mine says he sa Bundy walk out of Kennedy's office one day wi Rusk, check a memo in his hand, and say, "Th is not the paper of a President of the Unit States." "Johnson," an aide says, "always kne what you thought of him. At one Johnson brie ing, Bundy interrupted to say, 'Can I expla that, Mister President?' I looked up and saw controlled a look of hatred as I've ever seen Johnson became annoyed when he felt th Bundy was getting too much personal publicity there were too many articles about his brilliance particularly his brilliance on foreign affairs, h trip to Vietnam, the impression that a hillbill President had to wait for the advice of the brilliant Harvard professor. He was convinced th Bundy was lobbying in Washington for the jo (Bundy several years later would tell a group o Time editors, "The worst thing you could do wit Lyndon Johnson was to go public with something which with Lyndon Johnson meant anyone bu himself"). When in 1965 the Ford Foundation offer came through, Bundy leaked it to Jame Reston, hoping this would spur Johnson to gi him a Cabinet post. He also sent a note to Johnson saying it was something he would like to do un less of course the President really wanted him "The next thing you knew," a colleague says "there was an AP from Johnson City—which is very different from a leak in Washington—say ing they were looking for a successor to Bundy



had baited the trap for him. I knew they were doing it. When it happened I was in Europe and got a clipping from my wife saying, 'They got him.'"

A few weeks after he left Washington, there was a reception at the White House for the young House Fellows. Lady Bird Johnson approached a young man and asked, "Tell me about yourself, what do you do?"

"Well, I don't really know," he said. "I used to work for McGeorge Bundy, but now I don't."

"Oh," said Lady Bird, "Lyndon and I are so worried about Mac's going. We're going to miss him like a big front tooth."

Looking for dragons

McGeorge Bundy in Washington had been one of the Establishment's key men. "You get a feeling, being with him," one member of the administration said, "that you were with the young John J. McCloy. Anytime you needed something he could do it. If you had an Ambassador who was retiring, Mac could always pick up the phone and come up with a college presidency." In succeeding to the Ford Foundation, indeed, there was a feeling that he had succeeded McCloy (who had helped set up the Foundation at the beginning for the Ford family and who was regarded about Bundy as a Ford successor, "The most important thing in Mac's favor was the clarity of his mind. When it became apparent that he might be available, we had to review the things we were considering. We had been looking for A's, of course, but Mac was an A+, he was a little above") as head of the Establishment for a new generation.* The torch was being passed, as it were. It was not surprising that he would soon devote his full attention to the problems of the inner-city and race, the Establishment having disregarded the race problem in the mid-Sixties, allegedly when a commuter train to Manhattan in Greenwich was fired on by black youths as it waited at the 125th Street station. As the head of Ford, Bundy would be in New York as the war in Vietnam got worse and the public outcry against it grew louder, and though on occasion in 1966 and 1967 he would defend the war in public and private, and then talk guardedly about it, his own position began to change ("After the offensive I would have liked to have been a lion on the wall the day General Abrams came back and I decided the best thing to do was stop the bombing after all," he told a group of *Time* edi-

tors in December 1968), by and large Vietnam did not come back to plague him as it did a colleague like McNamara who stayed longer in the government.* He would also tell the *Time* editors that by and large in December 1968 "the Ford Foundation is a very good place to be." So now he was in New York, sometimes missing the action, approaching fifty in good shape, tennis-playing hard, a seemingly calm and cool man who in earlier journalistic portraits had sometimes been treated as the ice man.

Bundy was also a man whose thinking in foreign affairs was extremely conventional, intelligent conventional, but conventional nonetheless, but who in the area of domestic policy was curiously more open-minded and unconventional, so that throughout the Kennedy years, friends would be intrigued by the difference in Bundy. "It was as if in domestic affairs he no longer had to clear everything mentally with Stimson, his father, Acheson, and as though he could just trust his own instincts," said one observer.

He was determined to make the Ford Foundation a relevant force in American life, and do it immediately. He would be a man largely hidden to the outside world, a man who knew all the very bright and able and *trustworthy* people and who was known by them, but who was removed from the general public which would have very little control over him.

Not running for office, he would have no need to charm anyone but other elitists, to prove that he was just as bright as they had heard, and perhaps a little more charming. He could use his energy and charm on the very small handful he chose: an influential columnist, a powerful Wall Street figure, a Negro leader; he politicked in that world and won (though old friends of his noticed a change in the New York Bundy, a disturbing tendency toward pomposity, resulting, they decided, from the fact that nearly everyone who dealt with him wanted some money and treated him accordingly). Yet it was a life and a style somewhat removed from the way the rest of

*An exception would be the famed party in the fall of 1966 which Truman Capote gave for Katharine Graham in honor of Truman Capote. Bundy was talking to Lillian Hellman when Norman Mailer, somewhat drunk but in command of his senses, spied Bundy, the colossus of the Establishment. Already very angry about Vietnam, Mailer, the colossus of the anti-Establishment, grabbed Bundy and said, "You and I have a lot to talk about." Would it be the Showdown at the OK Corral? No, it lasted very briefly. Bundy told Mailer, somewhat patronizingly in Mailer's eyes, that Vietnam was too complicated to talk about. Mailer angrily replied, "I paid you too much respect," (i.e. treated Bundy as an equal), and suddenly demanded that Bundy take off his glasses and step outside. Bundy kept his glasses on and said, "Mister Mailer, I admire your talent very much and it grieves me to see you behave this way. You and I have better things to do than fight." He then walked away, leaving behind a totally deflated Mailer. Judges gave the first round to Bundy though there is a feeling that in the long run Mailer may come out of the decade somewhat better than Bundy.

J. K. Galbraith believes that Bundy was elected Establishment president in secret ballot in late 1965 and that more recently John Gardner has been challenging Bundy for leadership and may have taken over. "The way to tell who is president of the Establishment is to think of who is going to get an honorary degree from Yale. The name that comes most readily to mind is the head of the Establishment. Gardner's name now comes more quickly than Mac's."

the country lived, its frustrations, its problems, its venalities, and its vulnerabilities, and this would come to haunt him in his role in the New York City school strike, a social tragedy of immense proportions, still unsettled, which exacerbated existing differences in New York, especially between blacks and Jews.

"You can't help feeling that Mac, no matter how good a man he is, and he is a good man, and how able, and he is an able man, should be held to account for a lot of what happened here," a former government colleague said. "I think he is just overcommitted to expertise. He really believes that a group of experts can take a rational approach and come up with a workable plan, and that because it is rational, it will work. I just can't help thinking that if he had been some fifty-year-old Jewish boy who had grown up in New York, and had a feel for its cynicism and its fears, even a little love for it, that it might have been a little different. You know, he had experts, and knowing him you know he had damn good experts. But knowing him you had to wonder if the human element was a little diluted." Another friend, who was impressed with his work on the school issue, said, "I often wondered why he moved so quickly. I know he felt Ford should move into areas of significant political change, move and move quickly. So he has this Kennedy style. He arrives in New York. What's the worst problem? Answer, race. What's the head of the dragon? Answer, the schools. What's the worst problem with education? Answer, the bureaucracy. How do you break up the bureaucracy?... click, click, click."

Near the heart of the problem, of course, was the fact that New York's school system was a failing urban social service in a country which had long neglected urban services, where the money for more than two decades had gone into armaments, foreign aid, and space projects. There was in fact an undercurrent of resentment in New York during the strike because people like McGeorge Bundy had been not only a partner to those two decades but indeed had helped form the particular thrust in American life which had assured us of bad schools. This spending in the wrong places had been going on for a long time and clearly, while the middle class and the lower middle class had not been victimized by it the way the poor had, their life had not gotten noticeably easier.

By 1968 there was a growing feeling among many middle-class people that they were overtaxed and underrepresented, that the wealthy did not pay a comparable percentage in taxes and had vast tax benefits which the average person could not afford. The middle class might be making more money and spending more for taxes and perhaps living a little better, though being less aware of the improvement in its standard of living; but it was more aware of a sense of the crumbling of the society around it, a crumbling which took the appearance of threatening blacks. The middle class was often resentful because it

sensed that the racial unrest was encouraging the upper class which lived in its nice white urbs and sent its children to nice white schools and retreated every night on its commuter train to Scarsdale, thinking all the while, Give Damn, the suspicion being that they would have a damn as long as there were tax benefits involved, but that any serious Giving-of-Damn which would also entail money going to government might not be so warmly welcomed. This feeling was growing among many people who did not particularly like George Wallace, were good traditional liberals, raised on the right attitudes, but who sensed that the upper class wanted the blacks into the society with influence, wealth, and power shared with them, though influence, power, and wealth would not come from the upper class, but from an already hard-pressed lower middle class. Thus McGeorge Bundy did not enter the New York school strike with impeccable credentials. For his brilliance and his money Lindsay and the elite of New York accepted him; but in this essentially sour, cynical, tough-minded city at other levels there was certain doubt. The people who populate New York City have never known the Bundys of the world to give anything away to them.

This was the dark secret of New York (and other cities) for in the late 1960s the reality had defeated the good intentions of the rest of us and it was getting worse all the time. And it was true that we all knew that the school system was no good and, for a variety of reasons, was turning out functional illiterates, and functional illiterates who might burn down our cities, we did not want to pay the price with our own children. No one wanted to begin. So with that particular genius that marked the Robert Wagner era, New York's failures were successfully papered over, a bit of glue here, a bit of retreating material there, so that the problems were somehow kept below the surface, getting worse perhaps, but an enormously complicated system of checks and interests keeping them from exploding. The problems would take vast sums of money and serious government and institutional reorganization to make even a beginning, and that kind of money was not forthcoming.

And so Albert Shanker, the man who would lead the teachers in the school strike, would say of John Lindsay and McGeorge Bundy, "They had this attitude that it would all be achieved by confrontation. That's Lindsay's style. You can do the real things, the important things that have to be done, there's no money. So you buy time with visual acts. Get it televised, show you're on the side of the blacks. It began right at the start of this Administration with the transit strike, and so Lindsay goes on television and says this strike is against the poor because they're the ones who have to ride the subways and busses. And the garbage strikes. This strike is against the poor because if the garbage isn't picked up the poor are threatened. Same with the Civilian Review Board. It doesn't

change anything on the problem of the and the blacks. But it's an attitude. It's part of the same thing—you can't really change the substance, no one can, so you do it with an attitude, showing that you're sympathetic, on their side. That's what decentralization is all about, buying time, it's not serious national planning." When Lindsay and Bundy decided to go ahead with decentralization of the city system they moved into the most delicate explosive area of all. "When you have a confrontation between two groups on schools you have the worst possible situation imaginable," said one city official; "even in a confrontation with the police you can localize it a little. It touches a few people, but it's distant to others. You can control it. But schools, that touches everyone and everything, the most sensitive place you can have, you hit people around their kids and touch their deepest emotion, and this touches the sanctity of the schools, the rights of a union, the safety of the middle class—it was all there."

No one could...

During the first part of the strike Bundy did very well. He moved among the varying groups, talking, and listening. He was particularly successful with the blacks, who were highly suspicious of him at first. "I think what moved me was not his brightness, because brightness didn't mean anything to them—hell, there've been a lot of bright people in this country for a long time and it hasn't done them a whole hell of a lot of good, but I think instead it was his personal involvement, and then his growth. They would watch him and see him change. When he first walked in I think the reaction was, oh boy, here comes another one, another untouchable, a cold hawk-bird from Washington, made that and all. But after a while they decided this was all right, he's come to learn, he can learn, he keeps his word," one Negro said. It was, as Bundy said, an extraordinary thing. "Here is a man who comes from the top of the power pyramid, where power is not shared and trying to create a system where power is shared, and all of this is the antithesis of his own background. Because, after all, these programs are based on the idea that these people, who are very poor, the miserable of this country, can make decisions themselves and can choose people who can make decisions for them. It's an interesting thing, but I think that Mac, elitist and really believes that they can, has a good sense of these people, and a lot of your liberals, more humanitarian in their own background and origins, somehow along the way picked up some of the attitudes usually associated with Bundy's class, a belief that anyone one notch below them cannot really govern." Yet with this good start, and these good intentions, what finally happened was as jarring, bitter, and vicious a confrontation as New York has experienced. "I think one

of the problems was that he did not deal with the realities of the situation and the depth of the hostilities. Bundy couldn't because no one could. No one. No one knew how sharp the differences were, that once it got started it couldn't be stopped and that the teachers' union would feel so strongly. Take Shanker and his union. I don't think they knew at the start how strongly they felt, the intensity of their own feeling. And it feeds on itself. Positions are taken, and people have to live up to them. Shanker one day is a school man and the next day he's a union man; he starts something and his people get frightened because to a degree he wanted them to be a little frightened, but then they can't control it."

There was a certain inevitability that if Bundy would underestimate anyone in the school decentralization issue it would be Albert Shanker; Shanker and his people are somewhat off the periphery of Bundy's vision. Shanker's people are middle-class teachers, the daughters of cab drivers, the sons of tailors, the Jewish kids who did not quite get into the Ivy League schools. They are not elitists' people. They went to the public high schools and did not quite make it in the sense of breaking out of the past; most of the Jews whom Bundy had met were people who made it, people of the same origins, but who by their brilliance (and a little extra luck) had forged their way into a world he had known, making it, not on connections, but on their brilliance, energy, and restlessness. But thousands and thousands of others had stayed behind in their neighborhoods, many of these becoming public school teachers within the city system, fighting all the problems of a decaying city, tough difficult jobs with long hours and small marginal pay, salaries which limited the budget and outlook on life. Bundy's Jews made salaries of \$20,000 a year often in public-service-oriented jobs, not really worrying about their salaries, knowing that if they wanted they could always cash in on their excellence and their experience. They did not fear blacks. They saw the whole social spectrum, they understood the writings of William Styron and Robert Coles, and when a racial incident took place, when a black lashed out at a white, they could understand it and see it in its proper historical context. They were for colleges and employers giving the blacks an extra chance by reverse discrimination, since it did not threaten them and theirs under any circumstance. Shanker's Jews rarely made \$20,000 a year and their salaries were largely locked in. They did not see the whole social spectrum, seeing rather the young blacks who did not learn, who disrupted classes; and when a racial incident took place, it threatened them, they knew all about the blacks; it was getting worse all the time. When they thought of the blacks they did not think of the history of the people who had been slaves on this soil, but in terms of their own parents and grandparents who had come from the old country knowing no one, not speaking the language; they had made it in America,

"...people like McGeorge Bundy...had helped form the particular thrust in American life which had assured us of bad schools."

obeyed its laws, and in one generation their children had gone to college, so why not the blacks. They thought of reverse discrimination, favoring the blacks, and they were frightened; it was tough enough already trying to get ahead, they might one day be replaced by a black teacher not so well qualified; and if they gave preferences in college that way, their younger brothers might not get to college. These were very different worlds: the Jews who comprised the core of the city's school teachers, were, like many white Americans in the cities, looking increasingly inward, and feeling increasingly threatened (so that this year when a giant anti-war demonstration was held in New York's Central Park on the Saturday before Easter, an expert from the Mayor's office would notice a change in the crowd, a disappearance of many of the middle-aged Jews who had supported previous demonstrations, as if the past year's racial unrest had somewhat severed their relationship to other liberal causes). And as the United Federation of Teachers and the black militants became enmeshed, upper-class Jews would become uneasy with the way the UFT was seizing on the black anti-Semitism; was it really there, they asked, or was the UFT exploiting unrepresentative remarks in order to create an atmosphere conducive to its political bargaining.

The upper class in New York survived on the basis of its connections, its education (and its capacity to provide the same excellence of education to its children), its connections with other officials, be they in government or the media; the very poor had the combination of their moral position and the threat of their anger to survive and negotiate their way in New York; and now the middle class, the teachers in this case, focused their power through their new union. It was formed originally by the very same kind of desperation against the society's neglect of education, which now the blacks and the Ford Foundation were so concerned about. The teachers' union was a militant new force, just feeling its power, not sure of itself; its formation had been difficult, but finally, having arrived, it had become the powerful new arbiter in public education in New York and it regarded decentralization as a challenge to its power. What ensued was a particularly painful confrontation which saw the very poor and the moderately poor at each other's throats, a collision between a militant new union and militant blacks, each wanting finally to exercise power, a shattering experience against the backdrop of the city's traditional liberalism. Shanker knew that the Mayor and Bundy were working with the black militants, but he sensed that they would not be able to control the blacks, and that once the confrontation started, the militants would perform according to a pattern. This would frighten his own people and frighten the middle class of New York, which might have long-range political advantages since it would put any Mayor backing decentralization under considerable white middle-class pressure.

"Whether Shanker actually planned this or whether it happened that way and he sensed it is hard to tell, but I think I can understand one thing to see why he found it difficult to deal with as time went along. He has a more solid power base in the city than his opponents," one anti-Shanker man says, "but he has," a neutral observer says, "two roads to the scenario of New York. One is Bundy, who is seeing things he wants to happen and he is sure they will happen, what he thinks is the right way to do it, has his priorities and he is sure that he has the right priorities, which is to make things bearable for the blacks and damn quick. He figures everyone ought to understand that and act rationally. He sees the lid blowing off soon, and the city going up and so he wants to close the safety valve and quick. The blacks want decentralization. Good, give them decent things to play their own people off against their own. Then you have Shanker, who is very hard to underestimate, and he reads the same scenario, and he knows the militants will threaten his teachers and he thinks they should be put down, and he is not interested in the city's priorities—he's interested in his own. He's in the business of getting his people through another grubby day and preserving his power."

When Bundy first came to New York to meet with Shanker, the first time, just one of them, with Shanker telling Bundy that he felt was wrong with the school system, the second time before the UFT's executive committee, Shanker recalls: "We asked him all the questions: 'Suppose the extremists take over, what about the variance of curriculum school in an area where kids move around a lot, what about protection of our people—those who can get out of hand? He didn't argue with me, he kept saying, That's an excellent question, that's a good point. You would have had to see he was very sympathetic to us. Then he was at a delegate assembly where he said the same thing, you know, The city is in great trouble, we have to experiment, you teachers are important, we must all march together, a great city, New York. He and I talked and I think he felt that Shanker's all right. Not too dumb. But he said his people are a little more expendable than the blacks come first. I learned from what he said in Vietnam, you can't do it with outside help, that Vietcong is tough, so we want local participation by the blacks themselves. He said, say look at this and this, this is real extreme, this is very threatening, and the Ford Foundation would say, You're right, and they're wrong, we can't get the teachers in because the city will explode. They feel we're on the verge of guerrilla warfare and the only chance is to make a deal with the guerrillas. So Ford subsidizes the revolutionaries and puts them on the payroll, which makes being a revolutionary a hell of a lot easier."

But this would not bother McGeorge Bundy.

heard all the charges against him, against
 eases (he was not sensitive about being a
 and they did not bother or deter him. He
 dark view of the seriousness of the racial
 t in America, and a belief that something
 be done and done immediately and little
 about the excellence of the Foundation's
 He felt that the problem in the schools, 50
 nt minorities when Ford had started on
 a logram, now 60 per cent, was growing all
 ine, and it was only a matter of time before
 eponents of decentralization realized this
 alized that they must make their accommo-
 us with the reality of city life. He seemed,
 this, imperturbable. The Mayor had backed
 somewhat on school decentralization (and
 were those around the Mayor who would
 you believe that the Mayor was not entirely
 iv with Bundy in the past year, that he had
 lled into something a little more difficult
 they had both realized). The Mayor himself
 under extraordinary criticism, and most of
 registered Democrats of New York had
 eed the mayoralty lists to challenge him
 ough one sensed that it might be easier to
 about beating Lindsay than to beat him),
 the Mayor was doing what a New York
 or usually does, which was to reassure the
 le-class Jews that he still loved them, which
 ource meant that the blacks would think he
 d them a little less. McGeorge Bundy would
 somewhat more willing to talk to reporters
 a year earlier, but he would be very care-
 n what he said, for fear of saying something
 might hurt Lindsay's chances. The great
 ndations of America would be coming under
 easing scrutiny of the Congress, in part be-
 e of recent actions by Ford, the grants to the
 tant blacks and to the Robert Kennedy staff-
 and at Ford there would be a certain uneasi-
 about the Congressional uprising, and the
 Foundation directions, and yet if that were
 e, a certain admiration for Bundy, too, for
 willingness to move, to take risks, for his
 ermination to make the Foundation relevant.
 Ford people were pleased with Bundy, and
 way proud of him; they might wonder at
 es whether Ford could have moved somewhat
 e cautiously into decentralization without
 egering the blowup, and yet they admired
 ndy and one of the Foundation's top officials
 ld say afterward of Bundy, half-admiringly,
 half-critically, "The trouble is that Mac is
 damn quick mentally and too articulate for
 own good. I just wished he talked slower and
 was a little less articulate. Sometimes I think
 make bad decisions because the rest of us
 t think fast enough for him."

The world of McGeorge Bundy had never been
 marked by originality of thought or social
 w; it was not his particular trademark, for
 specialty was really in attempting to follow
 nventional wisdom in an intelligent manner.

BLACK BOY IN THE DARK

by Anthony Hecht

*Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,*

*.....
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.*

—Titus Andronicus

Summer. A hot, moth-populated night.
 Yesterday's maples in the village park
 Are boxed away into the vaults of dark,
 To be returned tomorrow, like our flag,
 Which was brought down from its post office height
 At sunset, folded, and dumped in a mailbag.

Wisdom, our Roman matron, perched on her throne
 In front of the library, the Civil War
 Memorial (History and Hope) no more
 Are braced, trustworthy figures. Some witching skill
 Softly dismantled them, stone by heavy stone,
 And the small town, like Bethlehem, lies still.

And it is still at the all-night service station,
 Where Andy Warhol's primary colors shine
 In simple commercial glory, the Esso sign
 Revolving like a funland lighthouse, where
 An eighteen-year-old black boy clocks the nation,
 Reading a comic book in a busted chair.

Our solitary guardian of the law
 Of diminishing returns? The President,
 Addressing the first contingent of draftees sent
 To Viet Nam, was brief: "Life is not fair,"
 He said, and was right, of course. Everyone saw
 What happened to him in Dallas. We were there,

We suffered, we were Whitman. And now the boy
 Daydreams about the White House, the rising shares
 Of Standard Oil, the whited sepulchres.
 But what, after all, has he to complain about,
 This expendable St. Michael we employ
 To stay awake and keep the darkness out?

Yet it was one of his ideas, repeatedly expressed,
 that those who were too intense and too sure in
 their pursuit of ideas and their causes often did
 those causes and ideas damage. Thus he pointed
 to William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* as
 harming contemporary religion. Thus he saw
 Douglas MacArthur defeating his own case by
 his excesses, and thus he saw Joseph McCarthy
 seriously hurting legitimate anti-Communism by
 the wildness of his charges. And it was on re-
 flection a charge that one might make against
 Bundy himself, that in his own intense belief in
 himself, in his tradition and the right of the
 Establishment, he would contribute to a disillusion
 and disrespect and alienation among the
 young from those very traditions and institu-
 tions which he so ferociously believed in.

TIME: AFTER LUCE

For those who've noticed some recent subtle differences between the new Time and the old, this is the story of what it might mean to America and who is responsible.

Americans have traditionally stressed optimism, a faith in the future, what John Kirk calls "progress, pragmatism, respect for achievement, a belief that rising wealth and expanding technology would ultimately dissipate most individual and social problems." Yet Americans have seldom examined those values long enough to see the possible inner contradictions. In part, they were too busy carving for themselves a share of the country's peerless abundance. Men with fabulous opportunities for self-advancement had no time for self-inspection. From the start, the American Dream has contained as much egotism as it has generosity.—Time

Not a bad evaluation of Henry Luce; a little too restrained, perhaps, for some of his still smoldering targets, but not bad. And there it was in the January 24, 1969 issue of his brainchild, for forty-six years the weekly house organ of the American Dream: five million copies a week, twenty-two million readers. True, Henry Luce had been dead almost two years when the passage appeared. Still, like General Motors or the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, *Time* would always be *Time*. And yet consider another appraisal that appeared in the same issue:

The greatest potential for growth and planning, as well as controlling the quality of what citizens desire, today lies with the great corporations. . . . But they do not yet seem prepared for the idea that the business of business could be this: to sell goods and services whose influence on American taste and values might—instead of being mediocre and sometimes baneful—be actively inspiring and benign.

Again, it is too polite, with possibly an unwarranted faith in the potential of corporate liberalism. Nonetheless, hardly the business ethic of The Founder. Clearly, someone was tinkering with *Time*. In fact, both the above-quoted observations appeared in a document that, when examined carefully—and strictly in the context of *Time*'s pinched past—proved quite remarkable. Timed to run in the magazine the week of President Nixon's inauguration, it took the form of a twenty-page supplement entitled, "To

Heal a Nation—Special Section: The Task before the President." Nixon no doubt had other things on his mind that week. But, considering the supplement's departure from Lucean dogma may have been less important as a message to incoming Administration than as a conspicuous—if cautious—declaration of independence. Hedley Donovan, Luce's handpicked successor editorial overseer of Time Inc., and Henry Grunwald, the editor Donovan tapped four months ago to give *Time* a new image. Somewhat tardily, *Time* had clambered aboard American journalism's late-rolling bandwagon of social awareness.

The cataclysmic events of the 1960s already had rescued most of *Time*'s peers from everlasting mediocrity. Early in the decade, it slowly but very slowly—began to dawn on the journalistic Establishment that the United States bore less and less resemblance to the nation they had so confidently "mirrored" for so many years. The once-scorned warnings by the intellectual community began to make sense. A serious racial crisis *was* building. A scandalous amount of poverty and hunger *did* exist in the land. The war in Vietnam would not go away.

The scramble was on. Following its purchase by the Graham family in 1961, *Newsweek* made the Negro's struggle its principal mission, perceptively covering the story with a persistence unmatched by any large-circulation magazine. The *New York Times*, winged repeatedly by darts from Manhattan's literary-intellectual salons, finally recognized that quality might be as important as quantity and modified its stultifying middlebrow view of the world. The *Wall Street Journal* offered some of the most incisive reporting in the nation—often to the acute embarrassment of the businessmen it serves. Otis Chandler remade the once hopelessly corrupt Los Angeles *Times* into an alert, respectable newspaper. Spotting a trend, the wire services and the network news departments tried on occasion to view the world as something more than a hot flash. "In depth" became the catch phrase of the profession. Of course, no major publisher or broadcaster was so rash as to stand up and be counted on the side of radical reform; but at least the more influential ones had opened their pages and airwaves to intelligent examination of all the

Even Robert Sherrill, co-founder of *Hard*, conceded not long ago that no real need for the radical weekly.

Until last year, *Time* remained aloof from the scramblers. Even after Luce formally resigned in 1964, the magazine continued to view the world with his patent formula of gliblicity and Olympian arrogance. Donovan, a tight-lipped former Rhodes Scholar, receded the hardened arteries. All he had to do was look around, especially across town at *Newsweek*, where editorial hustle and imagination were making it the most talked-about magazine in the industry. Or, if he needed further convincing, he could take the elevator down to the twenty-fifth floor of the Time & Life Building and talk to a *Time* editor or writer. The odds were better than even that he would find a bitter, disgruntled employee. The target of the bitterness was the man principally responsible for keeping *Time* on its narrow-gauge track: the magazine's autocratic managing editor, Otto Fuerbringer. Technically, Donovan outranked him on corporate charts. More than once, however, he had advised a grouching staffer: "I know I don't like Otto, but I think he's a goddamned editor." And Harry Luce, though retired, still ran the company.

The managing editor of *Time* may be the single most influential linear journalist in the world. Every week, like a virtuoso at some prosecuting Mighty Wurlitzer, he sits down, shoots his cuffs, and pulls and pushes stops on 105 correspondents from Washington to Nairobi, fifty editors, writers, and reporters in New York, and coveys of fact-hunting, miniskirted archers, all of whom seem to be recruited from Alexander Portnoy's fantasies. With super-mathic vision, he distills the labor of these flung forces down to 50,000 words on everything from Biafra to Beethoven and by the middle of the following week his judgments are out for the magazine's twenty-two million readers—thirty-six of them in the Tonga Islands, *Time* boasted recently. The ripples from this weekly plunge can sometimes roll out like tsunamis. Last January, the magazine ran a story about a chef who specialized in making omelets at private dinner parties. A footnote reported that the particular pan he used was made by the Bridge Company, a small firm in Manhattan. Within two weeks, 7,000 orders for the pan had flooded the enterprise, and its harried owner, Ted Bridge, was busily planning branches in Chicago and San Francisco.

Richard Pollak came to free-lance writing after several strenuous newspaper and magazine assignments: among them, assistant editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*; associate editor of *Newsweek*; reporter for the *Sunpapers* in Baltimore; editor of the *Omaha's Ft. Jay newspaper*, following his graduation from Amherst in 1957.

Luce regarded a *Time* correspondent in the foreign country to which he was posted as the American second only to the U.S. Ambassador. In return for this presumption, thousands of readers abroad accept the magazine as a quasi-official spokesman for the United States government, a polished, flawless window on America. Statesmen treat the magazine with such deference that Time Inc. can make the leaders of eight Asian nations jump simply for the amusement of its advertisers (see page 47). Fuerbringer loved the power. A Midwestern conservative stoked by a strong sense of Lutheran morality, he felt duty bound to leave his personal stamp on the magazine each week before repairing to his home in Greenwich, Connecticut. If he disapproved of someone or something, the subject seldom sullied the pages of *Time*. A review of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*? A cover story on Ralph Nader? Another time. The reasons were usually obvious, but Fuerbringer seldom thought it necessary to explain. To the staff, he was "The Iron Chancellor."

When a story was too big to ignore, Fuerbringer indulged his prejudices in other ways. A dedicated Kennedyphobe, he outraged most of his colleagues by running Lyndon Johnson on *Time's* cover the week after JFK's assassination. And for those few who might have missed the point, he devoted the same issue's "letter from the Publisher" to an exercise in necroflackery. The slain President, explained the letter, "had a special feeling about *Time*." In fact, he always had it on hand and regarded it "as the most important magazine in America." Lee Harvey Oswald, it turned out, had gunned down not the President of the United States, but *Time's* "No. 1 subscriber."

For Fuerbringer, the war in Vietnam was a holy crusade. Week after week, the magazine read like a glossy handout from the public relations firm of Johnson, Rusk & Westmoreland. Let there be no mistake about it, North Vietnam was "engaged in a war of aggression it will not be allowed to win." Fuerbringer missed few opportunities to advance the cause. When the *New York Times* ran a hawkish letter from Frederick E. Nolting, Jr., the former U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam, *Time* conveniently found room for it in the magazine's Press section. Senator J. William Fulbright's suggestion that Saigon had become an "American brothel" drew from *Time* a reminder that Little Rock and Hot Springs offered "an abundance of whores." More often than not, *Time's* correspondents in Vietnam might just as well have been filing from Tierra del Fuego. Repeatedly, Fuerbringer ignored their dispatches when they failed to support the company line. In a now classic confrontation, Fuerbringer spiked a pessimistic file by *Time's* able Saigon bureau chief, Charles Mohr, and instructed a writer in New York to roll the usual ruffles and flourishes. Then, to make sure the message got across, Fuerbringer also ordered up a Press piece accusing reporters in Saigon

"Lee Harvey Oswald... had not gunned down the President of the United States, but *Time's* 'No. 1 subscriber.'"

Richard Pollak
TIME
AFTER LUCE

(including, presumably, his own) of poor-mouthing the war and of covering it by lounging around the Caravelle Hotel interviewing each other. Infuriated, Mohr and a colleague, Mert Perry, resigned.

Fuerbringer unquestionably believed in his mission, but he also edited *Time* secure in the knowledge that the war fit neatly into the Founder's grand design. Years ago, on the eve of World War II, Luce had decided this was to be "The American Century." With typical moral fervor, he decreed that "it is for America and for America alone to determine whether a system of free economic enterprise—an economic order compatible with freedom and progress—shall not prevail in this century." He saw it as the country's "manifest duty" to feed all the hungry and destitute people of the world—"all of them, that is, whom we can from time to time reach consistently with a very tough attitude toward all hostile governments." Many who knew Luce insist that he modified this view over the years. Perhaps so. But little evidence of it appeared in the magazine of which he once said, not without some accuracy, "Whatever *Time* prints will be believed because it is in *Time*." The magazine's war coverage—and in no small way the very conflict itself—was the obvious, grindingly dissonant crescendo of the Lucean score. (It is, of course, unfair to blame it all on *Time*; until recently, most other publishers and broadcasters, if not as influential, enthusiastically embraced the clichés of the Cold War.)

When Henry Luce died in early 1967, politicians, businessmen, and fellow journalists buried him under an obsequious blanket of obituary rhetoric: he was a great editor, a genius, a man (in *Time*'s own sendoff) of "infinite idealism." As usual on such occasions, almost no one told it like it was: that Henry Luce was a hugely successful entrepreneur who created the world's largest publishing empire and used its enormous power with little humility, frequent cruelty, and an aggressive lack of wisdom. After waiting a respectful few months, critic Joseph Epstein called the shot squarely in *Commentary*. "Through the agency of his magazines," he wrote, "[Luce] confused more issues than he clarified, harmed more people than he helped, and contributed more to the Gross National Product than to American Culture."

With Luce's death, editorial control of all Time Inc. magazines passed entirely into the hands of Hedley Donovan. Though less doctrinaire than his benefactor, his credentials were still very much in order: solid Midwestern Republican background, Phi Beta Kappa and *magna cum laude* at the University of Minnesota, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, Navy intelligence, quick rise to managing editor of *Fortune* after joining the staff in 1945, editorial director of Time Inc. by 1959, Luce's editorial heir-designate by 1964, a home in Sands Point, Long Island,

and membership in the University Club of York, the Federal City Club of Washington, the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. Cool and flappable, with the symmetrical good of a slightly overweight prep-school headmaster, Donovan makes the perfect model for the *Time* published on Wasps this year. "At his best," it concluded, "[the Wasp] has stood for a certain selflessness, a sense of public service, a disinterestedness in the face of brawling passions. Acting with such lofty 'disinterestedness,' Donovan serves both as a trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and member of the Board of Visitors of the Air Force Systems Command. Like most Time Inc. executives, he regards the House That Luce Built as a kind of Holy See of journalism. At the last, Luce-Donovan torch-passing ceremonies in 1967 ("It must be like being elected Moses," a friend wrote), Donovan assured his assembled leagues at the New York Hilton that *Time*, was, indeed, "an American institution," referring at one point to the company's columns, memos, speeches, and directives as "the state papers." (Luce's capacity for taking himself too seriously was boundless; among his "state papers" is his 1933 edict banishing the comma between "Time" and "Incorporated.")

Amidst all the ringing affirmation in his obituary at the Hilton, Donovan also slipped in a few understated givings. In an understatement that may never be surpassed as a Luce epitaph, he observed that over the years Time Inc. had picked up "some unnecessary enemies whom we acquired rather carelessly." Moreover, he warned, institutions must have a way of getting complacent, and that can lead to trouble. "I am an incorrigible free-enterpriser, and a strong believer in the justice of the box office," he told the gathering. "Magazines do well because they deserve to do well. But there is one misleading thing about current box-office receipts—they chiefly reflect past achievement.... If editorial quality starts to slip, it takes a while before customers notice."

By early 1968, *Time* magazine's customers had started to notice—especially the advertising. *Newsweek*'s growing reputation along Madison Avenue as a "hot book" had started to lure advertising pages away from *Time*. By the end of the year, "the numbers" would show *Time*'s domestic edition ad pages down 9 per cent, compared to a 3 per cent rise for *Newsweek*. Translated into advertising revenue, the year-end figures would show *Newsweek* up 13 per cent, *Time* only one per cent.

Newsweek's high command bandy these statistics

*The editors of *The New Republic* or *Nation Review* could give Donovan an interesting debate on the notion that magazines do well simply because they deserve to. He needn't look that far, however. *Life* magazine never has been better edited than in the past few years; but, because of competition from television and the current advertiser preference for specialty rather than general magazines, *Life* has a more acute case of the financial wobbles.

out with considerable bravado. But, as know, too much can be made of them. Over *Newsweek's* rewards for editorial juggling in recent years, and whatever its progenitor's slippage, *Time* remains far out front—in worldwide circulation and advertising revenue, almost twice as far. Moreover, it is the linchpin of a global publishing network besides turning out *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated* (combined worldwide 1968 circulation: 15.7 million), embraces five television and radio stations and a growing CATV station; Time-Life Books, which last year sold 18 million books and records in six languages; the publishing house of Little, Brown and Company, and a half-dozen other divisions devoted to what the company's 1968 annual calls the "Knowledge Industry." This hot bed of knowledge produced revenues of more than \$567 million for Time Inc. last year.

Through early spring of last year, Fuerbringer resumed his cocksure editing of *Time*, conceding little to either the world or the scramblers around him. By then, however, the magazine's serious tone and fusty politics were so out of step with the rest of the Establishment press that Donovan could ignore the situation no longer. To friends who badgered him on the subject, he admitted delicately, that, yes, perhaps *Time* had become "a little too predictable." And there was the box office. In May, the eighteenth reign of "The Iron Chancellor" came to an end. Reluctantly, Fuerbringer accepted a vice presidency, moved upstairs to a subdued cubicle down the hall from Donovan on the thirty-third floor, and took on the task of finding new writers for Time Inc. to acquire, then the latest development in the corporation's quest for knowledge. To reprogram *Time*, Donovan named Henry Grunwald.

An erudite Viennese who looks more like a short, rotund concertmeister than an editor, Henry Grunwald started out at *Time* as a copy editor in 1944. He understands the system. Last October, after the crush of the summer political campaign had ended, he gathered up his sixty writers and flew them to Bermuda for three days of badly needed group therapy. Since at *Time* even *angst* travels first-class, all were billeted at Castle Harbour, a gleaming white colonial hotel owned in part by Time Inc. president Charles A. Linen and set on 212 manicured acres of Fun and Adventure—Wherever You Turn. While presumably less troubled guests golfed and snorkeled in the sun, the agony of the Fuerbringer years poured forth to the hum of air-conditioning in a curtained conference room. As the Soviet bureaucrats nervously emerged from the shadow of Stalin, writers rose to denounce the deposed managing editor for his unrealistic tyranny and reactionary policies. And, with Fuerbringer himself now purged, most of the wrath flowed against his cadre of sub-

servient lieutenants, *Time's* senior editors (whom Grunwald had left in New York to wonder).

Group Journalism, as refined over the years by *Time*, is like a surrealistic baseball game in which the writer is the only runner and the rest of the players are all pitchers trying to pick him off first base. As a rookie, he may hazard an occasional Jackie Robinson lead; but after a few innings of diving into the dirt, he soon learns to stick close to the bag. Correspondents try to nail him for allegedly twisting their flawless reportage from the field. Researchers accuse him of concocting quotes and of getting the color of Kossygin's eyes wrong. But the real terrors of the mound are the senior editors, former runners themselves who stayed close enough to the sack to ensure promotion and now form the elite staff that each week pounds, wrenches, hacks, crunches, and otherwise edits the writer's copy until it is fit (they hope) for the eyes of the managing editor, the magazine's ace pick-off artist. Paul O'Neil, long a star of *Life's* writing staff but once a dusty base-runner at *Time*, summed up the case for the writers' team years ago in a memo to T. S. Matthews, then the managing editor. "I am inclined to believe," he wrote, "that the theory of Group Journalism is highly overrated, and the brigades of editors, researchers, advisers, and assorted double domes, who are popularly believed to be helping the writer, are actually just riding around on his back, shooting at parakeets, waving to their friends, and plucking fruit from overhanging branches while he churns unsteadily through the swamps of fact and rumor with his big, dirty feet sinking in to the knee at every step."

In Bermuda, Stefan Kanfer, the magazine's young movie critic and a former television gag writer, complained that most of the writing produced under the senior-editor system had all the grace and subtlety of a stand-up comic telegraphing, "Ladies and gentlemen, mother-in-law." T. E. Kalem, *Time's* drama critic and perhaps most talented writer, said that in most cases the senior editors saved a story by amputating an arm, adding a third leg, and producing a "monstrosity." The most sardonic of the walking wounded, an old hand named John Koffend, confessed that *Time* writers had been told so often by their senior editors that they couldn't write they had finally come to believe it, adding, to much laughter and applause, that he once turned over a letter to his mother to a senior editor who had improved it. "It was a mass catharsis," recalls one writer who had come to the magazine only three weeks before. "I was appalled. If they were that unhappy, why didn't they leave?" Most had thought about it in their early days but long ago had decided to hang on. There were, after all, those benefits—inventive expense accounts, air travel cards, profit sharing, six-week vacations, free lessons at Berlitz, trips to Bermuda to complain.

Henry Grunwald had not left, either. On the contrary. For the last eight years he had toiled

"Fuerbringer... edited *Time* secure in the knowledge that the war fit neatly into the Founder's grand design."

Richard Pollak TIME AFTER LUCE

loyally for Fuerbringer, energetically contributing his manifold talents to the making of *Time* and rising to assistant managing editor as a result. Now, after cocktails, dinner, and a day of listening to impassioned criticism of the magazine, he stood up and told the plaintiffs: "I find myself very largely in agreement with a great deal that was said.... It is clearly no secret to you that I'm for change. I don't think I was appointed managing editor of *Time* to preside over the *status quo*." But the formula must be bent, not broken. "Some of you, from what I've heard today," continued Grunwald, "feel perhaps *Time* ought to become a totally different magazine very quickly, overnight. I don't think that's possible. Not so much, as somebody suggested, because we have a good thing here financially and shouldn't tamper with it, but because *Time* really is a part of the American scene, a part of American life, and what you do to it has to be done fairly carefully."

Having paid homage to the legend, Grunwald turned to specifics. The constricting and stifling structure of Group Journalism would be measurably loosened, allowing for longer stories and much more personal writing; there would be more eyewitness reports, interviews, dialogues; bylines would be used more often, both those of correspondents and of writers; judgments would be rendered "less arbitrarily, much more coolly, and perhaps occasionally with a becoming sense of fallibility"; the magazine's point of view would be counterpointed with opinion from outside; though the senior-editor system would likely remain, efforts would be made to civilize the editing process. In exchange for these new freedoms, the writers would have to spend more time reading poetry and fiction and thinking about language because "there is quite a bit of bad writing at *Time* and there are occasions when the senior editors, despite occasional insensitivities, greatly improve a story." Most important, Grunwald said, "the magazine must become more intelligent and, although I hate to use the word, more intellectual.... You must really avoid oversimplifying complicated situations. We should never shy away from history, philosophy, or theory; at present, we do shy away from these things quite a bit."

Folding more intellectuality into the weekly editorial mix was a must; but, warned Grunwald, "we should never play literary games of the sort that are played in *The New York Review of Books*." Had Andrew Kopkind drawn blood? Only a few weeks before, the young radical journalist, a former West Coast correspondent for *Time*, had played a lengthy "literary game" with the magazine and its corporate carapace. "Time," wrote Kopkind in *The NYR*, "is largely a product of what has happened to America in the last half-century:

specifically, how corporations have developed an organizational position so controlling that the whole system can be called 'corporat-

ism.' Time's movement is nicely illustrative of that process. Since Luce's death, Time has become more 'liberal' while burrowing deeper into the corporate ethic. Reactionary social policy does not promote the image of the new Establishment, which is more interested in co-optation than repression, more concerned with creating new markets than restricting consumption. The recent change in Time's management editorship—from the middlebrow Midwestern conservative Otto Fuerbringer to the sophisticated Viennese cosmopolite Henry Anatole Grunwald—reflects the corporation's new conception of itself."

Some weeks after the Bermuda gathering, Grunwald sat in his twenty-fifth floor office and discussed Kopkind. "I think Andy is a brilliant writer," he said, "and I'm sorry he left. I would welcome his style, but I don't think I would welcome his philosophy. As I understand it, Andy wants to be a revolutionary. I think his ideas and the ideas of other revolutionaries ought to be represented in *Time*. As a matter of fact, we have discussed having a forum page where someone like Andy or quite a number of other people would present their opinions without *Time* necessarily endorsing them. I think, however, that *Time* should and will remain a magazine whose staff is in rough agreement with its underlying philosophy, which, if you want to give it a label, I would call progressive conservatism."

Whatever his politics, Grunwald has kept the promise he made to skeptics in Bermuda that "things will be done." Well before the meeting, in fact, *Time* had started to change markedly. During the summer election campaign, its tilt toward cover portraiture gave way to political cartoons by David Levine and Gerald Scarfe, and later in the spring there had been a pop-art rendering of Robert F. Kennedy by Roy Lichtenstein. To many *Time*-watchers, the text of that cover story, written shortly before the Senator's assassination, provided the first substantial indication of the magazine's new tack: it offered an eminently fair appraisal of the candidate totally free of the old magisterial tone.

Inside the magazine, Grunwald "opened up" the long-standing but rigid three-column make-up by frequent use of text blocs, two- and three-column headlines, and larger pictures. This produced a more flexible format, but it sometimes left the impression that *Time* had been pasted up by one of the editor's fifth-grade daughters on Saturday night visit to the office. "The magazine has never really been designed, there's lots of room for improvement," says Ivan Chermayeff, whose New York graphic design firm was brought in (originally by Fuerbringer) to make recommendations for overhauling the entire layout. At Chermayeff's urging, Grunwald excised the black line that framed the magazine's cover subjects; he refused, however, to do away with the familiar red border, insisting that without it

BEHAVIOR

On February 21, 1969, a Pan American Boeing 707 chartered by Time Inc. comfortably configured for sixty-two first-class seats and a bedroom compartment took off from San Francisco carrying—along with Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, beer, wine, champagne, Coinault, Drambuie, Benedictine, crème de menthe, cognac, and the company documents—twenty-five U.S. businessmen. Their abiding interest in foreign affairs had won them invitations to join *Time's* fourth News Tour since 1963, this one a sixteen-day sprint through eight Asian nations during which it had been arranged by the Time-Life News Service that the leaders of all eight would appear on cue to answer questions. Most of the Time Inc. hierarchy went along for the ride, including Hedley Donovan, Andrew Heiskell, and James A. Linen, the corporation's governing group; Henry Grunwald, the new managing director of *Time*; James R. Shepley, the magazine's publisher and official tour host, who explained in a press release that the two dozen guests were traveling at their own expense (everything, that is, but the plane fare) "as responsible, concerned American citizens rather than representatives of their business enterprises," and John A. Meyers, *Time's* advertising sales director, who apparently had not gotten around to reading the release when he observed, with a grin, that almost all the guests were *Time* advertisers with annual budgets in the magazine ranging from \$200,000 to \$2 million.

The tour was organized down to the last snow pea. Bottles of mineral water and at least one memento (wooden dolls in Korea, pewter cups in Malaysia, cigars in the Philippines) appeared in everyone's hotel room at each stop. *Time's* public-affairs department, which arranged the blitz, assigned one girl specifically to make sure that Philip Morris cigarettes and Seagram's whiskey were conspicuously on display in the plane and in the hotel hospitality suites so that Hugh Cullman, executive vice president

of Philip Morris Inc., and Edgar M. Bronfman, president of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., wouldn't get grouchy. No detail was too small for the alert leaders of the public affairs corps. At a small, pre-tour luncheon, the ten young ladies traveling as support troops were advised in a "morals lecture" that moonlighting with any of the guests would result in immediate dismissal but that nocturnal activity with fellow Time Incers was a matter of individual conscience.

After a stop in Hawaii to get the Big Picture from the Pacific command, and then in the Philippines to interrogate President Ferdinand Marcos and bounce around the poop deck of the presidential yacht in a conga line led by Mrs. Marcos during a bash on Manila Bay, the already weary travelers flew into Saigon (choice of entrees on that leg: Le Coeur de Filet de Boeuf Rossini or Le Poulet sauté Adobo). At Ton Son Nhut Airport, the News Tour boarded two air-conditioned military buses and sped downtown to the Caravelle Hotel accompanied by four jeeps loaded with U.S. and South Vietnamese troops, weapons at the ready. Around the hotel, more soldiers blocked off the streets and plainclothes security guards took up posts throughout the lobby and corridors. Burton Pines, a member of *Time's* Saigon bureau, reported that the military "provided what has undoubtedly been the heaviest guard for any non-government civilian group which has ever visited the country." Back in New York, Jason McManus, a senior editor and notorious spoilsport, was so annoyed by the bureau's lackluster coverage of the Communist offensive during the tour's visit that he fired off a cable suggesting Pines and his colleagues spend less time with rubberneckers and more with the war. But Pines, like other *Time* correspondents along the route, was only following orders from higher up to dutifully record the tour's every official move; after the trip, all the dispatches were neatly put together for the guests in a souvenir memory notebook labeled,

"Confidential, Not For Publication." The tour received special briefings from U.S. commander General Creighton Abrams, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, and President Nguyen Van Thieu. At a Chinese dinner of shark-fin soup, pigeon, and Vietnamese brandy in the presidential palace, Thieu, in rare form, remarked that he had taken "special precaution to save Cholom [Saigon's Chinese section] from the offensive to be sure and have these ingredients." That night, Steve Walden, an eager newcomer to the public-affairs department, braved the city's curfew armed only with a piece of identifying paper. Well into the morning, he drove a jeep back and forth between the Caravelle and *Time's* bureau getting out the *Daily Bugle*, a ten-page news roundup Telexed nightly from New York that Walden mimeographed and distributed to the door of each slumbering executive so he could awake to piping hot news, particularly yesterday's close of his company's stock. "The stocks kept going down during most of the trip," recalls Walden. "There was quite a bit of grouching."

In Thailand, the tour bestowed upon King Bhumibol Adulyadej a \$25,000 gift for school construction; in Singapore, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew warned over lunch that the U.S. should not withdraw too hastily from Vietnam, and in Tokyo, the entourage found not one but two transistor radios in its hotel rooms, one from the local Sony company, the other from News Tourist Robert H. Platt, president of The Magnavox Co.

From Tokyo, the now exhausted travelers flew back to San Francisco, and then on to New York. After two days of recuperation, they reassembled in the Cabinet Room of the White House with President Nixon for an hour-long session of show-and-tell. A tough act to follow, *Time* Inc.: eight Asian kingpins and now coffee with the President. And a memory book to show the grandchildren. And, for the desk back at the office, an ashtray from the Saigon bureau made of a howitzer-shell casing.

Time would look like just another magazine on the newsstand. A score or more other proposals, including several new logo possibilities, were shelved pending the end of Grunwald's intensive search for an art director.

Though the senior-editor system remained in force, several of its Fuerbringerized components either left the magazine or were banished by Grunwald to bureaus in Chicago or San Francisco. When James Keogh, who had served with Grunwald as an assistant managing editor and was Fuerbringer's ideological sidekick, failed to land the top job, he signed up as head of Nixon's writing and research staff, returning to New York in January for a farewell party at which he complained that *Time* had slanted its election coverage in favor of Hubert Humphrey.

In the months that followed the Bermuda meeting, innovations appeared in almost every issue. Stories examined complex events more thoroughly and, as a result, became both longer and fewer in number. Increasingly, both domestic and foreign correspondents received credit for their dispatches. Bylines for writers remained rare, but individual style began showing up nonetheless: snowbound passengers at Kennedy International Airport were treated in terms of a science-fiction scenario; *The New Yorker's* decision finally to run a table of contents was reported in an affectionate parody of "The Talk of the Town" (a graceful conclusion, perhaps, to the feud between the two magazines that dates back to the 1930s and Wolcott Gibbs' oft-quoted, not-so-affectionate parody of "ambitious, gimlet-eyed Baby Tycoon" Luce). To show it was now "with it," *Time* eagerly pursued pop culture and pop sociology, funneling the latter into a new section labeled "Behavior." Grunwald even took a fling at fiction, publishing for the first time in English an Easter story by the Soviet novelist, Alexander Solzhenitsyn. In April, the magazine devoted its essay section one week to excerpts from John W. Gardner's warning delivered in the annual Godkin Lectures at Harvard that "the machinery of the society is not working...to solve any of our problems effectively." (Whether the excerpts qualified as outside opinion depends on how one regards Mr. Gardner: as chairman of the Urban Coalition, which he is and as *Time* properly identified him, or as a director of Time Inc., which he also is and which the magazine neglected to mention.)

Newsweek has yet to publish any Soviet fiction, but many of *Time's* other renovations would be distinctly familiar to *Newsweek* readers, and Grunwald acknowledges the debt. "Most of you know," he told a gathering of *Time* correspondents in Paris last December, "that I have never believed in underrating *Newsweek*, and I have always thought it rather silly to automatically assume [as Fuerbringer did] that anything they do is poor and second best to us." Grunwald went on to insist that the intellectual community, not *Newsweek*, was the real competition; but just to cover all bets, Time Inc. a few weeks later signed

an exclusive magazine contract with pol Louis Harris, luring him away from *News*

By any measure, the special supplement published in January stands as its most audacious and dramatic effort to spin away the past. Ironically, the exercise attracted little attention as it did because it ignored one of the cardinal principles Luce and fellow Y man Briton Hadden laid down when they founded the magazine in 1923. "TIME is interested," wrote in their prospectus, "not in how much gets between the covers—but in HOW MUCH GETS OFF ITS PAGES INTO THE MINDS OF READERS." Donovan, whose idea it was to add the supplement to "The Task before the President," urged that it be limited to six pages. Grunwald wanted thirty. They compromised at twenty; but, as Donovan feared, the final version emerged looking more like "The Task before the Reader." Ten sections; mind-boggling material almost all text; often repetitious. Lots of foray into contemporary metaphysics. Heavy going the way. Yet, for all the thickets of prose, the turnabout was clear by the second paragraph of the introduction, which offered largely unchallenged Sir Denis Brogan's observation that "This is not going to be the American century."

In the pages that followed, the supplement supplied a thoughtful, balanced analysis of the society's ills, opting for a hopeful future based on Alfred North Whitehead's thesis that "the major advances in civilization are processes which but wreck the societies in which they occur." If gingerly letting its readers in on reality for the first time, the magazine occasionally couched its new catechism in almost primer-like terms. "What may really hold America back is precisely what has pushed it forward: the American prized and highly developed sense of individualism, which can amount to plain selfishness." More than once, however, the supplement supported specific reforms that must have startled *Time's* carefully narcotized audience. In one instance the supplement agreed, in part, with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions that the U.S. Constitution is obsolete; in another, it urged the government to offer sanctuary to thousands of workers as the employer of last resort. In their enthusiasm, Grunwald and Robert Shnayerson, the senior editor who shepherded the supplement, urged so many grandiose projects on the federal government that when Donovan saw an early draft and did some arithmetic he found they had bankrupted the treasury. Shnayerson rewrote the proposals along more realistic fiscal lines. Still shaking his head over the length, Donovan ultimately pronounced the supplement "better than expected." With somewhat less restraint, Grunwald celebrated his social manifesto by throwing a dinner for its two-dozen contributors in a private dining room at "21."

The supplement termed the war in Vietnam a "relative failure"; and in the weeks that followed, the magazine, like a magician switchin

in the middle of his act, began pulling more doves out of its editorial hat. In a cover story ("Viet Nam: When Can The Begin To Leave?"), *Time* lamented that history of the war is all too painfully graven in false optimism...raised by officials armed with gleaming statistics and Pollyanna rhetoric and concluded:

For all its mounting pressure and potential fury, the most striking thing about the present debate is the agreement by all participants that the war in Viet Nam must be brought to an end well short of any outright military victory. Beyond that, there is unanimous acceptance of the conclusion that the U.S. involvement in the war—sooner than later—must begin to dwindle.

At his desk not long ago, Henry Grunwald sat nervously balling up tiny strips of Scotch tape and, like a man uncomfortable about his own pondered long and hard the question of whether U.S. involvement in Vietnam had been a mistake. "Yes," he finally answered, "I think it was. I must add, though, that this is said in hindsight. I would describe myself as having been in the past a moderate hawk, if there is such a thing. From the very beginning, I wished we had never gone in. But for a number of years I did as so many others, that once we had gone in we had to continue what seemed to be one logical step after another to support our position. Then I developed—again, as did so many other people—great misgivings about what was happening. In my own mind, it came to a head during the 1968 Tet offensive. That tore it from me completely. I don't think it was a change in philosophy. I think it was a recognition that, put aside the aim for a moment, the means we had expended had passed all reason for that aim in 'independent' South Vietnam.

Of course, one can argue that even the original aim was wrong. But I think the idea of discrediting Communist governments is a sound one. I think there still is a difference between Communist and non-Communist governments. There are dreadful non-Communist governments, of course, but that's another story. The logical notion that we must never intervene in Asia or other places in the world under any circumstances—that it is up to those people to settle their own affairs—is obviously naive. You cannot be a world power and not be interested in what kind of conditions prevail in Asia. But I think we have to learn a more subtle way of making our influence felt, more subtle even than the relatively crude economic intervention of the Marshall Plan in Europe. It is quite possible, of course, that if our heavy-handed influence did

not work, more subtle measures will not work either. In that case, we may simply have to withdraw for a while. I say a while because these things are not forever. We used to think that a country, once it had gone Communist, was gone forever. That's not necessarily so. Besides, we really have no choice. Suppose, for example, the Communists were infiltrating Burma and its present shaky, more or less socialist government began to topple, what do we do? We certainly don't send in the Marines. If we can't stop it, then we can't stop it."

Time's coverage of race relations needed almost as drastic an overhaul as its Vietnam policy. This came as something of a surprise since, over the years, the suburban mentality that ruled the magazine had convinced itself *Time* was a journalistic pioneer in the area. Older staff members point proudly to the fact that Luce and Hadden insisted from the start that all lynchings be reported in the magazine. (They do not mention, as does the official company history,* that in those days *Time* also labeled disreputable Negroes "blackamoors" and "blackamorons.") In a bull session with some Nieman Fellows at Harvard a few years ago, Donovan sat patiently while they attacked *Time's* many biases and then asked why no one had brought up perhaps the magazine's strongest prejudice. When his listeners proved suitably baffled, he reminded them of *Time's* consistent stand in favor of civil rights. On these thin reeds—anti-lynching and pro-civil rights—the case confidently rested; supporting the laws of the land equaled journalistic leadership.

To most Negro journalists, *Time's* handling of race relations more accurately equaled honky. As one result, the magazine's efforts to recruit a quota of blacks to ornament the staff got nowhere. In the spring of 1968, Stanley B. Thomas, Jr., a young, Yale-educated Negro in *Time Inc.'s* personnel department, tried valiantly to rectify the situation. He appeared at the home of C. Gerald Fraser, a reporter on the *New York Times* who that evening was the host to a gathering of black journalists who meet informally from time to time in New York to discuss the problems of working for *The Man*. Thomas candidly admitted *Time Inc.'s* inability to hire Negro reporters and asked the group why. In effect, they told him to go back and read *Time*, particularly the cover story on the Newark riots of the previous July. Like prior riot coverage under Fuerbringer, the piece had paid a grudging, mumbling lip service to the civil-rights movement but was otherwise almost racist in tone and point of view—"They [the looters] went first for the imported Scotch (Chivas Regal and Johnny Walker Red Label were the preferred brands), then for the bourbons and gins, next for vodka and champagne and—when everything else ran

"To most Negro journalists, Time's handling of race relations more accurately equaled honky."

Dealing in false optimism is not without its records. Barry Zorthian, for four years the U.S. government's chief rhetorician in Saigon, now heads *Time Inc.'s* broadcast division.

**Time Inc. The Intimate History of a Publishing Empire, 1923-1941*, by Robert T. Elson (Atheneum, 500 pages).

out—for cheap muscatels and cordials.... Women pranced through supermarkets with shopping carts, picking and choosing with unwonted indifference to price tags." Thomas agreed that the coverage could be improved and suggested that it might help the magazine if the reporters would repeat their criticisms to some editors at Time Inc. By the end of the evening, a half-dozen reporters had agreed to attend such a confrontation if Thomas could arrange it.

For just such soft-sell occasions, Time Inc. maintains on the forty-seventh floor a warren of eight private dining rooms quietly catered by Restaurant Associates and abundantly stocked with liquor that is trundled through the carpeted corridors on tinkling bar carts. On August 15, 1968, in dining room "E," Stanley Thomas, Henry Grunwald, Robert Ajemian, an assistant managing editor of *Life*, and Ralph Graves, Senior Staff Editor of Time Inc., sat down to lunch with five Negro reporters: Nancy Hicks, Robert Terrell, and Ted Poston, all then of the *New York Post*; Gerald Fraser of the *Times*, where Miss Hicks now works, and Ed Cumberbatch of *Newsweek*. "It was all pretty ritzy," recalls Terrell. "We took two elevators to get there. And the waiter who served us cocktails was Puerto Rican. That sort of set the tone for me."

After drinks and some preliminary fumbling with napkins and staring into the roast beef, Thomas broke the silence with a brief review of Time Inc.'s recruiting problems, concluding with a pitch that in spite of all the guests had heard over the years it really was a great place to work.

"How many Negroes actually do work for Time-Life?" asked Terrell, a strikingly handsome, deep black Negro who found himself sitting at the head of the table.

"Very few," replied Thomas.

"Well, how many is *that*?" insisted Miss Hicks.

When no answer came, Grunwald quickly interrupted to say that *Time* was making a substantial effort to improve its coverage of Negro life and that any Negro who joined the staff would find himself in a strong position to influence and help guide that effort. When the Newark cover came up, Grunwald apologized for it; its execution, he admitted, had caused considerable embarrassment throughout the staff. (The confession cost *Time* several intramural points when, toward the end of the meal, all the reporters told Ajemian how admirably they thought *Life* had handled the same story.) The debate next swung to *Time*'s profile of Negro soul singer Aretha Franklin, a cover story written under the new regime. Miss Hicks argued that the piece unnecessarily examined irrelevant sordid details in Miss Franklin's private life. Grunwald countered that, to the contrary, the information was essential to the story because "the blues cannot be sung well unless they have been experienced." Miss Hicks winced. As the meal drew uneasily to a close, Fraser flatly told

Grunwald that most established Negro journalists had disliked *Time* for so long that the chances of recruiting any of them were slim; he suggested that perhaps *Time* should concentrate on younger Negroes who might not be as aware of the magazine's past. In the end, all the polished silverware and good crockery failed to seduce any of the guests and even Thomas departed long thereafter for a better personnel job at Philip Morris Inc. In the months since the lunch, however, Grunwald has worked hard to rectify many of the grievances he heard around the table that day. Features on Negro professionals, a rarity, now appear regularly in the magazine. In most cases, agitation is explored with sympathy and sensitivity, and in a recent essay commemorating the death of Martin Luther King Jr., *Time* urged white Americans "to provide every ounce of help they can" to assist Negroes in building a viable black Establishment.

Henry Grunwald arrived in the United States with his parents in the fall of 1940, having fled the Nazis first from Vienna and again from Paris. Then eighteen, he enrolled at New York University, graduating in 1944 with a Phi Kappa key and a degree in philosophy. At night, during his senior year, he began his ascent of *Time* by working as a part-time copy boy, often taking the long way through the corridors between offices so he could make notes on the stories he was shuttling. "On one occasion," he recalled recently, "I rewrote a cover story—I think it was on Germany—the way I thought it should have been done. When I showed it to an editor, he told me with what I thought was a great deal of forbearance that he thought the magazine's version was better. I must confess, in those days my ambition was to be a playwright. I was fond of journalism, but I didn't intend to make it a career. I came to *Time* because I thought it would be a convenient place to make telephone calls and write letters. But after a while I got quite interested."

Convinced he could do as well as the writers whose copy he carried, Grunwald began writing short items and showing them to the editor, Whittaker Chambers, then a foreign editor at the magazine and an architect of its hard-line anti-Communism, liked the young Grunwald's style and recommended that he be hired. In 1946 Grunwald joined the staff as a writer in the foreign news department. "It was an era," said Grunwald, "when there was a good deal of passion over how to handle Communism, how to handle Russia, how to handle the Cold War, but as a relatively young writer at the time I was not very deeply involved. If anything, I was on the Chambers side, feeling that Russia could not be blandly taken as just another form of democracy."

Six years later, at twenty-nine, Grunwald became the youngest senior editor in the magazine's history. One of his early assignments was to he

ational affairs department cover the 1952
hower-Stevenson campaign, which soon de-
ed into the classic example of *Time* at its
. Abandoning even its own elastic standards
irness, the magazine offered Ike to its
ars as a political demigod and reduced
enson to an idealistic pantywaist. "In retro-
," says Grunwald, "I don't think we exactly
ed ourselves with glory in that campaign,
gh I must confess I was not convinced
enson would make a very good President. I
ertain softness at the core. A lot of us felt
way about him. Perhaps we were wrong.
s never know. At the time, I felt Eisenhower
a good idea, though I think his Administra-
on, on the whole, turned out rather disap-
ely. I do think, though, that *Time* went too
n tone and emphasis in pushing Eisenhower.
n't really have too much authority in those
y."

espite his rapid rise in journalism at that
t. Grunwald stili yearned to be a playwright.
he mid-Fifties," he recalls, "I took a leave of
nce and went up to Connecticut to try and
e a play. Before I moved up there, though, a
nd warned me at a cocktail party that 'no
t play had ever been written in Connecticut.'
he was right. At least for me he was right.
regret never having become a playwright,
gh I now have a degree of fatalism about it.
ess one does what one has to do."

nce back at the magazine, Grunwald devoted
self to journalism with single-minded ambi-
. By the time Donovan appointed him man-
g editor, he had edited almost all depart-
ts of the magazine, produced dozens of cover
ies on subjects ranging from T. S. Eliot to
a-Cola, helped Fuerbringer launch three new
artments (Show Business, Modern Living,
Time Essay) and managed to squeeze in
eral major free-lance projects on the side,
ng them the editing of *Salinger: A Critical
Personal Portrait*, a collection of essays on
author. Throughout his rise, Grunwald's re-
nship with Fuerbringer remained, in the
ds of one colleague, "an uncomfortable one";
like so many successful editors at the maga-
e before him, he coped with his discomfort in
Time-honored tradition: by swallowing hard
blinking. Concentrating on the arts and
er nonsensitive areas, he developed a reputa-
n with the staff as a demanding but fair editor
re interested in the nuances of style and lan-
ge than in imposing his opinions. When
vie critic Kanfer turned in a negative review
The Graduate, Grunwald, a film votary him-
self, returned it with the marginalia: "I have
feeling in my bones you are wrong about
s." Nevertheless, the review ran unaltered. To
nfer and other young writers at *Time*, Grun-
ld's elevation to managing editor is less like
second coming than the first. "Henry's a
n of genuine density," says one of these aco-
es. "He's a gourmet, he knows opera, he loves
zart. He has a wonderful European quality

THE FLOATING LADY

by David Wagoner

The Professor sawed her in half and put her back
Together; chopped off her head, restored it;
sat her

Down in a box and thrust long dozens of swords
Through where she was, then brought her out
unharmed.

And now he waves her into a final trance
And rests her on a table under a sheet
As white as any lady in a morgue.
She rises smoothly into the spotlight air
And hovers there to music, floating on nothing.

He stands underneath, commanding her to move
Sideways or forward, and she does. He slides
A hoop around her. Isn't she beautiful
Under the sheet where none of us can see her?
Here in the balcony, floating even higher
Than she, we put ourselves in her position,
Lying beside her, trying to weigh her down
To a world of unsliced bodies and mattresses
Where we might love her heavily forever.

But now the Professor yanks the cloth away,
And she's gone. She has disappeared like all her
wounds

From crosscut saw and guillotine and sword
And doesn't come back. The Professor takes
applause

Like a man saying Q.E.D. to a piece of logic
On a bare stage with the empty sheet in his arms.

about him. Sometimes, with those enormous
eyes and that girth, he looks as if he stepped
right out of Proust. I remember one time when
he had the gout he came to work wearing a big,
wide-brimmed hat and carrying a long, black cane
with a silver rim. Charles Swann, in the flesh.
The whole thing is incredible. Imagine, a Jewish
copy boy from NYU coming up through all those
six-foot-six Yalies. Incredible!"

And so, perhaps, it is. But swallowing hard
and blinking are ticks of ambition not easily
cured. Donovan said get *Time* caught up with the
rest of the Establishment press, and Grunwald
has put the Mighty Wurlitzer in tune. He is un-
likely to try many atonalities. "Henry is a bril-
liant editor," says one of his closest associates,
"but sometimes he acts with almost Lucean con-
servatism." Grunwald's first deal with an outside
writer foundered on just this streak. Last fall,
he asked Garry Wills, a gifted young *Esquire*
contributing editor whose work he admired, to
do an essay for *Time*. Wills turned in a piece on
"The Politics of Obscenity," a scholarly, almost
square exploration of why the protesters in Chi-
cago and elsewhere felt so compelled to use foul
language. Far from approving of the behavior,
Wills intelligently condemned it, warning that it

was "a nihilistic vision of hate that brings the politics of obscenity into increasingly accepted and effective use." Grunwald liked the conclusion, but not the quoted obscenities sprinkled along the way. "It's not time for four-letter words in *Time*," he explained to an editor who pleaded with him to run the piece as submitted. To try and salvage the situation, Grunwald had the essay put through three euphemizing rewrites; but when Wills saw the final, sanitized version he refused permission to publish it. (Embarrassed by the incident, Grunwald partly compensated Wills for his labors by running a flattering story about him in the magazine's Press section.)

For all its cutting Luce in the past year, *Time* remains a polite, committed member of the club. No four-letter words, certainly, even in the most innocent context. But more important, no real passion or anger of any kind. *Time* now treats most controversial subjects with an almost aggressive judiciousness, on-the-one-handing this and on-the-other-handing that to the point where many stories read like the old two-liner: "What do you think of the ABM problem?" "I definitely think there is one." That may constitute an improvement over the Fuerbringer style, but it falls far short of the tough-mindedness the late hour demands. Lengthy programmatic essays on how to heal the nation are useful; but hard-eyed scrutiny of the corrupt powers that made—and are making—it sick is the stuff of good journalism. Crusading (the word sounds almost archaic from disuse) does not appear, however, to be in the plan. Even crusaders are handled with care. As of this writing Ralph Nader has yet to grace *Time's* cover. Grunwald insists he wants to do the profile but has lacked what the newsmagazines call a peg—a splashy news event on which to hang the story. Earlier this year, however, *Time* limned a heroic cover portrait of and devoted fifteen columns to Italian automobile magnate Giovanni Agnelli, the only peg for which appeared to be the fact that his Fiats are creating American-size traffic jams on the Continent. Anyone looking hard enough for a Nader peg could find it in the same issue, which summed up in less than two columns the 185-page exposé Nader's researchers had put together on the Federal Trade Commission. Grunwald will probably get around to Nader eventually, but the priorities are clear. Automobile manufacturers come first, even foreign ones.

The business ethic may be alive and well after all, and living more luxuriously than ever in Rockefeller Center—albeit now modishly decked out in well-cut Galbraithian threads. Like the Braniff ads cheerfully advising us all to flaunt it if we've got it, much of *Time's* editorial copy remains aimed toward the twin grails of American life, Money and Success. A recent business piece on the proliferation of high salaries for certain skills concluded that "on balance, the people who

are paid best are those who are regularly called upon to display one of the most valuable commodities: judgment." To illustrate this particular hypothesis, the magazine laid out pictures of an Episcopal bishop, a commercial jet pilot, General Motors chairman James Roche, and Barbra Streisand. As for all those dowdy social workers and ghetto school teachers, let it rain on their parade.

Maybe one asks too much. The notion that *Time* could become a truly liberated, vigorous, independent journalistic force in the counterculture is no doubt hopelessly wishful. Half-billion-dollar corporations in the "knowledge industry" do not afford the ideal atmosphere for such quixotic sallies—especially when "the numbers" are coming up wrong. Despite Grunwald's redecking over the past year, advertisers continue to favor *Newsweek*. In mid-April, the *Wall Street Journal's* aggressive man on the publishing beat, Kent MacDougall, reported that in the first quarter of this year *Newsweek's* domestic circulation was up 17 per cent, *Time's* off 4 per cent. James R. Shepley, *Time's* brash, occasionally belligerent publisher, quickly sought to counter MacDougall's Madison Avenue with full-page advertisements in the *Journal* and the *New York Times* insisting that the magazine's ad revenue actually had risen 10 per cent over recent weeks. A hard-core skeptic pasted the ad on a wall in *Time's* public affairs office, adding the *graffito*: "Nice try, MacDougall." MacDougall also reported fiscal unfitness in the rest of the shop. Not only was *Life* in serious trouble, but other Time Inc. divisions were losing money as well. Two days later, after the company's stock had dropped 9½ points, management confirmed MacDougall's digging by announcing to the annual stockholders' meeting that the corporation had sustained a net operating loss of \$300,000 in the first quarter. (In supplying the executive "judgment" that helped lead to this unhappy arithmetic, Hedley Donovan, Andrew Heiskell, and James A. Linen—who are editor-in-chief, chairman, and president, respectively, up the ruling triumvirate at Time Inc.—are paid each annual salaries of \$165,000.)

Marginal first-quarter losses, of course, do not necessarily portend bankruptcy. But they do tend to make half-billion-dollar corporations edgy. And along with all the mundane, immediate problems, there's always McLuhan and his electronic circuitry. Are print culture's hot lines numbered? Will post-industrial, post-Chicago man be post-literate as well? Already television has put its cool whammy on *Life*. Who'll be next? In another ten years (five years?) will anyone want to read newsmagazines? Or any other kind of magazine? Or newspapers? Or books? No one is quite sure. It's all a little cosmic for the boardroom, and very nervous-making. Henry Grunwald is in a tough spot. Under the circumstances, one should be satisfied. In fourteen months, he has made *Time* a respectable magazine for the first time in its history. Perhaps no more should be asked of any one man.

ROCK STYLE: Defying the American Dream

Rock group named *Rhinoceros* is trying to make it big. The conditions:
 per have a steady job, keep crazy hours, get stoned,
 y music, draw constant attention... and make lots of money...."

ectric sound rushes out of the Gray Manse in Lake Mahopac, New York, splitting the winter air. On week nights, carloads of teens from sleepy towns in upstate Putnam follow the road around the lake and park the driveway, drinking beer and listening. Some of them get up the nerve to walk past the ble columns into the three-story mansion, and some bolting out, laughing and squealing details the strange world inside.

The Gray Manse, once the summer estate of a fine welding executive, is home, rehearsal hall, recreation center for *Rhinoceros*, a year-old rock group that consists of seven musicians, two equipment managers, a road manager, a rotating lot of young women, and a friend called Lan, a young man who makes clothes, cuts hair, and fixes. Two of the band members are rehearsing in the basement. The rest of the house, at five in the evening, is waking up and having breakfast. In Finley, a short, toothy figure with coarse red hair that makes two or three waves before popping to his shoulders, rides down the grand staircase in a moving chair. The rooms on the bottom floor are high-ceilinged, lavish period settings from the nineteenth century, like an antique suite at the Metropolitan Museum with all velvet ropes down. John, in sky-blue pants and a purple and blue poncho, is swallowed up by colors and textures: blue oriental carpets, gold-encrusted statues, stuffed elk, Victorian furniture, and candelabra.

On the upper floors, the rock group has been able to impose its own milieu—candles, frankincense, psychedelic posters, and Indian silks thrown over the fluted lampshades. There are radio and television sets in every room, all playing at top volume. In the front bedroom, Alan Barber, twenty-one, is lying on a pink silk spread listening to Thelonious Monk.

When John comes upstairs with a bowl of cereal and milk, he puts on a gospel record, *Run, Run, Run*, by the Davis Sisters. "Nothing moves me as much as gospel music," he says.

Across the hall, Danny and Steve Weis, brothers, are watching *Land of the Giants* on television and listening to Judy Collins on the stereo. Danny, twenty, is the pivotal sexual force of the group. He is tall and haughty, with ice-blue eyes, pouting mouth, and a head of long, flaxen hair that is layered, teased, permanent-waved, rattled,

and sprayed until it has acquired the consistency of cat's fur. Steve, seventeen, is dark-haired and so thin—110 pounds on a six-foot, one-inch frame—that when he stands on stage in skin-tight black pants, he looks like a Vogue model photographed with a distorting lens.

A blast of organ sound rises from the basement, drowning out all the records and television sets. Michael Fonfara has turned his amplifier all the way up and is jamming on the keyboard in the high register. Danny says to his brother, "Let's go down and join him." Billy Mundi and Doug Hastings, who are married and don't live in the main house, have arrived, and the band is soon assembled.

Danny, on lead guitar, rips into a new song and moves around the room, pulling after him the red umbilical cord that ties him to the amplifier. He stands in front of Doug, and they stare into each other's eyes, moving and nodding in unison until—sync—they are playing in sync, not looking at each other's hands on the guitars, only the eyes. Danny turns to his brother, Steve, on bass guitar, pulling him into the rhythm—sync. Then he walks to Billy on the drums, catching his eyes and matching up with him. Then Michael on organ, Alan on piano, John singing at the microphone, until everyone in the room is pitching the same way, nodding at each other, and the air is steaming with this communion.

At this moment, which the musicians call "magic" or "holy," they experience intimations of transcendence of self. Alan describes it: "When we're really getting it together, playing, we're all at peace together. You're not even you anymore. You don't have to contend with the hangups that Alan has. All of a sudden, you're part of something that seven people are feeling. The music is crashing all around you, but you're at peace, in the center of it." Beyond the ear-bruising electric pounding is a state where, John says, "You cease to be. You're just a vessel, the instrument of your soul. The music is playing you." The group works for that transcendence every time they play. They reach it for moments, during certain songs, but the complete experience is rare. "When we play a set that has it throughout, everybody walks off like this." John folds his hands in prayer. "It makes us happier than anything in life."

Rhinoceros, a coalition of rock veterans who

have served their time in different bands, is past the scuffling stage that young rock groups go through—playing at college dances, auditioning on off-nights at coffee houses, dragging demonstration tapes from record company to record company. With an album out on Elektra and a single, *Apricot Brandy*, which is 47 on the national charts with a red bullet meaning WATCH-IT, Rhinoceros is able to demand enough money for performances to keep the ten-man entourage living high in Mahopac. They rehearse during the week, travel and play on weekends, and, if popularity grows, will make a new album every eight to nine months.

When the band rehearses until the early hours of the morning, the current groupies, who go by exotic names like Pandora, Nico, and Honey, have the run of the Gray Manse. They gather on the second-floor landing, trade scarves, blouses, hair rollers, and fish stories about the rock stars they have slept with. The groupies are part of a network of girls across the country who make a life of pursuing rock musicians. They live together, work on and off in discotheques and clubs, clothing stores and record companies, leaving the job for any musician who will take them home for a few days.

Honey claims to be the ex-girlfriend of Jimi Hendrix—the supreme phallic symbol of hard rock. She is telling the other girls, “Jim Morrison wants me to come live with him, and Mick Jagger is sending me a ticket to London. . . .” Pandora, a rougey blonde wearing a feather and sequin costume, has just been hired as a Playboy bunny. Smiling, empty-eyed, she says, “They want me for centerfold.”

The groupies dress each other up in see-through blouses, golden chains, and furs, and descend the stairs to the basement. No one in the band acknowledges their entrance. They leave after a half-hour and take a two-hour communal bath. Like a mini-harem, the girls amuse each other and stay apart from the band, until it's time to go to sleep. They raid the downstairs kitchen, find nothing but Wonder bread, cereal, giant jars of peanut butter and jelly, and king-size cartons of milk. Once in a while, someone in the house will make soup or a stew, but the normal daily diet is cereal and sandwiches. The girls settle for Puffed Rice with powdered sugar, and decide to explore the glassed-in sun porch of the mansion. Among the wicker and chintz furniture is an old Victrola with a cabinet full of 78 records. Honey takes one out, cranks up the machine, and places the heavy, cylindrical needle down. As the pounding of Rhinoceros rattles all the glass, George M. Cohan begins to sing in a scratchy, distant voice: “My girl May, she meets me every day, in fact we used to go to school together. . . .”

One of Howard Johnson's orange and blue installations comes into focus on the New Jersey Turnpike, halfway between New York and Philadelphia. Four of the Rhinoceros trek across

the parking lot in their blazing colored silks, leathers, fringes, tassels, and flying hair. They are greeted by whistles and catcalls from a group of truck drivers. Alan turns to John, who is wearing a neon-orange T-shirt and suede vest, blond curls bouncing and his eyes puffed up a pink from sleep. “You look like a depraved chick,”

The band drives in two rented cars, collecting receipts at every tollbooth, gas station, and highway eatery. Danny Hannagan and Bob Schraeder, the equipment men, drive the instruments and amplifiers, together worth more than \$10,000, in a rented Avis truck with giant Rhinoceros posters on the sides. When they fly, they call a special airline service that packs the equipment and hustles it through terminals. Hopefully, the baggage, Danny, and Burt arrive at the concert hall several hours ahead of the group, so that when the band walks in, everything is set up for play.

In Philadelphia, the first car stops at a gas station for directions. Doug rolls down the window to talk to the attendants in the glassed office, but before he can open his mouth, one of the mechanics yells, “Naaaaaa,” and gives them the finger with his grease-blackened hand. “Naaaaa,” dirty punks, naaaaaa.”

Every time it happens, the group is taken by surprise. “What's with that guy? Jee-sus. I wish we had a long stick with a boxing glove at the end of it, so we could just let him have it.”

It is the hair, of course. The hair brands them—outsider, alien. There are two attitudes people take toward the band. One is a castrating, motherly kind of amusement: “Boys will be boys, aren't they cute in their little costumes.” The chef at the Mahopac Diner where the band often eats keeps their picture on the counter, feeds them and clucks over their bony frames. The other attitude is more common: “Naaaaaa, dirty punk.” John Finley was once waiting to pay the cashier in a Boston restaurant when a florid-faced Irishman turned on him: “You're obnoxious, you creep. Braahhh!” Never, except in hippie districts of big cities, do people look at the band members simply as other people. Rock musicians have built this moat between themselves and the rest of the world with a stylized look—shoulder-length hair is the chief ingredient—that represents a deeper, inner separation.

Playing rock is a means of living out a definition of the good life that defies the American dream: never have a steady job, keep crazy hours, get stoned, play music, draw constant attention, and, if you do all these things well, make lots of money. The band members look at ads in the magazines—see the gray-haired couple in the rowing boat, the happy wife is handing her happy

Sara Davidson, New York correspondent for the Boston Globe, was born in California, has degrees from the University of California and Columbia, and is married to Jonathan Schwartz, writer and disk jockey on WNEW-FM in New York.



husband a worm for his fishing rod. If you squirrel away now for the future, you can retire at sixty and have a cottage on a lake. The reasoning behind this scene—years of working, saving, putting off, sacrificing—has no meaning to rock musicians, and to an increasing number of young people who listen with puzzlement to job recruiters on the campus, talking of pensions and sick pay and medical benefits. They know people their own age who have bypassed the corporation jobs and are living at the rainbow's end of the work ethic—the mansion on Lake Mahopac. If young people can live in Big Sur, or Florida, or the Catskills, without saving for forty years at the Dime Savings Bank, what does this mean to people who have gone the other way, postponed their desires, worked at dehumanizing jobs? It means, to some of them, that maybe what they did was all unnecessary. Is it surprising that the man in Boston is moved to rage when he sees John Finley with his long curls and wallet full of money?

None of the Rhinos, who range from seventeen to twenty-six, has ever had a regular job, nine to five, or even a part-time job. With the exception of Billy, who is an ex-Hell's Angel from East Los Angeles, they all come from middle-class families. Their fathers are insurance salesmen, engineers, shoe retailers, who made sure their sons didn't starve until they were making their living through rock. Billy was out on his own at eighteen. "It was either music or a white-collar job," Billy thought. So he started playing rock and studying music at UCLA.

Each Tuesday, the band members get \$70 in cash. Their manager pays the rent on the house in Mahopac, which is \$400 a month in the winter but jumps to \$1,700 a month in the summer. The manager also pays for car rentals, musical equipment and maintenance, and expenses on the road. As the band's album, *Rhinoceros*, climbs up the charts, they can demand higher prices for live performances. But it is difficult for the album to catch on until the band moves around the country, stirring up interest. The two feed each other.

In the early stages, they are lucky to break even. If they earn \$1,000 a night, the manager and booking agent each take 15 per cent off the top. After hotels, meals, and transportation costs, there is perhaps \$100 to be split seven ways. *Rhinoceros* is beginning to command \$2,000 to \$3,000 a night. Blood, Sweat and Tears, whose album was number one in the country, could ask \$7,000 to \$10,000. Supergroups like the Doors can earn \$50,000 including a percentage of the gate.

From inside the Rhino car, Philadelphia looks gray. The people on the streets seem bloodless. They look inside the Rhino car and their eyes pop, they do double-takes. At the Franklin Motor Inn, the boys pair off, two to a room. The television sets snap on instantly and stay on until the band checks out. Michael and Danny set up

colored candles and start incense burning charcoal.

At 8:00 P.M., after eating steaks and sharing both the consistency of rubber, in the motel restaurant, they drive to the Electric Factory. The place is a psychedelic barn with a circus bar—swings, slides, funny-house mirrors, large painted benches, and a hot-dog stand. In the dressing room, John starts to write the schedule, deciding what numbers to play in what order. Everyone except John and Doug, who meet for a half hour before playing, is stoned, pale, anxious to get on stage. They file out past boxes of teen-agers in shetland sweaters and respectable haircuts, tune up, and are on.

Danny's costume is a long, Western-style black leather jacket and a black bowler hat. With his pale skin and yellow-white hair sticking out of points from under the hat, he looks like a pale one of those skeletons in top hat and tailcoat who dance through children's cartoons. Danny sits at the knees, straight-backed, and starts the band into *Apricot Brandy*.

The sound of Rhinoceros is hard white rock 'n' blues, with country, funk, and gospel influences. When the group first made recordings, John told them, "We listened to the tapes and they sounded like a rhinoceros. The bass and drums sound like lumbering and fat." He hits his fists on his knees. "Choonka, choonka, choonka! Like a big arm going through the mud." Rhinoceros never plays a song the same way twice; the performance varies with the group's emotions. On stage, Danny moves around to each player, yelling, "Yeah, go!" Alan pitches forward over the piano and when he sings, his soft features pinch around his aquiline nose, giving him the pained, sour look of an ascetic Jew. Doug, with his handsome face and ringlets of brown hair, arches his back against the guitar. Michael plays the organ while standing against a high stool. He wears pink goggles and an Indian mirror cloth shirt unbuttoned to show his olive skin. John directs the show, talking to the audience, banging on a cowl.

John is soaking when he comes off stage. He pulls off his shirt, and a blonde wearing a two-piece skirt that barely covers her plump bottom starts massaging his shoulders. Girls are twittering about the dressing room, and a student from Temple University is interviewing the band with a cassette recorder.

During the second set, the band begins to perform magic rising. Everyone is synced together, dragging out songs with improvisations. At the end of a walloping chorus, Danny is jumping off the floor, guitar and all. John is bouncing like a duck, knees apart, head thrown back. The frenzied reaches the audience, making them wriggle and squirm. Song spills into song, until they arrive at *Monster*. It begins with strange, whirling noises and chords that build to a kind of electronic doomsday. John and Alan sway, their chairs up, bodies dangling. Strobe lights flicker, faster and faster. When the music explodes, John is frozen in attitude, his head all the way back, his

flayed apart in the air. It is as if he is suspended in a wind machine, at the still point, and the tire band is there.

It is snowing outside, at 1:30 A.M. The band carries back to the hotel with a newly arrived flock of groupies. There is a lot of knocking on doors, tromping from room to room, smoking and drinking from a flask of Seagram's apricot, and watching television until the last light in Philadelphia goes dark at 4:30 A.M. Some of the groupies encourage rock stars to add violence to their sexual encounters. One groupie, Ruby, an emaciated blonde with hooded eyes on a vacant moon-shaped face, gave a musician two sleeping pills, and the next morning he knew, he was tied with scarves to the corners of the bed. Ruby, in black boots and a black dress, was hitting him, just enough to sting, with the edge of a belt. "I flashed on it," the musician said later. "I thought I'd take the belt and see what it was like." The next day he tied her up, "and she seemed to dig it." That night he threw her out. "Groupies love to be treated roughly."

Michael says, "Most of the girls Rhinoceros have been meeting lately are interested in getting whipped. You know, you take off your belt and tease them with it, and then you whip them, doing it harder." John comments, "Whipping and bondage are symbols of the mental

games that go on between us anyway—the possessiveness, the emotional sadism. There's some of that in all of us."

There is some of the groupie in almost every girl who watches a rock singer in leather pants and metal hardware, snapping his body and making a sound so loud it is very near pain. Only a small number, though, live out their desires to be possessed by rock artists. A San Francisco groupie made her compulsion explicit by having a gold ring put in her nose. The band members claim to dislike groupies, and pass them around like cigarettes. But groupies flourish in all the big cities because rock stars need them. They don't bring wives or girlfriends with them on the road, because, they say, "the chick and the band end up fighting for the guy's attention and loyalty."

In Philadelphia, Billy and Roger Di Fiori, the road manager, pass up the girls for a Roy Rogers movie and the wrestling matches. They sit in their room all day, flipping the dials and gabbing at each other in *Mad* magazine talk. Billy is twenty-six, the oldest in the band, and has taken on the role of ringmaster, group therapist, and policeman. He came to Rhinoceros from the Mothers of Invention, which was the last stop on a train of rock groups: Buffalo Springfield, Thor 'n Shield, The Elysium Senate, Skip 'n Flip, The Medallions, and Ross Dietrick and the Four Peppers. One of the top drummers in the industry (he once worked three months as a tympanist in

"Most of the girls the Rhinoceros has been meeting lately are interested in getting into whipping."



the Los Angeles Philharmonic), he is in high demand as a studio musician. Most people are frightened when they first see Billy—a round, grizzly-haired figure with a big stomach and bird legs. During a month on the road, Billy never wore anything but a pair of purple and blue striped pants with calico patches, a T-shirt, and a green cap, which no one is allowed to touch. When he climbs on stage, the T-shirt rides up and the pants slip down, showing the cleavage of his behind.

But Billy is the only one of Rhinoceros who finished college—a B.A. in music from UCLA. He learned bass drum in high school, when he still had other interests, like riding with the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang. "I still have to get in a fight once in a while. When I joined this band they were afraid I'd either punch them in the mouth or light them on fire. I use that to keep them in line." Billy complains that Rhinoceros has the problems common to every band with teen-agers in it. "All the kids have the mentality of a sixteen-year-old. They left home to make good and impress their parents that they were doing something." Billy bawls out the band for yelling foul words in the hotel corridors, for belching into the microphones on stage, for setting off firecrackers in the parking lot, and for fighting over petty matters and ruining performances. "I'm willing to put as much time into this band as everybody else," he says. "But after it's all over, I want to go to Juilliard, to finish what I need for a master's degree so I can teach music in high school. I want to get my own band of men. I want to become the John Cage, Stravinsky, Beethoven, Wagner, and everybody else rolled into one for this era, for this time."

Among the thinkers of the band—Billy, Alan, and John—there is a conviction that rock is the primary musical expression of this time. Electricity, rockets, exploding neutrons, and instant communications caught up with popular music in the early 1950s, when gingerbread tunes like *How Much is that Doggie in the Window?* were bumped off the Hit Parade by *Sh-Boom* and Bill Haley and the Comets, whose *Rock Around the Clock* and *Shake, Rattle and Roll* cemented the phrase, "rock 'n roll." Rosemary Clooney, Eddie Fisher, and Teresa Brewer faded quickly, rock dug in, and in the early 1960s, the whole way of popular dancing changed. The Lindy, the symmetrical one, two, back step, that had held through the first decade of rock, suddenly fragmented into the twist, the frug, the monkey, the string of dances named after animals and primitive sounds in which there is no touching between partners, only spasmodic jerking.

Alan contrasts rock songs with the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart. "In Beethoven's time, they had an hour to develop a work. Life wasn't so—snap snap." He pops his fingers. "The pace was more relaxed, and society was more ordered. Today, you have a three-minute song, it's fast and loud, it sounds like the world around us. You go up on top of a sky-

scraper and look down at the city and what you feel? Cha-cha Bohng! a-Bohng-a, Bam! Tchong tchong! That's what you hear, rock."

Over the door to the Electric Factory, Franklin, who started it all with his band and key, looks down his cardboard nose through pre-hippie wire-frame glasses. Saturday night John has written a set that Danny doesn't like. John wants to sing a number they haven't done in a while, "because if we really get it on, we'll kill the audience, and we'll get it on us too."

Danny says the song needs work. "Why can't we do *You're My Girl*?"

John says, "I'm sick of it."

"Look, man, I play a lot of songs I'm tired of."

"Yeah, but I'm the one that's gotta get the song on vocally."

Mike and Steve side with Danny. Doug and Alan are with John. Danny's face is twitching. "I can see everybody getting uptight. Let's stop it right here." He cuts the air with his hand.

John stomps out, slamming the door. Steve throws a cigarette pack after him. Outside, John is raging. He crumples the paper on which he wrote the set. He hurls a record against the wall and steams back in. "I don't know what to do. I don't know how to write the set."

Danny says, "It's your uptightness that's the root of the problem."

"Okay, I'm uptight. Leave me alone."

They are ten minutes late for the stage call. The scrubbed kids who paid three dollars to get into the Factory are talking and giggling in their seats. Danny goes back to the dressing room. "Are you ready?" John nods, weakly.

The set begins—the same songs as the night before, but they are dead. When it is over, the band walks off solemnly, straight back to the dressing room, no chatting or fooling with the chickies. The feeling between them is tangibly sexual, as between lovers who have seen a quarrel blow up over nothing and burn out, leaving the close and bittersweet.

Billy speaks first. "What went wrong is that we had a teen-age quarrel."

Danny sighs. "I just wanna forget about it. His stomach is knotted up and cramped, and I need to get the paregoric out of the car."

"You shouldn't let John bug you," Billy says. "John digs bugging people, isn't that right?" John nods. Billy says, "When John gets uptight let him tear his hair—when he does that, he's getting rid of it. He sits in here writing a song or a poem, because that's what a set is, and you guys say you don't wanna play it. He's hurt, and I don't blame him. I'd be pissed too."

The door swings open. Two freckled boys wearing Western hats and kerchiefs announce in little pubescent voices, "We're from the *Free Press*. Can we talk to you?" Half the band walks out, and the two boys sit down. "What are your names?" Silence. "I'm Alan." "I'm John." And

this great grizzly man who has ridden with
ell's Angels and groveled with the Mothers
vention says, sweetly, "I'm Billy."

A good group that can stick together can
make it." Paul Rothchild, a producer at
era Records, noticed in the fall of 1967 that
number of groups were breaking up and many
were having internal difficulties. He began
pondering what would happen if he took one
of this group, one from that, and put the best
musicians together. Would it work?

Rothchild called every talented musician he
knew and invited him to Los Angeles. His vision
was of a supergroup of superstars, who would
offer a new approach to white rhythm 'n
'n blues. He sent plane tickets to thirty, and on
December 30, they began showing up at his
home in Laurel Canyon. Alan Gerber flew out
from Chicago. John Finley, who had recently
left Jon and Lee and the Checkmates, then the
lead group in Canada, walked into the white
living room with its hardwood floor, fieldstone
fireplace, and giant swimming pool visible in
the background, looked around at fifteen people he had
never seen before and said to himself, "We're
not a band, are we?" John sat in the most distant
corner and didn't say a word. Neither did Doug
Fulginiti, who had come down from Seattle where
he was playing with the Daily Flash. Rothchild
handed a guitar to a young man from Oklahoma
City and said, "Play." Alan recalls, "It was great.
When he passed it to another guy, and he was
nervous too. I was so spaced out that when they
handed it to me, I said, groovy, and sang my
parts."

The boys stayed for several months at the
Elmer's Koufax Tropicana Motel, rehearsing at a
rehearsal theater. "We would jam in shifts," John
recalls. "It was dog eat dog." Rothchild listened to
rehearsal sessions, discouraged some people, brought
in others, including Danny Weis and Jerry Pen-
n from the Iron Butterfly, Michael Fonfara
from the Electric Flag, and Billy Mundi from
the Mothers. By March, Rothchild decided the
group was complete at seven members.

The name, Rhinoceros, came from Alan. It is
his favorite animal. When the group played for
the first time at the Kaleidoscope in Los Angeles,
the sound was so loud and heavy that the name
seemed natural. Two months later they went into
a recording studio for eight days and made an
album. Most rock groups spend close to a month
in the studio, recording a few parts at a time
and then dubbing voice and additional parts
over that. The only way Rhinoceros wanted to
record was live, all together, standing in a circle
and playing into a cluster of mikes—one feeding
back to them, the others recording.

Before the album was made, Elektra had spent
\$10,000 on the group, paying their room, board,
transportation, equipment rentals, rehearsal
space, and then buying out old contracts for
the use of them. The expense of making, promot-

ing, and distributing the album raised the total
to \$80,000. By spring of this year, Rhinoceros
had sold 100,000 albums. Not until they sell a
quarter of a million will the band have written
off its debt to Elektra and begin to earn money
from the record.

In the fall of 1968, they decided to move to
New York to build their reputation; there were
more playing opportunities for the group there
than in any other part of the country. The band
lived in the cozily decaying Chelsea Hotel in New
York for a few months, then found the house in
Mahopac. About that time, Jerry, who was play-
ing bass, started having fits of despair. One night
in a town on Long Island, the band had a blowup
before going on stage. When it was time to play,
Jerry had disappeared. From information that
has trickled back, the band says, Jerry "went
straight—cut his hair, went back to art school
in California, and moved back with his parents."
Danny's brother, Steve, who had been working
as equipment manager and had casually learned
Jerry's parts, was asked to take his place.

If no one else quits, Rhinoceros will be an
unusual case. Even the most successful groups
have been unable to hold together beyond a few
years: the Mamas and Papas, Cream, Big
Brother and the Holding Company, the Lovin'
Spoonful, Love, Traffic, the Byrds, the Buffalo
Springfield. The list of casualties runs on, and
the cause of death is almost always personal
squabbles. Danny Weis quit the Iron Butterfly
because of a fierce battle with the organist. "I
can't even remember the reason now," Danny
said. "Oh yes, he resented me playing leads more
often than him." After that Danny gathered a
group that was to be called Nirvana, but before
they could get off the ground, Danny fought with
the bass player and the group disintegrated. The
musicians wander, forming new groups, or be-
coming studio musicians, producers, or single
artists.

Jac Holzman, president of Elektra, whose pro-
duction is 70 per cent rock, says it is difficult
for a group to stay together more than a year
after a record is released unless they see a steady
increase in public acceptance. "The group hangs
together by a string. It's one gigantic holding
action until the miracle happens."

When success does come, it is a rare group
that can stay on the road for more than three
years. Holzman says, "Working on the road in
dismal locations is demeaning, exhausting, and
disheartening. Something has to be done to find
better situations for musicians to play. Other-
wise, no group can take the pressure of road
performances."

Friday morning at eleven o'clock, when the
band is due to leave Mahopac, is the time
everyone decides to do laundry. Alan discovers
another rip in the only pair of jeans he wears.
"Lan, could you do a fast patch job? If I don't
have my pants, I'll feel insecure."

*"The feeling be-
tween them is
tangible, sex-
ual, as between
lovers who
have seen a
quarrel blow
up over noth-
ing and burn
out, leaving
them close and
bittersweet."*

Danny bounds up the stairs. "Cunnilingus, everyone."

"Cunnilingus," John calls from his room.

John has finished packing, and is staring out the window at the snowbound road. When John is feeling down, objects look ominous and distorted. He broods and wonders, "Why haven't I ever been able to make it with a chick?" John is twenty-four, and the longest relationship he has had with a girl lasted three weeks. He drives the sixty miles to New York with the band every Sunday to go to The Scene, a rock club where groupies hang out, but rarely brings the girls back to Mahopac. "I don't want to have to deal with them the next day." He raps his fists against the glass. "Why is it that I reject people? Why do I insist on feeling alone and being alone?"

John is not the only one in the group who is, as they put it, "going through changes." Danny also has been forced to look at himself with some care. Since he joined his first rock group at twelve, Danny has always had to be the star. With Rhinoceros, the stress was on playing together, rather than separately to the fans. Danny was called down, and made to realize, he says, "that I'd been on an ego trip for eighteen years, and that I didn't really want to be the fancy lead guitar player whom all the chicks drooled over. When that happened, I stopped wearing all my satin clothes with lace and silks. I started listening to others in the band."

Danny, like the others, learned music when he was very young. His father, John Weis, was a country-western guitarist who played with Spade Cooley and Tex Williams. His mother sang, and the whole family played at churches and naval training bases around San Diego. Danny was an honor student at high school, but left home at seventeen when his group, the Iron Butterfly, was offered a chance to play at a club in Hollywood. "We got \$40 a week and lived in a room above the club that had no bed, no heat, and smelled awful." He met a girl, twenty-five, who was a trapeze artist and stunt woman, moved in with her and got married at eighteen. The marriage ended two years later.

"Being married to a musician is tough on a chick," Danny says. "You sit at home every night by yourself while your husband is surrounded by chicks who throw themselves at him. I learned from being married that you have to get all the sex thing out of your system, because the music is so tied up with sex that it's a real struggle, even if you're married, not to go after it."

The language, the argot of rock is grounded in sexuality. The instrument is your "axe." What you play on it are "licks" and "chops." If two players get into competition, they "fight each other with their axes." A band gets on stage to "get it on," "put it together," "be together." If you "dig" something, you "flash on it," "turn on," "get into it." Something serious is "heavy," something relaxed is "laid back." A girl is never called a girl, she is always a "chick." The male

is a "cat." They manage to express a fairly v range of feelings with a vocabulary so nar that when John tried to explain a subtle relat ship, he stopped in frustration. "This is terri My grasp of English is slipping away."

The communication between band and audie is as physical as it is aural. Steve says, "I k certain lines on the guitar that, if I'm interes in a chick, I can look straight at her and do i her. This one line starts high on the neck of guitar and goes down to the lowest part, f It's like a slap in the crotch." When Mike w on the organ, he is thinking of making love. " beat does it to me." And Danny says he get: sexually and emotionally excited that, "I've co on stage lots of times, just from the music, it's unbelievable. Sometimes I fall off the sta and other times, I cry, right up there." J Hendrix, feeling the same surges, set fire to guitar. Jim Morrison of the Doors sang *To Me* and then is alleged to have exposed him on a Florida stage.

After a set, the band waits for girls to proach them. "You've made the first move playing. It's up to them to take you up on Steve knows musicians who by the time t were seventeen had more experience with s drugs, and drink than many men have in a t time. One started sniffing glue at eleven and, fifteen, had tried marijuana, speed, LSD, b biturates, mescaline, opium, hashish, and ev kind of trip chemically possible in the drug c ture. He had also had groupies in combinati of two and three. Steve's own father had d when the boy was fourteen, and Steve v shunted from school to school as a problem ch When he paid attention, he gave evidence of b liant perception, but, he says, he was stor almost every day he went to class. At sixteen, convinced his mother to let him go to Hollyw to live with his brother Danny and his wife. D ny, then eighteen, became Steve's legal guardi

All of the band members believe they will h to get out of the atmosphere of drugs and s some day. Danny tried meditation with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, but found that "t way of life doesn't go with rock 'n roll." The b view of the future barely stretches beyond months. When asked what he would like to doing in ten years, Alan was silent. "Well... most important thing for me is, I just wanna off and live in the country, in the woods, a find peace with myself. I wanna write and p my music. And I won't be smoking dope. be eating health foods." Doug, in his soft, co posed voice, says, "It's impossible for me to s what I'll be doing when I'm forty. I think y can have a good life doing anything in the wor if you want it badly enough and don't cop c to your paranoid."

Danny says he will play guitar the rest of l life. He watched his father, who was "the b guitar player there was," become an insurur salesman to support his family. "It killed him saw him die from it. He wanted to play mu

he had to sell insurance. I knew I could never
at. I said to myself, fuck it, I don't care if
ve. I'm gonna play music until I die."

day night in Schenectady, the marquee in
front of the Holiday Inn says, "Happy Birth-
Peggy." Watching television in his room,
y picks up the electric guitar and tries to
Michael's attention. The guitar is barely
le when not plugged in, but after several
tes of crazy whirling runs, Mike turns his
away from *The High Chaparral* and drawls,
're insaaaaaane."

When the guitar is plugged into an electric
ifier, it works like this: the musician plucks
strings, causing them to vibrate. The vibra-
are picked up by a set of small magnets
or the strings and sent as electric impulses
ugh a cord to the amplifier. The amplifier
anifies the impulses, converts them back to
eal sounds, and feeds them out a speaker.
guitarist uses a separate amplifier, and will
two or three in a large hall to make the
ud louder and fuller. Michael's Hammond
n needs a special Leslie organ amplifier and
al mikes in front of it. Alan plays a Rocky
ntain Instruments electric piano which has
own amplifier. The vocal parts and drums
not amplified, but carried directly over a
c-address system. Most bands amplify them-
s up to the point of distortion. It is always
rent to hear a group live than to hear them
records, because the volume transforms the
rience. Even between numbers, there is a
tant electric buzz. "It's security," John says.
e louder you are, the more confident you feel,
pecially in a strange place."

henectady, a depressed industrial town in
ral New York, is not only strange but grim.
job is at the Aerodrome, a warehouse con-
ed into a seedy psychedelic nightclub. Girls
troubled complexions, wearing cheap hair-
es and elephant pants, flail about by them-
es on the dance floor. In the room that
oceros must share with a local group called
Pumpkin, John begins to write the set. The
d's repertoire is twenty-five songs, all but
of which are their own compositions. The
es are simplistic, juvenile, with the limited
e of 1950s rock—I love her, need her, miss
—but with none of the existential wit of the
tles' simple songs. (But then, in their early
rs, when the Beatles were the age of Rhi-
eros, their subject matter was not much more
isticated: "I Wanna Be Your Man," "I Want
Hold Your Hand," "I Saw Her Standing
re," "All My Loving.")

While all the members of Rhinoceros have
e minds, none of them reads anything at all.
r had extensive training in classical music.
hael taught piano at age twelve, and Alan
composing chamber music at Chicago Musi-
College when he quit to join the band. But
y don't read. It's as if the print medium, with

its even lines, is too confining and laborious.
Danny says, "My mind is always going so fast
I can't get into books or stories or anything."
Neither do they have any awareness of politics.
"We don't have any idea of making revolution,"
Danny says. "We just wanna make people feel
good." The social commentary that seeps through
their songs is instinctive, rather than conscious,
as in John's *Top of the Ladder*:

*You read about it in the paper every day,
Someone's always climbin' up that ladder,
and makin' a big scene.*

*Now baby I know just what I need,
I'll see you at the top—of the ladder!**

The sets at the Aerodrome go well. John is
ebullient when he comes off stage, but Alan is
depressed. "This is the kind of place that makes
me hate playing rock 'n roll." Danny is sitting
stone still. "It's weird out there." John says,
"Maybe I was wrong. I felt great singing, but
since I've been off stage..." He goes out to the
bar, and a shrill-voiced girl says to him, "I'm not
very pretty but I'm fun to watch," and starts
twitching her pasty face. "Shit."

Boston is better from the start. "The whole
thing feels special," Alan says, halfway
along the Massachusetts Turnpike. No one in the
band knows exactly how to get to Boston. On
the itinerary handed them that morning, there
are no directions, no time listed for sound checks
or performance, and the hotel is misspelled,
"Sheriton Boston." Even if they had directions,
they would probably lose them. They lose every-
thing—letters, tickets, keys, money, phone num-
bers. The Boston Pop Festival, the itinerary
says, is at the Boston Armory. When they find
the armory, it is boarded up and dark. The festi-
val, they learn after driving around for several
hours, is at the Boston Arena. No one in the car
is worried or nervous. They are all soaring.

Danny describes the perfect gig: "A good gig
is going there, being happy in the car, and
feeling well healthwise. I usually ache all over,
have a headache or a backache and very little
energy, mainly because I don't exercise. All I
do is sit, sleep, and eat. The next thing is getting
real smashed before the gig, playing a magic
set, meeting really pretty chicks and having a
groovy thing at a Holiday Inn, or some other
hotel that has good, hard double beds, so they're
good for my back. That's a good gig."

For John, a good gig is building up emotional
power over the audience. "To do that, you have
to live the music, not perform it. If you sound
sad, you have to feel sad and be sad. If the spirit
and emotion is there, you can make people jump
out of their seats, cry and scream. That's what
ospel music does for me. That's how preachers
earn their money. When I was playing with the

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"... Danny says
he gets so sex-
ually and emo-
tionally excited
that, 'I've come
on stage lots of
times, just
from the
music, and its
unbelievable.'"

Checkmates, we'd have so much power, I could touch people one hundred yards away, reach out with my hand and touch them with my soul, and they'd scream. One gig we did, there was a killing while we were on. I don't know what that means, but it happened. It was, well, curious."

The Sheraton Boston is riotous with fountains, suspended staircases, tropical plants, and Peggy Lee singing *Fever* over the Muzak. The band doesn't usually stay in hotels like this. They prefer motels that are easy to get in and out of. The first carload walk into the lobby in their freak clothes and hair falling to their shoulders, and the lobby turns, as if the hundred or so people milling about are one body.

Steve is the most conspicuous. He is all in black, with a black satin shirt open to the waist, a large silver and turquoise cross bumping against his concave chest, and black, crushed velvet pants. Over his pale face is a black desperado hat with a low crown and wide, curving brim. Alan is wearing a blue and green flowered satin shirt with puffed sleeves, a green suede vest, and his jeans with the leather patches. His silky brown hair hangs over his eyes, and together with his sideburns and moustache, completely dominates his appearance.

The hotel manager refuses to give the group rooms until they pay in advance. They try to eat dinner, and are turned away from all four restaurants in the hotel for lack of coat and tie. They drive to a restaurant called the Red Fez in Roxbury, frequented by shaggy students from Brandeis and Harvard. A waitress comes at them holding out her arms. "I'm sorry, we're closing." A sign in the window says, "Open until 3:00 A.M." It is long before 3:00. The waitress is glaring at Danny with his white, cat's fur hair and Steve in his black satins and desperado hat. "Yeah, we understand," John says. The band doesn't press trouble. They leave quickly. This is the dues they pay for living outside, for not keeping a foot in the other world. No one in the group owns a tie. "It comes down to which one you want more, your freedom or their approval," John says. "I enjoy dressing and being who I am. It means more to me than going in that restaurant. I don't need them. They're the cretins."

Giving up on dinner, they drive to the Boston Arena, an old roller rink, filled with mildewed air and dirt. "It looks terrible," Steve says, as they fight through a jam-up in the parking lot. The policeman at the gate doesn't believe they are Rhinoceros, and holds them aside until an official is summoned. The group still hasn't found out what time they're going to play, and it's too late now for a sound check. They are escorted to their dressing room, a musty green cell with a bank of toilets, showers, and dirty sinks, in which a dozen Cokes have been placed. "Aaaaggh, it's a latrine," Steve yells. It is 9:00 P.M., they are to play in thirty minutes, and half the band hasn't shown up. "Let's not get worked up over it," John says. "We'll just upset ourselves." The other carload walks in with ten minutes to go.

They had been stopped in Connecticut for speeding, taken to the police station and arraigned, then had gotten lost on the way into Boston and driven right through the city and out for ten miles before they realized it.

Rhinoceros is third on the program, after Daddy Warbucks and the Grass Roots. They will be followed by the Caldwell-Winfield Blues Band and Canned Heat. The Arena, they discover, is an "echo bomb." The bleachers are half filled with about a thousand people huddled in coats against the drafts. The vast spaces in the building make it impersonal. With ticket prices \$5 and \$6, the audience is practically all white. High-school students are running down the aisles and talking above the music.

The whole band knows, though, that they're going to have a good time. In the first number they throw back their heads, laugh and call to each other. Danny starts his rounds, moving to John and getting into rhythm with him. Then he faces Steve, who nods his wilting head. Danny, "Mmmmmmm, Yeah!" and then at Billy in his green cap and dark granny glasses. John begins to lose himself in *Top of the Ladder*, jumping, skipping, snapping his body in harmony with the downbeat of the drums. When the song ends, he mops himself with a towel, then grabs the mike. "Hey, wanna catch some ass, wanna get it on?" Laughs, and a few jokers yell "Yeah." John says, "Let's catch some ass," and Danny hits *Apricot Brandy*.

There are hearty boos when John says, "We've only got five minutes left. But we'd like to go on stomping." Everyone in the band except Billy stands up now and pounds the floor, Thwack! Thwack! clapping their hands and waving their hair. They keep up a rhythm, two minutes later Danny waves at Billy, "One, two, three, go!"

Through the song, *You're My Girl*, the band is jumping, waving their free arms, grabbing anything to shake—sticks, bells. Michael is playing the organ standing up, bouncing and yelling. The kids in the front rows are on their feet screaming. Even the policemen in front of the stage are nodding, their white caps moving, even so slightly, up and down.

When the band finishes, dripping wet, people rush at them and grab their hands. They make their way to the dressing room, sigh and collapse.

Alan: "I had such a good time!"

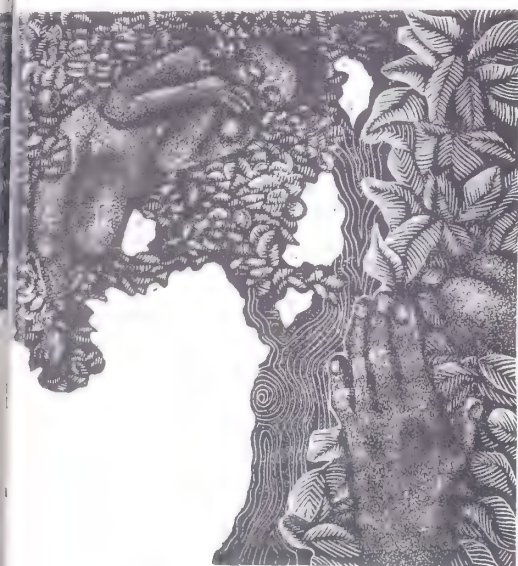
Mike: "Oh, fuck, it was so good."

Steve: "We kiilllilled 'em!"

John: "It feels so great to crack a challenge like that. Those people didn't wanna move, and we made 'em wiggle asses. We really had to work at it."

They close the door, and sit together in the musty room with its urinal smell. Their bodies are limp, their eyes glazed, fixed on the ceiling. They smile, and blink, and every now and then make this sound, a soft, airy sigh, which is the beginning of a laugh: "Aaaaaaaaahhh."

THE REIGN OF PEACE



three-thirty, when we finished work in the orchard, there was almost nothing left of the tree: a blotch of dried blood on the flagstones, which a little tuft of fur was still stuck. The ground, ground to powder, had been blown away by the wind. All the ants were gone. Chaim said nothing. It was Friday, and we had quit early so he could return home to Kiriath Shemona for sundown to attend the service in the ocean synagogue there. And as always at the beginning of the Sabbath, he solemnly shook my head.

"Shabbat shalom."

"Yes, and to you too," I told him. "A peaceful Sabbath."

With the eight other workers hired by the kibbutz, he boarded the truck outside the communal dining hall. They were all recent North African or Iraqi immigrants; not yet so proficient in Hebrew, they jabbered away in Arabic,

all excited by the anticipation of a good meal and a day of rest. Only Chaim, who secured the chain of the tail gate, remained silent. For a moment, squinting up at him in the sun, I had the impression that I was looking at him through the eyes of a goy, just as my grandfather must have been seen by the Poles in Krakow. And with the same hatred. The truck started up, the chain rattled, and Chaim waved. With the other hand, he held onto his hat. It was because of that hat he always wore—a battered green fedora, stained with sweat—that, his thick black beard, and his side-locks which he tucked up above his ears: everything with which he set himself apart.

At seven, my wife and I put Ethan to bed in the Children's House. He's four, and wants to sleep with us in our room, but rules are rules.

"Shabbat shalom."

The greeting, exchanged in the twilight, by the kibbutz members, meant nothing. We would work tomorrow, like any other day—harder. The cows would be milked, the eggs collected, and we would begin picking the apples. It's the one thing about us that Chaim still refuses to believe.

"Jews working on the Sabbath? Ah, now you're joking with me," he says.

"Haven't you?"

"No, thanks be to God."

"Never? Not even once in Rabat?"

"Never," he said, and in his guttural accent, which rasped in the back of his throat, he told me something about his life in Morocco.

He said, "Praise His Name for the Sabbath."

The Sabbath had preserved him. It had been his only respite from the work that had earned him barely enough to keep himself and his family alive: carrying hundred-weight sacks of charcoal through those narrow, reeking streets to the ironmongers.

On the Sabbath, he remained in the shack near the old entrance to the ghetto, where he lived in one room with his wife and six kids. For the most part, he slept away the day on the earthen floor.

Hugh Nissenson IN THE REIGN OF PEACE

Once in a while, he would be awakened by a wailing child and rouse himself to eat the cold remains of the Sabbath feast from the night before: a lamb pilaf, in which the fat and the rice had congealed. He ate only with the fingers of his right hand, like an Arab, and his children would lick them clean, one by one. It was all their mother would allow. Today the meat, even the fat, she told them, was only for their father. What would happen to them all if, God forbid, their father lost his strength?

Chaim could never keep awake for long. The heat and the buzzing of the flies made him sleepy. He always tried to recite at least a portion of the Sabbath prayer before he passed out again. "Exalt ye the Lord our God. . . ."

Impossible. He was never once able to finish it. He sank back on the pile of greasy rags he used as a pillow. Just before his eyes closed, he saw one of his naked kids, on all fours, sniffing at his right hand—Masouda, his youngest daughter, whom the others always pushed aside.

"And now?" I asked him.

"Ah, now, praise His Name, I can pray in the synagogue for as long as I like."

"And does Masouda get enough to eat?"

"She's dead. She died two years ago, when we all caught the spotted fever." He spat between his fingers to avert the evil eye. "My wife lost all her hair. All of it, even between her legs."

He told me very little about his life in this country. He had been here almost a year, living in Kiriath Shemona. I could imagine the rest: the three-room flat, provided by the government for a nominal rent, and everything else bought on credit—the television set on which he watched American movies, dubbed in Arabic, broadcast from Beirut, the refrigerator, the gas stove, maybe a coffee table with a formica top, and even a bed.

He worked wherever he could: repairing the northern frontier road, or for some kibbutz, like ours, that was always short-handed. He had been with us for a week. Unlike other Moroccans we had hired over the years—petty bourgeois tradesmen, or those who wanted to be—he wasn't ashamed of working with his hands. He enjoyed it and had an instinctive feeling for tools: the long-handled, two-handed shears with which I taught him to prune the excess branches from the apple trees.

"That's it," I told him. "Gently, so you don't tear the bark. And not too near the trunk."

"What's that?"

"That's very important. It's white paint with lead in it."

"What for?"

"You must always smear it on the wound to prevent fungus infection."

Hugh Nissenson, whose short stories, A Pile of Stones, won the Edward Lewis Wallant award in 1965, has since published Notes from the Frontier, a study of a kibbutz during the Six-Day War. He is at work on a novel and another book of stories, titled In the Reign of Peace.

"Fungus?"

"A kind of disease."

"Ah. . . ."

And then, after he watched me for a moment, "Does the tree feel any pain?"

"No."

"But it gets sick just like us?"

"Exactly."

"I see," he said, and he stared in astonishment at the Baldwin apple tree that shared our fate.

In the days that followed, he would shut his shears and stare in the same way, with an open mouth, at the whole world of which he was a part: the rotting apples, scattered on the earth; the pear trees that swarmed with bees; the pear trees in the south orchard, with their glossy, pointed leaves; a yellow butterfly; a mouse scurrying through the dry grass.

By the end of the second week, at the beginning of June, it was obvious that there was going to be a bumper crop, the best in over three years.

Chaim said, "Praise His Name, you'll be a rich man."

"No, not me. It belongs to the kibbutz."

"This orchard isn't yours?"

"Of course not. I thought you understood that."

"*Ai habibi*, no, I didn't know." For the first time between us, he had used the Arabic endearment, only for lovers and friends. And then he whispered, "Tell me. How much do they pay you?"

"Nothing. I don't need any money. The kibbutz gives me everything I need."

"Free?"

"In return for my work."

"I don't understand."

"It's very simple." But I was too hot, too tired, and too hungry to go on. It was one o'clock, time for lunch.

We walked up the flagstone path, between the azalea bushes and the lilacs, toward the dining hall. Under the eucalyptus trees, I tried again.

"We share everything equally here. Can you understand that?"

"Oh yes," he said. "Why?"

"Because it's just."

"Just?" He pricked up his ears at the word. It was a word he finally seemed to understand. From personal experience—those sacks of charcoal, the famished child smelling his hand—perhaps from his Bible. The half-forgotten phrases came back to me from my childhood: "The way of the just is as shining light." "The path of the just. . . ."

He said dubiously, "Ah, yes. . . ."

At the sink, in the dining hall, while he carefully washed his hands, he muttered the benediction under his breath. And at the table, with closed eyes, he prayed again over a mug of water, a tomato, and two thick slices of rye bread. It was the only food of ours he ever touched. Even the white cheese was suspect. A plate of beef liver and noodles, set before him, made him avert his

He chewed the dry bread and looked mourn-
about him at the tables crowded with sun-
men and stout women wearing shorts and
boots.

"Is one here is kosher?" he asked me.

"Is one?"

"Is not one of you believes in God?"

"Is not one?"

"Is in the Messiah?"

"Is o."

"You don't believe in the coming of the Mes-
siah?"

With my mouth stuffed with noodles, I shook
my head, and he stared at me, appalled.

I should have known. It wasn't just the Sabbath
meal that had sustained him in Rabat—that lamb
and the few extra hours of sleep—but that
he had hope. He must have believed in the same
things as my grandfather: that, at the
end of Days, when the Messiah comes, he'll raise
the dead, and restore the sacred cruse of oil to the
temple, which he'll rebuild with a wave of his
rod.

For the rest of the afternoon, as we laid plastic
mulch between the pear trees in the
orchard, Chaim was silent. Then, at five,
when we quit for the day, he asked me, "You
believe in redemption?"

I was in the same voice as before, with the
same tone of incredulity and sadness, but now
tired from fatigue.

"Yes," I told him. "I suppose, in a way, that I
believe that one day everyone will live like
you."

"Like what?"

"Having everything."

"Is that all?"

"What more would you want?"

He said nothing. The sweat streamed down his
forehead. His damp beard which clung to the contour
of his jaw revealed a receding chin. It was unex-
pected and gratifying, the suggestion of some
inner weakness—an inconstancy—bred in the
marble of his very bones.

By the second week in July, the apples were
ripe. On Wednesday afternoon, I went into
the orchard at Shemona to our cooperative cold-storage
house and arranged for the disposition of our crop.
Beginning Saturday, for eight days, we would
harvest and store six tons a day. The entire work-
force of the kibbutz would be mobilized to pick the
apples. Each member would be required to work
an extra twenty-four hours in the orchard. We
would be at it from 4:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. in that
heat. Even the kids over thirteen would have
to lend a hand.

On Friday, at noon, I went into the co-op again
and brought back the big GMC with the electric
hoist and the aluminum bins in which the apples
were packed. Chaim was waiting for me outside
the dining hall. He had been squatting on his
haunches in the shadow of the overhanging roof.
When he stood up,

"What is it?" I asked him. "What's the
matter?"

"Come and see."

I followed him down the flagstone path toward
the orchard. It was almost two, the hottest time
of the day. A gust of wind, blowing across the
lawn, brought with it the smell of sun-scorched
flowers.

"Quick," he called out, breaking into a run.

Under the eucalyptus trees, he suddenly
stopped and squatted down again on his haunches,
leaning forward with his hands between his
knees.

"There," he said. "You see? And still alive."

It was a mouse, a field mouse, with a white
underside, which had evidently come up through
a hole in the concrete between two flagstones and
gotten stuck halfway. The forepaws waved in the
air.

"What about it?"

"Look closer."

I knelt down beside him. The forepaws waved
and the head jerked up and down. I could see a
black ant, its antennae waving, in the right
nostril. The mouse was covered with ants, hun-
dreds of them, that swarmed over that palpitat-
ing white chest, the coarse, tawny fur between
the eyes, and in the large ears, bristling with
short hairs. The ears were oozing blood. A bright
drop, flung wide by a jerk of the head, landed
on the toe of my shoe.

"Kill it," I told Chaim. "It's being eaten alive.
What are you waiting for?"

"I tried," he said. "Listen."

We stood up, and he raised his right foot. The
mouse screeched, faintly, thinly, but audibly, even
above the rustle of the wind in the eucalyptus
leaves above our heads.

"Did you hear that?" said Chaim. "It knows."

"It's because of your shadow."

"My what?"

"The shadow of your foot, which it mistakes
for the shadow of a dangerous animal or a bird.
A hawk perhaps."

"Is that so?"

"Be quick," I told him.

After lunch, we drove the big GMC down to the
orchard and unloaded the aluminum bins.

"Why didn't you kill it right away?" I asked
him.

"I wanted you to see it."

"Why?"

"*Ai, habibi* . . ." He removed the last bin from
the back of the truck and added, "Things like
that must happen all the time, don't you think?"

"I imagine so."

"Yes," he said. "But not in the reign of peace."

"The reign of peace?"

"When the Messiah comes." He put the bin
down and raised his forefinger. "Not then."

The finger wagged, and I understood. On the
flagstone path, under the eucalyptus trees, he
had shown me what he expected to be redeemed.

WARREN BURNETT: TEXAS LAWYER

He is a restless and tempestuous individualist, a merciless wager of nerve wars, and a growing legend in the Southwest

Though there are some 200,000 practicing attorneys in the United States, the average layman might be forced to include Perry Mason if asked to name a dozen. The sweethearts of the national press come immediately to mind: Edward Bennett Williams, Louis Nizer, Melvin Belli, Percy Foreman, Jake Ehrlich, F. Lee Bailey. To round out their lists, however, several friends I asked fell back on such ancient memories as Tom Dewey, included Supreme Court Justices, or searched their newspapers to confirm that Sirhan Sirhan was represented by Grant Cooper.

Nobody submitted a single name from among the thousands of "country lawyers" who battle in obscure courthouses where personal freedoms, economic futures, and traditions of the American system of jurisprudence are daily at stake. Such men are rarely known outside their home precincts; many fully deserve their anonymity as they prosper from bail-bond brokerage and divorce mills, or chase ambulances from their musty offices directly above the lairs of loan sharks or next door to some Salvation Army mission. Others enjoy respectable practices in genteel surroundings, where they may either specialize in civil litigation or more sedate "office" practices catering to pro-

bate or tax work. Though these remain few, their incomes may run to six figures.

A third category of country lawyer number only a handful. These are restless, vibrant men who have attained a certain regional fame and notoriety: lawyers so diversified in their talents that they have successfully defended a long line of assassins, rapists or murderers, and also to have consistently won satisfying (and occasionally astronomical) sums in civil litigations. There is much of the gambler in them, and their tastes often run to expensive clothes, super-cars and private airplanes, and expensive homes. They become grass-roots legends, and everything they do is either maliciously vilified or lovingly aggrandized: let them take a few drinks in public and it quickly becomes a scandal; let them win a \$50,000 verdict and within the week it's worth a quarter-million.

Perhaps the thin line between these regional lions and their more famous national counterparts amounts to little more than that the former had the luck to represent a Candy Mossler, a Richard Speck, a Jack Ruby, a Jimmy Hoffa. The country "super-lawyer" himself willingly accepts this assumption, for these are competitive men, sometimes brash or cocky, always full of power.

There is both a great exhilaration and a certain secret sense of unspecified doom in such men: they are a little feverish, tending to great emotional peaks and valleys, and quite often they threaten to run for Congress or to write books. Usually, however, for all their threats or flirtations, they remain true to their bitchy mistress, the law, which requires of them nomadic travels, midnight appearances in court, and almost constant trial by jury. One of the best of this curious breed is Warren E. Burnett, forty-three, a trial lawyer working out of Odessa, Texas.

I had been trailing Warren Burnett for perhaps two weeks when we began the 284-mile drive from Odessa to Del Rio, a drowsy little town on the Mexican border, one afternoon last January near dusk and in uncharacteristic rain and fog. We drove south through miles of oil fields and strong persistent winds, each true to my recollections of the same table-flat country where I had sweated a grimy oil-field roustabout in youthful summers between school terms. I was much happier here than in Burnett's maroon Mercedes-Benz—attended by smoky Scotch only mildly polluted by the weather in the paper cups, a giant pickle jar brimming with chasing waters, a bag of cracked

Burnett was capable of saving a well-confessed eighteen-year-old "model boy" (who had gently kissed in the moonlight a fifteen-year-old schoolmate before blowing her pretty little head off with a shotgun) by having the daring to prove that his client had been so "temporarily dethroned of reason" as to honestly believe he was doing a good deed in dispatching the young lady to "live with the angels" as (testimony showed) she had often begged to do.



puddle the floorboard, and enough cigars Mexico City. In the back seat were three cases filled with legal papers, lawbooks, and the several prepacked suitcases Burnett kept within handy reach for emergencies. When asked, Burnett spoke in his typical deep calm—a kind of half-profane courtliness proving its origins in many close readings of the Testament, yet influenced by the gleeful rations of back-country Virginia and the self-mocking observations of West Texas poets. Norman Podhoretz, originally exposed Burnett rhetoric, staggered away labeling master of the high sardonic."

The emergency of the moment centered on another attorney, Mike Gonzalez, whom Burnett had agreed to represent without fee because he considered Gonzalez a victim of community vengeance. For Gonzalez, as Burnett explained, originally from "typically wretched Tex-Mex circumstances" and had "grunted his way through law on guts and tortillas." Affronted by what he considered shameful treatment of his poor work-class (and largely Mexican-American) clients, Gonzalez had filed a series of suits charging several run-toting old sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys and others with having violated their civil liberties. He had also become involved in the only re-semi-militant activities of Texas' long-dormant unions, representing among others a chapter of the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO) which, if not yet as bold as the Black Panthers, is motivated by kindred inequities. In Odessa, like Del Rio, Eagle Pass, Uvalde, or Crystal Lake, Mike Gonzalez quickly became less than popular in certain powerful quarters. Soon he was hardly seen on the streets without being stopped for speeding or checked out for drunk-driving.

There was nothing especially artful about Mike's harassment," Burnett was saying, "until they charged him with smuggling liquor and cigarettes from Mexico. On evidence, incidentally, that looks pretty suspect. When Mike is charged with smuggling, his bond is made in the amount of several thousand dollars; a condition of the bond was that he could not leave the jurisdiction of the court where he was charged—a condition, though one not infrequently if initially ignored, especially when the defendant has home roots within the court of jurisdiction as Mike surely does.

Immediately on posting bond, Mike tells his lawyer (I wasn't yet in the case) that he's been warned. That, indeed, he had been warned in advance by a friend across the border that he would be harassed. So Mike and his lawyer scoot across the Rio Grande to talk with the friend—who verifies Mike's story.

"They are across the border less than one hour. Though there patently is no attempt to flee prosecution, they hardly get home before Mike is arrested for having departed his bonded jurisdiction. Well, now, goddammit! The only thing he's really guilty of is carelessness in failing to appreciate the vitriol of his enemies! So the hearing tomorrow is to prevent the forfeiture of Mike's bond. Should it be forfeited he'd have hell's own time making another, in which case he would go directly to jail. And on a chickenshit deal like this, he doesn't have jail coming to him."

Burnett began the Del Rio drive in damp spirits, fretting not only over Gonzalez's problems but over an El Paso case returning only a disappointing \$3,000 when he had been convinced that his client, a twenty-nine-year-old Mexican maiden, had suffered far more expensive damages in the auto crash of record. Indeed, though his law firm had in the final quarter of 1968 collected \$350,000 in verdicts or settlements (of which he retained one-third in fee) Burnett's practice of late had proved strangely dissatisfying. No case had truly excited his soul, as when a year earlier he had represented an anti-war college professor in a libel suit against an El Paso newspaper,* or as when he'd won a six-figure verdict against a railroad for its careless contribution to a grade-crossing accident. He had recently come to toy with accepting the offer of a New York publishing house to write a book on his courtroom experiences, or vaguely spoke of moving the main body of his law practice from Odessa to Houston or some other large city where unspecified diversions might be found more rewarding. For the truth is, Warren Burnett generally finds himself almost comically out of step with Odessa's prevailing mores. And though he affects not to mind, one who has known him for nearly twenty years instinctively understands that one's old friend (by nature gregarious and fun-loving) far from enjoys this isolation.

To be sure, among Odessa's 83,000 residents are numerous men and women at home with good books, stimulating conversation, and the proper salad fork. Money, oil-based money, permits much travel, shopping sprees to Neiman-Marcus or New York, some few sons packed off for refurbishing by the Ivy League. Even so, Odessa has more working men and small merchants of limited vision than czars of commerce or industry, more chasers after Chamber of Commerce values than patrons of the arts. It is more a Harold Robbins town than a Harold Pinter, more beer than martini, more with the preachments of Peale than with those of Spock, more comfortable with the traditional moral homilies of *Bonanza* than with the irreverencies of *Laugh-In*, more Baptist than Episcopalian, less *New Republic* than *Reader's Digest*. Neither beards nor labor unions are highly visible, and the Kerner Report did not exclude this desert city when it spoke of two separate societies, one white and one black, one fat and one hungry.

General Edwin A. Walker, who retired under

*Won by the defendant, though since reversed in a higher court and thus portending a new trial.

by L. King was a newspaperman in Odessa, Texas, twenty years ago and there became a friend of Warren Burnett. Many of Mr. King's magazine articles were collected in *And Other Dirty Stories* (1968). He is working between assignments on a fiction book about rural America.

Few books
should be made this good



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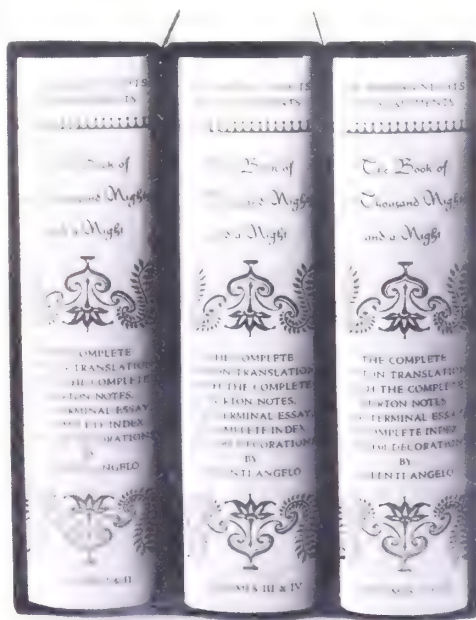
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The Heritage Club

Larry L. King
WARREN
BURNETT

fire after recommending to his troops in Europe Birch Society values, may have run a poor sixth in Texas when seeking the Democratic gubernatorial nomination—but in Odessa he led the ticket. Though Richard Nixon carried the day in 1968, George Wallace crowded him and HHH limped in third. The safely monopolistic Odessa *American* goes beyond even the town's normally conservative biases in attacking tax-supported parks, schools, playgrounds, or even roads. Though editor Olin Ashley explains that his newspaper does not review books because "We aren't in business to sell merchandise through our news columns," you might see your insurance agency, service station, or jewelry store glorified in columns on the paper's "business page," provided you are a loyal advertiser.

In such consensus communities the pressures to conform are not always subtle. That Warren Burnett organized a memorial parade to honor Dr. Martin Luther King, that he has offered free legal aid to indigents charged with capital crimes, that he represents causes favored by the American Civil Liberties Union (or black militants who may find it difficult in Texas to attain competent legal counsel), that he not only defends the Warren Court in his speeches but had the gall to have his friend Justice William O. Douglas as a house guest in Country Club Estates (apologizing, en route, for an *Impeach Earl Warren* sign established near a busy intersection)—well, that he actually and openly does such things inspires (let us charitably put it) certain community misconceptions. Recently a University of Texas law student, whose father is pastor of one of Odessa's stricter churches, wrote me: "Warren Burnett has long been my idol—though most people I knew thought he was at least 'pink,' probably communist, certainly crooked."

A jaundiced view of the lawyer is not, of course, unique to Odessa. Carl Sandburg was a kindly man and not infrequently a gentle poet, but one day the sweet old man with the saint's face and the halo of white hair wrote, "Why is there a secret singing when a lawyer cashes in? Why does a hearse horse snicker, hauling a lawyer away?"

The layman, speaking from the mires of legal ignorance (and, it's true, sometimes from the sour marshes of his personal experience) knows the

answer to mysteries Sandburg could only rap poetry: lawyers are shysters, cynics, drunks, are forever ganging up on clients to take it a themselves. Lawyers gag on the truth by nature and by nature they belch lies. (Did not Ambrose Bierce define "liar" as "a lawyer with a retainer commission"?)

Perhaps one reason why lawyers often fall so far from the mark as dashing knights-errant is that 1 per cent or so of our practicing attorneys produce outstandingly inept or in some way rotten apples; while this percentage of spoilage may be no higher than decay rates normally associated with other occupational groupings, lawyers—football coaches—remain highly visible when they err. The corporate or "office" lawyer is not nearly so visible (nor so often maligned) as the trial lawyer who routinely goes forth to defend or prosecute suspected criminals or proximate-cause-of-accidents. By his very role in the advocate system a trial lawyer gathers enemies in a highly efficient manner. The lawyer who wins for the other side is a damnable rascal in whom the truth never reposes because he has done us dirt; the lawyer who loses in our hire is a drunken buffoon, if not criminally on the take, else he would have more efficiently championed so righteous a cause.

Another reason for the layman's disenchantment may be that he knows injustice when he sees it—and, face it, he sees it in American courts more often than enough. His deficiency is in not realizing that justice was never meant to be always served. Indeed, our laws have largely been made in legislative bodies where corporate, industrial, or governmental interests are more to be feared than flaunted; thus the scales of justice have not infrequently known the weighted thumb. Happily, higher courts have increasingly come to realize that certain repressive old laws or customs will no longer serve. While the law today is more nearly concerned with individual rights than ever before, only the unwary will presume it to guarantee so pure a pedigree strain of abstract justice.

And it never can. For by the very nature of the advocate system, no lawyer is more interested in attaining "justice" than in vigorously presenting his client's point of view. No, the lawyer properly concerned with his client's cause has a special (i.e. narrow and judiciously prejudicial) view of that, to the uninitiated, may make it appear that he chooses the lie even when the truth rests within handier reach. "My clients want freedom," testified defense attorney Percy Foreman is fond of saying, "not justice." Any honest lawyer will tell you that Mr. Foreman's clients are not, in this respect, unique. Candid lawyers make an additional concession: that though the "best lawyer" does not invariably win, he wins much more often than he loses. If there is implied in this admission the corollary one that the rich shall fare better than the poor, or that the unjust may prosper where the just do not, then one is invited to invoke some plan superior to our jury system.

So lawyers squabble over the fine print, shamble and split hairs, persuade judges to free evil men



cialities"—or so it may appear to the old spectator's seat, to the hostile witness, any a disgruntled party to a lawsuit gone "One of the basic troubles," Warren Burd as he drove into the rainy night toward B, "is that most people just don't understand the Constitution of the United States. It's possible the majority don't even approve

The nature of clients

stopped at a restaurant in Ozona, a rich little town where a statue of Davy Crockett in a buckskin dominates the square and the founding money is descended from old mining profits only later invested in oil. Rancher wearing Hoss Cartright hats frankly stared at Burnett (wearing forgotten sunshades on the top of his head) telephoned back to for a report on the personal-injury case he earlier argued; we had departed for Del Rio while the jury deliberated. When he learned of the \$3,800 verdict (in a case, he had privately felt, that might not return a dime) Burnett said, "Come on, let's go drink whiskey! I got my balls back!" This declaration, plus his impetuous tap dance toward the door, may have somewhat prompted the coffee-drinking old cowboys to shift uneasily on their stools while exchanging glances: *That damn dude is a little bit*

peed, the maroon vehicle now zipped along as it crazily craved in its own right, on a road sweeping over and around scrubby hills, mesas, and canyons from which one half expected Geronimo to appear in full paint and fury. Hundreds of years even before the coming of the first Spanish missions, these mean hills had been roamed by an Indian tribe whose survival diet included earthworms, and fecal matter; even through the rain, and these several centuries later, the hills didn't appear greatly improved. We passed the land's poverty while Burnett grew in victory.

Having won one the computers had judged he said, grinning in the eerie dashboard light, "I now speak with a conviction bordering on arrogant. A while back you wrote bugging me to schedule a couple of 'big' lawsuits you could handle. Well, what is a 'big' lawsuit? A 'big' lawsuit is one to which you owe some personal allegiance; conversely, a 'little' lawsuit is one in which you have no personal interest. People will relate the most intimate details of 'my' lawsuit fifteen years after they've forgotten the details of 'my' lawsuit."

and me about clients, I said.

Well, every alternate goofus who wanders off the street into a law office fancies himself another Charles Evans Hughes—when, in truth, the only credible laymen are those ole boys who have spent enough time around sufficient jails to have leisurely acquainted themselves with lawbooks. Cab drivers,

oil-field roughnecks, graying grannies too old for hysterectomies—they come in and plop down and say, 'I coulda made a lawyer.' Whereupon, they instruct you in the fine points of law. I've been given to understand that orphans are legally inadmissible to the electric chair and that it's physically impossible to leave fingerprints on paper."

He laughed, and while drawing from his paper cup missed by a good six inches what I think was an onrushing moving van, spraying roadside debris as we rounded an uphill curve. "Damn!" he shouted, fighting the wheel as we slid perilously near a void where the roadside dropped away to frightful depths. When the very real moment of danger had passed he said mildly, "Reminds me of the time I broke my back in that wreck with Charlie Winston." He did not slow down.

Burnett's passenger, momentarily in panic for better reasons than inborn cowardice, had a jillion jagged thoughts that told him much of this man who was his old friend: Burnett, sans crash helmet, speeding the three miles to his office each day on his new Harley-Davidson motorcycle during a manic period two summers ago; Burnett, a decade ago caught in a West Texas dust storm while flying his single-engine plane, swooping down so low in search of his bearings that he discovered he was flying *inside* a Lubbock drive-in theater only in that final instant when it was marginally possible to pull up and avoid the giant screen; Burnett, ranging from this roulette wheel to that crap table in a twenty-hour marathon in Las Vegas under the mistaken impression he was obeying his physician's order to "relax."

Yes, such a driven, gambling spirit was capable of convincing a jury that a backseat passenger in a car struck from behind, and sent flying out a *front* window, had been more propelled by the mysterious will of Heaven than through the careless driving of a Burnett client. Yes, he was capable of saving from prison, asylum, the electric chair, or even an embarrassing "guilty" verdict a well-confessed eighteen-year-old "model boy" athlete and scholar (who had gently kissed in the moonlight a fifteen-year-old schoolmate before blowing her pretty little head off with a shotgun at the water's edge of a remote West Texas pond) by having the daring to prove that his young client had been so "temporarily dethroned of rea-

"People will relate the most intimate details of 'my' lawsuit fifteen years after they've forgotten the details of 'my' operation."



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son" as to honestly believe he was doing a good deed in dispatching the young lady to "live with the angels" as (testimony showed) she had often begged to do. Such men do not wear suspenders, eat health foods, or content themselves with corporate law.

"The working lawyer must first separate the shoppers from folks who are serious about hiring him," Burnett was saying. "People come in and ask how much to draw up a will, then volunteer that Lawyer So-and-So will do it ten dollars cheaper. Or when I announce that I take in fee one-third of all monies recovered, they say that So-and-So will represent them for only 10 or 15 per cent. I very pleasantly invite them to please God go *hire* the learned So-and-So.

"I say it, I hope, with pardonable pride—but in most cases the client will prosper by paying my higher fee. For the simple reason that I will likely give him a shot at jackpots beyond So-and-So's dream or comprehension." I named a lawyer of whom we are both fond, a good man of rare intelligence and no little ability, who is handicapped by being perhaps more than moderately lazy and who certainly is a frequent victim of his own wild excesses. Burnett nodded. "Yeah, and when a client hires him the insurance lawyers know immediately that he'll settle his client cheap because of his own pressing needs. They'll offer five hundred dollars in a case they wouldn't dare telephone me on for less than eight or nine thousand.

"Getting a client to stay hitched in the presence of low settlement offers can be pure hell. This seems particularly true when you have a stout case—one you figure capable of causing record grief in Hartford once the verdict reaches there. Sometimes the only way you can prevent a restless client from accepting a dime-on-the-dollar is by periodic advancing of your own money—fifty, a hundred, three hundred. It's not uncommon for me to have a hundred thousand dollars out in expenses or relatively unprotected advances. So you're exposed. Then somebody you've got a big wad in starts insisting on settling for half of what you've got in him.

"Then you take some ole silly slip-and-fall case, or a sprained thumb, worth maybe five dollars by my father's honest standards or five hundred dollars tops as a nuisance claim by my own, and your client won't settle for less than two acres of downtown Dallas. So you take the doggy ole case to trial and take your gas like a man. Your client rewards you by eating on your rump on account of you didn't prove he caught terminal cancer as a direct result of some fender-bumping accident.

"A lot of horseshit lawsuits come in: somebody gets mad at Uncle Clyde, so screw him, sue him. You can try to talk 'em out of litigation, though at a given point it becomes dumb office politics. See, after you reject him the client will walk across to another lawyer who *will* sue somebody for him—maybe even collect a few bucks in cautionary settlement. Then the spurned client goes around bad-mouthing Lawyer Burnett: 'Don't

hire Burnett because the son-of-a-bitch won't. He's bought off.' That it's a scurrilous lie comforts me only minimally, because such a yarr knock me out of being hired when some poor hearing it has a lawsuit potentially as precious as the sweet name of Jesus.

"The more you win, the more challenging pressures. Nearly every lawyer out here has a little jury speech telling how high-powered clever I am, the coded message of which is: 'only hire Burnett if you're guilty or trying to get a fast one.' We're looking into a case of jury misconduct now where one of the jurors—some old woman—announced the moment that deliberations began, 'Well, this is *one* case where smarty-pants Warren Burnett ain't gonna win

Some wised-up young

Del Rio was asleep when we arrived in the city shortly after midnight: weary, a little fogged from cigar smoke, Scotch tars, and steadily deteriorating conversation. There was an unscheduled quarrel when the blubbery motel clerk, who wore a Masonic ring and possibly suspected we were spies sent from the Knights of Columbus, refused to rent us quarters unless we paid in advance. Burnett was incredulous: "How many people drive in here in a new Mercedes-Benz carrying six satchels of gear and *then* stiff for your damned old rent?" Even after Burnett named the motel's rightful owner and claimed his friendship, the clerk remained adamant.

By the time Mike Gonzalez telephoned the motel to see whether we had arrived, Burnett playfully changed tactics: now he confided to the bewildered clerk that we were, indeed, forty cents short of the required rental; if the clerk would only trust us until we could sell some Billy tomorrow we would see that God blessed him in special ways—might even kick in a free Keweenaw James version. I paid in advance when it became certain that as a matter of midnight honor Burnett would not.

Mike Gonzalez lived in a tiny frame house on a street of no special merit, silent and dark except for his own home where a small candle greeted Burnett as if he signified the millennium. There was a young lawyer up from San Antonio with his wife and two infants; a local physician perhaps grown weary of being treated as "The Meskin Doctor"; a young teacher down from New Jersey tutoring adult illiterates; a bearded young VISTA worker out of El Paso; Jesus Ochoa, an El Paso lawyer and a beautiful head passionately committed to social reform. Gonzalez, a big bearish man who owns a grin the world has not yet disfigured, recited his harassment dispassionately (the angry physician frequently breaking in to volunteer his own outrage at standard gringo humiliations) while Ochoa baited the young teacher by demanding to know why all wasted time teaching old people to read. ("Go dammit, knowledge will just make the old on

But the old ones will not work for you. You should be working with the young.

At three o'clock in the morning Mrs. Gonzalez, who has a certain acrid wit, spoke of her husband's predicament and of the social seething underlying it. Cancellation of her lawyer's bond would deprive the family of any livelihood, she said, and where to go from there? It ensued one of those clumsy moments when a man doubly curses whatever it is gone wrong with his own human race, but is unable properly to put his tongue to his rage. Then Burnett said, "Well, they've got a Mickey Mouse case. I can't get a sane prosecutor convincing a sane judge to cancel Mike's bond on the evidence. If that should somehow happen, I'll pay the for myself and see that another bond is made. I'll go to sleep and don't worry." We left after goodbyes, handshakes, bear hugs, and God Blesses all. It was a warm moment, one to be cherished in colder times.

In Del Rio's Mexican-Americans came to court in the best: plump matrons in hats and girdles; bearded old men uncomfortable in their off-the-neckties; two ancient crones in black dress dresses and shawls, looking like all the Old Country mothers of the world; a sizable collection of MAYO sharpies in neat suits or overcoats, long hair, and some few sets of glasses.

Some of the government attorneys looked surprised when he saw Burnett: "Warren, are you in the Gonzalez case?" "I'm in it until it thunders," Burnett said, "and I don't think it's gonna rain." He managed to get a little Humphrey Bogart in the faint of some unnamed menace. Another of the government's lawyers joined the two; the other then disappeared behind a private door. No more than fifteen minutes later Burnett emerged, coming to Mike Gonzalez. After a few murmured words to his lawyer, Gonzalez grinned and looked at his wife. "Let's cut," Burnett called. "I've dropped the charge."

As we trooped from the courthouse one noted varied reactions: the old Mexican men grinned and gesturing a bit feverishly among themselves; the matrons smiling and silently nodding in mysterious benediction; youthful MAYO men grouped some distance from their elders; the brideful, their faces betraying nothing. Then, when we started the drive back to the car, Burnett said, "Don't kid yourself that young cats think of us as friends. Oh, they'll say so—because they've finally wised up. But don't think they look on us as anything more than fringe participants in causes we don't truly understand."*

A few weeks later, after thirty-two MAYO youngsters had been charged in Del Rio with parading without a permit, Burnett would return to secure acquittals on grounds that the city's parade laws had been given insufficient public circulation. The cool MAYO kids cheered Burnett as he left the courtroom.

A mile up the road he laughed: "The irony of this morning is that it confirms the worst Latin suspicions. Had there been a trial, and had I won it, they might have staged the first annual *Señor Warren Burnett Fiesta de las Flores* or named a bullfight arena after me. But it happened through my getting the charge against Mike dropped—well, the word is rapidly making it around town that the powerful gringo lawyer rode in and bribed another powerful gringo behind a closed door."

Well, what *had* he said to the government's prosecutor?

"I simply told the man he had a Mickey Mouse case," Burnett said, "and cast some doubt on his ability to win it."

Which is the most he would say, and which probably was not so much untruthful as merely short of the whole truth.

For I suspect that Burnett's reputation for excellence and tenacity caused the prosecutor to take another look at his hole card and suddenly find it no better than a deuce. The prosecutor may have been willing to gamble his hand against the average Friday night poker player but he might have been less than eager to bet it—say—into the teeth of Nick-the-Greek or the Cincinnati Kid.

How to try thirty cases a year

The trial lawyer enjoys peculiar thrills: proving to know more about the human anatomy on cross-examination than the physician testifying as a medical expert for the other side; resurrecting a precedent from a long-dead case and applying it anew to a live one. He excels in the quick studies making it possible to be expert one day in diamonds, the next day in ballistics or whiplash injuries, next week in the intricacies of libel or of the gasoline engine. ("Law practice," Burnett says, "requires a diversified range of shallow knowledge.") One bones up as if for midterm exams, then once the test has been passed one pulls the plug to drain the mind of used mental waters.

"Office" lawyers may feel maltreated if required to try three jury cases annually. Last year Warren Burnett tried thirty-odd; his top associate, Jerry Childs, tried almost as many; each of the other half-dozen lawyers in Burnett's firm tried from six to ten. Within one typical ten-day period last January the firm went to trial in thirteen cases at nine divergent points; Burnett personally traveled more than 4,000 miles by plane and car, during which he won verdicts or in-trial settlements totaling \$67,400 in four cases, none of which carried the potential for really exceptional paydays. He also squeezed in a speech on the subtleties of criminal law to San Antonio lawyers, lectured an assembly of Fort Worth newspaper people on the shoddy way the press has trampled on Constitutional rights through lurid pretrial publicity, conferred in Austin with a client charged with possession of

"Law practice requires a diversified range of shallow knowledge."
—Warren Burnett

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marijuana, and in Del Rio attended Mike Gonzalez.

There is a loose, locker-room informality about the Burnett law offices. The general milling about would surely deliver efficiency experts to apoplexy and cattle to stampedes. Even as one lawyer dictates a criminal-case pleading, and another takes depositions in a personal-injury case, Burnett may be bellowing into the phone above the whine of Hank Williams ballads coming from his inner-office hi-fi and echoing through the halls. Unwary clients who burst on the scene must quickly adjust to the yellowed bones of a teen-age female (hanging from a wall so that her skeletal toes almost touch the Burnett telephone) on which the resident genius rehearses his anatomy lessons. Books and periodicals are piled and scattered everywhere, a high percentage open or with their pages crimped for easy reference: *Dissent*, *Texas Observer*, *New York Review of Books*, *Commentary*, *New York Times*, *The Village Voice*, *The Economist*, Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, Frank Conroy's *Stop-Time*, Elroy Bode's *Texas Sketchbook*, Jerzy Kosinski's *Steps*, Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.

Down the hall in the law library a visiting lawyer, a deputy sheriff, a newspaperman, and a used-car salesman may be sharing a game of darts, shouting occasionally when a dart so strays off trajectory that it thwacks into a copy of *Texas Law Review* or *Martindale-Hubbell*. Varied flotsam and jetsam of the human seas somehow wash on by the receptionist to drift backstage: small children lost and crying, a midmorning drunk convinced that "Judge Burnett" is eager to advance him \$10 against some vague future yard work, two matrons soliciting for some good cause, a client on crutches seeking a \$200 advance against a verdict far from certain. Secretaries and lawyers expertly dodge hall traffic, popping in and out of their individual rooms. Jerry Childs (who, in scheduling just which lawyers will try what cases for the firm, is as secretive as the CIA) shouts into the phone to three different persons that Burnett will appear at courthouses in Midland, Pecos, and Odessa on the following Monday; he explains to a puzzled observer that if opposition lawyers think Burnett will personally argue a case they may become more generous in their pretrial settlement offers.

Once or twice each year Burnett vows efficient office reforms: no on-premises beer drinking even after five, no dart games, no lying about being "in conference" when certain pests telephone. On the average each reform lasts about three hours, and Burnett himself is invariably the original sinner. "I could make everybody walk around in rubber soles and wear their corporate death masks or crappy little Dale Carnegie smiles, but it wouldn't improve my practice and I doubt seriously if it would help my personality."

Burnett came to law by accident. As a boy in Austinvilla, Virginia, a poor hill-country village, near the borders of Tennessee and North Caro-

lina, he read Thomas Wolfe and vowed to be a novelist.* At Virginia Polytechnic Institute he was for one year an indifferent mechanical engineering student before the U.S. Marine Corps claimed him in 1945. During an eighteen-month hitch in Burma and China he resolved to obtain an English degree and then teach. For reasons yet unexplained he entered Lamar State College at Beaumont, Texas. One idle day he visited the Beaumont murder trial—and came away knowing precisely what destiny had in mind for him. Of the several law schools he applied to, Baylor University at Waco could accept him immediately. He whizzed through, passing his bar exam within three years.

His first job, in 1950, was as one of many less Assistant District Attorneys in San Antonio. Six months later he came to Odessa as a salaried staff lawyer for a highly successful plainclothes attorney, John Watts. I was at that point a rare carefree, out-at-elbows west Texas newspaperman with few more thoughts of the future than a groundhog; Burnett, however, burned ambition enough for two. Soon he urged me to go East in search of my fortune as insurance salesman, against "working all your life for three hundred dollars a month, tops, while echoing some pissant newspaper publisher."

Within the year Burnett formed a law partnership with an old Baylor classmate and Odessan, Paul McCollum (who is now a frequent opponent in court). Odessa's newest law firm did not instantly strike gold. Burnett remembers some of its first cases: "Another classmate hired me to take a case up in the Texas panhandle. I drove all night in a clanking '46 Dodge, arriving in time to freshen up in a Texaco rest room before court. Breakfast was one cup of coffee, period. We lost the big lawsuit. My old buddy pays my fee with a twenty-five-dollar check representing twice the total of Burnett & McCollum's net worth. Returning home, the old Dodge blows out a tire and I surrender much of the cheek in purchase of a replacement one. The check bounces." In 1952, at age twenty-five, Burnett was elected District Attorney for \$5,100 annually plus \$500 for automobile allowances.

Southwesterners love litigation, else why do New Mexico and Texas have more lawsuits per capita than any other states? A contested divorce or a promising murder trail may attract more spectators than a basketball game. Lawyers whom Yale or Harvard never heard of box their individual cheering sections, and each village is loyally certain that its hometown favorite is as unbeatable as Rocky Marciano was. When Burnett rose, it usually was to standing-room

*Tommy Fox, who grew up with Burnett in Austinvilla and who now cuts Congressmen's hair in the House of Representatives barbershop in Washington, once commented on his old chum's success: "I never was as surprised to see somebody make good. Warren didn't seem special when he was a kid—hardly ever played ball or went huntin' with us. About all he ever done was lay around and read books."

crowds; after each triumph he made his way through handshakers and backslappers like some football hero headed for the showers. In his expansive conditions he cheerfully ate late in his courthouse office, or some Street beer hall, not impatiently suffering admirers' comparisons with Darrow or Lincoln. He served two two-year terms; within a year after opening his own private practice (a secretary, walk-up operation above an auto repair shop) he was well on the way to the big white-type house in Country Club Estates with imported fine woods, stones, and accessories. A frequent winner and merciless wager of wagers, Warren Burnett is not always loved. "Don't interrupt you while you're talking," he heard another lawyer say, "as long as you're talking about him." "Warren knows a game-day psychology among lawyers the same as among football teams," says Bill Miller, who once was in the Burnett firm. "He finds your sore spot he'll mash it till it

sometimes it is little things: rolling of eyes, feigned disbelief, simulating anger, dropping the book heavily and then profusely apologizing for anything to destroy a magic moment before the opposition counsel and the jury. Or a lawyer known to despise the morning hours may be alerted early on trial day by the Burnett sing-song laugh-whistle-stomp-and-dance routine, inducing headaches or rages not calculated to prove useful in court. An opponent known to have a pride in his courtroom abilities may be deflated by condolences boomed to the largest possible audience: "Joe, what in the world happened to you in that Pecos case? I couldn't *imagine* a lawyer giving that sweet little girl thirty years. They stoned you out of town?" Then the opponent may turn piously to inform bystanders, "Poor old Joe, they poured him out over in Big Bend last week."

"You don't win lawsuits by gimmickry or even applied psychology," Burnett says. "Unless you're prepared to scuffle on points of law, you're not the goose. There's simply no substitute for digging work. Know your law. Know your facts. Visit the scene of the accident. Tie your witnesses down to their testimony. Get the other side's witnesses to talk and cross-examine during depositions—thus increasing the margin for error or contradiction. We're not any strangers to night work."

Years ago, after night and his office decibel level had fallen, I observed Burnett preparing an indictment against a murderer for trial. After they had discussed physical evidence, motives, and certain mitigating circumstances, Burnett said, "That

District Attorney is mean as hell. He's probably lying awake right now thinking of how to burn your ass in the electric chair. One of his favorite tricks is putting the gun in the defendant's hand—so the jury will see you as a potential killer. Understand?" The client nodded. "All right, now he'll try to get you to take that gun a thousand different ways. *Don't you do it!* If you so much as raise your hands from your lap at any time on that witness stand I'll quit you cold and may shout 'Guilty' as I leave." Minutes later, assuming the DA's role in a rehearsal of cross-examination techniques, Burnett thrust a pistol at the defendant with the order to, "Well, now, just show me exactly where you stood with the gun and where the late Mr. So-and-So stood." When the client reached for the gun, Burnett knocked him from his chair.*

There are lighter moments. District Judge C. V. Milburn recalls when one of Burnett's witnesses wandered far from his expected testimony, inflicting great self-damage. Despite all the permissible leading Burnett could accomplish, the runaway witness remained on suicide course while opposing lawyers beamed and sophisticates among the spectators snickered. "Finally," Judge Milburn remembers, "Warren rose and said right in front of the jury, 'Your Honor, when is this court gonna shut down for necessary repairs?' " Once, after defending to acquittal a client charged with driving while intoxicated, Burnett was asked by a reporter what defense he would offer for the client in pending civil litigation inspired by the same incident (it being alleged the Burnett client had demolished another car with his own). "We'll probably plead," Burnett dead-panned, "that my man was *far* too drunk to assume responsibility."

The single public performance for which citizens of Odessa best remember Burnett occurred when lawyers and physicians met at a Country Club dinner to alleviate tensions aggravated by courtroom disputes between the two proud professions. Perhaps the pre-banquet cocktail party ran two hours too long. When Burnett rose to deliver the welcoming address on behalf of the host lawyers, it was not the speech printed in the official program. "I have watched our learned doctor friends arrive here in their Cadillacs and their wives in precious stones and furs," he intoned, "and have observed their expressions as they considered superior secrets known only to themselves and/or God. I would like to remind our guests that when *their* professional antecessors were teaching that the night air was poisonous, and were setting leeches on George Washington's ass the better to bleed him, *my* professional antecessors had written the Constitution of the United States—as noble a document as known to the minds of men or angels."

*On trial day, the DA never could coax the defendant to accept the tainted weapon though he tried many ruses. Burnett's man got off with a suspended sentence.

"Southwesterners love litigation... New Mexico and Texas have more lawsuits per capita than any other states."

Recently a west Texas lawyer, opposed to Burnett's candidacy for Director of the Bar Association, gratuitously wrote him a scathing letter saying he was "professionally and morally unfit to serve." Burnett's reply, in full, ran: "It is the opposition of old coots such as you that keeps me young at

One evening last January, I consented in El Paso to join a demonstration the following afternoon against a supermarket chain selling grapes from growers being struck by organizing farm workers. Since the demonstration had been described as a "lie-in," one envisioned indelible stains resulting from rutting around in fruit and vegetable bins. Consequently, I dressed on the target day in old slacks and a scurvy sweater.

Burnett, free from court while a distant witness was awaited, advised that I might be charting a course "directly for the penitentiary." "Under Texas law," he warned, "should you in any way block that store to customer traffic you could be charged with a felony offense." This should have been disturbing news: one well knew the severity of Texas jails, knew also the accepted constabulatory prejudices against bearded agitators. It somehow wasn't: perhaps because a pledge had been given, perhaps because one secretly glimpsed oneself leading Mailer's Night Armies from the Pentagon to the newer hazards of the grape bins.

At any rate, the irony of Burnett's cautionary lecture reposed in his having recently kicked up a fuss as a prime figure at a Conference on Legal Defenses for Political Dissidents in the little town of Wimberly, near Austin. That seventy-five Texas lawyers were attracted had caused consternation in Lyndonland, no small percentage of the critics convinced that Castro had leap-frogged Florida or other inferior civilizations to establish the first Soviet-America beachhead on preferred Texas soil. Texans were unaccustomed to their native sons making common cause with New Left activists from among Students for a Democratic Society, Friends of the Progressive Labor Party, representatives of the underground press, persons associated with a much-harassed coffee house near Fort Hood where soldiers are invited to examine critically traditional military views—to say nothing of outlander attorneys whose clients included H. Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, and Huey Newton. Though a few brave University of Texas professors participated, their officials had shuddered and denied use of the Austin campus to the conference.

The conference quickly bogged down in structural and procedural squabbles, young activists insisting that certain no-strings provisos attend any help the lawyers might give. Several lawyers were alarmed by the free indulgence of four-letter expressions among the militant young, or were affronted by cool receptions. Ultimately, the activists withdrew to one private caucus and the lawyers to another. Theoretically, some acceptable compromises would emerge. In reality, each group began its internal deliberations by excoriating the other.

Burnett listened while wrangling lawyers threatened to pack and go, or else make their legal skills available only under tightly controlled

conditions. When it appeared the conference might go over the brink, he rose to recommend that lawyers not presume the role of "organizational architects" nor otherwise inflict their judgments. "We have offered the Movement people our full participation and it seems that gesture may be all we are allowed," he said. "I say we offer them once again our services as lawyers when they are in need of us—and if they can't accept that offer then I say, in the name of the Movement, Fuck 'em!" The lawyers obligingly returned a proposal saying only, "Consider your organization. We are available." The students accepted, and the underground press welcomed the Wimberly meeting as an exciting concept that could become "the model for radical and creative approaches to Movement service."

As we sat in Burnett's El Paso motel room asked why he—a comfortable resident of a state where radicals are as unwelcomed as pox carriers and usually are as well quarantined—had become involved. He grumbled that I asked "an affirmation of the obvious." Tell me anyway, I pressed. All right, he said, he had accepted the fruits of bountiful land while others had been unable or unable to claim their birthrights as free men. He thought of himself as a "liberal," had blindly believed some ill-defined "progress" was being made, but in recent years as America seemed to become unbolted, to rend itself with hatreds and killings, he had realized that like many Americans, he had led a fraudulent life. The Kerner Report was correct: we had two distinct societies, two sets of rules, two cultures each contemptuous of the other. We were at war with our children, witness Chicago last summer. We forgot the Constitution: witness the government's casual war with wiretaps.

My intellectual friends in the East, he charged me sitting on their padded duffs at four-mart lunches and the most they now hoped for was that if Richard Nixon listened closely enough to Moynihan we might escape future ghetto burnings. Why, godamighty, ghetto burnings would logically become a thing of the past, since movements are progressive in that when you reach a certain plateau you push on to another. In the absence of solutions, there might next come torchings of downtown stores where Mister Charley shops for his luxuries, guerrilla-like raids on the lily-white suburbs, industrial sabotage. These would be answered by bloody retaliations from police, the military, Congress, white vigilantes. Conceivably, the American black man might go into the dark night of cultural obliteration and tribal extinction long ago forced on the American Indians. The surest way to avoid blowing the national keg was for every man of decent instincts to start doing something — however small or ineffective — to make our Constitution do what it says it does. Someone had to communicate, to say *I care*, to say *this won't do*.

He told of an old friend who had telephoned hearing rumors of Burnett's upcoming flirtati with the Wimberly radicals. "He invoked his p

disapproval, cautioned me against embarrassing my family, and ultimately indicated that assisted then the community might become a place in which to live. If he hadn't been such an old friend I would have told him to shove instead I suggested that such considerations were necessarily secondary to larger problems and suggested that he, of all people, should stay on Wimberly with me. He started talking about goddam Reds and filthy kids and crazy niggers worthy of being marched out and shot. Shot!"

My memory depressed him; he slipped into a gloomy mood. I asked why he didn't come out to the grape bins with me? Ah, the hell with that. He might take a nap, get drunk, go to a movie. In my own quarters I mused that my old friend was something of an American rarity: an unrepentant mammal who, though aging and prosopopoeia, grew more rather than less of a social presence. One thought of many persons or institutions gone galloping in the other direction: the fat and happy American movement; the Irish and the Italian and the Jew who having attained a certain assimilation now begrudged the black man his own tardy progress. The nameless freshman Congressman who came to Washington seeing young men's visions and who grew old and powerful and came to wish for nothing more than that tomorrow could be more like yesterday. No, growing was no small talent. As Ochoa's telephone call interrupted my reverie: he would pick me up in fifteen minutes, as Burnett going with us to the grape bins? Burnett had other plans. "Tell our good friend," Ochoa instructed, "that that goddam conservative Edmund Burke joins me in saying, 'The vilest men to triumph it is necessary only for them to do nothing.'" I promised to pass it on. It proved unnecessary, for when Ochoa and Burnett was waiting in the lobby with a mischievous grin: "Hay-sus, old scout, how you go about getting grape stains out of a silk suit?"

A wink and a confession

I recently wrote my old friend asking that he drop a note commenting on the one case which he had done more than any other to advance his career—and to reveal what, in retrospect, he thought of that particular case or what great lesson he had learned from it.

His response began lightly: "I had been out of school but a few months when circumstances made it possible to attend court in defense of the case of a fellow American. I loaded up with law books and investigation. My man was charged as one who had operated a motor vehicle upon a public highway under the influence of the grape that was in his blood. He was a long-time resident of the small town where he was tried. The arresting officer, a local sheriff, put poetry to my man in describing his drunkenness as producing a condition known as 'nigger-neck'—a condition, by the way, which

produced much pleasure for the sheriff each of the several times he demonstrated it to the jury. I couldn't believe that a case could look so bad.

"Then one of those practical decisions that make the difference in so many lawsuits (as I would learn) had to be made. While stealing a juryward glance I came to believe that one juror had some facial twitch making it appear as though he was winking at me. Minutes later, more damning testimony, another juryward glance, and what now might *very well* be a wink. By God, action was required! If he was winking, and I made no appropriate response, I could lose him; if, however, I was dealing with a facial tic and through returning a nonexistent wink showed my impertinence, then both lawyer and client were in the soup. Probably as tough a call as man ever had to make was made.

"I cut that son-of-a-bitch a wink that could not be mistaken; he then abandoned caution and all sense of decorum, cutting me a wink that could be heard as well as seen. Young lawyer, after making the world's hardest call, relaxed—secure in the knowledge that a hung jury was the worst that fate held. Acquittal followed."

Then he got serious:

"State of Texas against Harry F. Butcher. Butcher, an ill-named young fellow in his mid-twenties, is running around the country and ends up in Odessa in the hard year 1953. He gets too much booze superimposed on his other problems, invades a couple of residences, and with gun in hand rapes the resident women folk and—to aggravate it—the rapes transpire in full view of the husbands who were earlier bound by their frightened wives. One frantic husband ultimately frees himself, wrestles away Butcher's gun and shoots him in the leg.

"I was District Attorney and as such went to the hospital where the wounded prisoner lay, there to participate in the taking of a confession; at least, by none-too-subtle threats from me, the *lawyerless* Butcher was moved to confess to the detectives, and to sign it. The confession wasn't really needed, but at that time I had little conscience about gaining advantage for the state, whether redundant or not. Butcher was tried and the death penalty (voted by the jury in thirty-one minutes) was ultimately inflicted.

"Butcher was a big step up for me. Most people thought I did a helluva job. The bad thing about Butcher's case is that it can and will happen again and again. About all that is needed is a broke and friendless sick person who commits a spectacular crime, an ambitious prosecutor who cannot ignore—but who can handily departmentalize—his atrophying sense of moral wrongness, and a public not caring about why things happen.

"The old former DA realizes that we can't get all exercised about one dead man, when we kill so goddam many without any particular conscience in the matter. The thing that now grabs the sensitive and middle-aging old former DA is the chickenshit role he played in making everybody so pleased with the killing."

GOING HOME IN AMERICA:

Elizabeth Hardwick

Lexington, Kentucky

You have only to ask to be told

This was, is, truly home to me, not just a birthplace. I was born here and educated here, left when I was twenty-three, but have always returned, even though my visits have been less frequent in recent years. Mama and Papa are dead, but my brothers and sisters remain and a few friends. And Lexington? The mud of the present years flows peacefully over the mud of the past. That which remains the same is the most altered. The bird returns and finds the old nest, rotting, but still shaped by the dusty brown twigs. In the distance there are strange, new trees, never seen before, full of pink and blue and aqua feathers and rainproof straw and chirpy little birdlings whose will and wishes are a mystery. The bright unknown somehow casts a pall over the squat memorials, those things even more than fifty years ago thought to be comfortably antique, warm with time. I am astonished, gazing out over the rooftops of bank buildings, at the peculiarity of my feelings, the oddity of my passions, the meagerness of the landscape that I singled out for myself, like a surveyor pacing off a plot of stony soil, the rocks appearing like diamonds, constituting a chosen claim. I loved only Main Street, the ten-cent store, the old cigar store, where newspapers and magazines were sold, the Ben Ali, the Strand and the State movie theaters, the lobbies of the Lafayette and Phoenix Hotel, Liggett's, the sandwiches on soft, white Kleenexy bread at Morford's Drug, the July dress sales at Embry's and Wolf-Wile's.

A crescendo of anxiety accompanies the past, and the new is only boredom on the surface, incomprehensible to me in its true nature, its unvarying plants and shoots flowering to their fate, its structures square and double-storied or stretched out in the way acceptable to our time, acceptable everywhere, in every city, each state, according to investment. Who can read *that* history—the history of now? Only some awkward boy or girl sweating in the playroom, swept on by the electrified jarrings and groanings of the house, will return to tell us what it has been—whether about Lexington or not is hard to say, for the glory of the place is a certain vault-like unreality, deadening to the lilt of the questioner's voice, since you have only to ask to be told what the Bluegrass is all about, what Lexington means.

In any part of the South, the mind struggles, wondering whether to lie under the blanket of the

past or to endure the chill of the present, a difficult place, the enemy of the concrete and particular. "How can you be from here, and like you do?" What can I answer except that I have been, according to my limits, a little skeptical, and that I have, always, since my birth, breathed, "been from Kentucky." So much that is mean and unworthy in our country is appealing to people who are always acting a part, banal, tacky, felt, inauthentic. Social wickedness and folly are "received" just as the emotion we feel some about the flag in a breeze; they seem to unite one with the many. They *imagine* themselves Southern, *imagine* themselves white people, *imagine* that this is definition, that the equation has a certain solution, that the answer is their own. They are like the Aztecs with their bird prophecies that brought unceasing pain were nevertheless a daily consolation. There is a delicate, piercing pleasure in whiteness whenever it stands, even on a precipice, within sight of darkness. Poor people have lived on that alone, against every diminishment and insult, returning to the awakening sun in the morning.

Old families; no, our ancestors are horrible. They would have gone to the ends of the earth to escape from ashtrays with horses on them, from the frescoes of turf scenes, winding around the rooms. And yet I store up in memory one of the rural treasures. The old Elmendorf horse still lives on in me, like some beautiful, leafy, sun-laden Piranesi landscape. I seem to remember the damp, dark olive green of its lawns, the shadow of black trees, the paths rolling, here and there brushed with sunshine, and yet closed, fondly dense, and only the pillars of the old man standing. Calumet Farm, with its Derby Wimples, its white fences and milky barns, trimmed with red, bathed in cheer and hope, always seemed to me a bit Californian. These are our cathedrals and abbeys.

Heroes. Man o' War ("a strapping fellow of color a dark chestnut") was on view in the days. There was a grandeur of muscle and a splendor of coat; memories of many a costly standstill seemed to linger in his coffee-brown eyes. Still an interview with this old Adam was of a peculiarly unresonant kind; you came away with what you had brought with you. The thunder of hooves, the highly bred, valuable thoroughbreds were felt to bring honor to citizen and wanderer.

d, stunted jockey and luckless, strapped took his place, each in his niche, engaged special pageantry.

: *The Kentucky Gazette*:

: famous horse Pilgarlic, of a beautiful
r, full fourteen hands three inches high,
ng ten years old, will stand the ensuing
son at the head of Salt River at Captain
e Irvins, Mercer County, and will cover
res at the very low price of ten shillings a
....

at does the occasion of return call for? Description, comparison? Truth to oneself or m? There is something gainful in being middle-sized, admired place, a place with rebearing mythology. When I was in graduhool at Columbia, I met a girl who had up on a great rich person's estate in Long. Her father was a gardener and her mother. It seemed to me that this was a fate sweet possibilities, a sort of lighthouse, from which ould see a great deal that was meant to be a. It is easy to reach an ironical wisdom a low spot, especially if you are disinclined eless feats of emulation and not easily to admiration. But this girl, her whole life d by a brilliant and somehow unaccommodating intelligence, was inarticulate and bitter ild with rage. In her twisted little heart the beat with hatred when the cars drove up the way. She, with her eternal reading of James roust, hated the very smell of the evening led with the unsettling drawl of debutantes; ue hatred came to rest in the sound of her 's gardening shears at the hedge and the swish of her mother in rubber-soled nurse's and a hairnet, bending forward with a bowl getables resting expertly on her open palm. uth, here was a great spirit destroyed by lism—a knotty little peasant reared in a Hampton cottage.

d so the horse farms were a sort of estate previously, people spoke of them almost in a ed voice, but the owners, mostly well-known, nsely rich sportsmen, were absentees, like d landowners of Russia who lived in Peters- and often went years without visiting the es. The horse was supreme, but the great s hardly existed in our folklore, fortunately. olden stallion, standing on the courthouse athervane, was our emblem, and the prince from afar not for our graceful Lexington and our beautiful girls, but for our crea-, chewing limestone to perpetuate a dynasty gift bones. It is said that certain of the rich owners now spend a part of the year in resi-. "When the W—s put their children in ol here, the teachers were afraid to correct ." How close to the surface, like the capil- s of a vein, are the traditions of local life. A pse of the truly rich, and the diseased re- ssness of their consumption, diminishes the

claims of the local gentry. The prestige of "old families"—based upon what forgotten legacies beyond simple endurance in a more or less solvent condition?—cannot stand up to those bodies decorated with the precious minerals of the earth, covered with the skins of the most astonishing animals, seeking comfort and pleasures from the possession of every offering of the ground and the manufacturing imagination. Indeed who is old Dr. So and So, and Miss Somebody, with her garden and her silver cups? A blooded horse could buy and sell the lot of them.

Tobacco—that is truly more local, but I know nothing about it except that I would rather see the full-grown plants in a field than the quivering, wavering beauty of a new foal. The old warehouses and the tobacco sales, with the gossip of prices, the farmhands, the grading of the leaves—there is still something of a century ago, something of the country scenes in George Eliot. The memory of function, of sowing and reaping and selling and sowing and reaping again. Allotments and methods and machinery and bargains with tenants and country agents and rage at the government. But all I know about planting, all that I remember, are the violets and lilies of the valley at Castlewood, or is it called "Loudoun"—a brownish-gray stone Gothic Revival house—where we wandered; and tomato plants in our own resistant garden, and gladiola bulbs, yielding after effort, finally, their pinkish-orange goblets; and the difficult dahlia, forever procrastinating, heavily blooming at last, a liverish purple, or fuchsia. How I wish I could remember the names of the strains: weren't they Eleanor Roosevelt or Martha Washington? Papa at six in the morning, smoking a cigarette, staring at the staked tomato plant, the staked dahlia, the staked gladiola. Never anything you could put in a vase.

Winter visits from New York on the George Washington of the C & O, wearing a putative mink from the Ritz Thrift Shop on 57th Street. The train passed through mining towns in West Virginia, down through Ashland, Kentucky, through Olive Hill and Morehead, a stinging, green stillness along the way, the hills rising up on either side, to cradle the train as it slipped through the valley. Square, leaning cabins, clinging like mountain goats, ribbons of wood smoke stabbing the air. Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come...I often felt guilty later, a fraud, that I knew nothing about the mountains except their songs, nothing firsthand of Appalachia, the martyrdom of Floyd Collins, of exhausted mine strips, of miners and their shy and resigned families, of the company stores, the rapacious mineowners. I read all that in *The Nation* and *The New Republic* and grieved and *formed* like an idealist from the Bronx, but somehow I never met anyone who was going up that way, although I knew many who had come down from there, bringing the disreputable vow-

els of Harlan County, of London and Hazard, into the Bluegrass.

Beyond the business streets, there was nothing that held me except the older section of town, just north of Main. The newer "East End" with its 1920 stuccos and colonials, its nice tree-lined strips, its Drives and Ways and Avenues, its complacent children, its new Episcopalians and Christian Scientists: all of this was handsome and prosperous and comfortable and yet it lacked any compromising hint of history, seemed an elaborate defense against all the sufferings except alcoholism. There were, out there, no Negroes just around the corner, no truck routes to Ohio, no bums in cheap hotels, or country people arriving on Saturday. There was not a town of a similar size in the land that did not have its own nearly identical houses and laurel bushes, which told in their own hieroglyph the same story. Real Lexington was, to me, the old central core. It was Gratz Park and the Public Library, Morrison Chapel at Transylvania College, the John Hunt Morgan House, Dr. Buckner's house, called Rose Hill, and surviving amidst the rusty oilcans of a filling station, backed by the peeling frames of poor people, a fine old garden facing an adjoining rectangle of old pipes, broken clothesline, Coke bottles, and the debris of hope—those unchurning washing machines, discarded toilet bowls, rusting tire rims. In the North End, poor and rich, black and white, lived together blankly and, on the part of the white people, regretfully; but there it was, a certain tradition attaching to the serene old houses on Broadway, on Second and Third, on Limestone and Mill. Alas, neither group could be thought of as enlarged or ennobled by the forced coupling; blankness, yes blankness, rather than blindness, an absence, a Sahara, with its caravans of Fords and Chevrolets looking straight ahead toward the beckoning oases, those divisions and subdivisions, developments and superdevelopments.

In all our decades in Lexington, we lived in only two houses, both of them modest indeed; the first surrounded by black people and the second, somewhat "nicer," a few blocks away. It was in this North End of town, this mixture of the unlikely, among the races and classes, flung together by time and accident rather than by design worked out by building contractors. Negroes, the ill-lighted, rather darkly protected streets around the Public Library, Transylvania, where my two older sisters graduated, the dilapidated alleys, the race fights on Fifth Street, the depressing red-light district to the east, where the offerings on the porches or in the windows usually seemed to be missing some limb or another, the "bad black men" in their saloons on, yes, Race Street, where you didn't walk, but often drove through, quickly, in a car, vaguely troubled by the flash of knives, the siren of the police wagon in the night. The most interesting thing was to be witness day in and day out to the mystery of behavior in your own neighborhood, to the side-by-side psychodramas of the decent and wage-earning, and the

anarchic and bill-owing, to the drunken and the prayer-meeting couple. Of course just "life" and the monk in his cell, the ty the golf links cannot escape these contrari the individual existence must take place where and you live under the illusion of t ticular, caught up in the spell of the set

The old Lexington race track burned down horses screamed all night. This meant th ing the season, fall and spring, we would, f sidewalk, no longer see the cars streaming pedestrians hurrying, nor have bedded d around us, on cots in the neighbors' living the old-monkey-faced jockeys. I remembe of this, but an image remains, as of an trol; it was an old jockey, drunk, wanting play "*Funiculì Funiculà*" on the piano, w sobbed, for joy and sadness.... Harken, l music sounds afar.... In the 1930s, under velt, one of the first housing projects wen the site of the destroyed racing course. Thi absolutely fascinated me, with its rules applications, its neat little plots, and the always a good deal of talk about who was "project" and who was trying to get into i should these uniform structures inflame the ination that was repelled by subdivision doubt it was the sway of sheer idea, of re tion, even of a sort of socialism, of pla price, and accommodation brought into a r able harmony. The project endures, looking tle quaint and small and subdued, but still ing to mind Roosevelt's first term.

Autumn nights, the maul and jar of Halle fear as I ran alone, at eight o'clock down the lane beside our house, with only an old street like a distant moon, to lighten these last Everyone in his house, cool wind, working thinking of going to bed soon. A few years across town, at Henry Clay High School, I re ber best a light rain splashing the windo cars, and the hours and hours and hours, the nity, of students parked outside Saloshin's drinking Cokes. They are all married and have been dead for a long time. "Drinking self to death" is not a mere phrase. It was th of quite a few that I have known, gone in youth, and the ones thus seized quite unexpe It seemed to fall upon them, the blackne night. Peace be with you all—Earl and Billy Bobby and Betty and Sammy and Lutie!

A cold snap in the winter, japonica in the sp the trees arching overhead on Bryan Station Teeth pulled early, the nuns at the old St. Jo Hospital. The mind is shaken by the memo certain lives it bore witness to, day in and out, without being particularly friendly, act not friendly at all, merely in a proximity. A so many of these one feels as William James of the memory of a poor epileptic in an asyl "...a black-haired youth with greenish skin tiredly idiotic.... He sat there like a sort of sc tured Egyptian cat or Peruvian mummy, mo nothing but his black eyes and looking absol non-human. This image and my fear entered

of combination with each other. That
m I, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I pos-
sibly defend me from that fate, if the hour for
d strike for me as it struck for him."

ghorhood girl, later a woman, for whom
felt an intense pity and wonder and a mys-
d mutual shunning. The fall of man, the
grace; in youth certain pathetic and be-
souls seem to represent the fallen state
dly and openly to be endured. Without eco-
necessity, this girl became a prostitute, and
er nights in the most sordid and degrading
and rooming houses, wandering around
loons near the old wholesale houses. She
much-loved daughter of a railroad worker,
ossible hard-working mother, and a tall,
d grandmother who smoked a corn-cob pipe.
u! When she was still in high school, before
reer" began, she stood around the yard a
h her fat, sausage curls nestling near the
of her freshly-ironed dress. She was very
d while perhaps not designed for perpetual
ick, also not born for this desolating mis-
m far from sure that she took money, and I
hat she drank but was not a drunkard. Still
ffered terribly from her dissipations and
ost lovingly nursed through her tears and
y her family. Late at night, you could hear
door slam on the street behind us and down
row, dark, moonlit lane came Juanita, her
licking on the pavement. Or sometimes she
d by the street in front of our houses, by
o or by car. The yellow lights shone out in
rkness, all still and sleeping. The screen
f Juanita's house slammed gently. You
magine the bodies of her parents turning,
elief, in their beds. Home at last was this
rly-haired, curious voluptuary, asleep once
vas the by now swollen and coarsened pleas-
eker. It all had to be paid for. She cried a
pain, perhaps from hangovers, and later
enereal disease. Patience and devotion and
thy whispered to her at home. "Juanita is
ling well today," her raw-boned old mother,
and neat in her long, full housedress, would
Maybe she's catching a little cold." And not
any years later Juanita, fearfully died, of
rious pains and sores, expiring with unbe-
le suffering.

en I looked at the awful record of Victorian
y, recorded in the appallingly cold-hearted
ossessive *My Secret Life*, every hideous for-
on of that Victorian gentleman and his
ed street girls, nearly all of them harassed
erty and born into misery, made me think
or Juanita and her foul existence. But due
at?

ember, walking around the decayed streets
where I had lived for so long, everything was
empty in the midmorning, broken down. But
unbelievably long the frailest shack stands,
ed, but defiant, much stronger than we are.
them still alive!

Poor neighborhoods are vulnerable to winter.
Gray sky and bare lawns, stripped trees reveal
every weakness, every sagging seam and rotting
board. Muddy yards and dusty porches furnished
with last summer's reclining deck chairs, soggy
vinyl cushions, left to the storms. Walnut Street,
never much, is a wreck; Duncan Park is a bomb
site. (Here my oldest sister and her husband met,
with whistles around their necks, as "playground
directors.") In Duncan Park we learned to play
volley ball and tennis and listened to band concerts
on Thursday night, Mama and Papa and all of us,
with the young ones parading in Hollywood bobs
and hand-me-downs, giggling above the breath-
less wrong notes of the French horns and the slip-
pery scales of the cornet. I cannot remember a
single melody played in the bandstand at Duncan
Park during these elated evenings. And this is
odd, since my whole life in Kentucky is punctuated
by the memory of light classics and popular music
of all kinds. The sixth grade and Miss Fox, our
music teacher: off we went to the state Music
Memory Contest in Louisville, the first step I ever
took out of Fayette County. The list of the tunes
we were to identify, by a sort of multiple choice I
think, are fixed in memory forever: "Poet and
Peasant Overture," "Anvil Chorus," "Amaryllis"
by Ghis, "Humoresque," etc. In Duncan Park, too,
we learned a great deal of dismal wisdom before
we wanted to.

Everything now is Negro, black, where Mary-
anne lived, and Billie Joe suffered, and Hope and
Eleanor, and the preacher, and those who went to
the Methodist Church and the Baptist Church,
and the Crittenden Home for Unwed Mothers,
and the house, new, right next to ours, where an
abortionist, a woman, strange, sinister as a kid-
napper, lived for a short time, and where there
was once Old Mrs. This and the Blank Sisters, and
those who worked at the front desk of the Lexing-
ton Laundry, the saleslady at Purcell's, the man
from the Gas Company, the postman, the man who
rode a bicycle, and Mrs. Keating, "a character,"
and Mrs. Newman, widow of a professor of en-
gineering, her daughter teaching in the Canal
Zone.

Red brick interrupted by the blankest of win-
dowpanes, through which could be seen
patches of black flickering like dark birds on the
edge of the sea. This was our junior high school
and memories of it descended on my brain like
chloroform. I, a visitor now, skeptically at the
door, facing the worn hallway, felt like a wife at
the penitentiary on a Sunday. It is not without
reason that all these places are called institutions.
Young Negroes, heirs to my beaten-down junior
high school, seemed to be studying what we had

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living in New York. A novelist and critic, she is ad-
visory editor of The New York Review of Books.
Some of her essays were collected in A View of My
Own.*

Elizabeth
Hardwick
LEXINGTON,
KENTUCKY

studied, nothing much. And there, flying high above, lost in some smoky cloud, were white teachers, like our teachers—Miss Owsley, Miss Skinner, Miss Wallace, Miss Denney. Surely all that was a thousand years ago, on some green sward, in a smoky, broken hut. A horrible sameness, nothingness mixed in the air: these poor black people had moved up to the nothing we had vacated—the textbooks, the lesson plans, the teachers, struggling through humid summer school in education courses at the University of Kentucky. The merest glimpse of the white teachers and they, not the children, looked like prison inmates, stuck with a sentence. Was there one, carrying like a burdensome tumor some inspiration, some love or devotion? Humor? Life? The principal of the school, a Negro, was going out for an appointment. He told me that the remaining white people in our neighborhood, most of them, had simply within the last year fled the scene, abandoned the turf. Chalk shrieked across the blackboard, restless bodies moved in the seats, the office typist struck the keys. Across the way, the old tumbledown grocery store, foul with pickles and a half a century of artificial flavors, waited impatiently for the afternoon pennies. Trucks braked down Fourth Street. The locked cars of the staff snoozed in the driveway.

Did we learn anything at Lexington Junior High? I have only one blazing North Star that steers me back to the seventh grade. Our class went by bus to Pee wee Valley, Kentucky, to visit the house “immortalized” by Annie Fellows Johnston, the author of *The Little Colonel* books. Art and life came together then, in the dappled sunshine, and the house was made of white dreams. A long, maple-lined driveway, gracefully, slowly curved up to the great plantation mansion, laid out as peacefully and romantically as words on a page. Precious little mistress, sweet and gentle Little Colonel: was she there, we wondered, almost sick with pleasure, was she there in the farthest strawberry patch? This does not seem very advanced for the seventh grade and its loss is scarcely a deprivation. The bells rang out, the black students, and a few white ones, filled the halls, and the teachers, convicted, exhaled, breathing hard into the gloomy air. Torpor, nothingness, like an orphanage.

Transylvania College. Constantine Rafinesque, “one of the strangest and most brilliant figures of the middle frontier.” Botany, shells, flora, stalking the wilderness, bearded, wearing a cape, looking like a Jew peddler, and perhaps he was, although he claimed Turkey and France and Germany. Too many roots arouse suspicion. My sister, Annette, was crowned Miss Transylvania on the steps of Morrison Chapel on a June morning. “Dusty” Booth was Mr. Pioneer. Annette was wearing an off-white evening dress, the skirt in layers of ruffles, short in front, and going down in the back. Thus she symbolized the conquest of the wilderness, the hacking of the Indians, the capture of the fields, and the massacre at the spring, at Bryan Station.

High, nasal, “Thank you, ma’ams” in the play-acting domineering fantasies of w clerkling in Better Dresses. I keep thinking of deerlike shyness of country people, making rounds on a Saturday morning, with their and chickens and sometimes a quilt. I see they stand in the place of something else, a figure in a dream is really filling in for something more important. These faces, hardly real, ar dingy nylon curtains, the groaning air-conditions, the empty Coke machines of a downtown seem to unite, to represent the past. At the desk, listening to the courtesies of the clerks, your dreams are made of the pink shades in the Bluegrass Room, memories from hundred towns. The electric organ in the She doah Bar, plastic rhododendron in the Clay Lounge, green and blue waves on the wall of the South Pacific Club, floors like those sour shower stall in the Tahiti Grill: the downtowns from Atlanta to Bangor are the most remains of America.

Is not Kentucky truly “the dark and bl ground”? Was there a mysterious race of M Builders here before the Indians? White (ye deed) and of high culture (yes), greatly superior to the Indian tribes who came down from North, like some Danish barbaric tribesmen singing Rome? If that is not enough, think of Bone Lick in Boone County as the graveyard of extinct animals, prehistoric elephant and mammoth. Tusks eight feet long, thigh bones four or five feet long, and enormous teeth weighing four or nine pounds! I got all of this from a small school book of the 1930s (introduction by I. S. Cobb)... Nothing is to be gained by reality but much is lost in illusion.

The mirror gives back a blur. They’ll go to the woods no more, that we know. A bizarre new ears tuned above the noise. The pathos of businesses, their night lights flickering in the dark, their stocks and displays, their expansions and contractions and family lines. Established in 1917, in blood and mud, a little shoe store, years of cash and credit, deaths, disappointments, summer weddings, old report cards. The year chronicled in the A&P ads in the Lexington *Herald-Leader*.

Mary Todd Lincoln is nothing to be heard about. Neurotic, self-loving, in debt at the White House, a bad wife, a rotten mother. Isn’t the story of them in a carriage on the way to Grant in Virginia and Mary Todd meanly raping the whole way, berating him who was no account. A Lexington girl. Perhaps he was not sorry to after all. He had backed off from her once, then, losing his nerve, returned.

Up the same old streets again, and suddenly after a broken fence the devastating whiteness undimmed by the slate-gray November lawn the manor house, too grand, at Third Street. Beautiful long windows, clear, calling to the light. On the east, the north, the south, and the west sides: the same old downward path.

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AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

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BOOKS

Herbert Marcuse or Milovan Djilas? The inescapable choice of the next decade

An Essay on Liberation, by Herbert Marcuse. Beacon Press, \$5.95.

The Unperfect Society, by Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.

Late in life, Herbert Marcuse finds himself a celebrity. Specialist in Hegelian dialectic, spokesman for an esoteric and absolutist reduction of Marxism that he calls "the critical philosophy," and notable for a Prussian haughtiness as both man and thinker, Marcuse has been discovered in his old age by New Left students throughout the world and, like one of those poor captive-kings of African tribes, hoisted to the glory of theoretic mentor.* That these student admirers read him, that they *can* read him seems doubtful — his style is steadfastly opaque. Given the temper of the moment, an unreadable mentor may be just right.

A witty man, Marcuse must himself appreciate the ironies of his recent popularity — a political misunderstanding based on an intellectual blind date. But already, the misunderstanding is on the way to being corrected. In Berlin members of the German SDS recently hooted him with cries of "metaphysician from San Diego" and in the U.S. his view that destroying universities isn't the best way to liberate humanity has met with stern intimations that he may yet be tagged as a professorial fink. New Left heroes come and go almost as rapidly as French premiers in the Third Republic, and Marcuse may well be out of favor with the more extreme campus guerrillas by the time word of his

fame reaches the ordinary reading public.

When I first met Marcuse in the mid-Fifties at Brandeis University, I was impressed by his learning, pleased by his charm, and intrigued by his effort to defend orthodox Marxism in heterodox ways (since I was then trying to defend my heterodox socialism in orthodox ways). Even those of us able to speak a smattering of Hegelian could not always be sure what he was up to; but in 1956 he did show his hand a little when he could not find it in his heart—or system—to support the Hungarian revolution. The struggle for political liberty seems not to move him very deeply.

Another clue to his thought I noticed at the time but didn't fully grasp. Marcuse had a way of speaking about intellectuals with whom he disagreed—especially if they were German ladies who had written on totalitarianism—as *Untermenschen*, subhumans; he did this smilingly, but beneath his lightness of manner there was an earnestness of intent, as if to anticipate his later views that in a democratic society tolerance is really no more than "repressive tolerance," that is, a way of disarming rebels. Only later did I begin to see that intellectuals who describe opponents as *Untermenschen* must also have in mind notions concerning *Uebermenschen*, supermen. Elitist and authoritarian to the core, Marcuse would soon emerge as spokesman for a "radicalism" of the *Uebermensch*, precisely, as it would turn out, the creed to attract middle-class student rebels.

Marcuse's political-intellectual influence dates back to about 1964, when he published his book *One-Dimensional Man*. Deeply conservative and pessimistic in its implications, his main idea is that the advance of technology has made possible a society in which material productivity increases so sharply that the traditional socioeconomic conflicts of capitalism are softened and the once revolutionary

classes tamed. Materialism can now be satisfied, but socialism and liberation are not achieved. The satisfaction of these wants forecloses the struggle for social equality and liberation. The ruling class, assigned by Marxism its "historic task" of leading the revolution, fails to fulfill this obligation; instead it becomes quiescent and satisfied:

... the capitalist development has altered the structure and function of these two classes [bourgeoisie and proletariat] in such a way that they no longer appear to be part of historical transformations. Their overriding interest in the preservation of the institutionalized status quo unites the former antagonists.

The result is that no major class or group seems able to transcend "transcendent" values, that is, extending beyond the range of the existing society. Advanced capitalism in Marcuse's view, is a society much like that imagined by Huxley in *Brave New World*, in which well-fed and contented people do their assigned tasks, delude themselves into supposing they are free, and have lost both the Faustian drive to restlessness and the Hegelian vision of classless fraternity.

Thus emerges a pattern of one-dimensional thought and behavior in which ideas, aspirations and objectives that by their very nature transcend the established universe of discourse and action are either repelled or reduced to the terms of this universe.

That Marcuse has here struck an observable trend in modern thought seems to me indisputable. It is a trend many other writers—conser-

*Not by all left factions. The American Maoists, pointing to the fact that during the second world war Marcuse worked in a U.S. propaganda agency, have publicly wondered whether he might also have been a CIA agent. They forget one detail: it was a war against Hitler's Germany. There is of course no substance to their insinuations, since Marcuse is an honorable man whose only corruptions are ideological.

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radical, and liberal—have also noticed, and in recent sociological writing it is often designated as the theory of “mass society.” The mass society is characterized by a drift toward a bureaucratic, non-terrorist, and prosperous authoritarianism; the population grows passive, atomized, and indifferent; coherent publics based on definite interests and opinions fall apart; and man becomes a consumer, himself mass-produced like the products and diversions he absorbs.

Marcuse's great mistake—indeed, his intellectual vice—is to regard the trend as if it were the whole of reality, as if there were no significant complications or counter-trends in modern society, and as if his hypostasized model were so secure that further empirical investigation becomes trivial. Since what Marcuse says can these days be heard on every American campus, let me go into further detail:

□ The actual society in the U. S., as well as in other Western countries, is far more complex and various than Marcuse allows; human beings retain far more independence and autonomy than the notion of “one-dimensionality” implies.

Shameful evils, crimes, exploitation, ignorance, racism—all persist. One can also believe, as I do, that the fundamental socioeconomic arrangements of the society are unjust and should be transformed. Yet if one has a little patience and really listens to people it becomes clear that now and again, within the bounds of their fallibility, they do try to struggle with the problems of our time. Some—a minority, but a growing minority—care about the fundamental destiny of our civilization. Others—fluctuating and unstable majorities—become concerned about particular injustices and outrages.

Actual human beings turn out to be neither the “one-dimensional” boobs of elitist theory nor the revolutionary paragons of intellectual desire. They are often more alive, quizzical, and intelligent than Marcuse's theory makes them out to be. Some participate in local government, trying to improve schools and end air pollution. Others join transient movements, like those for civil rights or against the Vietnam war or in support of Eugene McCarthy. Often such people fail; often they are limited; often they lack a *Weltanschauung*. But they are hu-

man beings, and they simply cannot be dismissed as “low company.”

Thousands, for instance, share in the life of local trade unions in ways that Marcuse, and many other American intellectuals, are too snobbish to learn about. Thousands work in peace organizations, reform movements, even those PTAs at which it is so easy to laugh. Are they all really “one-dimensional,” robot-victims of technology, socially lobotomized to the point where they cannot reach “transcendence”? Or may it be that their vision of “transcendence” differs from that of Marcuse?

Still other people exercise their minds and critical faculties in less structured or visible ways. They read; they think; they discuss. That they haven't reached a “revolutionary perspective” isn't completely blinding evidence that they are “one-dimensional.” There may be other and quite powerful reasons: the wretched outcome of the Russian Revolution, the visible lust for violence and authoritarian manipulation displayed by some of our New Leftists, a seriously grounded if ill-articulated doubt as to the efficacy of a collective economy, and the conviction that through such agencies as trade unions they have significantly improved their conditions of life without risking a totalitarian apocalypse. And perhaps there remains among many Americans a belief that, our present convulsions notwithstanding, political democracy is a heritage worth honoring and preserving.

For intellectuals captive to large ideological visions, it is much too easy to slide from revolutionary frustration to authoritarian arrogance. The masses, whom your heart would elevate and your theories cast as heroic agents of History, fail to act as they are “supposed” to; you remain convinced that our society needs a basic change which, somehow, its members don't yet seem to want; there follows the temptation to grow indifferent to and even contemptuous of such democratic impedimenta as majorities, votes, and compromises; and thus, after having begun a lover of mankind and principled egalitarian, you end up a bristling elitist looking for a way to force, or rape, History while scorning as merely “one-dimensional” the millions who fail to follow you. (I offer this caution not only to Marcuse but to all intellectual radicals, including myself.)

In a ghastly outburst of Marcuse writes: “The people recognize themselves in their commodities: they find their soul in their automobiles, hi-fi set, split-level home, kitchen equipment.” Well, if Marcuse ever lived in a slum tenement, I can assure him from experience that he would be quite so disdainful of his automobiles and kitchen equipment that he would try doing the week's laundry by hand and he'll learn to appreciate washing machines.

But more. The tacit assumption behind such passages is that somehow neither author nor reader—neither blessed, incorruptible We—is included among these soulless robots. How do we know? By what presumption? We distinguish ourselves from them? We pass judgment upon Them? And if we are indeed superior, how have we managed to escape the commodified “one-dimensionality”?

□ Marcuse's work is striking only for its utter absence of factual material; he seems proud of his freedom from the restraints of the empirical. (A comparison between his abstractness and the rich documentation of Adorno would be devastating to his reputation among the radical young if the latter were able to read Marx.) As a result of this abstractedness, Marcuse soon provokes a solipsistic universe in which he communes exclusively with his own self-confirming categories. Even evidence is sacrificed for coherence; the risk of factuality abandoned for the protection of a closed universe of discourse. At best Marcuse offers what a humorist-philosopher, Allen Graubard, in devastating critique has called “totalizing evidence”: that is, a particular horrid instance of, say, *Time* magazine taken for the totality of modern culture. This method, writes Graubard, involves basic ambiguities:

First, a characterization of the general category—Art, Philosophy, Science, Language—is stated. ... Then the realization of the general category for advanced industrial society is described in terms of the root metaphor of “one-dimensionality.” The art, the politics, the language, the philosophy are one-dimensional; they lack the possibility of transcendence. ... These realizations are expounded in terms of particular examples, often extreme examples, the worst aspects of whatever activity or category is being considered. ...

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DULLES: "Moscow. I was sitting quietly, reading a paper, when John Foster Dulles came along, nudged me, and suggested we go for a walk. He reached into his pocket and drew out a paper. It was marked Secret. 'Read this,'

he said, 'and be careful to give it back to me personally this evening...'"

KING FAROUK: "So greedy that, although he needs no money, he is publishing phony memoirs (ghost written by an English publicity agent). Despite his lusty reputation, Farouk is almost impotent. He has an extensive and foul collection of movies and pictures."

STALIN: "Stalin told Harriman there was only one man who could unify China and that was Chiang Kai-shek."

POPE PAUL: "This morning I had a talk with Monsignor Montini (later Pope Paul VI) who serves as the Pope's (Pius XII) acting Secretary of State. The Pope is reputed to be somewhat autocratic in this field and has not appointed a successor to his last secretary, a cardinal who died almost six years ago. Montini is young and only a bishop and thus the Pope can dominate him. He is a small slender man with thin features and delicate white hands."

HEMINGWAY: "During the war... Hemingway used to wander around with two canteens strapped to his belt. One was filled with gin and the other with vermouth. Whenever there was a quiet moment, he would haul out a battered tin cup and suggest, 'Let's have a martini.'"

CHURCHILL: "Churchill was propped up in bed... The first thing he did was ask me if I wanted a whisky and soda (this was 11:30 a.m.)... He said Russia fears our friendship more than our enmity."



A Long Row of Candles

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The effect... is really dependent upon the conceptual claim that the "totalizing" syntax is justified; that the examples or particular realizations of the general category are the defining, essential ones. No real argument justifying the "essential" constructions is, in fact, given... What drives the discussion along is the repetition of the root image, the emotional appeal of extreme and powerful examples.

□ In his view of the society in which we live—the welfare or semi-welfare state—Marcuse's seemingly radical intransigence ends up as curiously static and conservative. He argues that the welfare state is, first, the consequence of autonomous economic processes that are inherent in modern industrialism, and, second, a conscious effort by the ruling classes to stabilize society in order to avoid breakdown and revolutionary crisis. What is missing here is nothing less than the substance of historical change and action: the ways in which people express desires, affect decisions, modify institutions.

The welfare state is a capitalistic economy that has been partially humanized—and the degree and terms of this humanizing are not fixed in advance by the "necessary" limits of capitalism, they are determined by the course of sociopolitical struggle, the actions and choices of men. How strongly both government and various secondary institutions, like trade unions, will care to curb the power of, say, leading corporations is at least in part a matter of political effort. Hence, the welfare state must primarily be seen as the outcome of decades of struggle by the labor and liberal (also, in Europe, the socialist) movements to *wrest* significant social change. It is, if you wish, a form of the class struggle.

To speak of the welfare state merely or mainly as one that offers bread and circuses, palliatives and opiates in order to disarm potential opposition—that is much easier for professors on tenure, to whom, say, the strength or weakness of minimum-wage laws means little personally, than it is for millions of workers who know in their bones how their conditions of life have changed in the years between 1929 and 1969. These workers may not have made "the revolution" in accordance with a quasi-Marxist prescription, but at least in part they

have helped revolutionize the quality of American life. And one of the few advantages of being over thirty is that you may have enough of an historical memory to grasp the extent of this change.

No awareness of, no sensitivity to, not so much as a token of interest in such matters appears in Marcuse's books. To him the proletariat is an historical abstraction which either performs its assigned task or is punished with dismissal. The automobile workers in Detroit, more and more of them black, can today earn a far better living than only two or three decades ago; that through union intervention they have some, if not enough, control over their conditions of work; that they can expect fairly decent pensions; that in some plants they have recently won new terms which approach a Guaranteed Annual Income (I'd bet a dollar Marcuse, like most American intellectuals, doesn't even know about these new union agreements)—all this is good: politically, socially, and in the simplest human terms.

As against Marcuse's formulas I would propose the cogent remarks of the British socialist Alisdair MacIntyre:

... the Welfare State... has to be politically achieved by the struggles of the labor movement—the notion of it as simply handed down from above, as nothing but an administrative device of the rulers to subordinate the ruled, is absurd... it is not necessarily a source of political or social stability. For the institutionalization of welfare, like other rises in the standard of living, alters the horizons of possibility for different social groups and alters too the standards by which they assess their deserts and their rights. Not absolute but relative deprivation becomes crucially important....

The problem of a politics that goes further than this is partly the problem of a working class that sixty years ago had to set itself the goals of welfare and now has to find for itself new political goals....

□ If Marcuse is right in believing that "one-dimensional" society is increasingly capable, through its material largess and inhumane rationality, of containing social change by persuading its citizens not to want what they "should" want, then one

must wonder whether to draw the conclusion—and many of Marcuse's campus followers do draw this conclusion—that "the worse, the better." As Allen Graubard has remarked:

Even those seemingly favorable signs, like the civil-rights movement, must be seen [if Marcuse is right] as... signs of how totalitarian the society is becoming. For now even the most materially oppressed groups will be brought into the system; and whereas blatantly oppressed and despised Negro population was by its very existence, if not in its consciousness, a threat to the system, Negro population with apparent political power and opportunities for seeking significant economic advance will lose this existential aspect of "negativity."... Better it would appear, the old McCarthyite terror or worse, outlawing student protests, police censorship of political publications; at least this would force some people to face the underlying truth.

That Marcuse might not accept the extension of his views I am ready to suppose; but how can anyone argue that it does not logically follow from all that he says?

□ I would suggest that, as a general historical principle, all theories which posit a virtual end or blockage to history are suspect. We might profit from the fate of Hannah Arendt's brilliant theory of totalitarianism, popular in the Fifties: it lacked a sense of the dynamic that might lead to crisis and disintegration. And our recent experience suggests it is even seemingly invulnerable institutions may crack under the pressure of unforeseen conflicts; the mere fact that one projection of social change seems implausible does not mean they are doomed to eternal stasis. Indeed the joke of the matter is that precisely those who cling to Marcuse's "one-dimensional" theories refute them by their own activism.

II

In the years between *One-Dimensional Man* and the present moment, Marcuse's main contribution to political thought has been his remarkable double-think notion that modern society liberal tolerance is actually a "repressive tolerance" softening up rebels and thereby helping

erve the status quo. He has acknowledged his preference "educational dictatorship"—he will surely reign as one of the "educators"—in order to "educational" men out of the way.

Suppose that these are mere words; it would be a grave mistake. Marcuse is an influential man, and his not very subtle formulas appear on our campuses in a crude form. If tolerance for this is "repressive," then there is a rationale for breaking up a department at NYU where James Reston refused to speak, and the New York Times a justification for campus protests violating democratic norms and planning coups d'etat. Ideas do have consequences.

One point in the last year or so Marcuse, who is after all a cult man with a taste for scholars, seems to have drawn back a little from the guerrilla methods of his advertisement. At a New York symposium in 1968 the sorcerer chided his apprentices:

We never suggested or advocated destroying the established universities and building new anti-institutions instead. We always said that no matter how radical the demands of the students and no matter how justified they should be pressed within the existing universities.... American universities, at least quite a few of them, today are still centers of relatively critical thought and relatively free thought.

The evidence of Marcuse's most recent book, *An Essay on Liberation* (91 pages of which the good-looking folk of Beacon Press, hoping they have a hot property, are paying a cool \$5.95), suggests that he has abandoned these admirable intentions or at least sees no need to change them. His influence has grown; he is himself becoming a pocket-book philosopher and it is apparently difficult for a critical intellectual, after experienced decades of neglect, to find himself an old age raised to a guardian of the young. The result is a book which, by Marcuse's own standards, is inferior in quality and argument. Self-censorship becomes the price of popularity.

Essay repeats Marcuse's views, but with a new stridency and lack of qualification. Castro and Che are advanced as models, with

no visible concern that they are politically repressive. Political democracy in the West is dismissed as "pseudo-democracy" and struggle urged against its "rules and regulations"—even though Marcuse, undaunted by contradiction, also says this democracy "provides the most favorable ground for the development and organization of dissent." There are however a few novel elements in this new book:

□ Marcuse claims that "the politics of corporate capitalism" have created "a second nature of man," so that "counterrevolution [is] anchored in the instinctual structure." Precisely how this remarkable claim is to be tested Marcuse does not say; verification isn't one of his passions. But if counterrevolution is indeed "anchored in the instinctual structure" of men, how will he explain that the workers, once supposed to be the most exploited class, show little impulse to revolutionary action while middle-class and wealthy students are fired with rebellion? How can it be that they, and perhaps they alone, avoid the common fate of "instinctual" contamination?

□ Marcuse sees recent changes in our society as signs of a deepening reaction: "the liberalization of sexuality provides an instinctual basis for the repressive and aggressive power of the affluent society" and "the narrowing of the consumption gap has rendered possible the mental and instinctual coordination of the laboring classes." If so, should not revolutionists propose the return of traditional constraints on sexuality—at the very least, the banning of miniskirts—and a widening of "the consumption gap"—at the very least, the abolition of minimum wages?

□ In proposing a version of what he once called "the educational dictatorship," Marcuse writes—the nonchalant cynicism is simply astonishing!—that the rule of his desired "intellectual elite" might at first well lack the support of the majority of the people but in time could gain it:

To be sure, this has never been the course of a revolution.... [Technical progress] could be effectively used for imposing another set of repressive controls, but our entire discussion was based on the proposition that the revolution would

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be liberating only if it were carried by the non-repressive forces stirring in the existing society. The proposition is no more—and no less—than a hope.

For this, we are to sacrifice our democratic (very well, our "pseudo-democratic") rights and procedures. For this, we are to risk a bloody apocalypse. For this—"no more—and no less—than a hope"—we are to hand over our fate to Marcuse or perhaps to his young cousin Tom Hayden!

I cherish a fantasy for which I would yield a week of my life. I would like to be present, as a silent witness, when Professor Marcuse rises to explain his "proposition" to an audience of American workers. He might begin by expounding to them the terms of their "one-dimensionality."

III

Some of it written during the nine years Milovan Djilas was kept in prison by the Tito dictatorship, *The Unperfect Society* is the work of a man who gave up power and suffered persecution because he had decided to make the perilous intellectual journey from Communist totalitarianism to democratic socialism. Djilas's book bears the marks of an intellectual passion so fierce that it sometimes shatters the structure of his argument, even the coherence of his prose. "Today," he writes, while perhaps wondering if the doorbell will again ring at four in the morning, "I have more reason to believe I shall be slandered and persecuted because of this book than that I shall not... [But] the need for self-expression, the expression of one's thoughts, enthusiasms, and visions, is as compelling as the will to live itself...."

Djilas is overcome with the excitement—one must add, the pathos—of catching up. Years as a Communist functionary, first in the underground and then in power, followed by years of suffering and isolation in prison, hardly provide the ideal conditions for intellectual work. Liberated from the chains of ideology, Djilas's mind rushes, leaps, and falls; he grapples with ideas he can state but not fully develop; he reads everything within reach. Yet the sad truth is that in middle age it is very hard to catch up. His intellectual training has been poor, his intellectual muscles are stiff.

In an obvious sense *The Unperfect Society* is badly organized, badly developed, badly written. Like an over-excited speaker who spills one phrase into another, Djilas fails to preserve a clear line of argument, steadily repeats himself from chapter to chapter, mixes things up in his eagerness to speak out. The writing is muddy. One wonders: has the translator been faithful, perhaps too faithful, to the original, or is he ill at ease with the Marxist vocabulary Djilas continues to use? Finally, his book must be read as if it were a message in code, with brilliant key sentences breaking out of a dreary casing of language.

Yet it barely matters. From *The Unperfect Society* there emerges the image of a remarkable man: nine years in prison yet unbroken in mind or will, systematically probing into all the assumptions that led to the sacrifices, the heroism, the corruption of his own life, still full of a humane ardor and affection for the life of mankind, but now cleansed of all the arrogant elitism of those intellectuals who, in the name of but unasked by humanity, have taken it upon themselves to break humanity on the wheel of fanaticism.

Djilas's central theme is simple enough, the quintessence of twentieth-century politics:

Men must hold both ideas and ideals, but they should not regard these as being wholly realizable. We need to comprehend the nature of Utopianism. Utopianism, once it achieves power, becomes dogmatic, and it quite readily can create human suffering in the name and in the cause of its own scientism and idealism. To speak of society as imperfect is perhaps to imply that it can be perfect, which in truth it cannot. The task for contemporary man is to accept the reality that society is imperfect, but also to understand that humanist, humanitarian dreams and visions are necessary in order to reform society, in order to improve and advance it.

From such premises, shared by a great many intellectuals in Eastern Europe, Djilas now declares himself a principled opponent of the party-state dictatorship, whether in its most brutal form under Stalin or its more benign form under Tito. He moves to a keen but short-breathed analysis of the disintegration of Marxism as an intellectual system; the breakup of

the Communist world into fratricide, imperialist oppression, moral decay; and—intellectually valuable of all—an effort to re-visible political crisis of the communist countries to their half-economic crisis. Returning classical socialist argument to authoritarianism, he argues "planned economy" is impossible; worse still, a caricature of it. He claims, unless the planning is through democratic politics. Yugoslav economy today is suffering from... all those troubles that Marxists have shown to be 'excusable' and 'incurable' ailments of capitalism (and from which capitalism itself indeed suffered)."

Since his crude but powerful argument in *The New Class*, Djilas made a certain amount of progress in his analysis of Communism as a form of class exploitation, on which is neither capitalism nor socialism, a new mode of society resting on dictatorial bureaucracy. Follow the line—though in his isolation, perhaps not even aware—of such socialist theorists in the West as Eduard Bernstein, Hilferding, Bruno Rizzi, Louis Althusser, and Max Shachtman writes:

What is in crisis and disintegration is the privileged position of the Communists over various types of publicly owned property, and their prerogatives in certain departments of the state, within which they would no longer be able to exercise power in society that they are. The elimination of this Communist monopoly would mean that public property and the authority of the state would constitute truly national ownership as well as freedom.

And in another, incisive formula:

...if we substitute "party" for "capital," then we can see before our eyes a vision of Communism as destiny, the one Marx had assigned to capitalism: "Monopoly capital [party monopoly] becomes fetters on the mode of production which flourished with it and under it."

When the modern party exerts its control over both economy and society, it moves toward the condition of a ruling class. What is decisive in these societies is not the forms of property ownership (i.e., nationalized or

which ritualistic Marxists
the realities of property re-
i.e., who controls the state
as the property) to which
socialists and liberals point.
workers, in whose name
held, organize themselves
the unions to strike against
state? Can they establish an
in party to challenge the
of "their" rulers? These,
are the key questions.

does not hesitate to drive
ysis to the point where it may
his liberty. Unlike Western
als who tend to romanticize
kers councils" in Yugoslavia,
ees that, while potentially of
lue, such institutions cannot
a decisive democratic content
ere is no political freedom:

as are an argument about
itinerary and about life it-
about the destiny of a nation;
they involve the banding to-
of people; hence it follows
in unfree people can have no
in the economic organism.
hasis added—I.H.)

Imperfect Society is enlivened
ies of seemingly casual aper-
ch in the end come to yield a
intellectual outlook. Here is
polemicizing against the
Marxist notion of economic
nism:

's not the Communist system
elf the most extreme example
ow, contrary to Marx, the
ical and political superstruc-
etermines "the relationships
roduction"...? And finally,
own life, what were the ma-
conditions or causes that
me in particular to hurl my-
from the comfortable heights
wer into the abyss of desolate
ation and prison humilia-
?

ng these aperçus are some ex-
sharp side-glances at Western
l and intellectual life. Djilas
a passage from Simone de
ir in which she romanticizes
of underdeveloped countries
opposes that "people ought to
themselves with a minimum
d of living, as some of the very
mmunities still do, in Sardinia
eece, for instance, where tech-
has not penetrated nor money
ed." Djilas replies sardon-
n words that ought to be



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BOOKS

required reading on all
campuses:

*I do not know what Mad
Beauvoir's "minimum stan
living" is, but I suspect th
a little more than what
idealizing in "some of th
poor communities." Life i
dinia may look "harshly ha
Parisian left- and right-w
tellectual cliques, but I kno
my own Montenegro... jus
life has been like—a life o
ger, hatred, and death. . .*

Equally precious—and, I
equally certain to meet negle
American intellectuals—are
remarks on the New Left:

*The New Left shows its late
bitions by indifference, even
tience, with respect to "re
ist," i.e., democratic-socialist
and trends in Communist sy
... [One cannot ignore] a
preaching of a Rudolf Du
... or in the bravado of a
Cohn-Bendit, the masks of c
ination over society that m
get to come. This observat
not a belittlement of the in
tual revolutionaries, or of th
man qualities of these ci
movements. It is merely a p
to their other side, an inc
vertible one—their authorit
ism, the violent methods em
to make a reality of their
ogies, and their attempts to
ideologies that are all thin
all men.*

Marcuse or Djilas: the a
tarian elitism of the profess
Jolla or the democratic socia
the man who shivered in Tito
ons. It is a dramatic, an ines
choice which will confront re
people during the next decad
most New Left students w
Marcuse and ignore Djilas; th
lectuals like Susan Sontag wi
encomiums to authoritarian
while showing little interest
struggle of men like Djilas
idiots and knaves will try to
label of "sell-out" on Djilas—
is only to be expected, the epl
of the moment. But those who
both in liberty and the need fo
transformation will see Djilas
friend and their comrade, a tr
olutionary; and they will take
sort of consolation from knowin
if only it were not clubbed into
Prague would agree.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

For Me and Thee, by Jessamyn

Harper's for January 1946 in a review of Miss West's *The Friendly* on I wrote: "The irrepressibility of the Quaker, Jess, and his preacher wife, and their family of children, be what the troubled world is looking for." World War II had just the summer before and the problems we faced, looked from today, seem, if not almost clear-cut, we didn't think and Miss West's Quaker family and on screen later, was what a lot of people wanted. They are again in new stories, during, and after the Civil War, their same Indiana environment, still irrepressibly human, what problems they are confronting, still, I think, in 1969 what a lot of people are looking for. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95

Don't Cry, by L. J. Davis.

There must soon be a name for the humorous novels that are appearing about the dreary, misadventures of hapless, often ineffectual do-wells. Neither far nor black humor quite covers it. Kent (yes, né Kantavski) had a life trying to get away from home and his family. He'd made it to college, thence to California, married a nice girl. Now suddenly it hit him, absolutely stoned, on a road about whose destination he is in ignorance. Shunned by other travelers, he knows he has

made a nuisance of himself, and once at the airport he realizes he's back in despised New York. He tries to call his wife in California — she won't speak to him—and he remembers he's been thrown out of his home. From then on, the total nightmare begins. He goes to his sister's shabby Lower East Side apartment (she's on junk); she and her morose boyfriend (no other word for him) rob our hero of all his money while he's asleep; he then is reduced to the ultimate horror of going home to Brooklyn and on foot. His dreadful Jewish mother (by now a prototype so well known in fiction as to be a boring cliché), who had given him his embarrassing name right out of "Superman," is there to greet him angrily with: "Where have you been?" (They hadn't communicated in eight years.) Indeed perhaps the whole book, including the title, intends to be a satire on education by TV. Otherwise I get no message though there are occasional riotously funny dialogue and comment.

From the moment of his arrival in Brooklyn his fate goes from bad to worse (as with Malamud's *Fidelman*) and to worse and worse drunken bouts. When his wife finally wants him back, that no longer seems to matter to the reader. During these binges his state of mind is described again and again:

Kent's mind felt full of large, dry insects. (p. 137)

Kent's mind had sand in it again. (145)

A soundless scream echoed through the dark vaults of Kent's mind. (154)

Pavement seemed to cover his brain. (204)

His brain was still encased in some kind of substance, mantled like a canary's cage, and he found it difficult to decide if he was asleep or awake, or how much of which. (205)

"Screw is fine," said Kent thickly, struggling to get his brain out from under the mattresses that seemed heaped upon it. (216)

It's very hard to keep engrossed in the adventures of a mind like that even

when enlivened by really witty observation. (Mr. Davis is, after all, the author of *Whence All But He Had Fled*):

That is how he felt when he tried to rise—either that, or somebody had turned up the gravity.

Or:

He was dressed in a cheap though fashionable suit and looked as if he made his living cracking walnuts with his bare hands.

Aren't second novels always hardest? It will be good to see what the author will do next with a hero, one hopes, in a less (what has now become) conventional environment. Viking, \$5.95

Love, Roger, by Charles Webb.

As an enthusiastic booster of Mr. Webb's first novel, *The Graduate* (in 1964 I wrote in this column: "*The Graduate* has a driving intimacy... one is entirely involved"), and as one who has seen the movie three times, perhaps it's inevitable that I should approach this second one warily. Could it possibly carry out the promise of the first? Or make one laugh so much? I'm sorry to report that for me it doesn't. As one could predict, there are some wonderfully mad situations and some gloriously zany dialogue in this story of a young man who works in a Boston travel agency and his two (or three) unusual young ladies. I know the world has changed a lot even in the five years since *The Graduate* and perhaps this is the way it is in the Love world of the young today. (These three aren't hippies by any means; the young man dreams of "stability.") Somehow it doesn't make a rewarding show. One of the things that made *The Graduate* such a delight was the way it reduced the adult world to worse than nonsense. But still it existed, all too real, as a background for the young to play against. ... In this novel adults scarcely appear. If these teen-agers have parents they are totally nonexistent in the weird lives they are presently living. Even the bosses are absentee. Maybe that's the point? But these wacky, often endearing young situations need a

ne Gauss Jackson's "Books in Brief" first appeared in Harper's in 1939. This month she winds up a year of more than thirty years of writing which her reviews have valued—and personal—guide to publishing. She will go on working in the book world as a consultant to Harper's Magazine Press. Mrs. Jackson grew up in Princeton, where her father, Christian Gauss, was Dean, and she was co-editor of his papers, edited by Random House.

"Ranks among the finest books of the decade in the field of Negro history."—August Meier, *Saturday Review*.



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context—a sounding board to keep improbability from becoming merely improbable. But Roger, in the sureness of his effective bewilderment, is enough like his predecessor in *The Graduate* to keep the music from the film haunting the pages, and some of the scenes (a night in a department store) fairly cry for the camera.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95

Nonfiction

The Throwaway Children, by Lisa Aversa Richette.

The *New York Times* in recent weeks has been running a series of agonizing stories about cruelty to children in this area. Mrs. Richette, a former District Attorney in Philadelphia's Juvenile Court, is a lawyer who specializes in defending young people in trouble. In these utterly devastating case histories of child torture and child delinquency is proof positive that the abuse of children (as if we didn't know it) is not limited to New York alone, or to black or white or rich or poor. Indeed one has read much on the subject recently but this impassioned yet hardheaded report is so graphic, so unsentimental, and raises so many cogent questions that one can recommend it wholeheartedly to everyone who feels something should be done by way of correction in this area of law enforcement and court administration. It is very evident from Mrs. Richette's vivid anecdotes that a great many very good and concerned people are indeed already working in the field but it is equally plain that much remains to be done. The statistics alone are shocking:

From 1960 to 1967 there was a 59 per cent increase in the volume of juvenile arrests. More than 9 per cent of all persons arrested for murder and voluntary manslaughter were under eighteen years of age, marking a 56 per cent increase of juveniles in this category. Of all persons charged with aggravated assault, 30 per cent were minors; the increase since 1960 in this area is 121 per cent. Juveniles under eighteen charged with forcible rape constituted 21 per cent of all persons arrested for this offense.

Young people are even more deeply involved in crimes against property than in offenses against persons. Although 37 per cent of

all robberies were attributed juveniles, these young persons under 18 comprised 54 per cent of burglary arrests, 55 per cent of larceny charges, and 62 per cent of all car thefts. . . . Perhaps the most dramatic peaking of occurred in the arrests of narcotic possession and use. In just one year, from 1966 to 1967, the number of these arrests spurted 100 per cent for urban children, 100 per cent for suburban children and 132.5 per cent for rural-dwelling young people.

And these figures don't even touch on the incidence of the other side of the picture—the children who end up in court because of adult abuse of them. Though the case histories are disturbing in themselves the book contains much constructive thinking and suggestion; the attitude of the author and many of her colleagues is informed, sympathetic, and hopeful that reading the book is a stimulating and therapeutic experience.

Lippincott,

In My Own Time, by John Lehmann.

In December 1955 I wrote "Books in Brief" about *The Writing Gallery*, the first section of a three-volume autobiography. Comparing it with an autobiographical book by the Atlantic's New Jersey bred editor, Edward Weeks, came out at about the same time.

[Lehmann's] book, by another contemporary editor (and poet) directly, not obliquely autobiographical. To anyone familiar with all with recent English biography or even British novels, its early chapters are in a literary way as familiar as Mr. Weeks' autobiographical chapters are to a New Jersey girl bred in Princeton traditions. The London house with its library, its gardens and lily pools, its arbors leading to the Thames, its children coming from the nursery for the evening hour—is a world as well known from between book covers as the Gothic tower of Princeton are from the commuter's coaches on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Familiar, too, in their general outline, are the days at Eton and Cambridge, the problems and joys of the young in literary in England in the 1920s and 1930s. John Lehmann's friends and associates have been, after all, so articulate. . . . But in his family portraits—his father, that great Eton and Cambridge boatman, an

f Punch, his three charming, talented sisters, his beautiful voice—her with the lovely voice—his accounts of experiences with the Woolfs at the Hogarth and his delight in his sister's success, the autobiography becomes particularized and readable. His own literary problem vs. editor, is clearly and fully defined as both a personal struggle and as the universal struggle of the artist in any time. Perhaps because this first volume was published before the war, there is in Mr. Weeks' book, presently a nostalgia—a sense of longing for history happy worlds that will not come again.

this autobiography brought to us we have what I missed in the first volume: the story of those years (1910-1960) during which the life with which Mr. Lehmann has been identified went on. The years of heightened fervor; and the years of the postwar years in *The Proposition* (1966), his trials and disasters with publishing literary magazines he edited (*Writing*, *New Soundings*, and *Magazine*). It is in a way an autobiography of literary London in the last — yes — half-century, of a man who was always at the center of it. Finally he comes back to

"fertile dilemma" which I tried to rule my life: the way in which the course of events, with its calm and repeated ingenuity, made it impossible for me to decide how to use my energies finally either in writing, or to the presentation and encouragement of other people's writing. . . . At the same time I would be both foolish and hypocritical if, having looked back, I decided that I had not found the rewards in my life of tension between these two poles. . . . Only the future will tell whether I shall find keys to other rooms along the corridor that is always in shadow ahead of one's steps; or whether my good angel will have to admit that both his hands are empty."

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$15
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to the Friends of the University of Pennsylvania Libraries in special in many ways. It is time since the Rosenbach was established in 1930 as awarded to a book published though quite different, it believe, on the same shelf or to Author: *The Letters of U. E. Perkins*, of Scribner's. One sees the editor caught in an act of exercising his provocation while in Mr. Canfield's we editor-publisher mind stand and making considered judgment about what his profession really be and the problems in trying to practice it. The two books give a pretty picture of what editing and have been like at their best at publishing houses in the eighty-eight years of the twenty-century. Both men are so quiet summing as to seem never to give their voices, yet both seem to have "whims of iron" and to have been blessed with genius in their minds of their authors' ability, therefore, to help without distorting the creative

ing is abundantly clear from Mr. Canfield's book. To be a editor-publisher one must be able to move with the speed of light in editing a book or a publishing and then be willing to wait with the patience of a saint—perhaps for its completion. Or as somewhere near the end of his life appears to me to be part of it, part humming bird taste of literary flower, and part of it "ant." The book contains a series of letters from several outstanding Harper authors—Thornton Wilder, James Thurber, E. B. White, and Vincent Millay.

University of Pennsylvania Press, \$5

from the Known, by J. Krishnamurti. Edited by Mary Lutyens.

One who has read Miss Lutyens' exquisitely and richly edited *Millais and Ruskins* which has recently received with critical acclaim in England and in England will not be disappointed at the brilliance of this editorial legerdemain. All the more there are Krishnamurti's but one has cut and ordered them some of his "recent talks, unpublished, to audiences in

various parts of the world." Basically they are about self-transformation—"Man's Search," "Learning About Ourselves," "Consciousness," "Pursuit of Pleasure," "What is Thinking?" "Love," etc.—and they are so skillfully edited and arranged as to seem a consecutive whole. Miss Lutyens has known Krishnamurti and been familiar with his work since they were both little more than children. Her mother, the wife of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect, was a dedicated theosophist who in the early part of this century followed the Indian (sometimes with her children) on his journeys to many parts of the world. Her daughter's synthesis of what the Indian teacher and philosopher (though he refuses both these titles) has to say about the human predicament and "the eternal problems of living" could only have been accomplished by a disciplined, beautifully organized, and understanding mind.

Harper & Row, \$3.95

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PERFORMING ARTS

The making of "The Angel Levine"

It was merely "Angel Levine" when Bernard Malamud wrote it nearly fifteen years ago, just as it was several other things that have been transformed in its metamorphosis from a short story on the printed page to a new film on the deluxe-color wide screen. For one thing, Manischewitz—"a tailor"—is now Mishkin, also a tailor, and his suffering Jewish figure, which stood at the very center of the story, has now moved aside (slightly on the bias) to make room for Alexander Levine, a black angel who is also a Jew. "He was a large man," Malamud wrote about Levine, "bonily built, with a heavy head covered by a hard derby, which he made no attempt to remove. His eyes seemed sad, but his lips, above which he wore a slight moustache, sought to smile; he was not prepossessing."

In the film, the sad-eyed Levine has become a tough-mouthed militant given to unexpected attacks of sentimentality; he has a girlfriend he wants to marry and he likes to lecture her (and Mishkin) in pungent phrases laced by obscenities. Levine is played by Harry Belafonte (whose own company, Belafonte Enterprises, is producing the movie), a well-known, bright-eyed minstrel, gracefully built and clean-cut, who likes to speak in pungent phrases laced by obscenities. Zero Mostel is Mishkin.

"If you want to know why I'm making this picture," Belafonte says, "it's because one night at a dinner party in Hollywood, I listened to Edward G. Robinson talk about being Jewish. He talked for hours about Jewish law, about Jewish life. You've got to hear Eddie talk about those things. Anyway, I knew that I had to be Angel Levine. But I couldn't be the Levine in the story. We had to get some black reality in there. We had to make Levine a hustler, not a social-worker type. Malamud's story is only about Jewish faith. *My* conception is about human faith." Two screenwriters—one black, one Jewish—were hired to do the job Belafonte's way.

"Forget about that wing shit," Belafonte's Angel Levine tells Mishkin when Mishkin expresses some doubts about his authenticity. "With-

out wings there are no angels," Mishkin modestly replies. "When you die," Levine tells him, "if they let your fat white ass through the pearly gates..." Luckily for Mishkin there is a knock at the door at that moment. "What the hell do you think an angel is, Mishkin?" Levine asks. "Some kind of pink-assed, curly-haired drag queen with a bird for a father?" A smart-ass question, no doubt, that will get a laugh, and one Mr. Malamud's angel could not have asked nor his tailor have answered. "To tell the truth, Mr. Levine," Mishkin says in the movie, "I was expecting a little more refinement in the words from an angel. When an angel speaks, it should be more like a professor. You know what I'm saying? The words should be a little higher up."

Poor Mishkin is suffering from those ancient Jewish blues: he is helpless, somewhat fatuous, passive, and a little dumb when it comes to swingers like Levine. Furthermore, he behaves eccentrically, even for a Jew. In the opening scene in the film, for example, Mishkin is shown taking a stroll in Central Park. "Having just finished urinating into the bushes," the script says, "he is in the process of zipping up his fly. He is aware that people have been looking at him." But Mishkin couldn't care less; if Mishkin wants to urinate in public, he urinates in public. Up human faith! Up Jewish reality! Perhaps only Zero Mostel, in whose face the whole world can sometimes be read, can save Mishkin; and perhaps only Jan Kadar, the Czech director of *The Shop on Main Street* who recently arrived as another refugee in our country, can save *The Angel Levine*. He has a sure feeling for the catalytic effect that two opposing characters can have on each other; ideology in itself does not interest him very much; and he is not, without a doubt, a show-business personality out to prove to the world that he is a Deep Thinker.

It is not hard, I discovered, to find Kadar on the set of *The Angel Levine*, up in the Filmways studio in East Harlem where the movie is being

shot. He is a small man, quipped, the steady, nearly at the center of a hurricane production; well, almost a hurricane. Around him, two or three dozen do exactly what he asks for—the time, anyway—grips, soundmen, makeup men, publicity people, script-girls, men, assistant directors, experts, two of whom crouch walk overhead in the vast studio of course Belafonte—in a gray shirt, gray slacks, gray shoes. Mostel, wearing a velvet *yarmulke*, a small goatee. Two or three familiar faces pass by, confused. Who are they? A production assistant explains: they are stand-in stars, ghosts of twinkling reality, identifiable as themselves, but good-looking enough to substitute for Belafonte while the lights are adjusted; or round and white like Mostel; or small, blonde, self-absorbed, like Ida Kamin. Mostel plays Mostel's wife in the movie move around aimlessly. Mostel wears a *yarmulke*. Miss Kamin has an absent-minded air; she is at everyone who looks in her direction. Kadar himself is in a tan turtleneck, a cigarette always in his hand, his graying hair swept back in a side part. Nearby an interpreter waits. When things get tough, or Kadar gets stuck, he calls on her for help.

"I want you to face here, Zero," saying to Mostel. "Look right at me. I will try just one more thing, just one possibility." His voice is soft and calm, like a baby doctor's dealing with patients in need of sweet ass. They are working on a confrontation scene between Mishkin and the Levine. In it, Levine is convinced to realize that Mishkin may never believe in him, and without Mishkin's belief, he is lost. The camera that it focuses on Belafonte during this scene, will serve as Mishkin's audience; they will be seeing through Mishkin's eyes. The room is Mishkin's living room. A mirror sits on the mantel, family photographs hang on the wall, an old radio couple of Yiddish books are on a table. It is lower-middle-class

at worn. To the right is a
to the left a bedroom half-
an enormous double bed in
shkin's invalided wife spends
er time.

now has Mostel facing in the
ection. As soon as he turns
on him to work with Bela-
stel drops his sad face and
head. Then he opens his
to show his suspenders, pulls
down to the middle of his
and, rolling his eyes, strolls
Kadar's interpreter, who
st off the set. "Dolling, doll-
nine," he says in a whisper
be heard twenty feet away.
es tentatively. He blows in
he moves a bit to the left, or
for he is now pinching her
ckside. "Z!" she says. Kadar
sides over the ar-
lowing "I will never be
anything anymore." Bela-
ing the camera: "They knew,
they knew you would never
never had a chance with you.
stled me, and why? Why?"
I will go to my grave cursing
what he has done to me." He
e interpreter, lets his sus-
nap up his pants, and strolls
ishkin's living room, making
omfortable on a stepladder
ne camera. When they actu-
t he will play it from there,
he lines to Belafonte.

re puts on a broad smile.
He strides back and forth,
g his fist into his hand while
g his lines. "All I've ever
o do is stay alive..." Bang,
ng. Kadar puts him into posi-
e lights are brightened, the
gets set. Mostel is now at at-
on the ladder; a couple of
hairs lick out from beneath
t yarmulke. Kadar asks for
e bell rings, then three, in-
that a scene is being shot.
dy stops in their tracks.
Kadar says. It is take 1532.
"I can't believe in anything
Belafonte: "All I've ever
o do is stay alive." Mostel:
up every morning..." Kadar
n off. He asks them to do it
ake 1532 is followed by 1533.
4. Kadar quietly tells both
e and Mostel that he wants
hold a beat on their lines;
ust be no hurry.
l: "I can't believe in anything
." Take 1535. "Thank you,"
ays. Take 1536. Kadar: "Ov."

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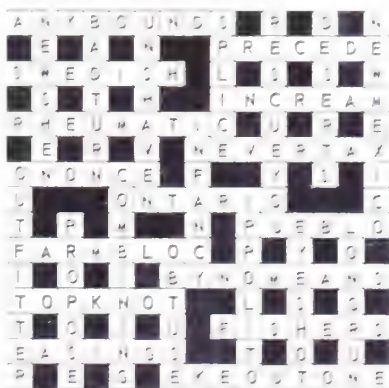
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Solution to **HARPER'S PUZZLE NO. 11** (June issue, page 104)



Arrangement— **LLOYD M. BUCHER**

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THE RITZ  CARLTON

Take 1537. "Thank you," Kadar says. An edge has come into Belafonte's voice. He is still pounding his fist. "Why does this mike have to be stuck right up my behind?" he asks. "Mmm," Kadar says. They take a break then, during which Ida Kaminska's stand-in puts on a nightgown and wig and climbs into bed. Technicians fool with the lighting; publicity people tell jokes to the press; a man in a deerstalker's hat and cape stands in a corner trying to make a deal with a visitor for another production. Meanwhile, Kadar rehearses Belafonte. "Mishkin, you must believe in me, or there's nothing left for us." Kadar quickly sets take 1538; the break is over; then 1539 and 1540. As Belafonte speaks his lines, Ida Kaminska's stand-in begins to look pale under the lights; she mops her forehead with a handkerchief. Like Mrs. Mishkin, she seems a little sick herself.

"I want peace in the studio and a little quiet," Kadar calls in a voice that everyone can hear. "Let's have those bells," an assistant director says. "Bells!" a technician calls. Three bells ring. The noise subsides, then flares up momentarily. One bell rings. Kadar, very slowly: "Please, quiet." He turns to an assistant and, in a rising voice edged with anger, he says, "From you I'm asking to make peace here, not to talk." Assistant, to crowd: "Okay, okay, lock it up now." Unhappy now, Kadar rehearses Belafonte; for the first time, he speaks the Angel Levine's lines himself. In bed next door, Ida Kaminska's stand-in begins to cough; she seems startled; everyone stares at her balefully. Her eyes close under the lights; she looks peculiar, waxen, as though she has just died. When the coughs die away—not before growing much worse first—Kadar goes back to work. It is slowly becoming clear that he is trying to extract a sense of bewilderment from Belafonte that the performer has only hinted at in the past hour and the many takes they have worked on; but he doesn't say this explicitly—perhaps the word "bewilderment" is not in his vocabulary. He tries to shape it in the air gently with his hands.

"I never had a chance," Belafonte repeats, more softly this time. "They h-u-s-t-l-e me. Why? WHY?" Then: "I never *had* a chance. They hustle me." Obviously, the reading is all wrong. Kadar waits patiently, like Prince Florimund for the Sleeping Beauty, like a lover sure that with pa-

tience and a certain gallantry the ultimate reward will finally be his; he is trying to find the magic touch, the releasing gesture, that will free Belafonte to discover his own self in the role, or that part of his self that Kadar wants. The camera rolls again and again: takes 1541, 1542 (Belafonte goes up in his lines here), 1543, 1544, 1545. Mostel, sighing with boredom on his ladder step, delivers the line, "What am I, a dog, an animal in the street?" in a rich, fruity baritone, then suddenly slides up the scale to a practiced falsetto, and meows, "Or just a plain old pussycat?" By now both Mostel and Belafonte are improvising a little, making up a line here where one never existed, changing words there, accenting speeches with goddammits and hells. Kadar, Belafonte, and Mostel confer. It is Mostel's opinion that Belafonte's line, "They knew. I never had a chance," should be read very slowly, with a sense of wonderment. "They put me in this goddam fix," he says. "Who's *they* anyway?"

At last, Kadar begins to get his message across. He wants Belafonte's reading to be slower, less angry, more wounded, less unequivocal; he does not want the Angel Levine to act like a Black Panther. He turns to his interpreter and talks to her in Czech. "He says you do it the simplest possible. He says he must feel how you become conscious of the knowledge of what they have done to you." He wants, it seems, a visualization of the process of thought.

But it goes more easily now. Belafonte is eager to do it on-camera, before he loses it. Takes 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550 follow, then 1551, 1552, 1553. At that point, Kadar says, "Cut now, that was the best." Ida Kaminska's stand-in signals weakly from the bed. She gets the attention of an assistant director. "I stay in bed, yes?" "You stay in bed, yes." Take 1560—made with a hand-held camera—is over by noon. Kadar is very pleased. He has a compliment after each take. "Fine," he says, or, "The best," or, "One of the best." He is easy on the crew now, easy on Belafonte and Mostel, too, who has taken to wandering around the studio crossing his eyes to everyone he passes and sinking mock baskets into trash cans with crumpled sheets of paper. With take 1560 they are finished with the

morning's work. "Sometimes says, blowing smoke with a exquisite pleasure, "sometimes a scene like this that is very Very hard, very crucial." and turns to his crew. "be very much," he says and calls for lunch. It has taken a morning to get perhaps ten usable footage for *The Angel*, an excruciatingly slow pace, course, you're not in any ha-

I left *The Angel* Levine on a rainy night in New York location in front of a tenement in the East Sixties. The extras milled around while pretty young East walked their dogs in the light. Fake cans piled high with garbage littered the gutters. A plug stood on the sidewalk. In front of the tenement stands alone on the block, suddenly new, white-brick, terraced, was a fabric store, with overhead that read: "Sol Heeries, Bedspreads, Plastic Custom-Fitted." Just as it rained, flanked by two assistants, rain began to fall more heavily. He ticked off his instructions under an umbrella. Carpenter work building a false paver the real one. Lights slowly blinked off, came on again, as they came on for good, Sol himself—probably as old as and certainly less resigned—climbed the iron fence by stairs that led down from the his store, and leaning perilously the stairwell, began to clean so that it would be clearly re movie. He looked like a cr man. "He'll break his goddam someone shouted. But Sol the face of fortune, just this fame, was not to be stopped, wiped in the rain. Kadar smiled scene and continued to give. All the lights were on; at eight at night it was brighter than without modulation, trance-like death itself; the extras around like sleepwalkers. Bel moved into the glare, throwing shadow against a lighting tr extras closed in, huddled under brellas, steaming cups of coffee their hands. Kadar smiled again called to Belafonte. "Háry," I "this is what I want you to do

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Der Masters

s of Hugo Wolf and Rich-
ss receive definitive per-
s, while Wolf's only big
l work, "*Penthesilea*,"
y be heard on LP.

Wolf, of course, is today ac-
d as one of the supreme
the German lied, the great-
chubert and Schumann, and
or of the psychological song.
sed almost exclusively for
there are a few other things
quartet, the opera *Der Cor-*
nd the *Italian Serenade* for
rtet (later arranged by him
orchestra). None of these
own, but occasionally they
nd, at one time or another
recorded. Thus those who
now them are in a position
There has been one work by
lf, however, which has been
e mystery. It is his sym-
tem *Penthesilea*. He spent
e over it, finishing it in 1885
eral years of work. Wolf
ers have made much of it,
g that it is a masterpiece.
dy performs it, and it never
ded.

has been, in a two-disc al-
t also contains the *Italian*
and a group of songs for
sung by Evelyn Lear and
Stewart. Otto Gerdes leads
na Symphony (Deutsche
phon 139426/7). *Penthesilea*
ange history, and since the
the program notes to this
es not go into it, a little bit
background might not be
olf at the time was the music
the *Wiener Salonblatt*. He
agnerite and Brucknerite in
s city. Eduard Hanslick, the
l critic of the *Neue Freie*
strongly opposed Wagner,
d The Music of the Future,
slick's word was all but law
a. When the ardent young
rted reviewing, he took up
s cause and furiously started

to give it to Brahms. Sample, on
Brahms' Fourth Symphony: "Such
nullity, emptiness, and hypocrisy as
prevail in the E minor Symphony
have come to light in none of his other
works." He attacked the Vienna Phil-
harmonic, its stodgy repertoire, and
its artistic policy.

But he also was a composer and
wanted his music played. So when he
finished *Penthesilea* he approached
the conductor of the Philharmonic,
the great, stout, bearded, dignified
Hans Richter, and asked him to con-
duct the score. Richter did conduct it,
but only at a rehearsal. It was a fiasco.
According to Wolf, Richter led it
through to the end, the orchestra
meanwhile laughing and merely go-
ing through the motions, because he
wanted to see for himself the work of
the man "who dares write in such a
way about *Meister* Brahms." That
was Wolf's story. Richter denied that
he had said any such thing. But
whether or not the actual details jibe,
word got around that *Penthesilea* was
a horror. It was not performed during
Wolf's life, though it did receive a
performance in 1904 (the year after
Wolf's death in an insane asylum) and
has had precious few since.

Thus one listens to the new record-
ing with more than usual interest.
Penthesilea is a long symphonic poem,
about twenty-five minutes. If it is not
the masterpiece its admirers claim,
neither is it the horror the conserva-
tives of 1885 thought. It is full of wild
dissonances (or what would have been
considered wild dissonances in the
period), and also contains a great deal
of post-Lisztian rhetoric. That is
strange, for in his songs Wolf nor-
mally was terse. Wagner bulks very
large in *Penthesilea*, and one long sec-
tion is right out of *Tristan*. The or-
chestration is extremely rich, and the
harmonies intensely chromatic. There
is a decided link between this score
and the symphonies of Mahler—much
more to Mahler than to Richard
Strauss, as some writers have said.

On the whole, *Penthesilea* is a fasci-
nating work, with enough strength de-
spite its admitted weaknesses to
deserve occasional hearings.

The value of this album is further
enhanced by the presence of the *Ital-*
ian Serenade, that little charmer, and
the songs for orchestra. All were origi-
nally composed with piano accom-
paniment in the late 1880s and
orchestrated in 1890. There are not
many recordings of the orchestral
versions. Lear sings *Gebet*, the fa-
mous *Mignon* ("Kennst du das
Land?"), *Neue Liebe*, and *Wo find'*
ich Trost, while Stewart sings the
three *Harfenspieler* songs, and *Prom-*
etheus. An added bonus is the song
Der Feuerreiter, for chorus and or-
chestra. Both Lear and Stewart sing
these in an opulent manner. A song as
powerful as *Prometheus* is better
served with orchestral rather than
piano accompaniment; and the great,
yearning phrase in *Mignon* also
makes a grander effect in its later
version.

Another important Wolf release is
a two-disc set of the complete
Italienisches Liederbuch, all forty-six
songs, sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dies-
kau and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with
Gerald Moore at the piano (Angel
3703). About ten years ago, Fischer-
Dieskau and Irmgard Seefried, with
Joerg Demus, also recorded the *Ital-*
ienisches Liederbuch ("Italian Song
Book"). As in the previous set,
Fischer-Dieskau divides the songs
with his soprano. He sings the "male"
ones and she the "female." Some of
the songs are neuter, and it is inter-
esting to note that in this album
Fischer-Dieskau sings several that
previously had been sung by Seefried.

Fischer-Dieskau and Schwarzkopf
have been singing the cycle in public
for several years. Both are superb
stylists and vocalists, and they do
honor to the great songs. But See-
fried also was a superior singer, and

Coming in Harper's

"You better pay attention to the son-of-a-bitch before he burns the country down..."

There is hardly a language to describe him. Just names: racist-redneck-ethnic-Irish-Italian-Hunkie-Pole-Yahoo. The lower-middle-class. The man under whose hat lies the great American desert. Who might vote for Wallace (but didn't). Who cheers when cops beat up on demonstrators. Who is free, white, and twenty-one, has a job, a home, a family, and is up to his eyeballs in credit, the man that Andrew Jackson once called "the bone and sinew of the country." Now he is "the forgotten man," perhaps the most alienated person in America. Examined in detail—and with sympathy—by Peter Schrag and Marshall Frady in a double portrait-in-depth . . .

BACK TO MADRID

by Barbara Probst Solomon

GOING HOME TO LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

by James Q. Wilson

BONN'S SCHIZOPHRENIC RIGHT

by Viola Herms Drath

those who own the 1960 release need not feel that they have to rush out and get the new one. Seefried was in wonderful voice in 1960, and she displayed more control in her album than Schwarzkopf does in the new one. It is not that Schwarzkopf is inadequate, but she is not getting younger, and neither her voice nor technique comes up to what can be heard from Seefried. On the other hand, there is a lifetime of experience in Schwarzkopf's singing. Either version is eminently satisfactory (it should be stated that Demus' contribution matches that of the more famous Gerald Moore note for note). It should not be necessary to recommend the music. Some of Wolf's greatest songs are in the *Italienisches Liederbuch*.

In the old, 78-rpm days, there were several versions of the Wolf **String Quartet in D minor** available. The LP era has not been kind to the work, but a short time ago matters were helped along with the performance by the La Salle Quartet (Deutsche Grammophon 139376). This long piece by Wolf, finished in 1884, is a sort of chamber-music counterpart to *Penthesilea*, except that where the symphonic poem deals in the language of Liszt and Wagner, the string quartet looks back to Schubert and late Beethoven. The score is written in a rich, post-romantic, ultra-chromatic idiom, and it too is a link to Mahler and the Schoenberg of *Verklärte Nacht*. It is an impressive piece of music and a most welcome addition to the Wolf discography.

The composer after Wolf most strongly to the German song was Richard Fischer and the indefatigable Fischer, who by now has recorded twice as much as any history, has recorded ninety songs by that composer. Gerda is at the piano (Deutsche Grammophon 36483). A selection made from Opp. 10, 15, and included herein are such still songs as *Zueignung*, *Heimliches Ständchen*, and *Allerseelen*. In his songs, was not the eleventh innovator he had been in the phonic poems. He was content within the shadow of his predecessor, mostly Brahms. But he had a feeling for the lied, and even who have become tired of the operas and symphonic poems that the sweet, lyric, perfect, ten, and melodious Strauss continue to exert their skill. For was not out to amaze the perfect song like *Ständchen* cannot be too perfect, too evanescent, also contains one of the unforgotten melodies in the history of song. Fischer-Dieskau is, of in perfect sympathy with the trial, but he is not in best voice some of his singing is unexpectedly labored. Lesser Fischer-Dieskau, however, is usually better than anybody else at his best, and so it is here. There used to be a recording of Elisabeth Schumann singing group of Strauss songs. That is the all-time criterion.



"Look under talking butterfly."

HARPER'S PUZZLE

crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
 n answer consists of two or more words, numbers in es following the clue indicate each word's length.
 from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding the crossword, and vice versa.
 ial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read l out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

3	4	C	5	6	H	7	8	B	9	10	I	11	12	A	13	14	E	15	G
18	F		20	O		22	M		24	G		26	H		28	A			
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48	B		50	B		52	D		54	B		56	I		58	M		60	B
63	64	G	65	66	M	67			69	70	B	71	72	L	73	74	A	75	
			80	N		82	C		84	O				88	F		90	L	
93	94	D	95			97	98	A	99	100	O	101	102	F	103	104	E	105	
108	H		110	H								116	J		118	C		120	M
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138	O					142	B		144	A		146	M					150	N
153	154	A	155	156	H	157			159	160	F	161	162	L	163	164	O	165	
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198	C		200	C		202	B		204	L		206	A		208	A		210	O
213	214	A	215	216	I	217	218	B	219	220	J	221	222	F	223	224	O	225	

main concern of the
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 and the Moor goes to hell,

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 t a tire for the water
 ism?
 ace of torment in which
 use orange henna, perhaps.
 ten, Sonny, and find the

 OK to avoid the New Left.
 resive improvement for
 gamblers, I hear. (6,3,6)

DOWN

- Wet blankets or those who are political on deck in the days of sail? (5-7)
- A widow spills tea and becomes a memento.
- Diffident baby carriers and modest birds, perhaps. (3,6)
- When ale engulfs a tern, it lasts forever.
- Is Cora in the CIA? It'll be a dance for her!
- Instruct how to cheat?
- A pull with no grades down a flat corridor, they say. (5,4)
- Tending but viewing too late, perhaps. (7,5)
- Care that begins with unusual pleasure.
- Are shorts due this prolific animal? (4,5)
- Gal from "Merchant of Venice" is saner than most.
- Powered but needing something (rare usage).
- Barrier or illegitimate buyer.
- May be in fall or in shade or in gale.

Acrostickler® No. 12

Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 12 will appear in the August issue.
 For solution to last month's puzzle No. 11, consult Table of Contents.

- A 208 12 154 74 206 214 98 144 28
 Small pellet of ice that falls from the sky.
- B 142 16 50 70 40 8 48 218 92 60 176
 62 54 202 Illinois city on the Mississippi (alternate form). (4,5,5)
- C 198 82 118 166 4 200 32 124 Daughter of King Alcinous.
- D 52 194 212 94 Former President of South Korea.
- E 186 106 104 14 "Now is the winter of our discontent / Made glorious summer by this sun of _____." Shakespeare, "Richard III."
- F 128 88 18 160 222 2 102 An animal of the cat family, often trained to hunt antelope.
- G 24 76 132 64 15 192 126 Loss of the power to use words.
- H 211 136 26 110 44 156 6 170 108 What Sherlock Holmes became after his retirement.
- I 152 216 172 180 174 56 10 "Mouth he remembered: the quaint _____ / From which came heat that flamed upon the kiss." John Crowe Ransom, "The Equilibrists."
- J 46 188 220 178 116 A pious Hebrew captive in Nineveh, hero of an apocryphal book of the Old Testament.
- K 122 38 168 Donald _____, hero of novels by A.A. Fair.
- L 90 184 72 204 162 34 A single moray, perhaps. (3,3).
- M 146 58 22 66 120 42 "Our life is frittered away by _____ ... Simplify, simplify." Thoreau, "Walden."
- N 150 80 134 182 The fall guy.
- O 224 100 20 138 164 84 210 "We sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to _____ the value of its favours." Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield."



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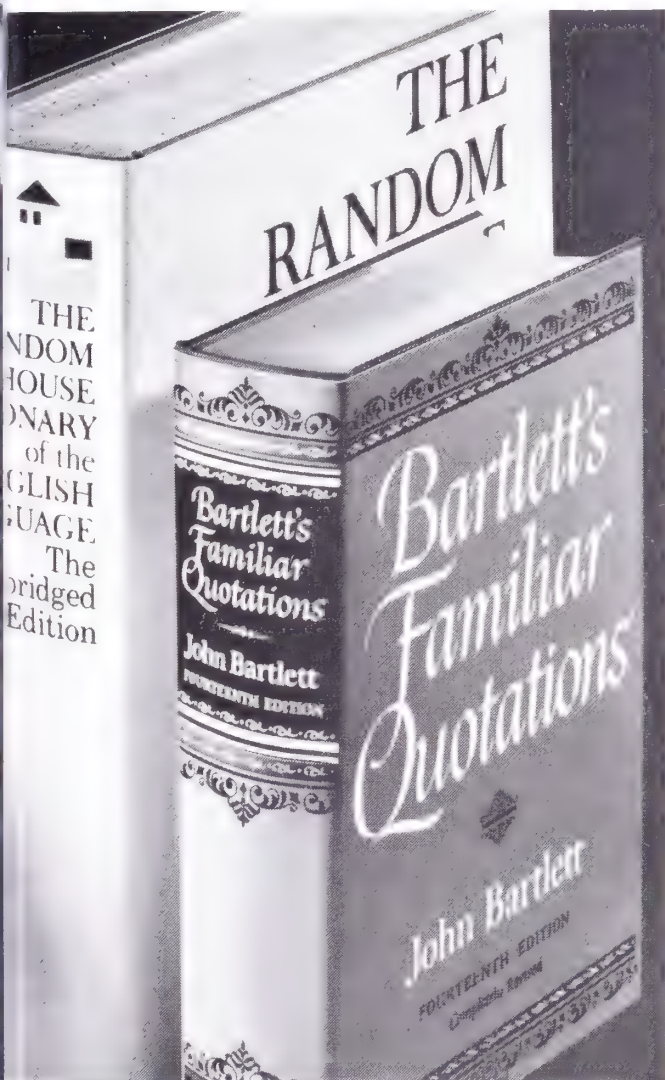
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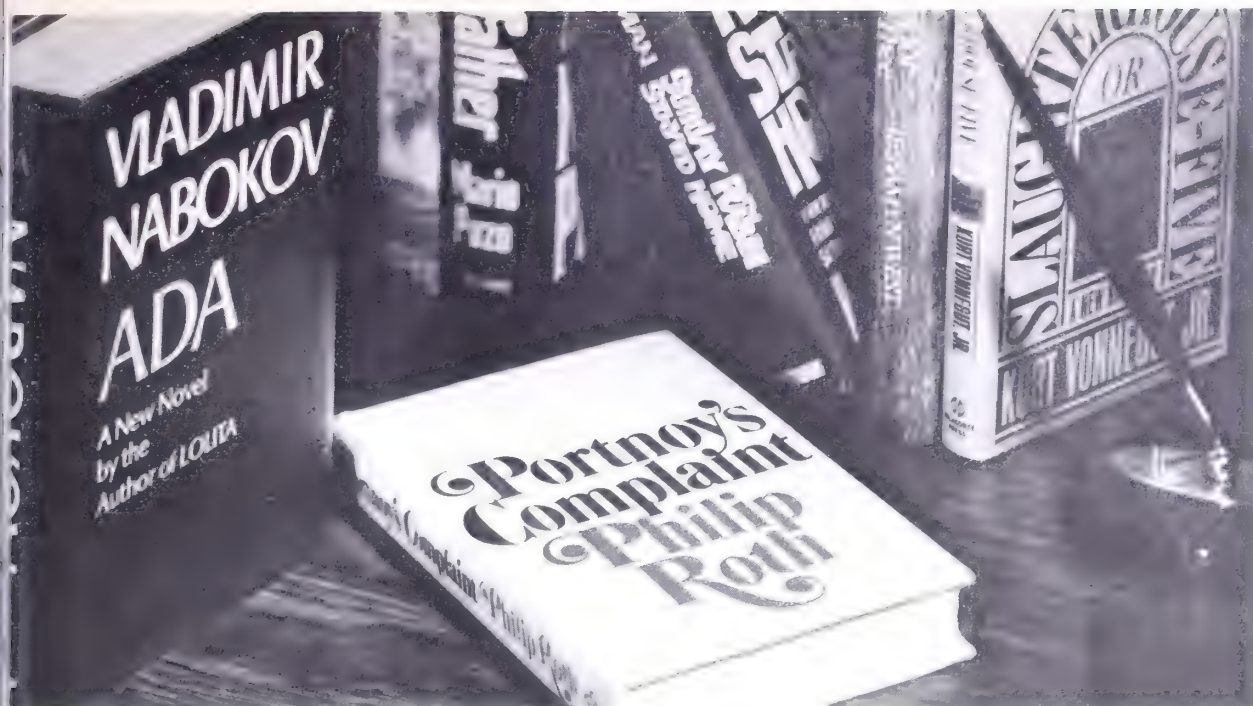
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

TIM MATSON



Joe McGinniss

As early as his first disastrous debate with John Kennedy in 1960, Richard Nixon had bitterly learned the importance of television. By 1966 he had set out to master the media, to "correct" his lack of warmth and humor. One of his first moves in launching his 1968 campaign was the appointment of a group of highly competent advertising and television men.

Joe McGinniss, twenty-six, former columnist with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, informally joined the Nixon campaign's advertising forces early in the campaign. How much could an advertising agency do for a Presidential candidate? he asked himself. From day to day he lived with the technicians, pollsters, and ghost writers; he found all the Nixon men "cautious, competent, professional, and fully cooperative." The result is McGinniss' first book, *The Selling of the President 1968*, which Trident Press will publish in the fall. A hilarious and revealing preview appears on page 46 of this issue.

1968 was the perfect year for the hucksters, and the exceptionally adept ones, without hesitation, stepped into the breach. Yet McGinniss' approach, irreverent though it may be, is not an angry one. Other candidates need well-heeled advertising agencies too, so partisan complaints about tactics may be invalid. He simply tells what went on, about things that no one else outside the Nixon organization, and not many inside it, saw. But as a description of the process by which our leaders come to us, in giant and economy sizes, his work is a document of the times.

Joining *Harper's* with this issue are four writers who will contribute the monthly reviews in our "Books in Brief" column—a standing feature in this magazine for more than thirty years:

David Bazelon is a noted social critic, former corporate lawyer, and author of *The Paper Economy* and *Power in America: The Politics of the New Class*. A collection of his shorter pieces will be brought out soon by Simon and Schuster.

John Hollander is a poet and man of letters, author of several volumes of poetry, who appeared in our pages in April with his essay "From Beyond the Cigarette: Notes of a Redeemed Smoker." Mr. Hollander teaches English at the City University of New York and has recently joined *Harper's* as a contributing editor with special emphasis on poetry.

Marion Magid, on leave from being managing editor of *Commentary*, is a critic of current literature and manners.

Richard Schickel is best known these days as a film critic for *Life*, though he has written widely on matters of general cultural interest. His book on Walt Disney came out last year, and he is now working on a book about D. W. Griffith.



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HA 69 S

Reflecting on McCarthy

Until I read Jeremy Lerner's account of the McCarthy campaign ["Nobody Knows... Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign," April and May], I didn't believe it could be put into words. But he did it, without a single off-key note. I was the last of those so-called press secretaries, and much like the man who was hit by a truck and wasn't quite sure what happened until he read the accident report. I'm grateful to Lerner for the accident report. I still have a very special regard for the purpose and meaning of the McCarthy campaign. My part in it is an experience I won't soon forget, though I may try.

DONOVAN MCCLURE
Charleston, W. Va.

After reading the first part of Jeremy Lerner's article, I had a feeling of having read most of it before. "Warmed-over Halberstam," I thought. Yet there are differences between the two writers. Halberstam can't forgive McCarthy for not being a Kennedy. Lerner can't forgive McCarthy for not being God.

Lerner's story does great injustice to McCarthy. (I say this as one also involved in the campaign—in a minor staff position, yet close enough to see a great deal.) Lerner does what is permitted to the novelist, but forbidden to the historian. He starts with a personality theory, then presents primarily those details which tend to support the theory. He presents detail irrelevant to the theory in such a context that it seems to support the theory. And he omits much detail that contradicts the theory.

A few examples: "His instinct was to avoid confrontations, both personal and political." How about the initial decision to confront Johnson; the advocacy of recognizing Red China during the primary in conservative Indiana; the proposal for dispersing ghetto residents to the suburbs during the primary in race-conscious California; the long delay in endors-

ing Humphrey when it would have been so easy to slide tactfully and quickly into an endorsement? Each of these decisions involved a confrontation that an ordinary politician would avoid like the plague.

"Often when his supporters most strongly urged him to do something, he would either do it badly—and blame his advisers—or do the opposite, without explanation." There were a number of times when McCarthy rejected the advice of supporters and was proven right in his decisions. There were other times when he was proven wrong. This shows that he is human and fallible... But did Lerner really think that a man strong enough to stand against Lyndon Johnson & Co. would not stand against his own advisers when he thought *they* were wrong? Indeed, the advisers were often wrong. And they were even more often divided, so that "to do the opposite" simply meant to reject the advice of some and take that of others...

In speaking of the Senator's warning against passing gun-control legislation "under panic conditions" (after Robert Kennedy's assassination), Lerner says this showed "a kind of meanness beyond excuse or explanation." To the contrary, I would say it showed only McCarthy's consistently "conservative" position on procedural matters. I happen to think this is a generally sound position, and one more helpful to liberals these days than to conservatives... But one need not agree with the position to see that McCarthy has taken it consistently. And there is no excuse for reading

into it some imagined meanness toward the late Senator Kennedy's supporters.

Lerner implies that the "Flying Circus" who laughed at McCarthy's jokes were silly. Anyone who listened to McCarthy's press conference would know that all types of people roared with laughter at his jokes. It didn't matter whether they were or not, whether they agreed or not. He has a great gift of humor and wit; if you had any, you would know it. He has a great gift of humor at all, you couldn't help laughing...

Another word about sympathy. There are some in every crowd, no doubt there were some in the Flying Circus. But Lerner's implication that almost everyone who traveled with McCarthy was kowtowing (except of course) is quite unfair... It is a strong personal loyalty to the man that was a loyalty that may have led to overprotectiveness. But genuine loyalty—not something bought on in the candidate's presence—favors him...

One might also comment on Lerner's romantic expectations of the summer of '68 (if only McCarthy had said or done those things that Lerner thought appropriate). He says he doesn't prove America is yours by filling ball parks with college students. Very true. And you don't prove it just by saying the right thing. Trying to bargain with regular people, arrogance of power, scorn for the masses, undemocratic (but "legal") behavior...

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When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

A lot that is said about urban problems is pure myth.

"You can't save the cities. It doesn't beat you, will."

"Government can solve problem all alone."

"Big business can solve problem all alone."

se your cliché and come out. So many myths have sprung from the problems of the cities. Myths themselves are

When you actually get in and with the problem, the myths may. For example, it might be gratifying to businessmen if it did to do was apply some mind and money to make bloom again overnight. Or, else, if they could simply hang "Government Only" sign on it and walk away from all ability. We in the life insurance found from experience that response is valid. And this when we got

about 18 months ago, a lot of insurance companies got to try to solve some of the cities' problems. We felt there

was a job we could do there, with our knowledge of investing in housing and in projects that create employment. So the life insurance companies pledged a billion dollars for the effort.

This was no normal, business-as-usual investment. Our business knew that capital for the inner cities was not readily available on reasonable terms, because of risk or location. But nonetheless the need for such funds was very great.

After all, our business is intimately involved with people, with their health and safety. And people live in the cities. You might say that people are the cities. The health of one means the health of the other. And both together mean the health of business. Any business.

The billion-dollar investment is now almost completely committed.

And in the process is debunking some myths. Like those we mentioned.

Like the myths that "those people never do anything to help themselves," or that "the poor are always with us."

We found constructive people in the cities. Our involvement exposed us to responsible leaders. To people eager to build and improve.

In short, we found people.

Not myths.

We found reason to invest still further.

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A second billion that will help utilize what we learned from the first.

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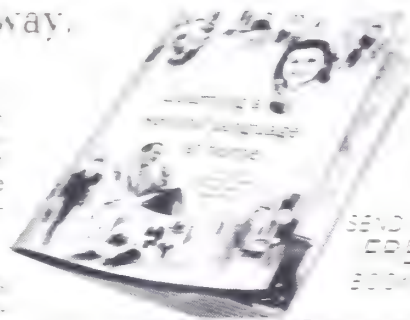
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"OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling". . .

There are two national problems which we believe no materials producer should ignore: litter and conservation. Fortunately, because of the nature of our metal, aluminum, Reynolds has been able to develop some answers in both areas.

Indestructible aluminum is re-usable

First, aluminum has scrap value; it is virtually indestructible. It resists corrosion, will not rust. It can be remelted, re-alloyed, and re-used—economically. And the need for and uses of this strong, lightweight metal multiply yearly.

So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We are now testing dif-



ferent approaches in two cities: Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to try others in the future.

Using aluminum's scrap

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own. As they raise funds, they help keep streets, parks, and beaches free of

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example,

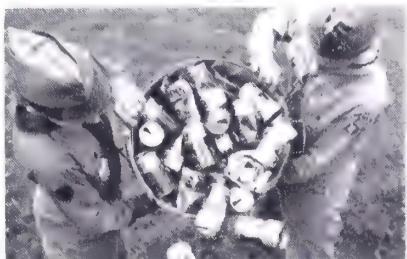
brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they buy aluminum equipment. They know there's a big payoff waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

Mines—not scrap heaps

Although there is an abundant supply of aluminum for the foreseeable future, the fact remains

supply is not unlimited—and aluminum has been doubling roughly every ten years. It need not be a problem if we capitalize on aluminum re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. It could be even higher.

Countless products provide "mines" of aluminum ready to be tapped. Not only aluminum cans, but the aluminum in appliances, auto parts, and many other products should be recycled when they are finished for service.

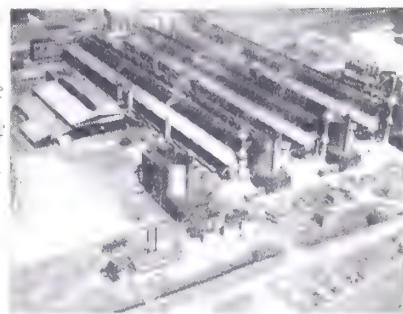


Scouts and many other organizations fight litter and raise money by collecting all-aluminum cans.

New Reynolds reclamation plant

We at the Reynolds Metals Company have made our effort toward this goal—not only with

our anti-litter can collecting programs, but with a major investment in reclamation facilities, as well. (An additional Reynolds reclamation plant will be producing usable aluminum from scrap this year.)



Reclamation plants which produce aluminum from scrap help conserve our natural resources.

Efforts such as these, we believe, will do much to reduce the solid waste disposal problem, and help stretch our natural resources. *Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LR, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*



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LETTERS

admire about integrating the
Then McCarthy had all su
confront Hubert Humphrey
would not do it.

Nor could McCarthy con-
own supporters and make
sions about his own campai
could be made by no one
that he wasn't entitled to re
one's advice—but he would
full responsibility for what h
did. He preferred to act pass
botch what he didn't like, and
others for forcing him.

Miss Meehan pretends
know McCarthy could be wi
in fact I gave some prime exa
his wit. Of course anyone cou
without being sycophantic.
point was that the price of ge
close and staying there wa
phancy. After the primaries,
the non-bootlickers had been
away from the candidate. No
not say that McCarthy's att
were not loyal and sincere—b
were sycophants all the same.

As for McCarthy on gun co
am well aware of our candidate
cedural" rationale. Let us ass
his behalf that the third or
major assassination within fiv
created a "panic condition"
meant that Congress should
anything about gun control. No
the panic has subsided, can we
to see some gun proposals
McCarthy? I wonder also if
consistent of McCarthy to rais
issue of Vietnam while emotion
still strong on that subject? P
he has rectified that error by hi
of leadership since the campai

Then, too, Miss Meehan ou
check McCarthy's wording and
on his gun-control statement. I
minded of an occasion some m
after the assassination when M
thy was asked just which Am
Presidents had been too st
"Teddy Roosevelt," he replied,
one who didn't get there." I ask
Miss Meehan and friends, coul
mere mortal be holier than that

If Miss Meehan and associat
look back, they will see that I
at length on McCarthy's "integr
that I tell how again and again
made that concept of himself the
ter of his campaign. But the que
I ask, finally, is the question tha
tory, Miss Meehan, is going to
whether McCarthy likes it or
"What kind of integrity? Integ
for what?"

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San Francisco

Sign in front of a restaurant near Market and O'Farrell Streets: "Fried Clams and Topless Waitresses."

Which suggests that San Franciscans still have a sound sense of priorities. But how does a girl feel when she gets second billing to a fried clam?

Ithaca, New York

A professor of animal husbandry at Cornell, who wishes to remain anonymous for the moment, is seeking a foundation grant for a dragon-breeding project. He argues that the shortage of dragons is responsible for many of America's ills; and that the agricultural scientists who have produced hybrid corn, the Beltsville turkey, and Santa Gertrudis cattle surely are capable of breeding a useful strain of dragons.

An excerpt from his project application:

"As my colleagues and I have observed during the recent insurrections at Cornell, a dependable supply of dragons is absolutely essential to the well-being of the human adolescent male. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, he feels an overwhelming psychological compulsion to prove himself a brave and hardy fellow, not only in the eyes of the world and of nearby females, but most of all for his own self-esteem. Until very recently, he did this by slaying dragons, of whatever species might be handy: saber-tooth tigers, minotaurs, infidels, barbarians (*i.e.* the tribe in the next valley), Indians, or gunslingers in black hats. Within my own lifetime, it was still possible for a young man to demonstrate his virility by herding half-tamed steers, harpooning whales, shooting grizzlies,

breaking horses, or getting lost in the wilderness.

"Now unfortunately we have run out of grizzlies and wilderness, whales are processed scientifically with helicopters and radar-equipped pursuit ships, and the few surviving cowboys ride pickup trucks. Slaughter of barbarians and infidels is still socially approved, of course, but since it is mostly conducted at long distance, with B-52s and 105 mm. howitzers, the modern soldier feels more like a well-trained mechanic than a knight-errant. Consequently the young are driven to testing their hardihood by artificially contrived ordeals, such as skiing, surfing, and driving souped-up jalopies at suicidal speeds. These surrogates are basically unsatisfactory, because they lack the essential element of personal combat with a live, dangerous opponent.

"The only such opponents available in most college communities are the faculty and administrators—and they too are less than satisfactory, since they are generally too old and timid to fight back. As we have seen, they are likely to surrender at the first show of violence. When that happens, the frustrated adolescents naturally look beyond the campus for dragons with real teeth, who can be provoked into genuinely hazardous combat. The logical candidates for this role are, obviously, the police and in extreme cases the National Guard.

"The resulting affrays provide a good deal of psychic reward to both sides, since many of the police and guardsmen also are combat-starved young men. Moreover, they already regard the students as barbarians and infidels—members of a different social caste, wearing strange costumes and guilty of unorthodox behavior.

"Thus we see that student-police confrontations fulfill a useful—indeed, indispensable—social role. But they are expensive, they divert the

police from their other duties, they tend to disrupt the research of the faculty, including professional animal husbandry.

"To take their place, I propose to develop an appropriate species of dragon, which could be stocked in a campus corral and released from time to time in dormitory corridors, beer joints, and SDS meetings. Precise genetic specifications have yet to be determined, but the salient characteristics are plain enough: the dragon should be capable of mauling or even killing a healthy, belligerent eighteen-year-old. But it should be invincible; the boy must have no chance of doing in the dragon with some elementary weapon, such as a club or length of gas pipe—provided of course that he is brave, able, and lucky.

"With an initial grant of \$250,000, I am confident that I could produce such a monster, using proper techniques of hybridization. This promising line of inquiry would be advanced by crossbreeding of selected lady wrestlers with a ferocious strain of football linebackers. Alternatively, we might try crossing Spanish fighting bulls with the Miura stock with the American timber wolf.

"If successful, the experiment could be expected to yield social dividends of considerable value—not only the return of policemen and professors to their normal assignments, but the provisions of an acceptable outlet for the innate aggressive instinct of the young male."

Annapolis, Maryland

Senator Edward T. Conroy of Prince Georges County, is one of the vocal advocates of economy in the Maryland legislature. On his fortieth birthday the Senate voted a resolution of congratulation. Its last

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PICASSO ENGRAVINGS

O

n March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful

satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars*. This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography

of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Again, Picasso demonstrates his power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Director of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of amazing energy and power of invention at age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Times: "A great surprise package...Unprecedented for sustained interest and quality." Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

I

It is with great confidence, therefore, and humility, that the editors of *Avant-Garde* announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be made known to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed *Avant-Garde* as the sole press for presentation of the quintessence, "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposed on the editors of *Avant-Garde* have spared no expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of *Avant-Garde*—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will contain no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed in a consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankfort board for permanent preservation. All in all, this produced issue of *Avant-Garde* will more resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of *Avant-Garde* are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

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to sacrifice creative genius on the altar
rality" (the motto of the magazine is
with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue
). Thus, the world's most gifted artists,
and photographers continually bring
nt-Garde their most uninhibited—and
—works. Avant-Garde serves—consist-
s a haven for the painting that is "too
the novella that is "too outrageous,"
m that is "too sensuous," the cartoon
"too satirical," the reportage that is
phic," the opinion that is "too candid,"
tograph that is "too explicit." Avant-
s proud of its reputation as the wild
sanctuary of American arts and letters.

addition to Picasso, contributors to
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Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali,
outhern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley
u, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman,
h Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet,
rshall McLuhan.

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read: "In view of his devoted interest in keeping down costs to the taxpayers of this state, be it further resolved that no copies of this resolution be sent to anyone."

Empire, Colorado

A big mining company, American Metals Climax, is behaving in a most peculiar fashion. It is seeking the advice of conservation agencies, both public and private, on ways to carry out its operations with the least possible damage to the environment.

If it had followed the traditional, or nature-be-damned, methods at its Urad project near this town, it would have virtually destroyed two mountain streams, Ruby and Woods creeks. Instead it undertook—at considerable cost—to build two reservoirs and an 11,000-foot underground pipeline to avoid water pollution and maintain the normal flow of the streams. The upper reservoir already has been stocked with trout and opened to fishermen.

A companion project nearby, the Henderson molybdenum mine, is being developed in consultation with the Colorado Open Space Foundation, the Forest Service, the state university's School of Industrial Medicine, and other public-interest groups because, as the company's president put it, "we realize our obligation to protect the environment in which we work." A six-thousand-acre tract of company land has been opened for public recreation.

By way of contrast, at...

Duluth, Minnesota

The Reserve Mining Company is dumping thousands of tons of iron-ore waste into Lake Superior every day, in spite of shrieks of protests from conservationists and a somewhat muffled admonition from Washington.

As so often happens, the federal government speaks here with two voices, and the states don't speak at all. The company holds a dumping permit from the Army Corps of Engineers—an outfit which keeps an eye on possible obstructions to navigation, but notoriously doesn't give a hoot about ecology, water pollution, or scenic beauty. A sister agency, the Department of the Interior, produced a report last year recommending that

the dumping be stopped; later, apparently as the result of political pressure, it repudiated the report and now merely recommends that the affected states, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, should keep the pollution under "continuing surveillance." Maybe they are, but so far they have done nothing else.

Ironically, the "waste" being dumped in the lake contains substantial tonnages of nickel, copper, manganese, zinc, and chrome. At current prices for these metals, they cannot be extracted profitably. But if Reserve Mining piled the stuff on land—as other mining companies operating in the area do—it might profitably rework it in later years, when metal supplies dwindle and prices rise.

Reserve Mining is jointly owned by two steel companies, Republic and Armco—typical members, apparently, of an industry which has never been noted for its foresight, imaginative management, or sensitivity to public opinion.

Calcutta

A newspaperman just back from India reports the following dialogue with a twelve-year-old boy in the street outside the Great Eastern hotel:

"Hey, mister, you like to meet my sister, nice clean Hindu girl, very high caste?"

"Nope."

"You like to meet nice clean English girl?"

"Nope."

"Well, how you like to meet nice clean Fulbright?"

(When this incident was related to Senator Fulbright, he was not amused.)

Washington, D.C.

The Pentagon, already shocked and bewildered by the unprecedented criticism it is getting in Congress, can expect something worse. Its requests for money are going to be subjected, for the first time ever, to critical analysis by a competent, independent agency outside of government.

For the last thirty years, the armed services have been accustomed to getting virtually anything they want, with no questions asked. No President likes to get into a hassle with his Joint Chief of Staff, especially when super-

hawks like Joe McCarthy, Wallace, and Curtis LeMay are piping at his ears.* Congressmen are even more reluctant to challenge the soldiers; they can't chance on looking unpatriotic, worse yet, losing military contracts for their constituents. The chairmen of the committees dealing military affairs are, almost always happy prisoners of the Pentagon. When you watch the flows of military dollars which enter the domains of Representative Rivers and Senator Richard, it's not hard to understand why those few Congressmen who declined to be skeptical about Pentagon demands do not have the time or expertise to comb through an \$80 billion budget. Nor do they have an independent staff capable of doing the job, since the relevant committees are staffed almost completely with people who mirror faithfully the thinking of the Defense Department.

Newspapermen covering the Pentagon aren't likely to be seen as critics, either. Some of them, like Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times*, are themselves former members of the staff. All of them are dependent on military sources for their news—which can be turned off in the blink of an eye. It takes a colonel to reach the SECRET stamp. Consequently, "unsympathetic" reporter is unlikely to find himself the last to get the word. Furthermore, the publication can afford to make penetrating, detailed study of the services' spending habits, even as they are revealed by the public figures. That would require a substantial crew of specialists, trained in economics, management, accounting, strategic theory, and the creative analysis of weapons systems. Such organization now exists, but of the defense establishment is

But it soon will. This fall the Defense Institution plans to send Professor William W. Kaufman to MIT. Its purpose will be a close scrutiny of national security programs, their costs, the strategic assumptions which underlie them, and the efficiency with which they

An exception was President Truman. After the end of World War II he did make an heroic and partially successful effort to cut military spending, but that ended, of course, with the break of the Korean war.

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EASY CHAIR

ing carried out. To make sure that the staff is strictly objective, its work will be reviewed by an outside bipartisan advisory committee.

Presumably, too, the new staff can call for help from such old Washington hands as Kermit Gordon and Charles Schultze, both former directors of the Budget Bureau, Arthur M. Okun, former economic counselor to the White House, Douglas Dillon, one-time Secretary of the Treasury, and Robert S. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense who taught the military what "civilian control" really means. Gordon is now president of Brookings, Dillon is chairman of its board, McNamara is a trustee, and the others are on its regular faculty.

If they turn out as expected, the reports of the Defense Analysis Staff will for the first time give concerned citizens—and Congressmen—a basis for informed, independent judgment about what the military is really up to. And in time they might save us all some tax money.

New Orleans

A friend of mine, a nice businessman of no particular distinction, recently received a letter from something which calls itself the Executive and Professional Hall of Fame, of 2475 Canal Street, New Orleans. It informed him that his "ability and achievements," both unspecified, had led to his nomination for membership in this Hall. It also invited him to send along biographical data, and a \$100 check for a lifetime membership fee. In return he would receive "a beautiful plaque" and a list of the other members—and a press release about his "induction" would go to any newspaper he might suggest.

Feeling himself unworthy of the honor, my friend did not send in the check, but he is glad to know what the going price of fame is these days.

Southern California

This is the only place in the world where people build 50,000 homes which are bound to wash away in the first heavy storm—and keep on doing it, year after year, in spite of repeated disasters. Clearly they are built by scoundrels and bought by fools; California seems to have an unlimited supply of both.

Much of the terrain is hilly and unstable. The soil is anchored in only by a thin covering of grass and brush. Until recently most of the ranch land, of the kind described by John Steinbeck in *The Red Pony*, was grazed, as they often were, they to erode and gully. Then the estate speculators came along with their bulldozers, skinned off the remaining vegetation, gouged out the races for building sites, and built expensive homes.

The rains hit Sunny California in February and March. They turn the naked hillsides into mud, which finally begins to slide. While I wait for last spring the papers carried photographs nearly every day of houses crushed by three-foot waves of mud swimming pools tipped over and dumped onto the patios of the houses below, families marooned because the road leading to their lovely ridge-top home-with-a-view had disappeared. Nevertheless, as soon as rain stops the bulldozers were out again comparing new subdivisions for the least possible destruction.

Another favorite, and fairly expensive, location is the lip of a cliff overlooking the Pacific. Such a form much of the coastline from San Diego to San Francisco. As anyone who has seen the waves have been cutting at them for millennia. Each time a storm chews out a few inches of the lip until it eventually undermines the lip until it eventually topples into the sea. The result is a string of rocky little islets on the shore, now roosting places for millions and pelicans. Some of the original roosting places for people.

In spite of such visible reminders, Californians still insist on building houses within a few feet of the edge. Near Santa Cruz I saw cottages which had lost their front lawns this spring. Their porches very likely will go next winter. Even an apartment building is being undercut at Capitola. In some three feet of its concrete foundation slab rests on nothing but sand.

Why the local governments in California do nothing to curb the impulses of its citizens is sort of a mystery. The most plausible answer that I got is that even a Californian is at heart a real-estate speculator, and would bitterly resist zoning laws which interfere with the divine right to destroy the landscape. For people so eager to do it to themselves, who needs an atom bomb?

TER HOURS

w to make politics from art, and vice versa

Open letter to the Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts

r. Chairman:

ate your courage in taking on
dership of the National En-
it for the Arts, and the Na-
Council on the Arts. I have
een an enthusiast for partici-
by the federal government in
airs of the creative and per-
g arts, primarily because I
ke seeing the arts used as a
l football and because official
ice to the arts is in fact usually
vice to them. I would like to
nced that I am wrong.

sh you luck and stamina and a
of heart in the Congress. I
ou will not consider it presump-
f me to recount for you a few
es of the troubles in the House
of which I have had some first-
nowledge. These are local ex-
, but they are not, I think you
gree, without wider implica-

ntly I was talking with a
who teaches history of art in
our several universities in New
and he said, "The arts have al-
een a political football. Who
damn what the Congressman
owa thinks about art? The im-
t thing is to get the money out
bastards."

was talking about what the Con-
ad done to the budget for your
, a disheartening piece of
paring, and something of a
l. What are you supposed to
lish with \$8.5 million a year on
onal scale that can mean any-
at all? I understand that there
me difficulty in getting a man
r caliber to take the job of man-

*ynnes, a contributing editor of
's, is the author of Confessions
lettante and other books, as well
ident of the MacDowell Colony.*

aging such a small fund. It is less
than is in the hands of many founda-
tion executives. You must have strong
convictions about what can be done.
More power to you. But let me get to
my cases.

Look what happened to Atlanta's
beautiful cultural bubble.* Look at
what has been happening in Newark,
New Jersey. Look at the farce that
was recently played out in New York
City with the Mayor and the budget
scrutinizers acting as directors, and
the museums and public libraries as
the reluctant and blindfolded actors.

In Atlanta it became rudely appar-
ent that the city's cultural eyes were
far too big for what it could stomach.
It had cost the citizens of the city \$13
million (a large share of which was
foundation money) to build a cultural
center to house its symphony orches-
tra, its art museum, and its art school,
and to provide facilities for the At-
lanta Municipal Theater, which was
made up of three companies—ballet,
opera, and repertory theater. The
publicity, to which I enthusiastically
contributed because I thought Atlanta
really had an intelligent and possible
program, was national and it was re-
splendent. Here was an excellent fa-
cility, a knowing and dedicated man-
agement, and a group of talented ar-
tists presumably backed by a local
public which was not only conscien-
tious but dedicated and which be-
lieved that the arts were far more
than superficially important to the
life of the city and, indeed, of the
state. But the balloon collapsed on its
first ascension. (One is tempted to
say, not without reason, that it was
full of hot air, not of gas.) The Muni-
cipal Theater had run up a deficit of

\$300,000, not, so far as performing-
arts centers go, an alarming sum, but
it was too alarming for Atlanta, and
the theater expired. The symphony
has had to draw in its horns and count
on enticing an audience with the usual
star system, and the museum has
found itself under the kinds of local
pressures which caused its director
to withdraw from exhibition a female
nude which some local patrons found
distasteful.

The Newark, New Jersey, situation
was a very different one. Newark is
part of "Greater New York," and it
has an excellent museum which was
founded sixty years ago as an offshoot
of the library and has become an in-
stitution of art, science, and history.
It has been a consistently lively organ
in an urban organism which has
given evidence of dying, and which
recently has been riven with racial
disasters. It has a city government
which is generally regarded as some-
thing less than savory. In February
the museum's director, Samuel Mil-
ler, got caught in the blizzard that
harassed the Northeast so emphati-
cally, and he was delayed in getting
back to his museum from a confer-
ence in Princeton. He called from a
snowbound motel to see if there was
anything going on, and his secretary
said that, as a matter of fact, there
was. The morning paper had an-
nounced that the city government was
withdrawing all further support from
the museum as of April first of this
year.

This was as tidy a demonstration
of the uses of art as a political foot-
ball as one could hope to find any-
where. It was a move on the part
of the Mayor to call attention to
Newark's financial plight in a way
that might make the state legislature
in Trenton take notice. One thing

*Reported on in this column in Febru-
ary 1969.

that politicians have evidently come to count on is that a cultural wound bleeds profusely, and those who consider themselves friends of the patient will go to a great deal of trouble to let it be known that a wrong has been committed that must be redressed. This is precisely what happened in Newark. The hue and cry was instantaneous; letters flooded the papers and the offices of local officials. There were public hearings and, according to Mr. Miller, "people turned out in droves; there was especially strong support from the black community." (There had been an "African Festival" at the museum in January which had been a great success with the entire community, black and white.)

When the executive committee of the museum's board met with the Mayor of Newark, he told them to go to the Governor of the state; after all, he said, 70 per cent of the people who use the museum come from outside the city, from the northern counties of the state. The Governor suggested that the state should pay a third of the cost, the counties another third, and the city the rest. The annual budget of the museum is in the neighborhood of \$800,000, and it became evident that the Governor was not interested in turning over a large piece of money to the city government, but agreed to draft a bill if the museum as a private corporation could receive the funds directly. In the meantime the city has reinstated its funds for the current fiscal year, and the state has put \$254,000 in its budget for 1970. The problem of getting one third of the necessary funds out of the counties is a thorny one. Has anyone ever heard of rural counties that surround an urban center contributing to its cultural support?

Compared with the shenanigans that have been going on in New York, "Fun City" and "The Cultural Capital of the World" [*sic*], Newark's experience seems straightforward. Early in the spring Mayor Lindsay announced that the city would have to cut its appropriations for the museums and libraries, the zoos and botanical gardens, and the City University by 24 per cent, because the state legislature was turning a deaf ear to the city's pleas for sufficient funds to meet its financial crisis. There was nothing new about this; New York might well be called "Crisis

City," though its financial sufferings are shared by municipalities in America everywhere. The administrators and trustees of these institutions were appalled at the prospect of what the cuts would do to their public operations. I say "public" because most of these institutions are "private," in the sense that they are largely supported by their endowments, by their membership, by gifts from individuals and corporations and foundations. It is their physical maintenance that is paid for in part by the city in most cases. For example, the Metropolitan Museum, which has its being in Central Park, pays for its guards, its maintenance crews, the upkeep of its vast building out of funds provided by the city. Somewhat the same is true of the New York Public Library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, one of the greatest research libraries in the world and superior to any university library in the nation. The city budgets \$600,000 for the library's maintenance and another half-million is raised from private funds. The branch libraries, of which there are some 102 in five boroughs of the city, are entirely supported by city funds. Or so, anyway, has been the practice.

Mayor Lindsay's announcement produced an effect that was more like a bombshell than a wet blanket. As the museum in Newark did, so did the museums and libraries of New York. They responded with a cry of justified anguish, and in concert. Eighteen institutions banded together with the director of the Museum of the City of New York as chairman of an emergency committee to explain their plight to the Mayor and to the public. Three hundred people, they said, would be put out of jobs and the results would be "catastrophic" to the institutions. It was even suggested that some of the museums might find it expedient to move away from New York entirely, and I heard from a member of the administration of one museum that the Botanical Gardens, one of New York City's pleasantest delights, was considering pulling up its shrubs and digging up its bulbs and moving to Westchester County. The Metropolitan Museum said that it would either have to close down entirely on Mondays or Tuesdays or close half of its galleries six days a week. "It's the guardianship that's so important," Joseph Noble, the administrator for the museum told me. "If

you can't pay to have your guards, you have to close galleries. You can't take chances with precious objects." The Public Library actually closed forty-one branches and reduced the size of the other sixty-one, and on Monday in May it shut its Fifth Avenue main library and put up a large sign on its massive doors that said simply, CLOSED. It was the first time it had been shut down for lack of funds in the fifty-eight years of its existence.

The situation of the Library Museum was, in some respects, the most dramatic. Its director, John Buechner, told me that the average attendance is now about 85,000, not quite three times what it was twenty years ago, a statistic which might not be especially surprising in these days of cultural boom if it were not for the fact that the neighborhood in which the museum is located has about 500,000 residents in the last decade. "It's an exciting new neighborhood," Buechner said, "and it requires increased vigilance to protect the museum. We need more modern orientation devices." The Brooklyn Museum has, he feels, a far more important community role than it has ever had, more chance to make a contribution to its neighborhood. When the city announced that it would cut appropriations by 24 per cent, the museum ran an advertisement in all the New York daily papers. It said in part: "This cut means that on July 1, 1969, the museum will be closed half of the time. School-age children (118,000 a year) will have to be eliminated from a quarter of the staff will be dismissed."

The situation with the city's universities was essentially the same, that with its museums and libraries and zoos so far as the budget was concerned, but the effects were different. The president of Columbia signed in protest because, he said, he would be unable to accept a first-class class next fall unless they had the funds to educate them. He was sent back into office, but only briefly. No other cultural phenomenon was so affected. Nobody, so far as I know, wanted to close down the museums, but there were (and still are, at this writing) a good many people who want to close down City University and a war has been in progress that cramped campus for

at Gallagher surrendered his the face of the new brand of intellectualism being practiced by intellectuals, a new kind of cynicism that calls itself democracy, obviously an oversimplification of the attack on the educational establishment but one that, I think, Gallagher's position.

no reason to be optimistic," president of the board of the Metropolitan Museum said to me on the evening of May 20th. Four days later the administrative director of the museum had told me that he thought there might be some formula for a cutout probably late in June "at a minute" which would restore the percentage of what had been appropriated from the city's appropriation for the museum, but he was far from certain. In a taxi on the afternoon of May 20th I heard on the radio the Mayor cheerfully announcing that he and the comptroller had discovered \$80 million they didn't know they had. (How could they lose \$80 million? As the *New York Times* commented, "The relief workers will feel at the discomfiture will be mixed with bewilderment at the sudden revelation.") As the Mayor said that libraries and museums would be able to stay open full-time, the city university would accommodate a freshman class, though this is not part of this year's budget, one hospital in Harlem that had been threatened with closing would stay open, the public schools would get \$30 million, the Youth and antipoverty program "will be strengthened," and other city services would be curtailed.

"You've given us just enough to make them look good," one of the museum officials, who does not wish to be identified, said to me, "but it's still screwed."

These examples of local political maneuvering at the expense of cultural institutions may seem a long way from the problems that you, Mr. Congressman, are likely to encounter at the National Endowment for the Arts, but you are going to have to deal with these kinds of political mentality in the art world. The very fact that the arts have become a lever that local politicians can use to pry money from state governments would seem to indicate that the arts are considered more important than they

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used to be, and this ought to indicate that the arts are in better shape than either the hand wringers or the bell ringers for culture believe they are.

The facts, however, do not bear out any such optimism. The arts, as you know, are worse off financially since the federal government got officially involved with them through the National Council on the Arts than they were before. "The truth of the matter," McNeil Lowry of the Ford Foundation said to me apropos of the Atlanta fiasco, "is that the performing arts in America are broke." The half-hearted gesture made by the Congress during Johnson's Administration to give the arts token recognition as a concern of government seems to have resulted in, as I several years ago suggested it would, a diminishing of private support. "If the government is going to pay for the arts why should we?" seems to have been the reaction of a good many professed supporters of the arts, and when the Congress cut back sharply on its appropriations so that the annual budget of the government for the support of the arts was a measly \$8.5 million, there was no rallying from other quarters. All the federal program seems to have done was to relieve the conscience of a few legislators, help a few individual artists and performing-arts groups, dry up some sources of private donations, and give some communities grandiose notions about culture centers that, when they have them, they are unable to support. So long as the arts are considered window dressing and not an essential aspect of life—even of the good life—they will be poorly paid for by lip service and not by cash.

There is an interesting paradox at work here. It is beginning to look as though poverty were serving the arts better than prosperity. It is in the ghettos that the arts are liveliest (or anyway the performing arts) and have the most promise because that is where they are needed most and are most cherished. I have this only on somewhat slim evidence, but the evidence seems to me to be convincing. When I was in Atlanta I spent several hours talking with the director of the Academy Theater, Frank Wittow, and his administrative assistant, Nancy Hager. They are not concerned with the refined and essential arts of escape, with opera and ballet which create never-never lands

in which the imagination is encouraged to be weightless as in a space ship, as was the case with the Atlanta Municipal Theater. They are concerned with the arts of involvement. The Academy Theater has its home in what was once a Baptist church and is now a theater seating about a hundred people. As you would expect, it plays Shakespeare and Brecht and experiments with plays written for it, but its most enterprising involvement is with the local teen-agers. Actors and a director and a writer from the Academy go to the high schools and ask the teen-agers what they would like to see plays about, and not surprisingly they want to see plays that are concerned with their own lives and problems. The company then writes or improvises plays specifically for them. Here is theater with high artistic standards determined to soak itself in the problems of the community it lives in and, as nearly as I could make out, with no special axes to grind.

Nancy Hager wrote me recently after what she called "Atlanta's current collapse of its cultural pretensions." She wrote, "Our Boom Town could ask some very good questions right now, admit some hard, honest truths, and sink its teeth into a very carefully planned program so that art really does mean something to lots of people—five years from now. We just weren't ready to start at the top." She continued in a vein that is increasingly the concern of those who are trying to make the arts everybody's business. "I have a feeling," she wrote, "that the meat and potatoes of our country's art five years from now will have to come from the ghettos and the fascinating things that are going on in our public schools. People who are struggling with real questions with real people force art to help them get at what they need. Our theater, anyway, has lost its roots, and it won't find them in the rootless upper class who live on frosting."

John Hightower, the executive director of the New York State Council on the Arts, had something similar to say in his last annual report. The New York legislature, with nudging from the Council, had appropriated \$300,000 to "let the Council investigate how the arts could help illuminate some of the frustrations of the ghetto." One conclusion was that

"The arts in the sophisticated of a concert hall are likely to be detached, remote, meaningless. Involvement is essential, for involvement the arts can provide an introduction to what is happening now in human terms."

To most people the support of the arts is a "cultural duty" that they feel called upon to perform as a matter of "civic responsibility." The breed of politicians finds it, as has recently been demonstrated, convenient to use as a threat without fear of enchanting the largest portion of the constituency, who don't mind one way or the other.

Forgive me for being so unwinded, Mr. Chairman, but you have an opportunity to see an example for support of the arts that is different from the one set by your predecessor. The National Council on the Arts has acted as though it were a private foundation, giving grants to institutions and to individual artists and writers in much the same way that the Ford Foundation has. The less affluent foundations have been successful while there is no question that the funds have been well used. In many cases, they do not seem to have inspired local community support for the arts. I would like to see the use of the Endowment expended on the promotion of state arts councils, like the one in New York which has done such a remarkable job of making the arts a living delight and inspiration to hundreds of thousands of people in the state by finding out what the needs of the people are and supporting the art organizations and the artists who can meet those needs. . . . theater and music for people who need theater and music, many of whom have never known before what they needed, sculpture in public places where it becomes a part of the urban environment, and so on. In other words, not the arts that Nancy Hager of Atlanta calls "frosting on the arts of involvement. I do not at a moment deny the pleasures, and the need, for frosting, but I believe that the first responsibility of the federal government is to those who, which, as John Hightower has said, "can provide an introduction to what is happening now in intensely human terms," and let private philanthropy and tax abatements carry the burdens of the serious arts of escape."

I am, sir, yours most sincerely

Somewhere west of journalism and this side of history...

...there is a place where reporting becomes literature. There are those—namely one million readers—who think Harper's Magazine is the place.

For Harper's Magazine is dedicated to the idea that fine writing need not buckle under the pressure of a deadline, nor should literature be solely confined to the dim distant past or the recent inventions of a novelist's mind. It can deal with *now*—with the angers of our time, the beautiful beginnings of a changed society and the sad vestiges of a violent past. David Halberstam, Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Larry King, Peter Schrag, John Corry and Marshall Frady are proving again and again in these pages that the sensibilities of a fine writer may be the most accurate way to capture the tremors and trends of an age.

Norman Mailer's much praised, and prized, account of the March on the Pentagon—*Armies of the Night*—is certainly a case in point. Of this Pulitzer-prize winning account, Murray Kempton remarked, "Norman Mailer has done for journalism what Henry James did for the novel." We, of course, like to think that Harper's Magazine, in commissioning, editing, and publishing such a piece also had a little to do with it. As did our readers, for they are the ones who value and demand a magazine that adds dimension to the facts of the news and an urgency to the opinions of history.

If you are a subscriber, you already know this. If you are not, you can use the card opposite to be where things are happening—somewhere west of journalism and this side of history...

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

America's First Monthly

We've got a knack for picking winners.



This is a scene from the movie "Winning", produced by Universal Pictures. It promises to more than live up to its name. The co-stars play an Indianapolis 500 driver and an Avis rental agent. And if you haven't identified these stars by now, you don't go to the movies much. They're Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. She's Mrs. Newman in private life.

Naturally we're happy that Avis was chosen to represent the rent-a-car industry in this movie. That's one of the things that come from trying harder.

We picked Avis for a winner in 1965. Since then, another result of trying harder has been demonstrated in a big way. The Avis fleet of cars and trucks has increased from 25,000 to 92,000. During the same time the industry as a whole has had an equally spectacular growth.

From shorthand to advertising displays

Forty per cent of all our business is now in the service industries.

A good example of one of our new services is The Speedwriting Company, part of ITT Educational Services, Inc. Founded on a simplified system for taking shorthand, this company has grown into a network of franchised business

schools in over 400 cities in 28 countries, teaching "Speedwriting" shorthand in 8 languages. It offers home-study courses, too.

Through "Nancy Taylor" teaching programs, The Speedwriting Company has broadened also into a comprehensive educational system for women with studies ranging from make-up and grooming to fashion merchandising.

Another example is Transportation Displays, Inc. (TDI). This company sells a specialized advertising medium that reaches the rail commuters and air travelers market. Today, TDI handles advertising sales for commuter railroads and terminals in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, as well as terminals in Cleveland, Boston, Washington and other major markets along the Northeast Corridor. It also sells the advertising displays in more than 50 airports throughout the U.S., and in Puerto Rico and Mexico.

Changing needs of the changing world

It was out of a need to meet the new demands of the world's economy that there arose the concept of the diversified company with a strong, effective management group.

In total, the companies that make up our corporation cover a wide range of activities that increase our ability to meet the changing needs of this changing world. Each company has a proven track record, each is in an industry with good growth potential, and each has an experienced and innovative management team.

A better life for you

In all areas of our activities—from data processing to satellite communications—our expertise and resources help generate a better life for you and people everywhere, including a great evening at your local movie theater.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Schrag

THE FORGOTTEN AMERICAN

better pay attention to the son of a bitch before he burns the country down."

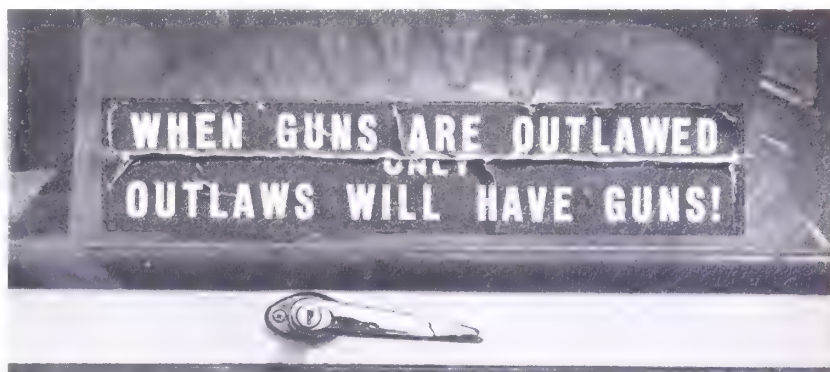
He is hardly a language to describe him, or a set of social statistics. Just names: bigot-redneck-ethnic-Irish-Italian-Pole-Yahoo. The lower middle class. A blank. A man under whose hat lies the great Amerisert. Who watches the tube, plays the piano, and keeps the niggers out of his union neighborhood. Who might vote for Walcott but didn't. Who cheers when the cops beat up demonstrators. Who is free, white, twenty-one, has a job, a home, a family, and no his eyeballs in credit. In the guise of the working class—or the American yeoman or John—he was once the hero of the civics book, the man that Andrew Jackson called "the bone marrow of the country." Now he is "the forgotten man," perhaps the most alienated person in America.

Nothing quite fits, except perhaps omission and semi-invisibility. America is supposed to be divided between affluence and poverty, between city and suburbs. John Kenneth Galbraith wrote in the foreword to *The Affluent Society* with a phrase, "Since I sailed for Switzerland in the early summer of 1955 to begin work on this book..." But *between* slums and suburbs, between Scarsdale and Harlem, between Wellesley and Roxbury, between Shaker Heights and Cleveland, there are some eighty million people (depending on how you count them) who didn't leave for Switzerland in the summer of 1955, or at any other time, and who never expect to. They live in slums and suburbs: South Boston and San Francisco, Bell and Parma, Astoria and Bay Ridge, Newark, Cicero, Downey, Daly City, Charlestown, Flatbush. Union halls, Amerasia League posts, neighborhood bars and bowling alleys, the Ukrainian Club and the Holy Trinity. Main Street. To try to describe all this is

like trying to describe America itself. If you look for it, you find it everywhere: the rows of frame houses overlooking the belching steel mills in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, two-family brick houses in Canarsie (where the most common slogan, even in the middle of a political campaign, is "curb your dog"); the Fords and Chevrolets with a decal American flag on the rear window (usually a cut-out from the *Reader's Digest*, and displayed in counter-protest against peaceniks and "those bastards who carry Vietcong flags in demonstrations"); the bunting on the porch rail with the inscription, "Welcome Home, Pete." The gold star in the window.

When he was Under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Robert C. Wood tried a definition. It is not good, but it's the best we have:

He is a white employed male... earning between \$5,000 and \$10,000. He works regularly, steadily, dependably, wearing a blue collar or white collar. Yet the frontiers of his career expectations have been fixed since he reached the age of thirty-five, when he found that he had too many obligations, too much



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family, and too few skills to match opportunities with aspirations.

This definition of the "working American" involves almost 23-million American families.

The working American lives in the gray area fringes of a central city or in a close-in or very far-out cheaper suburban subdivision of a large metropolitan area. He is likely to own a home and a car, especially as his income begins to rise. Of those earning between \$6,000 and \$7,500, 70 per cent own their own homes and 94 per cent drive their own cars.

94 per cent have no education beyond high school and 43 per cent have only completed the eighth grade.

He does all the right things, obeys the law, goes to church and insists—usually—that his kids get a better education than he had. But the right things don't seem to be paying off. While he is making more than he ever made—perhaps more than he'd ever dreamed—he's still struggling while a lot of others—"them" (on welfare, in demonstrations, in the ghettos) are getting most of the attention. "I'm working my ass off," a guy tells you on a stoop in South Boston. "My kids don't have a place to swim, my parks are full of glass, and I'm supposed to bleed for a bunch of people on relief." In New York a man who drives a Post Office trailer truck at night (4:00 P.M. to midnight) and a cab during the day (7:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.), and who hustles radios for his Post Office buddies on the side, is ready, as he says, to "knock somebody's ass." "The colored guys work when they feel like it. Sometimes they show up and sometimes they don't. One guy tore up all the time cards. I'd like to see a white guy do that and get away with it."

What counts

Nobody knows how many people in America moonlight (half of the eighteen million families in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 bracket have two or more wage earners) or how many have to hustle on the side. "I don't think anybody has a single job anymore," said Nicholas Kisburg, the research director for a Teamsters Union Council in New York. "All the cops are moonlighting, and the teachers; and there's a million guys who are hustling, guys with phony social-security numbers who are hiding part of what they make so they don't get kicked out of a housing project, or guys who work as guards at sports events and get free meals that they don't want to pay taxes on. Every one of them is cheating. They are underground people—*Untermenschen*. . . . We really have no systematic data on any of this. We have no ideas of the attitudes of the white worker. (We've been too busy studying the black worker.) And yet he's the source of most of the reaction in this country."

The reaction is directed at almost every visible target: at integration and welfare, taxes and sex

education, at the rich and the poor, the unions and students, at the "smart people in the suburbs." In New York State the legislature cut the welfare budget; in Los Angeles, they reelected Yorty after a whispered racial campaign against the Negro favorite. In Minneapolis a police detective named Charles Stenvig, resigning "to take the handcuffs off the police," is in a margin stunning even to his supporters. In Massachusetts the voters mailed tea bags to their representatives in protest against new tax laws in state after state legislatures are passing laws to punish student demonstrators. ("We're not talking about permissiveness in training kids," said a Los Angeles labor official, "but we're saying that these are our kids.")

And yet all these things are side manifestations of a malaise that lacks a language. Whatever law and order means, for example, to a man who feels his wife is unsafe on the street after dark or in the park at any time, or who feels his kids get shaken down in the schoolyard, or who feels that also means something like normality—normality means that everybody play it by the book, that cultural and social standards be somewhat sacred, stored to their civics-book simplicity. Things shouldn't be as they are but as they are supposed to be. If there is a revolution in this country—a revolt in manners, standards, in taste and obscenity, and, more importantly, in the official sense of what America is—there is a counter-revolt. Sometimes it is inarticulate, sometimes (perhaps most of the time) polite, either too confused or apathetic—or simply too polite and too decent—to declare themselves. In Astoria, Queens, a white working-class neighborhood of New York, people who make \$7,000 or \$8,000 a year (sometimes in two jobs) call themselves affluent, even though the Bureau of Labor Statistics regards an income of less than \$5,000 as inadequate to a moderate standard of living. And in a similar neighborhood in Brooklyn a truck driver who earns \$151 a week tells you he's doing well, living in a two-story frame house separated by a narrow driveway from similar houses, thousands of them in the after block. This year, for the first time, he's going on a cruise—he and his wife and two other couples—two weeks in the Caribbean. He started to work after World War II (\$57 a week) and has lived in the same house for twenty years, accumulating two television sets, wall-to-wall carpeting in a small living room, and a bathroom that he recently remodeled into a recreation room with the help of two moonlighting painters. "We get fairly good salaries, and this is a good neighborhood, one of the few good ones I know. I have no smoked Irishmen around."

Peter Schrage is editor of *Change*, a new magazine devoted to problems of higher education, and is at-large of *Saturday Review*. He writes frequently on education and other social issues, and recently appeared in *Harper's* with "The New Myths" in the May issue.

ility is what counts, stability in job and neighborhood, stability in the church friends. At night you watch television metimes on a weekend you go to a nice—maybe a downtown hotel—for dinner nother couple. (Or maybe your sister, or bowling, or maybe, if you're defeated, a at the track.) The wife has the necessary nces, often still being paid off, and the you save goes for your daughter's ortho—, and later for her wedding. The smoked en—the colored (no one says black; few ay Negro)—represent change and instabil—ds who cause trouble in school, who get ent that your kids never got, that you got. ("Those fucking kids," they tell you th Boston, "raising hell, and not one of ying his own way. Their fucking mothers l on welfare.") The black kids mean a e in the rules, a double standard in grades scipline, and—vaguely—a challenge to all lieved right. Law and order is the stability edictability of established ways. Law and is equal treatment—in school, in jobs, in orts—even if you're cheating a little your— he Forgotten Man is Jackson's man. He is stigial American democrat of 1840: "They ow that their success depends upon their ndustry and economy and that they must pect to become suddenly rich by the fruits ir toil." He is also Franklin Roosevelt's —the man whose vote (or whose father's sustained the New Deal.

There are other considerations, other styles, other problems. A postman in a Charlestown (Boston) housing project: eight children and a ninth on the way. Last year, by working over-time, his income went over \$7,000. This year, because he reported it, the Housing Authority is raising his rent from \$78 to \$106 a month, a catastrophe for a family that pays \$2.20 a day for milk, has never had a vacation, and for which an excursion is "going out for ice cream." "You try and save for something better; we hope to get out of here to someplace where the kids can play, where there's no broken glass, and then something always comes along that knocks you right back. It's like being at the bottom of the well waiting for a guy to throw you a rope." The description becomes almost Chaplinesque. Life is humble but not simple; the terrors of insolent bureaucracies and contemptuous officials produce a demonology that loses little of its horror for being partly misunderstood. You want to get a sink fixed but don't want to offend the manager; want to get an eye operation that may (or may not) have been necessitated by a military injury five years earlier, "but the Veterans Administration says I signed away my benefits"; want to complain to someone about the teen-agers who run around breaking windows and harassing women but get no response either from the management or the police. "You're afraid to complain because if they don't get you during the day they'll get you at night." Automobiles, windows, children, all become hostages

"We have no ideas of the attitudes of the white worker. We've been too busy studying the black worker."



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to the vague terrors of everyday life; everything is vulnerable. Liabilities that began long ago cannot possibly be liquidated: "I never learned anything in that school except how to fight. I got tired of being caned by the teachers so at sixteen I quit and joined the Marines. I still don't know anything."

At the bottom of the well

American culture? Wealth is visible, and so, now, is poverty. Both have become intimidating clichés. But the rest? A vast, complex, and disregarded world that was once—in belief, and in fact—the American middle: Greyhound and Trailways bus terminals in little cities at midnight, each of them with its neon lights and its cardboard hamburgers; acres of tar-paper beach bungalows in places like Revere and Rockaway; the hair curlers in the supermarket on Saturday, and the little girls in the communion dresses the next morning; pinball machines and the *Daily News*, the *Reader's Digest* and Ed Sullivan; houses with tiny front lawns (or even large ones) adorned with statues of the Virgin or of Sambo welcomin' de folks home; Clint Eastwood or Julie Andrews at the Palace; the trotting tracks and the dog tracks—Aurora Downs, Connaught Park, Roosevelt, Yonkers, Rockingham, and forty others—where gray men come not for sport and beauty, but to read numbers, to study and dope. (If you win you have figured something, have in a small way controlled your world, have surmounted your impotence. If you lose, bad luck, shit. "I'll break his goddamned head.") Baseball is not the national pastime; racing is. For every man who goes to a major-league baseball game there are four who go to the track and probably four more who go to the candy store or the barbershop to make their bets. (Total track

attendance in 1965: 62 million plus another million who went to the dogs.)

There are places, and styles, and attitudes. There are neighborhoods of aspiration, suburban enclaves for the mobile young executive, the aspiring worker, there are also places of expectation and dead-end districts where life is finished. But even there you can often find, however vestigial, a sense of place, the old ethnic loyalties, and a passionate, if futile, battle against intrusion and change. "Everybody around here," you are told, "is his own way." In this world the problems are not the ABM or air pollution (have they seen Biafra?) or the international population explosion; the problem is to get your street cleaned, your garbage collected, to get your husband home from Vietnam alive; to negotiate insurance payments and to keep the schools orderly. Ask anyone in Scarsdale or Winnetka about the schools and they'll tell you about new programs or about how many are getting into Harvard or about the teachers; ask in Oakland or the North Side of Chicago, and they'll tell you they have (or haven't) had trouble. Somewhere in his gut the man in those communities knows that mobility and choice in this society are not granted. He cannot imagine any major change for the better; but he can imagine change for the worse. And yet for a decade he is the one who has been asked to carry the burden of social reform, to integrate his schools and his neighborhood, has been asked by comfortable people to pay the social debts due to the poor and the black. In Boston, in San Francisco, in Chicago (I mention Newark or Oakland) he has been asking the reformers to go to hell. The Jewish teachers of New York and the Irish parents in Dorchester have asked the same question: "What the hell did Lindsay (or the Beacon Hill Establishment) ever do for us?"

The ambiguities and changes in American life that occupy discussions in university seminars and policy debates in Washington, and that form the backbone of contemporary popular sociology, have become increasingly the conditions of hope and frustration in the middle. Although the Frontier and Great Society contained some programs for those not already on the rolls of social pathology—federal aid for higher education, for example—the public priorities and the results contained little. The emphasis, properly, was on the poor, on the inner cities (e.g., Negroes, the unemployed). But in Chicago a widow with three children who earns \$7,000 a year cannot get them college loans because she makes too much; the money is reserved for people on relief. Schools are built in the ghetto but not in the white working-class neighborhoods where they are just as dilapidated. In Newark the head of the white vigilante group (now a city council member, among other things, on a platform of anti-pro-Negro discrimination) "When pools are built in the Central Ward—don't they say the white kids have got frustration? The white



ob; we have to hire Negroes first." The class, said Congressman Roman Pucinski, who represents a lot of it, "is in everyone has been generous in supporting verty. Now the middle-class American is ified from most of the programs."

"Somebody has to say no..."

frustrated middle. The liberal wisdom ut welfare, ghettos, student revolt, and n has only a marginal place, if any, for the and life of the working man. It flies in e of most of what he was taught to cherish spect: hard work, order, authority, self-e. He fought, either alone or through organizations, to establish the precincts considers his own. Union seniority, the rvice bureaucracy, and the petty profes- sm established by the merit system in the schools become sinecures of particular groups or of those who have learned to ute and master the system. A man who l all his life to accumulate the points and and paraphernalia to become an assistant principal (no matter how silly the require- is not likely to relinquish his position quanimity. Nor is a dock worker whose state is his longshoreman's card. The job, nts, the credits become property:

Some men leave their sons money [wrote a on member to the New York Times], some ge investments, some business connections, l some a profession. I have only one worth- ile thing to give: my trade. I hope to fol- a centuries-old tradition and sponsor my s for an apprenticeship. For this simple her's wish it is said that I discriminate inst Negroes. Don't all of us discrimi- e? Which of us...will not choose a son r all others?

denly the rules are changing—all the rules. protect your job for your own you may ed a bigot. At the same time it's perfectly able to shout black power and to endorse at does it take to be a good American? he black man a position because he is black, cause he necessarily works harder or does b better. What does it take to be a good can? Dress nicely, hold a job, be clean-cut, judge a man by the color of his skin or the y of his origin. What about the demands groes, the long hair of the students, the novies, the people who burn draft cards and ican flags? Do you have to go out in the with picket signs, do you have to burn ace down to get what you want? What t take to be a good American? *This is a sick y, a racist society, we are fighting an im- war.* ("I'm against the Vietnam war, too," he truck driver in Brooklyn. "I see a good me home with half an arm and a leg in a up to here, and what's it all for? I was

glad to see *my kid* flunk the Army physical. Still, somebody has to say no to these demonstrators and enforce the law.") What does it take to be a good American?

The conditions of trauma and frustration in the middle. What does it take to be a good American? Suddenly there are demands for Italian power and Polish power and Ukrainian power. In Cleveland the Poles demand a seat on the school board, and get it, and in Pittsburgh John Pankuch, the seventy-three-year-old president of the National Slovak Society demands "action, plenty of it to make up for lost time." Black power is supposed to be nothing but emulation of the ways in which other ethnic groups made it. But have they made it? In Reardon's Bar on East Eighth Street in South Boston, where the workmen come for their fish-chowder lunch and for their rye and ginger, they still identify themselves as Galway men and Kilkenny men; in the newsstand in Astoria you can buy *Il Progresso*, *El Tiempo*, the *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Irish World*, plus papers in Greek, Hungarian, and Polish. At the parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel the priests hear confession in English, Italian, and Spanish and, nearby, the biggest attraction is not the stickball game, but the *bocce* court. Some of the poorest people in America are white, native, and have lived all of their lives in the same place as their fathers and grandfathers. The problems that were presumably solved in some distant past, in that prehistoric era before the textbooks were written—problems of assimilation, of upward mobility—now turn out to be very much unsolved. The melting pot and all: millions made it, millions moved to the affluent suburbs; several million—no one knows how many—did not. The median income in Irish South Boston is \$5,100 a year but the community-action workers have a hard time convincing the local citizens that any white man who is not stupid or irresponsible can be poor. Pride still keeps them from applying for income supplements or Medicaid, but it does not keep them from resenting those who do. In Pittsburgh, where the members of Polish-American organizations earn an estimated \$5,000 to \$6,000 (and some fall below the poverty line), the Poverty Programs are nonetheless directed primarily to Negroes, and almost everywhere the thing called urban backlash associates itself in some fashion with ethnic groups whose members have themselves only a precarious hold on the security of affluence. Almost everywhere in the old cities, tribal neighborhoods and their styles are under assault by masscult. The Italian grocery gives way to the supermarket, the ma-and-pa store and the walk-up are attacked by urban renewal. And almost everywhere, that assault tends to depersonalize and to alienate. It has always been this way, but with time the brave new world that replaces old patterns becomes increasingly bureaucratized, distant, and hard to control.

Yet beyond the problems of ethnic identity, beyond the problems of Poles and Irishmen left

"Baseball is not the national pastime; racing is."

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behind, there are others more pervasive and more dangerous. For every Greek or Hungarian there are a dozen American-Americans who are past ethnic consciousness and who are as alienated, as confused, and as angry as the rest. The obvious manifestations are the same everywhere—race, taxes, welfare, students—but the threat seems invariably more cultural and psychological than economic or social. What upset the police at the Chicago convention most was not so much the politics of the demonstrators as their manners and their hair. (The barbershops in their neighborhoods don't advertise Beatle Cuts but the Flat Top and the Chicago Box.) The affront comes from middle-class people—and their children—who had been cast in the role of social exemplars (and from those cast as unfortunates worthy of public charity) who offend all the things on which working class identity is built: "hippies [said a San Francisco longshoreman] who fart around the streets and don't work"; welfare recipients who strike and march for better treatment; "all those [said a California labor official] who challenge the precepts that these people live on." If ethnic groups are beginning to organize to get theirs, so are others: police and firemen ("The cop is the new nigger"); schoolteachers; lower-middle-class housewives fighting sex education and bussing; small property owners who have no ethnic communion but a passionate interest in lower taxes, more policemen, and stiffer penalties for criminals. In San Francisco the Teamsters, who had never been known for such interests before, recently demonstrated in support of the police and law enforcement and, on another occasion, joined a group called Mothers Support Neighborhood Schools at a school-board meeting to oppose—with their presence and later, apparently, with their fists—a proposal to integrate the schools through bussing. ("These people," someone said at the meeting, "do not look like mothers.")

Which is not to say that all is frustration and anger, that anybody is ready "to burn the country down." They are not even ready to elect standard model demagogues. "A lot of labor people who thought of voting for Wallace were ashamed of themselves when they realized what they were about to do," said Morris Iushewitz, an officer of New York's Central Labor Council. Because of a massive last-minute union campaign, and perhaps for other reasons, the blue-collar vote for Wallace fell far below the figures predicted by the early polls last fall. Any number of people, moreover, who are not doing well by any set of official statistics, who are earning well below the national mean (\$8,000 a year), or who hold two jobs to stay above it, think of themselves as affluent, and often use that word. It is almost as if not to be affluent is to be un-American. People who can't use the word tend to be angry; people who come too close to those who can't become frightened. The definition of affluence is generally pinned to what comes in, not to the quality of life as it's lived. The \$8,000 son of a man

who never earned more than \$4,500 may, for one reason alone, believe that he's "doing all right." If life is not all right, if he can't get his car fixed, or his streets patrolled, if the highways are crowded and the beaches polluted, if the police are ineffectual he is still able to call himself affluent, feels, perhaps, a social compulsion to do so. His anger, if he is angry, is not that of the wage earner resenting management—a feeling certainly not that of the socialist ideologue demanding redistribution of wealth—but that of the consumer, the taxpayer, and the family man. Inflation and taxes are wiping out most of the wage gains made in labor contracts signed during the past three years.) Thus he will vote for a Louise Day Hicks in Boston who promises to hold the color line in the schools or for a George Stenvig calling for law enforcement in Minneapolis but reject a George Wallace who threatens his pocketbook. The danger is that he will identify with the politics of the Birchers and other middle-class reactionaries (who often pretend to speak for him) even though his income and style of life are far removed from theirs; that taxes, for example, will be identified with welfare rather than war, and that he will blame his limited means on the small slice of the poor rather than the fat slice of the rich.

If you sit and talk to people like Mrs. Lemlow, who heads Mothers Support Neighborhood Schools in San Francisco, or Joe Owens, a house painter who is president of a community action organization in Boston, you quickly discover that the roots of reaction and the roots of reform are often identical, and that the reaction to particular situations is more often controlled by the politics of the politicians and leaders who appear to care than on the conditions of the victims. Mrs. Lemlow wants to return the schools to some virtuous past; she worries about disintegration of the family; she speaks vaguely about something that she can't bring herself to call a conspiracy against Americanism. She has been accused of leading a bunch of Birchers, and she sometimes talks in that language. But whatever the form, her sense of things comes from a small-town vision of traditional virtues, and her unhappiness from the assaults of urban sophistication. It is just so hard that a lot of reactionaries now sing that tune, and that the liberals are indifferent.

Joe Owens—probably because of his experience as a Head Start parent, and because of his association with an effective community action program—talks a different language. He knows, somehow, that no simple past can be restored to his world; the villains are not conspirators, bureaucrats and politicians, and he is beginning to discover that in a struggle with officialdom a black man in the ghetto and the working-class (black or white) have the same problems. "Every time you ask for something from the politicians they treat you like a beggar, like you ought to be grateful for what you have. They try to make you feel ashamed."

When hope becomes a threat

ponderables are youth and tradition change. The civics book and the institution—however passé—still hold the together. The revolt is in their name, not them. And there is simple decency, the e and practice of the folksy cliché, the wn, the Boy Scout virtues, the neighbor-arity, the obligation to support the the rhetoric of open opportunity: "They p Wallace and they can keep Alabama. n't fight a dictator for four years so we ect one over here." What happens when becomes Mickey Mouse? Is there an uric to replace the values of the small town? e a coherent public philosophy, a consis- of beliefs to replace family, home, and ork? What happens when the hang-ups of middle-class kids are in fashion and those -collar kids are not? What happens when our Own Thing becomes not the slogan of tary deviant but the norm? Is it possible the institutions and beliefs of tradition shionably denigrated a blue-collar gen- gap will open to the Right as well as to t? (There is statistical evidence, for ex- that Wallace's greatest support within the came from people who are between twenty- l twenty-nine, those, that is, who have the enuous association with the liberalism of Most are politically silent; although s been trying to organize blue-collar high- students, there are no Mario Savios or Budds—either of the Right or the Left— them. At the same time the union leaders, f them old hands from the Thirties, aren't at the kids are following them either. Who for the son of the longshoreman or the t auto worker? What happens if he doesn't college? What, indeed, happens when he

uely but unmistakably the hopes that a worshiping nation historically invested in ing are becoming threats. We have never unequivocal about the symbolic patricide of canization and upward mobility, but if at ne mobility meant rejection of older (or ean) styles it was, at least, done in the of America. Now the labels are blurred e objectives indistinct. Just at the moment a tradition-bound Italian father is per- l that he should send his sons to college— ducation is the only future—the college up. At the moment when a parsimonious ver begins to shell out for what he con- an extravagant state university system the ts go on strike. Marijuana, sexual libera- res styles, draft resistance, even the rhet- change become monsters and demons in a that appears to turn old virtues upside The paranoia that fastened on Communism y years ago (and sometimes still does) is usingly directed to vague conspiracies un-

dermining the schools, the family, order and dis- cipline. "They're feeding the kids this genera- tion-gap business," says a Chicago housewife who grinds out a campaign against sex education on a duplicating machine in her living room. "The kids are told to make their own decisions. They're all mixed up by situation ethics and open-ended questions. They're alienating children from their own parents." They? The churches, the schools, even the YMCA and the Girl Scouts, are implic- ated. But a major share of the villainy is now also attributed to "the social science centers," to the apostles of sensitivity training, and to what one California lady, with some embarrassment, called "nude therapy." "People with sane minds are being altered by psychological methods." The current major campaign of the John Birch Society is not directed against Communists in government or the Supreme Court, but against sex education.

(There is, of course, also sympathy with the young, especially in poorer areas where kids have

"If ethnic groups are beginning to organize to get theirs, so are others: policemen and firemen. 'The cop is the new nigger.'"



CHARLES GATEWOOD

no place to play. "Everybody's got to have a hobby," a South Boston adolescent told a youth worker. "Ours is throwing rocks." If people will join reactionary organizations to protect their children, they will also support others: community-action agencies which help kids get jobs; Head Start parent groups, Boys Clubs. "Getting this place cleaned up" sometimes refers to a fear of young hoods; sometimes it points to the day when there is a park or a playground or when the existing park can be used. "I want to see them grow up to have a little fun.")

Can the common man come back?

Beneath it all there is a more fundamental ambivalence, not only about the young, but about institutions—the schools, the churches, the Establishment—and about the future itself. In the major cities of the East (though perhaps not in the West) there is a sense that time is against you, that one is living "in one of the few decent neighborhoods left," that "if I can get \$125 a week upstate (or downstate) I'll move." The institutions that were supposed to mediate social change and which, more than ever, are becoming priesthoods of information and conglomerates of social engineers, are increasingly suspect. To attack the Ford Foundation (as Wright Patman has done) is not only to fan the embers of historic populism against concentrations of wealth and power, but also to arouse those who feel that they are trapped by an alliance of upper-class Wasps and lower-class Negroes. If the foundations have done anything for the blue-collar worker he doesn't seem to be aware of it. At the same time the distrust of professional educators that characterizes the black militants is becoming increasingly prevalent among a minority of lower-middle-class whites who are beginning to discover that the schools aren't working for them either. ("Are all those new programs just a cover-up for failure?") And if the Catholic Church is under attack from its liberal members (on birth control, for example) it is also alienating the traditionalists who liked their minor saints (even if they didn't actually exist) and were perfectly content with the Latin Mass. For the alienated Catholic liberal there are other places to go; for the lower-middle-class parishioner in Chicago or Boston there are none.

Perhaps, in some measure, it has always been this way. Perhaps none of this is new. And perhaps it is also true that the American lower middle has never had it so good. And yet surely there is a difference, and that is that the common man has lost his visibility and, somehow, his claim on public attention. There are old liberals and socialists—men like Michael Harrington—who believe that a new alliance can be forged for progressive social action:

From Marx to Mills, the Left has regarded the middle class as a stratum of hypocritical,

vacillating rear-guarders. There was of sound reason for this contempt. But is it possible that a new class is coming into being? It is not the old middle class of snobbish property owners and entrepreneurs, nor the new middle class of managers. It is composed of scientists, technicians, teachers, and professionals in the public sector of the social system. By education and work experience it is predisposed toward planning. It could be an ally of the poor and the organized workers—their sophisticated enemy. In other words, unprecedented social and political variations seem to be taking shape in America.

The American worker, even when he works on a table or holds open a door, is not servile; he does not carry himself like an inferior. The openness, frankness, and democratic manner which Tocqueville described in the last century persists to this very day. There have been a source of rudeness, contemptuous ignorance, violence—and of a creative self-confidence among great masses of people. It was in this latter spirit that the Civil War was organized and the black freedom movement marched.

There are recent indications that the lower middle class is coming back on the scene of public priorities. Pucinski tells you that liberals in Congress are privately discussing the pressure from the middle class. There are proposals now to increase personal income-tax exemptions from \$600 to \$1,000 (or \$1,200) for each dependent, to protect all Americans with a national insurance system covering catastrophic medical expenses, and to put a floor under all income. Yet these things by themselves are insufficient. Nothing is sufficient without a national self-restoration. What Pucinski means by the rise of the middle class has, in some measure, always been suggested. A physician earning \$75,000 a year is also a working man but he is hardly a victim of the welfare system. Nor, by and large, are the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company or U.S. Steel. The fact that American ideals are often corrupted in the cause of self-interest and grandizement does not make them any less important for the cause of social reform and justice. "As a movement with the conviction that it is more to people than greed and fear," Harrington said, "the Left must...also speak in the name of the historic idealism of the United States."

The issue, finally, is not the program but the vision, the angle of view. A huge constellation may be coming up for grabs, and there is considerable evidence that its political mobilization is more sensitive than anyone can imagine, that the sociological determinants are not as significant as the simple facts of concern and leadership. When Robert Kennedy was killed last year, thousands of working-class people who had expected to vote for him—if not hundreds of thousands—shifted their loyalties to Wallace. A man who can change from a progressive democrat to a bigot overnight deserves attention.

all Frady

RY, INDIANA

od's sake, let's get ourselves together..."



GEORGE CARLINER

At the beginning of the twentieth century, around 1906, U.S. Steel found itself in Pittsburgh and Chicago and staked out the site for the biggest steel mill in the world, and, along with it, a town to be constructed whole by the company. The town, eventually determined, would be called after the chairman of U.S. Steel's board of directors, Judge Elbert H. Gary—a flinty old man who, in his portrait now hanging in the mill, is a balding moustachioed man, in a suit with small scrupulous eyes. Until this time the area had remained largely a new wilderness of muck and marsh and dunes, teeming with hornets and yellow jackets, in which bears and deer still wandered and wild geese flurried endlessly into dull autumn skies. U.S. Steel negotiated the land, for the most part, discreetly, one transaction taking place with someone carrying \$1,300,000 through the streets of New York in a handbag. As late as 1907, after the carpentry had already begun, a solitary timber wolf was seen crossing the central thoroughfare as it was being paved. On May 30 in 1908, the first electric trolley blinked on down Gary's main street. To get there now, one is dropped out of the eastern night into Chicago's O'Hare Airport and passes on across an endless city of the sky—for over thirty miles an interminable

repetition of narrow anonymous streets under wan streetlights. Now and then there are scraps of the old primeval swamps left under the power lines, or mooring in a faint sheen of water the distant scaffolding of oil refineries. But for the most part, it is a limitless plain of shallow flat roofs bristling with TV antennas, telephone poles and neons, lit here and there in the distance with the Halloween glare of gas-waste fires: extending on, one finally imagines, over all the planet—five thousand miles away, it would be the same—over which, under a low sky of suspended smoke, a long thin edge of trapped light hovers like a false dawn.

The expressway signs denoting Gary seem rather an arbitrary abstraction; one curves down into the same welter of motel neons and cheeseburger drive-ins, the same streets dwindling away forever under the streetlights. Day dawns indifferently, bleary with the exhaust from the mill and exposing the main thoroughfare of Gary, Indiana, which has the peculiarly drab and archaic look of a main street of the 1940s: a squat trivial skyline of two- or three-story brick buildings—dime stores, shoe stores, and jewelers' shops. North, toward Lake Michigan, in those vacant spaces left among the shopping centers and railroad tracks and trailer camps, the ubiquitous derricks of power-line towers straddle sandpits where, in past decades, construction

workers have found the bones of mammoths. Always there is the breath of the mill, a dreariness in the air that, at times, transforms mid-afternoons into a kind of perverse ghostly sunset. On a corner across from city hall there is a diminutive replica of the Statue of Liberty, and immediately beyond that, across a grim expanse of oil-soaked dirt and railroad tracks, the smoky bulk of the mill, a prodigious presence.

Global tumbleweed

Technically, Gary was released and left to its own devices by U.S. Steel only a few years after it was created, but inevitably it has continued to exist as the mill's civic appendage. Its population over the past sixty years has accumulated almost exclusively through great migrations that attended the mill's boom times, so that now it is made up of a kind of global tumbleweed: Poles, Czechs, Irish, Swedes, Lithuanians, Greeks, Armenians, Assyrians, Mexicans. More recently, there was a surge of Negroes from the South, who were shortly followed by the New Oakies: Appalachian whites, wandering up from the gullies and honeysuckle into the clashing steel and treeless asphalt, lank and quiet with a certain blasted look after a while in their pale blue eyes. One Gary citizen, a plant executive who was himself raised in the South, says, "They are the goddam sorriest white people I ever saw. If they're not lookin' up a mule's ass, they don't know where they are. Just goddam sorry—you know what I mean?" They have not seemed able to adapt themselves to the furnaces yet; instead, most of them have become ironworkers, their element the remote windy spaces among high girders.

But in the most profound sense, the city breathes with the mill. Shifts of workers, like its inhalations and exhalations, mingle back and forth across the bleak ground between the mill and city hall, returning again and again to a grassless landscape of smoking lagoons and slag heaps: 2,500 acres of gargantuan cranes and conduits and bins and ore ships. The sheds themselves are like the caves of Vulcan, filled with the rumbling intercourse of equipment too titanic to have been devised by human hands. Colossal vats of brimstone tip with a great fan of sparks into three-story kettles below, and diminished figures stir along high ledges and platforms like dwarves who have been left to attend somehow to the impossible constructions of giants—scurrying around the vats, they appear, against the sunflares of flames, as blank silhouettes, without sound or identity.

Finally at the gate they materialize again, re-assume shape and proportion as they file out with their lunch pails before the inspector in the guardhouse, returning then briefly to the suburbs—the streets of meager brick and stucco houses on postage-stamp lots, ranked one after another down sidewalks littered with tricycles

and baseball bats, small evergreens like miniature Christmas trees on the front lawns of small living rooms, with furniture reminiscent of frumpish hotels and boardinghouses, head-pillows with embroidered scenes of the Eiffel Tower and Mt. Fujiyama scattered on couches, the sunlight slants for a moment on the screen of a TV set, and fades at last at the far wall.

For these—the children and grandchildren of the Poles and Armenians and Greeks who most of all escaping something behind them, this is what it is all for now: the neighborhood, their own children, many adolescents, who themselves have already in their hearts rejected and abandoned it as they prime themselves for college; the corner taverns on Saturdays at noon where they may roost along the bar with beers watching the Chicago Cubs on the radio or TV. It is, in a way, a stranded population, accidentally collected here with no deep history of the earth, the weathers, the past—no way now for there ever to gather such a neighborhood through successive generations, since another of earth, past, place had already been chosen here even when the first ones began to arrive.

What Wallace dis

When George Corley Wallace, during his first venture into national politics, entered the 1964 Democratic Presidential primary in Indiana, he carried Lake County decisively. Lake County, with some 180,000 citizens, is the principal city in that county. In 1968, the county, which was compulsively Democratic, tipped to Humphries, and that only because, a local newspaperman says, "the union leadership finally managed to get it across to their members that Wallace was, in the end just wasn't their kind of man, an anti-union."

During those early forays beyond the state, Wallace, of course, was generally dismissed as merely an odious curiosity, a sullen polio orphan on a mission of ill-tempered mischief. But Wallace himself had long been convinced that, as the Second Reconstruction amplified the rest of the nation and became a national crisis, there would be the same kind of battle in white communities—"then you gonna see common folks all over the rest of this country Southernized." But despite his uncanny showings in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland, the custodians of the conventional national sophistication still could not bring themselves to take him, and his potential, seriously—until the 1968 campaign gathered and he began to assert himself again, polls indicated he would be answered by a vote formidable enough to put his decision into the House of Representatives.

There has never really been any question that his campaign, despite its peculiar cynicism, the issue, was a tacit corroboration of racial hatred in all its varieties, from blatant to furtive,

ent to amicable. That this bizarre politician managed to figure seriously at all inulations of that election confirmed the n of many that the nation, in its heart ts, is irredeemably, though elusively, but his advent also suggested that, in the is tensions and complications of the late n America, the country might indeed be toward two societies in more than racial

sure, Wallace represented an exasperating for the old village simplicities about d a retrenchment against sociologists, uals, the entire national intelligentsia ve sought to impose on the nation a con- which the harried common man has dif- comprehending. Not the least of the es at work in the Wallace phenomenon ind of surly class assertion: people could r with Wallace as a class as they couldn't ldwater—he talked like them, he angered m, he even dressed like them. And in an mystical way, he answered the vague f dread and inadequacy among those un- submerged souls in America leading re mostly lives of quiet scrabbling des- a—who now, through the immediacy of on, feel menaced by confrontations and remote from their existences, which in time would have remained quite abstract

was the unsuspected constituency dis- by Wallace's candidacy. His campaign a litmus for this reality about the nation time, and it may be that this discovery his real and lasting importance.

white population of Gary, actually, is a essly middle-class community. "There's no elite in this town," one city-hall ad- ator declares. "There's no old families, ry. Sure—bankers, department-store own- ve got a kind of establishment, but it's small and insular, and for all practical es irrelevant. There's the mill, but what re there is an absentee ownership." Almost vely, then, Gary is made up of what an- civic figure describes as "the blue-collar class. Comparatively, they're better paid sewhere, they're a bit more affluent than ue-collar workers." The city's preoccupa- re primarily private. At a recent meeting civic-affairs committee of the Chamber of rce there was considerable fretting over summer culture jubilee ("It looked like eventually we'd be able to compete with an City for the Miss Indiana Pageant; cally last year we had one of the greatest s we ever had—but these schools say they n't have the money to send the bands this and some anxiety about fireworks for a

Fourth of July commemoration ("It's been going on four years now since we've had any display of Americanism on the Fourth. Definitely, this is something we should go ahead with...").

What incipient activists can be found in Gary, primarily Jewish professional families, are mostly collected out in a northeast suburb called Miller, and are referred to around town as The Miller Mafia. "Fact is," one local political figure says, "they tend to be pseudo-liberals who meet over coffee or drinks to engage in liberal responses to things. Aside from that, they really haven't counted for much yet." Indeed, after a while in the city, one gets the sense that affairs in the rest of the country, not to mention the world, exist only as some distant half-dream.

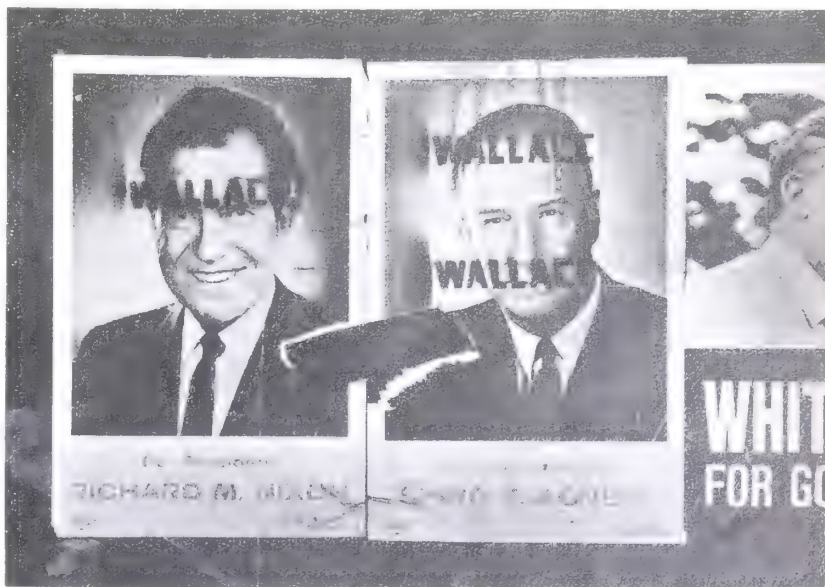
But there are also in Gary, generally in a warren of glum streets southward from the center of the city, some 100,000 Negroes—about 60 per cent of the population. As in most other American cities, Gary's crisis begins here—a rage and desperation light-years removed from white experience. This crisis becomes a kind of impasse with the bitterness in the white suburbs. "You have to remember," one spokesman says, "that their ambitions in life out in the suburbs are really pretty modest: to get their kids in college, and to own a home of their own—their own castle. Of course, these are also the ambitions of the people in the ghetto. But when the whites out there see Negroes moving toward them, they see their castles diminishing in value, and many of them can't afford to move, they have to sit and watch their own ruin. What it is basically, though, is a psychological fear—a fear of the unknown."

"The way I was raised"

At the weekly meeting of the Exchange Club in the Gary Hotel, the outgoing president, a pudgy little hamster of a man in a beetle-green suit, was presented with a gavel—"Isn't that

"...you gonna see the common folks all over the rest of this country Southernized."
—George Wallace

ull Frady is the author of the book Wallace contributing editor of Harper's, living in a. His first article in this magazine is "Cool- with LBJ" in the June issue.



nice! Joe, baby doll, you're too much. Oh, that's groovy, that's groovy. Let's hear it for Joe Sargent, everybody!" He then introduced the guests—three members of the Gary common council—and added, "When they're through speaking, will you please confine your questions to questions, not editorial opinions?"

There were two whites and one Negro, the president of the council—Quentin Smith, a high-school principal, a bulky man with a subterranean, booming voice. The younger white councilman stood first, inexpensively dressed in a checkered sport coat, unremittingly serious, with pale drab eyes: "Anyone who does not admit there is a problem in Gary with gangs, groups, associations—whatever you want to call them—well, all you have to do is ask your wives, your daughters, your sisters. When's the last time you allowed your daughter to walk to the Dairy Queen, when's the last time your wife went downtown to shop or to the library? The problem is a lack of respect. I may be a little old-fashioned, but this is the way I was raised. I believe the father's the head of the household, and he's got to hit you on the head early to let you know he's boss. You've got to do it in school, the coach has to hit you on the head to let you know, and when you get out, the policeman has to hit you on the head to let you know who's boss."

Smith stood up. "Well, the first thing is, whether you're an outsider or an insider, you have to know what questions to ask about a city's troubles. For all these years, there've been these lack of services in the black neighborhoods—neglect of the schools, broken-up streets, garbage, and all that. Now, many of you *knew* this was going on, we came to you and asked for your help, but what were you saying then? 'I'd like to do something, but you know, I'd lose my position here where I work, I'd have the neighbors after me...' Now we've got this question of gangs. No question, there are gangs in Gary, more gangs than ever before. They feel like they got to shock you here in this town, they can't do it any other way—they say, what you're doin' is nuthin', and they *got* to do this, to get you to hear them. But now, when we come to you asking you to help in dealing with these groups, in meeting their problems, you're saying, 'Why, somebody'll shoot a BB at me, I'll get attacked.' What you do, what you're still doing, is just letting things go."

Finally, a gangling black clergyman sitting in the center of the room—the Reverend Fred Lowrey, a former Chicago street-gang member himself and now pastor of the St. Timothy Community Church, who was introduced earlier as a prospective member of the club—blurted, "The problem is, we're lazy, indifferent, and irresponsible." Encircled by the other white members, his head snapped stiffly about him as he spoke from his seat, dipped and darted tautly with his hand swiping back in a kind of stifled savage distress over his hair, one long arm flailing

abruptly and then clumping back down table. "You say, 'Isn't this all terrible, gonna go home and have my schnapps it.' All the middle-class people do this, hang-up. That's why they all look on the class with disdain. Now, don't tell me a ghetto, man, I'm from there, I've lived nobody care when you're in the ghetto, they want you to behave. Another thing that about this town, you can't do a good thing out somebody sayin' you tryin' to play sorry, gentlemen, I'll never get in this way had to put this on you. You can just keep much and get upset." He ducked his head, his legs with a sudden dangerous lashing gave his hair a few more furious swipes.

The room was soundless for a moment. One coughed softly. And then the outgoing president said, "Just want to point out notice how he confined himself to questions instead of opinions..." and as the room was barded with laughter, Lowrey glanced at his head still hung, in a glower of private

Not a threat, but a promise

In November of 1967, a black man, running side the city's normal political circuit, elected Mayor of Gary. It was largely a matter of brute statistics—he collected over 90 percent of the Negro vote while losing one white vote by about the same margin. Inevitably, from the moment he assumed office, Gary became a crucible, an image of the American transformation.

That was particularly so because of Hatcher—raised in nearby Michigan, a slight, sober bachelor of thirty-five with a boyish and guileless look behind his horn-rimmed glasses, has remained a part of the black movement. He is a shy man, with a manner somewhat remote. "I mean," one of his friends says, "he's just not the kind of guy you go up to and say, 'Why, hello, Dick, you ole son of a bitch, how are you?' and slap him on the back. People are always asking me why he's so cautious, it's not that he's cold, he's just cautious." He inserted neatly into a trim sedate suit with a coat buttoned snug and flat all the way, refrains from alcohol and tobacco and even profanity. But he derives directly from the past decade of the civil-rights movement, involved in marches and confrontations, more guttural years of the struggle, spent one summer in Mississippi as a test-case attorney.

When he assumed office, a sudden great fall of funds came his way, from foundation government grants, which he immediately almost totally applied to Gary's black community. This rendered him instantly suspect to the suburbs. What's more, he declined to repel certain black militants regarded with suspicion by the white community, and evidenced patience with Gary's black street gangs

ite for much of the white community the
e black peril.

ong ago, one city councilman—a Mexican
with Gary's old political guard—made a
d which would have taken nine appointo-
to the city's Human Relations Commission
om the Mayor and distributed them among
ncil. The evening when the councilmen—
whites, the Mexican, and five Negroes—
ed to consider this idea, they were greeted
omful of blacks. "If you're gonna take this
nd checkmate it and play a chess game
," one speaker notified them, "then you'd
hink twice. . . . Today, tonight, please, for
ake, let it be heard here, let it be heard
h the country that we're gonna back
Hatcher from here to hell and eternity."
was an explosion of whoops and applause,
was briskly gaveled down. Then there was
ken stillness as a glowering black youth
before them in African regalia and and
d his name as Elemi Olorunfummi—as

Hatcher's Negro aides remarked later,
that cat stood up in that dashiki and gave
that Orumfummi business, man, their
were all messed up from then on." Olorun-
asked, "What you want us to have? Nuth-
. You crawin' with us. And we tired.
of playin'. The game is over. . . . We make
ear, this is not a threat. This a promise."
7, when the time came to vote on the mo-
ne white councilman allowed, "I'll have to
s, sitting here tonight at this performance,
m in no mental condition to vote intelli-
on legislation. . . . We are anxious and glad
e personal opinion, but when we hear per-
attack and threats of personal violence,
these kinds of conditions . . . frankly, I'm in
dition to vote on this myself mentally to-
either way." He accordingly abstained,
two other councilmen voted for the motion
x voted against.

n encounters have only deepened the aliena-
Not long after that evening, some 150
strators, about half of them women and

children, ambushed a Republican fund-raising
dinner at the Gary armory for Indiana Governor
Whitcomb, who had resolutely ignored their ap-
peals to discuss welfare legislation after vetoing
a welfare-reform bill passed by the legislature.
Just as the guests were beginning to gather, the
demonstrators flowed in, with some of the chil-
dren settling themselves at the head table and
dispatching salads and platters of pie that had
already been set out.

When Hatcher was notified, he persuaded the
demonstrators to withdraw, and Whitcomb
finally arrived, about an hour late, and the din-
ner proceeded. But on Sunday, Indiana's attor-
ney-general Theodore Sendak declared that the
armory incident confirmed "a reign of terror"
was loose on Gary. At the following city-council
meeting, one Republican member described the
event, somewhat ambitiously, as "a new day
of infamy" which had destroyed "our image
through the United States, and the world." Hatcher insisted, "Somehow, children eating pie
do not call up an image of terror." Later, in
private, he said, "Most of that noise is coming
from the bigots, and I'm not going to occupy my-
self forever pacifying them. Anyway, they
wouldn't be pacified if I walked down Broadway
on my hands."

"I bought her a .38 . . ."

In the early mornings, out in the subdivisions
like Glen Park and Miller, they huddle along
the counters of steamy diners—self-employed
businessmen in dull black suits and plastic rain-
coats, filling-station attendants, ironworkers in
plaid cotton shirts and khakis rolled twice above
their brogans—humped forward as they sip from
blunt mugs of coffee with a thin maroon stripe
around the top, forking down flat yellow flaps of
scrambled eggs, their faces still dull and waxy
with sleep.

"I been here all my life," says one of them at
the counter. "I got me a house I paid \$35,000 for,

*"I'm sellin' to
no goddam
colored, I'd put
a torch to it
first."*



but I'm leavin' it. My daughter graduates from school this year, that's the only thing I been waitin' for. It's not that I hate the colored or anything, but I'm dumpin' it all. Who the hell wants to live this way, I ask you. Bein' scared somebody'll hit you on the head all the time, you can't go out of the house after dark. You work all your life for something, and then they start movin' in, and suddenly you don't have anything—it's not yours anymore. First person that makes me any kind of half-ass offer on that house now, it's his, and I'm gone. With one exception—I'm not sellin' to no goddam colored, I'd put a torch to it first."

In a booth, an elderly man is sitting with a youth over coffee. "You wanna know how I feel?" the old man says quietly. His eyes squint under a bristling tangle of eyebrows. "For the first time in my life, I feel like an outsider in my own country. But listen, let me tell you something—the white man isn't about to give up this country: he took care of the Indians, he took care of the French, he took care of the English, you think he's gonna turn it over to these Nairobans now? Jesus, what do they want? I ask you, what do they want? We've passed every law under the sun we could think of for them, they've got their welfare, they even got themselves a Mayor now, but they're still raisin' hell. Listen, I'll tell you something—if the coloreds keep on, they gonna find themselves on reservations one of these days, just like the Indians. I even predict that. It has about come to that."

He lifted a hand with two fingers extended, a cigarette smoldering between them and pointed. "My eldest daughter, I bought her a .38 to keep with her not long ago, and about a week later she's out drivin' at night and this guy jumps against the fender of her car. She waves that .38 at him a few times, and he runs—but she would have put a bullet right through that windshield, right through his head, you better believe me. And now they want to move out here. Listen, I don't want no trouble, I only want for me and my wife and my family to be able to live our life in peace. But the way things are goin' now, there's gonna be warfare—there's *got* to be. Nobody else is tryin' to stop them, not the government, not our so-called leaders. And I'll tell you the worst ones—" he placed his spread fingertips lightly for a moment on his chest, "—my own church. The Catholic Church. They seem to have just completely joined 'em. These young priests, some bishops I could name, in my opinion they oughtta be defrocked. There's nobody left but the workin' man, and he just can't put up with it anymore. Here, I'll show you something..." He picked up a crinkled brown paper bag, wrapped around something, that had been resting at his elbow on the tabletop beside the nickel-capped, fluted-glass sugar dispenser, slowly withdrawing from it a .25 Colt automatic, his other hand then lifting out two boxes of ammunition. "I got another one for my younger daughter just a while ago this morning. Now, they're both ready."

Not surprisingly, Hatcher's election had a traumatic effect on Gary's now sorry rickety Democratic political establishment, its main dependable asset up until then had been the city's Negro vote. While the county as a whole has tended to be instinctively Democratic party organization, according to one senior political hand, "has no more awareness of the ideals of FDR than the man in the moon." Its strictly a commercial undertaking." Indeed, its business seemed to flourish in a community which, while belonging to the middle-class, was of thrift and discipline and duty, has nevertheless shown a certain indulgence toward the pettier and more tawdry mortal vices. It is only natural then that politics in the county would be somewhat slatternly in nature.

The Lake County Democratic organization has more or less left to itself by the state capital in Indianapolis, which has always considered itself as really having more to do with Chicago than Indiana—developed into what one mild-mannered party official describes as "a mixture of kind of affair, with all these personal kind of things and principalities and vassals loyal to individual barons who were very jealous of their spheres of influence, the only cohesion between them being the coordination of the party's aspirations and profit possibilities of the kind which would arise."

Not long after the incident at the Governor's dinner at the Gary armory, when the Negro children raided the pies and salads, the chairman of the Lake County Democratic organization, John Krupa—a grizzled political broker, his face like a portly chicken hawk's—volunteered, in a glow of bipartisanship, that what that affair with the Republican Governor meant was Gary would use a spell as a "police state." One spring afternoon recently, he sat in his office in the county house (he also happens to be county clerk) in a dizzy assortment of patterns, a green coat with a crimson pinstripe shirt, a small American flag fastened to his lapel. The office itself was a cluttered nest of political paraphernalia, most conspicuously featuring a blown-up photograph, labeled "John C. Kennedy and Friend," showing himself and John F. Kennedy caught in a momentary tilt toward each other when Kennedy passed through Indiana during the 1960 primary.

"The press has depicted this guy Hatcher as a godsend," Krupa said, "which as a matter of fact he isn't. He's such an advocate of law and order, that a lot of white leadership is afraid of association with one who may be proven wrong any day to be of the Far Left," his voice a bit more guarded as his face having assumed a studiously grave formal expression. "I doubt very much if I could get a security clearance, myself. A man like Stokes, over there in Cleveland, he denounced student demonstrators and the likes of

nd Stokely Carmichael. But I have yet Hatcher speak up once and defend his right and wrong.

as county chairman is to call attention t that this guy Hatcher is of the wrong hattamean is, how can a man whose e to this country is secondary as can be rated to anybody's satisfaction sit in of this city? We gotta get somebody back who doesn't hate white people. For your al information, you might be surprised there's a Negro councilman here by the Dozier Allen who runs a gas station out who was opposing Hatcher in the pri-til one day Mr. Allen found himself steriously engulfed in flames. He was gas into a can, and all of a sudden the ing blew up. He damn near checked out. incapacitated for the rest of the came to this so-called accident . . ."

used, blinking, when asked about his endation that Gary be converted into a ate. "No. No, I didn't mean just Gary, alking about the whole thing, the cam-and towns all over this country. The only ombat all this is as a form of police-state

would not like to have them live next door to us. Yet it seems that the colored people are always pushing.... Please can you explain to us why the black people want to be near us when we don't want them deep from our hearts & never will.... God give them strength & let each one of the colored realize that we have nothing against them or ever to do them any harm. We just don't want them to try to mingle with us.... Again please answer our questions. Thank you. God Bless You...."

Riding in the back of his limousine one glaring May morning, slumped low with his hands tucked like a schoolboy in his trouser pockets, he admitted, "I used to have this feeling about people who were bigots, I'd think they were terrible people. I'd get letters and feel angry—I'd say, What am I doing this for? Why bother? But with time, I think I've come to understand them better, how really threatened and frightened these people feel. The sad thing—the tragic thing—is that most white people simply don't understand how truly desperate the situation is, they have no idea how close we're drawing to a real civil war."

Actually, since Hatcher became Mayor, chas-mic distances have been disclosed in Gary, and if the town is an image of the American crisis, it hints profound alienations that may be withdrawing beyond the reach of even the truest voices. Hatcher's basic struggle right now is to keep Gary from disintegrating altogether. In particular, in one Gary suburb—Glen Park, a modest neighborhood where many fugitives from the inner city have reestablished themselves—there has been circulating a petition calling for secession from the city, promoted more or less overtly by the area's councilman, Eugene Kirtland, a fiftyish, chunky, bespectacled real-estate broker who once owned a twenty-four-hour supermarket. It will be a difficult play to pull off: after collecting signatures from 51 per cent of the property owners in Glen Park, Kirtland must then submit the petition to the Gary Board of Works, which is sure to shove it right back at him since its three members are appointed by Hatcher—after that would come a long and ragged passage through the courts. Whatever, Kirtland is persevering.

His secession movement, which he prefers to call dis-annexation, has actually earned for him some notice from the national press, not to mention the local papers and radio stations, and he has become somewhat conspicuous around town these days, clattering from morning diners to civic-club luncheons to city-hall hearings in a red pickup truck. At a recent meeting of the Glen Park Rotary Club—men in golf sweaters and tieless rayon shirts buttoned up to their neck gathering for lunch in a new vocational school—Kirtland arrived with a small transistor radio on a strap which he kept beside his plate, listening to local news programs and phone-in discussions throughout the meal. At one point, there

Threatened and frightened

al days after the armory incident, tcher appeared for a regular morning ow in which he answers phoned ques-om the community. Sitting across the om the moderator, hunched forward on ws toward the mike, he would sip coffee stened to the questions. "I know you are n your middle thirties and your mother sed," one woman's voice began. "What I know is, if when you were growing up, l done something like those kids over at nory, wouldn't your father have turned r his knee and paddled you good?" her seemed to hang for just a moment un-ly, and then relaxed, broke into a broad ouncing lightly in his chair as he bent the mike and confided, "Yes, well, if you own my father, you wouldn't even have to t question." The voice was silent and then in a rapid hurrying bark of words, "Well, e when you get married, you'd never let ildren act like that, I mean there was no those children had to act like a bunch of als—" Hatcher's grin paled for just an ; then vanished, his face emptying and es going a bit dull. After a moment he red, "Fine. Okay, fine."

gets a steady trickle of letters, written in ry hand on blue-lined notebook paper with oint pen, which will begin,

Hatcher, We are a big group of women, o would like to know a few answers.... We ve nothing against colored people but we

suddenly issued from somewhere on his person a high thin electrical beep, somewhat startling those around him, and, blinking only once, his face impassive and slightly lifted, he quickly fumbled inside his coat to press a small black leather packet fastened to his belt—a device which signaled him whenever he had a call. He disappeared for a few minutes, and then returned: "Radio station way out in San Francisco—they want to talk to me four-twenty this afternoon."

He lives and works in an unprepossessing two-story brick house from which trees seem to have retreated on all sides, with small windows and ivy curling and crisping thickly up one side and a jumbo-size television antenna on the roof, the front door set off to the side, through a small porch halfway back. Talking with a visitor one dank and overcast afternoon recently in his living room, he sat spilled carelessly on a couch, his coat opened over his slightly brimming paunch: a hefty man in a suit the pale yellowish-green hue of new hay which seemed to have shrunk a half-size on him, a round, bland, mild moonlike face with silver-rim glasses and thinning vague hair combed straight sideways in long scant streaks, his collar a bit tight around his neck, smoking Lark cigarettes with an oddly fidgety daintiness. The room was long and spacious, but sparingly furnished with a few wooden-legged couches, throw-rugs on the bare hardwood floors.

"The small, middle-class property owners out here look on dis-annexation as a defense for their investments," he languidly explained. "Oh, there are many reasons—people feel we would have better economic development under our own government, for one thing. Gary's like every other middle-class community, I suppose: the good people don't say anything until it's almost too late—but then, watch out! The great thing about this country is that most of its people are in the middle class. This particular group, now, is slower to anger, but once they pick up the sword, they don't quit until it's done." He lowered his head with a musing smile, his eyes flicked slyly from side to side with his fingertips furiously diddling his Lark cigarette just a few inches from his murmuring lips while his head bobbed momentarily. "When Americans get pressed too hard, they blow—and when they blow, they *blow!*" His voice ended on a kind of high emphatic falsetto.

"Now," he resumed, briefly sipping his cigarette. "Sure, what you've got now is a revolt among these people. I have great trust in the common sense of the average Joe—most people are able to size up a situation right away. I think they just generally feel institutions are getting too big, too remote and impersonal and unresponsive to individuals—that goes for business and government too. And now you've got all these taxes to finance social change, and it's the average Joe in the middle of the block who's having to pay them, but for what? He doesn't really

know how they're spent, why they're spent—how much is spent—he just knows it's a tax he's paying it. You better believe there's a revolt here in Gary, we're being used by the funds and tax-free foundations as a laboratory for change. But it's not the super-rich who's footing the bill—we're footing the bill so the super-rich can protect their tomato cans. That's why, if there's a revolution, the super-rich will be right in there with the Lefties. They're sponsoring all this legislation, starting with the New Deal, Man Roosevelt. The Kennedys—Jack was the first and then Bobby came along, what would Bobby go out and get killed too for? Now why do they keep wanting to get elected? President even though two of them have been already? Those brothers are protecting their family fortune—that's all. Now, I don't necessarily blame them for that. Everybody's voting to the same party—M.O.R.E. Sure, that may be a pretty base view of man's motivation, but really, what else is there? Altruism isn't what it can change any moment, nobody ever changes where anybody is with altruism. But you can always count on self-interest—it explains it. The New Left to me are simply way-out revolutionaries who want what we've got. The difference is, they want to take it away by putting it on people on the head."

The afternoon was waning in the waning panes. He snicked on a lamp beside him, and with a violent grunting wrench with his right hand he held out carefully from him. "No, no Negroes," he solemnly elaborated, "they're different from anybody else in that respect. They suppose. They want more. And what they see out here in Glen Park foresee now is a takeover for Negroes to invade this area in unmanageable numbers. But of course, everywhere since man has been on this earth, he has instinctively collected himself together with his kind for protection. The Croats, the Poles, the Slavs here in town, they all have their own way of life, all have their taverns. Their tribal groups are different, they have different objectives, different methods for getting them. But they can live together, in close proximity, better than others—for instance, the Poles and Italians so on have never had much trouble living with your so-called Wasps and Anglo-Saxons. History demonstrates the hardest groups to have living together peacefully are black and white. By nature or whatever—but I know what it is—but it seems blacks tend to be inclined to obey the law. They just have a different set of values—do you know where they find the most Cadillacs in Gary now? In the downtown area, the so-called ghetto. That's the place in town where you can buy a pair of dollar shoes is in those stores that cater to the clientele. Fellow told me a Negro came the other day to buy a boat, and paid for it with a welfare check. They go for status-symbols, there're all the other lusty things that are under a lusty group of people. Black people

ple—you ever notice that? They rock
ey like to snatch and roam at night.
an *never* exist successfully two sets of
s in one community—the revolution-
going to have to accept that. Even some
more middle-class blacks are beginning
tal integration isn't gonna work. But it
e we have to go through this thing every
on, we have to learn it all over again.
f we can put it into focus here now, it'll
ple in a lot of other communities when
e the same thing. Right after the Civil
course, they went through this down
the South for twenty years—blacks were
everything until the revolt of the white
class down there. The Klan, then, you
as made up of the better elements in the
mmunities, not the trash. But this is not
countenance any kind of physical dam-
just, if we dis-annex out here, it will dis-
them from moving in—of course, we'll
e the same old laws and everything, but
now they wouldn't have the protection of
."

asked about Hatcher's description of
exation as a new "apartheid," Kirt-
yes slid askance again, he mustered a
ile, and daintily waggled his cigarette.
er, you know, he's really cleaned up his
He's taken the burr out of it, he doesn't
Negro anymore. But as far as that com-
pes—well, I heard somebody from South
talking the other day, and he said there
t the kind of hard feeling between blacks
ites over there as there is here." He
aised his eyebrows, his eyes flaring mean-
for a moment behind the lens of his
and took a tiny tight dainty pull on his
e. "Anyway," he added, "it's obvious, isn't
down through recorded history, for what-
ason it may be—biological, physiological,
know—but it just seems the white man,
ter how outnumbered, has always taken
ottle all over the world. That's just been
and I don't really see any reason that
be changing, at least for the next several
es...."

and was interrupted then by a phone call,
er a moment, his quiet voice came from
ing room—he had disappeared around a
and all one could see as he talked was a
table with a dreary litter of Pepsi-Cola
and paper plates and envelopes and un-
mimeographed form-mailings in the win-
it from the window: "Well, we have some
aces I'm thinking about where a lot of
narried couples are moving in. I have two
n particular in mind right now. Uh—both
she white? Yes. Well, I'll be happy to
hem these places I'm thinking about, so
n't we set up an appointment...." When
urned, he stooped briefly to scoop up a
l of nuts from a tray on the lamp table,
en, one hand in his trouser pocket, his legs
led manfully, his head lowered somewhat

bullishly, began jauntily flipping them in his
mouth from his cupped hand. "Those block-
busters, you know they'll call you a lot of times
like that. I always try to be careful...."

"It was gonna be too late . . ."

Perhaps the most thoroughly integrated sub-
urb in Gary is the Northwest Side commu-
nity, a neighborhood which looks much like Glen
Park but where virtually the entire racial spec-
trum of Gary can be found in significant numbers:
Irish, Anglo-Saxons, Poles, Puerto Ricans, Ital-
ians, and Negroes. It would seem, at least statis-
tically, to invoke some optimism for the eventual
closing of the distances in Gary.

It was a rare sunny day, just after noon, and
the opening ceremonies for the Northwest Side
Little League season had just concluded. The
slopes down to the field were still scattered with
mothers in turquoise slacks with strollers and
poodles, grandmothers with kerchiefs around
their heads and fathers in Hawaiian shirts sit-
ting in the grass with their arms wrapped around
their knees.

A group of parents, surrounded by a constant
shrilling of children, made their way up the street
to a home only a few blocks away, plopping there
in couches and easy chairs in a carpeted living
room, full of daylight and potted plants. They re-
ceived with weary jubilation the first round of
martinis and Black Labels while gusts of small
boys still in their Little League uniforms clapped
in and out the front screen door. These people
were all members of the newly organized North-
west Side Civic Association, which, in one of its
leaflets, presents a "RECIPE FOR STABILIZATION:
OR, HOW TO DISCOURAGE PANIC SELLING INDUCED
BY REAL ESTATE AGENTS," citing a section, empha-
sized with their underlining, of the 1968 civil-
rights law which holds it "unlawful...to induce
or attempt to induce any person to sell or rent
any dwelling by *representations* regarding the

*"Everybody
belongs to the
same party—
M.O.R.E."*



entry or *prospective entry* into the neighborhood of a person or persons of a particular race..." and advising anyone approached by an agent who "states or even implies that the neighborhood is changing" that the agent "can be prosecuted if there is a witness."

A small tubby man in sideburns and horn-rim glasses—the somewhat beleaguered sire of eight children and one of the officials at the Little League ceremonies down on the field, still wearing his blue official shirt with a tiny kerchief fastened around his neck—explained to a visitor, "I saw you with Kirtland the other day, and I thought, My God, if *that's* the impression he gets of everybody here—look, as a Republican myself, I think people like Kirtland are bigots."

That detail out of the way, he made a quick dip into his beer. "What we're trying to do with this civic association, now, we're just trying to stabilize the community, we have our biggest problem out here with block-busting and panic-peddling, and, hell, we just looked around and realized we had to do *something*, or it was gonna be too late. I mean, you go out to work on your lawn one evening, you happen to look over and—holy cow! you got a new neighbor, black right next door — Guess who's comin' to dinner, momma! So far, the caliber of blacks who're moving in now, everybody's been awfully surprised at how well they've kept their lawns and everything—"

"Yeah. But just a minute—" The host, a lean, leathery man in a liquid-fabric chartreuse golf shirt and Hushpuppies, leaned forward and pointed to the windows at the back of the living-room. "See that house right over there. No, the second one—see?" He leaned back in his chair again. "Well, the Hiltons moved out of there, and this Negro family just moved in the other day—seemed respectable, she's a schoolteacher, I think. Okay, a nice family, but pretty soon, we looked out and there was this *second* car parked in front of the house all the time. All right, but then a little later, we look out, and here's this *third* car parked there. Pretty soon, we start seeing all these strange people going in and out all hours of the day and night. You follow me? I mean, who the hell *are* all these strange people? But that's what happens, pretty soon there's fifteen, twenty others stuffed in the house. We called the police chief, but he said there was nothing he could do about it."

The Little League official's wife, even smaller and more harried than he, chirped, "Well, that's it! I mean, *this* is the neighborhood where they'll be coming. Where the hell else they gonna want to buy a house—in the ghetto? Glen Park? Not Glen Park—they wanna get shot?"

The color TV was clicked on to the Wide World of Sports, a boxing match from Springfield, Massachusetts, and the second round of drinks was brought in. "You wanna know where Hatcher blows it?" blurted the Little League official, poised in a frog's crouch on the very edge of the sofa with his beer glass cradled in both hands

between his knees. "He just doesn't care what white people think. If he *really* care have a national image, he should be trying everybody together. If he can pull that, he might get elected President—in which case, though, we oughtta go ahead and give Brezhnev. I heard some guy say Hatcher can't pass a security check, but I don't know. I'm on the Right—don't get me wrong. I'm out there on the Far Right with those guys. There's lots of Negroes in town feel the same way I do—but a lot of us feel he listens down in Moscow. He got elected this last time because of a lot of fear votes—they said, let's vote for a black man and maybe the town won't burn. Well, that's so gutless it makes me sick. I can tell you he's finished. Unless he gets a black guard at the polls next time around, he's done for in this city."

A nurse, who'd just gotten off work, draped for awhile, still in uniform and gauzy stockings, certain bitten prettiness in her lean face, took a chair along the wall, lit a cigarette, accepted the scotch-and-soda handed her, and delivered, through thin taut lips, her last words of old women beaten by street gals.

"You know," said the Little League official's wife, "there's one thing that *really* gets me. I heard one of them, a woman, say the other day that all white people owed something to the blacks because of all these years they've had to live with. Well, she's a damn fool. I was raised in a small town in Ohio where I didn't even *see* a black person until I was a grown girl. I didn't make them people suffer—why am I supposed to feel guilty for that?"

"I sort of hate to ho

His home sits out in the southwest side of town, in a scruffy area of sandbank with weeds. Directly across the street is the parking lot of a supermarket. He returned home at sunset, ate a solitary dinner of Colorado fried chicken in his den downstairs, changed into another suit, and left again, climbing into the back seat of his limousine. It was night, a damp and musky evening. His driver drove him through the streets of the Negro neighborhood, low tunnels lit by the glare of streetlights.

The back room was already full of people sitting in metal folding chairs, leaning against the entrance from the kitchen—with one door open to the May night outside. He stood against a garish yellow wooden wall before them under a low ceiling, dressed in a black double-breasted Continental suit with a deep-blue shirt and a red tie, his dark face glittering, an intelligent figure somehow evocative of Tom or Julius Nyerere. He began talking about the armory incident—a peculiar exposition of a group, but one in which he seemed to feel free to engage anyway. "I know a lot of friends

y who's on welfare are on there just be-
y're too lazy to work. But I can tell you,
t so. Now, those people Saturday night,
e down there because we're *required* in
e to pay people only forty per cent of
akes to survive.... Now, of course, we've
ot about that this week. But you know,
d spend the whole four years as Mayor
onding to attacks."

eral murmur answered, "That's right.
ght." Hatcher continued, "Now, I'm not
ng they're just after me because I'm a
ayor—" A crackle of calls: "They are,
They are." His two hands now, in small
gestures, sliced downward together to
and then the other: "I was willing and
d to accept whatever came two years
knew it wouldn't be any bed of roses.
at concerns me now is that you'll
believing what these people are saying
newspapers and over the radio—" And
his voice rose above the clamor: "All
know. But in Reconstruction, now, blacks
positions of political power in the South,
only reason they were able to hold those
offices was, they were reinforced by the
States Army. But you know how the South
e to get that Army out of there? They
ese blacks were incompetent, the place
ng to the dogs. Pretty soon, people started
g it. You have to remember that to under-
hat's happening in Gary now. They trying
e same thing. But let me tell you some-
they underestimate the ability of the
to understand, they underestimate their
ication now...."

e back, an old and heavy man finally rose
rviously running his fingers along the top
chair in front of him, began, "Mr. Mayor
ve got a problem." He began reporting in-
of gang terrorism along his street, wreck-
d intimidation, his voice hesitant and
, breathing heavily and almost panting his
—an old man afraid—finally descending
o his chair. Hatcher told him, "We not in
issippi, we not in Nazi Germany. There is
son anybody ought to be intimidated by
y in this country. It's a free country. But
s some men have got to stand up and be
d make a complaint. We'll back you one
d per cent, I want everybody here to un-
d that."

ll Negro in a sport coat and open-collared
ood up beside Hatcher. "If you want to
he truth," he snapped, "I know there's
e with gangs, but the way white people are
' on about them—well, as far as some of
ngs the juveniles are doin', I don't neces-
blame them. 'Cause when they look around
so-called upstandin' leaders of this nation,
they see? This Abe Fortas and this Judge
as, and that Senator sometime back, Dodd.
see men like that. Right here in our own
unity, we have a lot of disc jockeys who
the kind of men they oughtta be, lot of so-

called preachers not really preachers but enter-
tainers. I know things are bad, you even see
ten-year-olds drinkin' wine. But kids are just
thinkin' bad of grownups these days, period."

A man leaning in a doorway answered, "That's
right, we're gonna have to start doin' something
beside settin' the wrong example. We got to ex-
ercise our manhood—be real fathers to our fam-
ilies, real husbands to our wives. Our women
can't go downtown without some white man
comin' up to her and botherin' her. How many
women in this room had a horn blown at 'em
around a corner by a car of whites, things said
out the window? Not a woman in here hadn't had
that experience. Well, this has got to stop, and
it'll stop when we start bein' men ourselves and
lookin' out after our wives. My son must see in
me the kind of man who can afford him self-re-
spect and manhood, my wife must see in me the
kind of man who can afford her security...."

Hatcher took the floor one last time. "Let me
say this. Despite Mr. Sendak, Mr. Krupa, Mr.
Kirtland, despite all the others, I'm hoping—
but you know I sort of hate to hope, I've hoped
so often in my life, and I'm getting tired of
disappointments. You get to where you don't
want to even stand a chance of being disap-
pointed, so you don't even hope. But I'm still
hoping that maybe these people will realize—just
stop and realize for a moment—the kind of hys-
teria they're causing. Because the only way for
anybody to survive is for everybody to survive.
What I'm trying to do is to pull people back to-
gether, because there's no other choice but to
try."

On the sidewalk outside were several members
of one of Gary's street gangs. Hatcher gathered
them together briefly off in the shadows under a
tree, talking to them softly as his car waited.
There was, even here, a tinge of the mill in the
air. "Look, you guys have *got* to help me now. If
you hear about anybody fixin' to do something,
you gotta stop him. We *can't* have any incidents,
that's all they're waitin' for, the Kirtlands and
Krupas." They listened to him with only a mut-
tered question now and then. "Now you don't
have to be an informer, you don't have to tell me
anything—you handle it. Because I'm telling you,
if we have anything this summer, another thing
like that armory, we'll be washed up. Will you
help me now?" They chorused thickly, "We will,
Mr. Mayor, thank you, good night, Mr. Mayor,"
and he went on to his car.

His house is quiet, the only sound a dim hum.
Down in his den, there are pictures of King and
the Kennedys, along with the framed ad which
appeared in the *New York Times*: "For God's
Sake, Let's Get Ourselves Together...." A num-
ber of blown-up photographs of moonscapes lean
against the wall. The room, with its Moroccan
couches and suspended globes of lights, has an
amber hue. He selects a tape, clicks it into the
console with its multiple dials, and a moment
later the music begins, a classical score. He sits
there listening to it late into the night.

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968

How do you "correct" a candidate's lack of warmth? When does he need "more memorable phrases"? How do you "create an image without saying anything"? These are just a few of the considerations that went into Nixon's campaign—at the heart of which was the adroit manipulation and use of television.

He was afraid of television. He knew his soul was hard to find. Beyond that, he considered it a gimmick; its use in politics offended him. It had not been part of the game when he had learned to play, he could see no reason to bring it in now. He half-suspected it was an Eastern liberal trick; one more way to make him look silly. It offended his sense of dignity, one of the truest senses he had.

So his decision to use it to become President in 1968 was not easy. So much of him argued against it. But in his Wall Street years, Richard Nixon had traveled to the darkest places inside himself and come back numbed. He was, as in the Graham Greene title, a burnt-out case. All feeling was behind him; the machine inside had proved his hardest part. He would run for President again and if he would have to learn television to run well, then he would learn it.

Nixon gathered about himself a group of young men attuned to the political uses of television. They arrived at his side by different routes. One, William Gavin, was a thirty-one-year-old English teacher in a suburban high school outside Philadelphia in 1967 when he wrote Richard Nixon a letter urging him to run for President and base his campaign on TV. Gavin wrote the letter on stationery borrowed from the University of Pennsylvania because he thought Nixon would pay more attention if the letter seemed to be from a college professor.

Dear Mr. Nixon:

May I offer two suggestions concerning your plans for 1968?

1. Run. You can win. Nothing can happen to you, politically speaking, that is worse than what has happened to you. Ortega y Gasset in his *The Revolt of the Masses* says: "These ideas are the only genuine ideas; the ideas of the shipwrecked. All the rest is rhetoric, posturing, farce. He who does not really feel himself lost, is lost without remission. . . ." You, in effect, are "lost"; that is why you are the only political figure with the vision to see things the way they are and not

as Leftist or Rightist kooks would have to be. Run. You will win.

2. A tip for television: instead of the wooden performances beloved by politicians, instead of a glamor boy technique, instead of safety, be bold. Why not have live press conferences as your campaign on television? People will see you daring all, asking and answering questions from reporters, and you simply answering phony "questions" made up by your staff. This would be dynamic and would be daring. Instead of the medium-making you, you would be using the medium. Television hurt you because you were yourself; it didn't hurt the "real" Nixon. The real Nixon can revolutionize the use of television by dynamically going "live" and answering everything, the loaded and the unloaded question. Invite your opponent to this kind of debate.

Good luck, and I know you can win if you see yourself for what you are; a man who has been beaten, humiliated, hated, but who can still see the truth.

A Nixon staff member had lunch with Gavin a couple of times after the letter was received and hired him. Gavin began churning out stream-of-consciousness memos which dealt mostly with the importance of image, and in which Richard Nixon, through television, could acquire a good one: "Voters are basically lazy, basically uninterested in making an effort to understand what we're talking about," Gavin wrote. "Reason requires a high degree of discipline, of concentration; impression is . . . Reason pushes the viewer back, it assaults . . . The emotions are more easily roused, to the surface, more malleable. . . ."

So, for the New Hampshire primary, Gavin recommended "saturation with a film, in which the candidate can be shown better than he can be shown in person because it can be edited so that only the best moments are shown. . . . [Nixon] has to come across as a person larger than life, the stuff of legend. People are stirred by legends, not by the living legend, not by the man himself. It's the aura that surrounds the charismatic figure more than it is the figure itself that attracts the followers. Our task is to build that aura."

William Gavin was brought to the

...s a speechwriter in January of 1969. Treleaven, hired as creative director of the campaign in the fall of 1967, immediately went to work on the more serious of Nixon's personal problems. One was his lack of humor: "Contained to a degree," Treleaven wrote, "but he is too obvious about it. Romney's corny attempts have hurt him. If we're going to let a pro write the words."

Treleaven also worried about Nixon's lack of confidence but decided: "He can be helped greatly by respect by how he is handled. . . . Give him words to say that will show his *emotional* content in the issues. . . . He should be presented some kind of 'situation' rather than a studio. The situation should look uneven even if it's not."

One of the most effective ideas belonged to Donald K. Price, a former editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, who became the best and most prominent speechwriter in the campaign. Price later composed much of the inaugural Address. In 1967, he concluded that the arguments would "only be effective if they get the people to make the *emotional* leap, the theologians call 'leap of faith.'"

As to this, Price suggested attacking the "emotional factors" rather than the "historical factors" which were the basis of the low opinion many people had of Richard Nixon. "These should be more a gut reaction," he wrote, "unanalytical, nonanalytical, a product of the particular chemistry between the voter and the *image* of the candidate. *We have to be very clear on the point: that the response is to the image, not to the man. . . .*"

There would not have to be a "new Nixon." There would be a new approach to television.

That was how they went into it. Trying, with care and, to build the illusion that Richard Nixon, in addition to his attributes of mind and character, considered "communicating with the people" one of the great joys of seeking the Presidency, while with the other they shielded him, controlled him, and controlled the atmosphere around him. It was as if they were building not a tent but an Astrodome, where the wind never blew, the temperature never rose and the ball never bounce erratically on artificial grass.

It worked. As he moved serenely through the primary campaign, there was a new cadence to Nixon's speech and motion; new confidence in his heart. And, a new image of him on the television screen, on live, but controlled, TV.

He met Harry Treleaven on a rainy morning in June of 1968, in his New York office with Len Garment and Smith and Ross, the advertising executives. Treleaven was small and thin. He had a fair hair and the tight frowning mouth that you would expect of the assistant principal of a high school. He seemed to be in his middle forties. He looked like William Scranton. Treleaven, it turned out,

did not work for Fuller and Smith and Ross. He worked for Richard Nixon. Fuller and Smith and Ross was only incidental to the campaign. An agency was needed to do the mechanics—buying the television time and the newspaper space—and this looked like a nice, quiet one that would not complain about not being permitted to do creative work. Treleaven had been born in Chicago and had gone to Duke University, where he was Phi Beta Kappa. After that, he moved to Los Angeles and worked on the Los Angeles *Times* and then wrote radio scripts. One night he and his wife were having dinner in a restaurant in Los Angeles with a couple he did not like. Halfway through the meal he turned to his wife.

"Do you like it here?"

"You mean the restaurant?"

"I mean Los Angeles."

"No, not especially."

"Then let's go."

And Harry Treleaven threw a \$20 bill on the table and he and his wife walked out. He took a plane to New York that night and found a job with the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. He stayed with Thompson eighteen years. When he left it was as a vice president. He did commercials for Pan American, RCA, Ford, and Lark cigarettes, among others.

Harry Treleaven was sitting on the beach at Amagansett one day in September of 1967, drinking a can of beer. A summer neighbor named Len Garment, who was a partner in the law firm where Richard Nixon worked, approached him. Harry Treleaven knew Garment from a meeting they had had earlier in the summer. Garment had vaguely mentioned something about Treleaven and the advertising needs of the Richard Nixon campaign. Now he was more specific. He offered Treleaven a job. Creative director of advertising. Treleaven would devise a theme for the campaign, create commercials to fit the theme, and see that they were produced with a maximum of skill.

Len Garment's office was on the third floor of Nixon headquarters, at Park Avenue and 57th Street. A man named Jim Howard, a public-relations man from Cleveland, was with him the day I came in. Jim Howard was talking to Wilt Chamberlain on the phone.

"Wilt, I *understand* your position but they just don't pay that kind of money."

Garment was a short, pudgy man, also in his middle forties, who once had played saxophone in a Woody Herman band. He had voted for John Kennedy in 1960. Then he met Nixon at the law firm. He was chief of litigation and he was making money but he hated the job. He found that Nixon was not so bad a guy and very smart. When Nixon asked him to work in the Presidential campaign, he said yes. He had been practically the first person to be hired and now he was chief recruiter.

Jim Howard had been trying to get Wilt Chamberlain to appear on the Mike Douglas show for

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free. The idea was for Chamberlain to explain why Richard Nixon should be President. Chamberlain was the only Negro celebrity they had and they were trying to get him around. The problem was, the Douglas show did not pay. And Chamberlain wanted money.

Len Garment started to explain the Nixon approach to advertising. Or the Garment-Treleaven approach to advertising Nixon. "The big thing is to stay away from gimmicks," he said.

"Right," Jim Howard said. "Never let the candidate wear a hat he does not feel comfortable wearing. You can't sell the candidate like a product," he said. "A product, all you want to do is get attention. You only need 2 per cent additional buyers to make the campaign worthwhile. In politics you need a flat 51 per cent of the market and you can't get that through gimmicks."

Two weeks later, I met Frank Shakespeare. Treleaven, Garment (who this June became special consultant to the President in the area of civil rights), and Shakespeare made up what was to be called the media and advertising group. But of the three equals, Shakespeare was quickly becoming more equal than the others. He had come from CBS. He, too, was in his forties, with blond hair and a soft, boyish face. When he was named director of the United States Information Agency, after Nixon's election, a *New York Times* profile reported that, although he had spent eighteen years at CBS, no one he worked with there could recall a single anecdote about him. He was working for free because his progress at CBS had been stalled when Jim Aubrey got fired. He had been one of Aubrey's boys. Now, it was said, he was trying to give his career some outside impetus. An association with the President of the U.S. could hardly hurt.

On the morning after the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, Harry Treleaven got to his office early. He was in an exceptionally good mood. The invasion had proved Nixon was right all along. The Russians had not changed.

"Makes it kind of hard to be a dove, doesn't it?" he said, smiling.

Treleaven was leaving for Teletape, the film-editing studio, right away. The day before, he had cut Nixon's forty-five-minute acceptance speech to thirty minutes, and he wanted to see it.

Len Garment was at the studio when Treleaven got there. "What about this Czech thing?" he said. He looked really worried. Treleaven smiled. "Oh, I don't know, Len. Look at the positive side."

"Well, yes," Garment said. "I think it will bring a restoration of realism to American political discussion."

But Treleaven had been thinking of something else. "Unless we make some really colossal mistake," he said, "I don't see how we can lose."

Then Shakespeare came in. He was exuberant. "What a break!" he said. "This Czech thing is

just perfect. It puts the soft-liners in a box!"

Harry Treleaven had used the CBS tape acceptance speech to make the commercial better camera angles," he explained. "And NBC has a peculiar form of editorializing. For instance, they'll cut to some young colorist who's not applauding while Nixon tries to build bridges to human dignity."

In the beginning of the acceptance speech, Richard Nixon had made a sweeping motion with his arm and shouted, "Let's win this thing like Ike!" and all the Republicans cheered. Treleaven had cut this line from the speech.

"Good," Shakespeare said, "very good. That's the one line Rose Mary Woods got out of there." Rose Mary Woods was Nixon's secretary. Because she had stuck with him through all the bad years, she emerged in 1968 as an adviser, too.

Another thing he had cut was a reference to "the era of negotiation" with the Russians. Shakespeare was very happy this had been cut. It would have been awful, he thought—to have a reference to negotiation now that this invasion had occurred. That was the Cold War again, and adrenalin was needed.

A big meeting was scheduled at Furber, Smith and Ross for lunchtime. The agency ordered ham sandwiches with a lot of lettuce and big pots of coffee. Everyone sat down and ate little bites out of their sandwiches while Rose Mary Shakespeare stood up and talked.

Already, there was bad feeling between the agency people and the Nixon group. In the beginning, the agency had believed it actually was going to create commercials. Then Harry Treleaven walked in. Without even saying a word the morning. Now the agency was making no commercials but it was embarrassed. Treleaven would often tell them what he was doing. "No need to," he said. He said he had been thinking it over, and rather than rush something new into production, he would prefer to continue the sixty-second commercials. He cut excerpts from the acceptance speech that had been running as radio commercials.

Art Duram, the president of the agency, immediately lit his pipe. "But your exposure of that speech—" he said. "You're going to be horrendously overexposed."

"I'm not sure that's bad, Art," Treleaven said. "He's saying some awfully good things."

"But psychologically—"

"Well, the problem is we have nothing else to use and there's nothing else we could have done that quickly unless it were a real emergency. I just don't think it is."

Duram shrugged.

Then a red-haired lady named Rutledge spoke up from the other side of the table. She had been hired by Shakespeare to supervise the buying of television and radio time for the commercials. "Nixon should go on the air with a special broadcast about Czechoslovakia," she said.

Shakespeare shook his head. "He'd have to be good. He couldn't get ready. He's better off doing anything. He's been Mr. Cool and Mr. Tough through this whole thing."

Jones shrugged. "I still think he should," she said. "But let's move on to something we're going to get bold listings in the starting immediately."

"Bold listings?" Shakespeare asked.

"Yes, in the TV section. Listing our commercial in bold type in the schedule. They had been doing it for McCarthy and not for us. But I have a couple of hand grenades. At the net and the *Times*. And I got immediate listings."

Then a man walked into the room with a big poster under his arm. The poster was a picture of Richard Nixon smiling. Beneath it were the words: THIS TIME VOTE LIKE YOUR WORLD DEPENDED ON IT.

"That's the new slogan," he said. "And together with the picture, this will run in the spread of *Life* Magazine and on our billboard."

Frank Shakespeare was staring at the picture. "Do you like the photograph?" he said, turning to Len Garment.

"I have a little bit of a problem with that treacherous smile, tied in with the serious line," Len said.

The man with the poster was nodding. "We're looking for the right picture," he said, "and difficult. But this expression is not a laugh. It's a youthful expression. It has vitality. It's at it inspires confidence. The picture has vitality, and one of the reasons we ran the picture behind him—in back of his head—is so he doesn't appear to be speaking it. See, it's there, just as part of the image. The connection is correct."

"That's right," Frank Shakespeare said. "All right. This will make a tremendous billboard," Treleaven said.

"There's character in the face," Shakespeare

"I've got the best-looking candidate, no matter about it," Treleaven said.

"It's a cheerful, grim, serious, and optimistic picture," Len Garment said, smiling.

"And youthful," Shakespeare added.

"That's right," said Ruth Jones, who still wanted him to look on Czechoslovakia, "a man for all seasons."

Then they talked about fund-raising. "The McCarthy telecast raised a hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars," Ruth Jones said. "Who gave the pitch?" Shakespeare asked. "Paul Newman."

"That's well, that made a difference."

"That was a personal involvement pitch. Dick Cavett wrote it for him."

"We'll use the same pitch," Shakespeare said, "but we don't have as strong a man."

"Who do we have?"

"Dick Wilkinson."

At four o'clock, Treleaven walked to a West Side theater to look at a film that had been made with Spiro Agnew at Mission Bay, California, the week after the Republican convention.

"It could be a great help, particularly with Agnew, if it's any good," Treleaven said. Shakespeare and Garment already were at the theater. So was the man who had made the films—a TV documentary man whom Shakespeare had hired especially for this job. He was wearing sneakers and shifting nervously from foot to foot. There were two separate films, each containing an interview with one of the candidates. The Agnew film was shown first. It had been shot in color, with sailboats in the blue bay as a backdrop. Spiro Agnew was squinting in the sun.

"All life," he said, "is essentially the contributions that come from compromise." His voice was sleepy, his face without expression. The questions fit right in.

"It must have really been a thrill to have been picked for Vice President. Were you happy?"

"The ability to be happy is directly proportional to the ability to suffer," Agnew said. His tone indicated he might doze before finishing the sentence, "and as you grow older you feel everything less."

He stopped. There was silence on the film. Then the voice of the interviewer: "I see."

"Jesus Christ," someone said out loud in the dark little theater. Spiro Agnew's face kept moving in and out of focus.

"Is that the projector or the film?" Garment asked. The man who had made the film disappeared into the projection booth. The technical quality of the film did not improve.

"Loyalty is the most important principle," Agnew was saying, "when coupled with honesty, that is. And I think that such values are in danger when you hear people advocate violence to change situations which are intolerable... and most of the people who are cutting the United States up are doing so without offering a single concrete proposal to improve it."

"How did you become a Republican?"

"I became a Republican out of hero worship." Then Spiro Agnew went on to tell a long story about an old man in the law office where he had first worked as a clerk, and how the old man had been a Republican and how he had admired the old man so much that he had become a Republican too. There was more silence on the film. The focus was very bad.

"And... and... you just sort of went on becoming more and more Republican?"

"That's right," Spiro Agnew said. More silence. The sailboats moved slowly in the background. The water was very blue. Then the focus made everything a blur.

"What a heartbreak," the man who had made the films said, standing in the back of the theater.

"It looks like you're looking through a Coke bottle," Garment said.

"I became a Republican out of hero worship."
—Spiro Agnew

"And he comes across as such an utter bore," Treleaven said. "I don't think the man has had an original observation in his life."

"He is rather non-dynamic," Garment said.

Frank Shakespeare was up now and pacing the back of the theater. "We can't use any of this," he said. "That picture quality is awful. Just awful. And Agnew himself, my God. He says all the wrong things."

"What we need is a shade less truth and a little more pragmatism," Treleaven said.

"I think Dexedrine is the answer," Garment said.

I am not going to barricade myself into a television studio and make this an anti-septic campaign," Richard Nixon said at a press conference a few days after his nomination. Then he went to Chicago to open his fall campaign. The whole day was built around a television show. Even when ten thousand people stood in front of his hotel and screamed for him to greet them he stayed locked up in his room, resting for the show.

Chicago was the site for the first of ten programs that Nixon would do in states ranging from Massachusetts to Texas. The idea was to have him in the middle of a group of people, answering questions live. Shakespeare and Treleaven had developed the idea through the primaries and now had it sharpened to a point. Each show would run for one hour. It would be live to provide suspense; there would be a studio audience to cheer Nixon's answers and make it seem to home viewers that enthusiasm for his candidacy was all but uncontrollable; and there would be an effort to achieve a conversational tone that would penetrate Nixon's stuffiness and drive out the displeasure he often seemed to feel when surrounded by other human beings instead of Bureau of the Budget reports.

One of the valuable things about this idea, from a political standpoint, was that each show would be seen only by the people who lived in that particular state or region. This meant it made no difference if Nixon's statements—for they were not really answers—were exactly the same, phrase for phrase, gesture for gesture, from state to state. Only the press would be bored and the press had been written off already. So Nixon could get through the campaign with a dozen or so carefully worded responses that would cover all the problems of America in 1968.

Roger Ailes, the executive producer of the Mike Douglas show, was hired to produce the one-hour programs. Ailes was twenty-eight years old. He had started as a prop boy on the Douglas show in 1965 and was running it within three years. He was good. When he left, Douglas' ratings declined. But not everyone he passed on his way up remained his friend. Not even Douglas. Richard Nixon had been a guest on the show in the fall of 1967. While waiting to go on, he fell into conversation with Roger Ailes.

"It's a shame a man has to use gimmicks to get elected," Nixon said.

"Television is not a gimmick," Ailes said.

Richard Nixon liked that kind of talk. He told Len Garment to hire the man. Ailes had been sent to Chicago three days before Nixon opened the fall campaign. His instructions were to select a panel of questioners and design the show. But now, on the day of the program, only a few hours, in fact, before it was to begin, Ailes was having problems.

"Those stupid bastards on the set-decorating crew put turquoise curtains in the background," Nixon wouldn't look right unless he was holding a pocketbook," Ailes ordered the curtains removed and three plain, almost stark white boards to replace them. "The wood has no solid, masculine lines," he said.

His biggest problem was with the panel of questioners. Shakespeare, Treleaven, and Garment had felt it essential to have a "balanced" group. First, this meant a Negro. One, not two. Two would be offensive to white people, perhaps to Negroes as well. Two would be too hard. One was necessary and safe. For every seven per cent of the population applied to a seven-member panel equaled one. Texas was tricky, though. Do you have a Negro *and* a Mexican-American, or if not, then which?

Besides the Negro, the panel for the first show included a Jewish attorney, the president of a Polish-Hungarian group, a suburban housewife, a businessman, a representative of the lower middle class, and, for authenticity, two newsmen: one from Chicago, one from Moscow.

That was all right, Roger Ailes said. But someone had called from New York and insisted that he add a farmer. Roger Ailes had been in Ohio, but even so he knew you did not add a farmer on a television show. All they did was ask complicated questions about things like taxes, which nobody else understood or cared about. Including Richard Nixon. Besides the farmer brought the panel size to eight, which Ailes said was too big. It would be impossible for Nixon to establish interpersonal relationships with eight different people in one hour. And interpersonal relationships were the key to success.

"This is the trouble with all these political people horning in," Ailes said. "Fine, they get their lousy little groups represented but they wind up with a horseshit show."

There was to be a studio audience—100 hundred people—recruited by the local Republican organization. Just enough Negroes so the press could not write "all-white" stories but not enough so it would look like a ball park. The audience, of course, would applaud every answer. Richard Nixon gave, boosting his confidence by giving the impression to a viewer that Nixon certainly did have charisma, and whatever other qualities they wanted their President to have.

Treleaven and his assistant, Al Scott, came to the studio late in the afternoon. They were

vous. "Nixon's throat is scratchy," Tre-
aid, "and that's making him upset." Al-
I not like the lighting in the studio. "The
re too high," he said. "They'll show the
der RN's eyes."

there was a crisis about whether the
ould be allowed in the studio during the
akespeare had given an order that they
out. Now they were complaining to Herb
he press-relations man, that if three
shills could be bussed in to cheer, a pool
or three reporters could be allowed to sit
stands.

akespeare still said no. No *newspapermen*
ing to interfere with his TV show. Klein
guing, saying that if this was how it was
go start, on the very first day of the cam-
nt was going to be 1960 again within a
eleaven and Ailes went upstairs, to the
cafeteria, and drank vending-machine
rom paper cups. "I agree with Frank,"
said. "It's not a press conference."

if you let the audience in . . ."
Isn't matter. The audience is part of the
nd that's the whole point. It's a television
ur television show. And the press has no
s on the set.

Gdam it, Harry, the problem is that this
lectronic election. The first there's ever
V has the power now. Some of the guys
agant and rub the reporters' faces in it
n the reporters get pissed and go out of
ay to rap anything they consider staged
. And you know damn well that's what
do if they saw this from the studio. You
n in with the regular audience and they
warm-up. They see Jack Rourke out there
the audience to applaud and to mob Nixon
hend, and that's all they'd write about. You
lamn well it is." Jack Rourke was Roger
assistant.

still afraid we'll create a big incident if
k them out entirely," Treleaven said. "I'm
to call Frank and suggest he reconsider."
Shakespeare would not. He arranged for
rs in an adjacent studio and said the press
vatch from there, seeing no more, no less,
hat they would see from any living room
lois.

as five o'clock now; the show was to start
e. Ray Vojey, the makeup man borrowed
the Johnny Carson show, had arrived.
ay," Roger Ailes said, "with Wilkinson,
that perspiration problem on the top of
ehead."

s, he went a little red in Portland," Ray
said.

d when he's off camera, I'd give him a
d towel, just like Mr. Nixon uses."
ght."

is turned to Jack Rourke, the assistant.

I'd like to have Wilkinson in the room
Nixon before the show to kibitz around,
Nixon loose."

ay, I'll bring him in."

The set, now that it was finished, was impres-
sive. There was a round blue-carpeted platform,
six feet in diameter and eight inches high.
Richard Nixon would stand on this and face the
panel, which would be seated in a semicircle
around him. Bleachers for the audience ranged
out behind the panel chairs. Later, Roger Ailes
would think to call the whole effect "the arena
concept" and bill Nixon as "the man in the
arena." He got this from a Theodore Roosevelt
quote which hung, framed, from a wall of his
office in Philadelphia. It said something about
how one man in the arena was worth ten, or a
hundred, or a thousand carping critics.

At nine o'clock, Central Daylight Time, Rich-
ard Nixon, freshly powdered, left his dressing
room, walked down a corridor deserted save for
Secret Service, and went through a carefully
guarded doorway that opened on the rear of
the set.

Harry Treleaven had selected tape from
WBBM's coverage of the noontime motorcade
for the opening of the show. Tape that showed
Richard Nixon riding, arms outstretched, beam-
ing, atop an open car. Hundreds of thousands of
citizens, some who had come on their own, some
who had been recruited by Republican organi-
zations, cheered, waved balloons, and tossed con-
fetti in the air. One week before, at the Demo-
cratic convention, it had been Humphrey, blood,
and tear gas. Today it was Nixon, the unifying
hero, the man to heal all wounds. Chicago Re-
publicans showed a warm, assured, united front.
And Harry Treleaven picked only the most magi-
cal of moments for the opening of his television
show.

Then the director hit a button and Bud
Wilkinson appeared on the screen, a placid,
composed, substantial, reassuring figure intro-
ducing his close personal friend, a man whose
intelligence and judgment had won the respect
of the world's leaders and the admiration of
millions of his countrymen, this very same man
who had been seen entering Jerusalem moments
ago on tape: Richard Nixon. And the carefully
cued audience (for Jack Rourke had done his
job well) stood to render an ovation. Richard
Nixon, grinning, waving, *thrusting*, walked to
the blue riser to receive the tribute.

It was warmly given. Genuine. He looked
toward his wife; the two daughters; Senator
Ed Brooke, the most useful Negro he had found;
Charles Percy, the organization man; and Sena-
tor Thruston Morton, resigned if not enthusi-
astic. They sat in the first row together.

He was alone, with not even a chair on the
platform for company, ready to face, if not the
nation, at least Illinois. To communicate, man
to man, eye to eye, with that mass of the ordi-
nary whose concerns he so deeply shared, whose
values were so totally his own. All the subliminal
effects sank in. Nixon stood alone, ringed by
forces which, if not hostile, were at least—to the
viewer—unpredictable.

There was a rush of sympathy; a desire—a

*"...Nixon could
get through the
campaign with
a dozen or
so carefully
worded
responses that
would cover all
the problems
of America in
1968."*

Joe
McGinniss
THE
SELLING
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need, even—to root. Richard Nixon was suddenly human: facing a new and dangerous situation, alone, armed with only his wits. In image terms, he had won before he began. All the old concepts had been destroyed. He had achieved a new level of communication. The stronger his statement, the stronger the surge of warmth inside the viewer.

Morris Liebman, the Jewish attorney, asked the first question: "Would you comment on the accusation which was made from time to time that your views have shifted and that they are based on expediencies?"

Richard Nixon squinted and smiled. "I suppose what you are referring to is: Is there a new Nixon or is there an old Nixon? I suppose I could counter by saying: Which Humphrey shall we listen to today?"

There was great applause for this. When it faded, Richard Nixon said, "I do want to say this: There certainly is a new Nixon. I realize, too, that as a man gets older he learns something. If I haven't learned something I am not worth anything in public life. . . . I think my principles are consistent. I believe very deeply in the American system. I believe very deeply in what is needed to defend that system at home and abroad. I think I have some ideas as to how we can promote peace, ideas that are different from what they were eight years ago, not because I have changed but because the problems have changed.

"My answer is 'yes,' there is a new Nixon, if you are talking in terms of new ideas for the new world and the America we live in. In terms of what I believe in, the American view and the American dream, I think I am just what I was eight years ago."

Applause swept the studio. Bud Wilkinson joined in.

The farmer asked a question about farming. The Polish-Hungarian delivered an address concerning the problems of the people of Eastern Europe. His remarks led to no question at all, but no matter: Richard Nixon expressed concern for the plight of Eastern Europeans everywhere, including Northern Illinois.

Then Warner Saunders, the Negro, and a very acceptable, very polite one he seemed to be, asked, "What does law and order mean to you?"

"I am quite aware," Richard Nixon said, "of the fact that the black community, when they hear it, think of power being used in a way that is destructive to them, and yet I think we have to also remember that the black community as well as the white community has an interest in order and in law, providing that law is with justice. . . ."

John McCarter, the businessman, asked about Spiro Agnew. Nixon said, "Of all the men who I considered, Spiro Agnew had the intelligence, the courage, and the principle to take on the great responsibilities of a campaigner and responsibilities of Vice President."

McCarter came back later wanting to know if

Nixon thought the Chicago police had been harsh on demonstrators in the streets.

"It would be easy," Nixon said, "to criticize Mayor Daley and by implication Vice President Humphrey. But it wouldn't be right for me to lob in criticism. I am not going to get in. It is best for political figures not to be partisan comments from the sidelines."

The show went on like that. At the audience charged from the bleachers, instructed. They swarmed around Richard Nixon so that the last thing the viewer at home saw was Nixon in the middle of this big crowd of people, who all thought he was great.

Treleven plunged into the crowd. He was excited; he thought the show had been better. He got to Nixon just as Nixon was bending over to autograph a cast that a girl had on her leg.

"Well, you've got a leg up," Treleven said.

Nixon stood up and grinned and moved on.

"Gee, that was sure a funny look he gave me," Treleven said. "I wonder if he heard me. I wonder if he knew who I was."

Originally, Treleven had wanted to hire Douglas Duncan, the photographer who had made commercials. Duncan was a friend of Richard Nixon's but when Treleven told him to come out to lunch he said no, he would be too busy. Then Duncan mentioned Eugene Jones. Treleven wanted Duncan because he had said that to make still photography the basis of a television Nixon's sixty-second television commercial campaign. He had learned a little about still photography from Walter Thompson when he had used them for some Pan American spots. Now he thought they were the perfect thing for Nixon because he himself would not have to appear. The words would be the same ones Nixon always used in the words of the acceptance speech. But they would all seem fresh and lively because a series of pictures would flash on the screen while Eugene Jones spoke. If it were done right, it would make Treleven to create a Nixon image that was entirely independent of words. Obviously some technical skill would be required. David Duncan said Gene Jones was the man.

Treleven met Jones and was impressed. He was low-key," Treleven said. "He doesn't come across to you as a know-it-all."

Gene Jones, who was in his early forties, had been taking movies of wars half his life. He had it perhaps as well as any man ever has. For example, that, he had produced the *Today* show on television for two years and had done a documentary on famous people called *The World of—* with James Graham, Sophia Loren, anyone who had been famous and was willing to be surrounded by Jones's cameras for a month.

Jones understood perfectly what Treleven was after. A technique through which Richard Nixon would seem to be contemporary, intimate, involved—without having to say anything of substance. Jones had never done commercial

Now there is
a new military,
economic, and
diplomatic
power been
used to interfere
actively in
Vietnam.
And after all of
this time and all
of this sacrifice
and all of this
support there is
still no end in
sight. Then they
say the time has
come for the
American
people to turn to
new leadership
not tied to the
policies and
mistakes of the
past.
I pledge to you,
we will have an
honorable end
to the war in
Vietnam.

before but for \$110,000, from which he pay salaries to a nine-man staff, he said he'd do it for Nixon.

Two or two later Jones came down to Treleaven's office to discuss details such as where he'd set up a studio and what areas the first spots should cover. "This will not be a commercial sell," Jones said. "It will not have a lot of something—a pardon the expression—any money would turn out. I see it as sort of a feature *Project 20*. And I can't see anyone turning it off a television set, quite frankly."

The same day Jones rented two floors of the building at 303 East 53rd Street in Manhattan, right up from a nightclub called Chuck's site. Within three days, he had his staff working. Buying pictures, taking pictures, taking motion pictures of still pictures that Jones had cropped and arranged in a sequence. "I'm pretty excited about this," Jones said. "I think we can give it an artistic dimension."

Harry Treleaven did not get excited about it, but he was at least intrigued by this. "It'll be interesting to see how he translates this approach into political usefulness," Treleaven

said, "if he can."

When Jones would start work at five o'clock in the morning. Laying coffee and doughnuts on a table, he would spread a hundred or so pictures on the floor, taken from boxes into which Treleaven already had filed them. The boxes had labels like VIETNAM . . . DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS . . . POVERTY: HARLEM, CITY SLUMS, GHETTOS . . . HAPPY AMERICAN PEOPLE AT WORK . . . Jones would select a category to fit the first line of whatever script he happened to be working on that day. He would select the most appropriate of the pictures, and then arrange and rearrange, as in a game of solitaire. When he had the effect he thought he wanted he would stop with a stopwatch and red pencil, marking the picture on the back to indicate what sort of angle and distance the movie camera should take from and how long it should linger on still.

"The secret is in juxtaposition," Jones said. "The relationships, the arrangement. After twenty-five years, the other things—the framing and the panning—are easy."

Everyone was excited about the technique and the way it could be used to make people feel that Richard Nixon belonged in the White House. The person who was not impressed was Nixon. "As in a hotel room in San Francisco one day during the words for one of the early commercials. The machine was turned on before he realized it and the end of his conversation was picked up."

"I'm not sure I like this kind of a . . . format, eventually," Nixon said. "Ah . . . I've seen these kinds of things and I don't think they're very . . . effective."

Finally, Nixon read the words he had been told to read.

In the afternoons, Treleaven, Garment, and Shakespeare would go to Gene Jones's studio to look at the spots on a little machine called a Movieola. If they were approved, Jones would take them to a sound studio down the street to blend in music, but they never were approved right away. There was not one film that Garment or Shakespeare did not order changed for a "political" reason. Anything that might offend Strom Thurmond, that might annoy the Wallace voter whom Nixon was trying so hard for; any ethnic nuance that Jones, in his preoccupation with artistic viewpoint, might have missed: these came out.

"Gene is good," Treleaven explained, "but he needs a lot of political guidance. He doesn't always seem to be aware of the point we're trying to make."

Jones didn't like the changes. "I'm not an apprentice," he said. "I'm an experienced pro and never before in my career have I had anyone stand over my shoulder telling me to change this and change that. When you pull out a shot or two it destroys the dynamism, the whole flow."

The first spot was called simply VIETNAM. Gene Jones had been there for ninety days, under fire, watching men kill and die and he had been wounded in the neck himself. Out of the experience had come *A Face of War*. And out of it now came E.S.J. [for Eugene S. Jones] #1, designed to help Richard Nixon become President.

Harry Treleaven and Len Garment and Frank Shakespeare thought this commercial splendid.

"Wow, that's powerful," Treleaven said.

The fourth of the ten scheduled panel shows was done in Philadelphia. It was televised across Pennsylvania and into Delaware and New Jersey. Roger Ailes arrived in Philadelphia on Wednesday, September 18, two days before the show was to go on the air. "We're doing all right," he said. "If we could only get someone to play *Hide the Greek*." He did not like Spiro Agnew either.

The production meeting for the Philadelphia show was held at ten o'clock Thursday morning in the office of Al Hollender, program director of WCAU. The purpose was to acquaint the local staff with what Roger Ailes wanted to do and to acquaint Roger Ailes with the limitations of the local staff. Ailes came in ten minutes late, dressed in sweat shirt and sneakers, coffee cup in hand. He had a room at the Marriott Motor Hotel across the street.

"One problem you're going to have here, Roger," a local man said, "is the size of the studio. You've been working with an audience of three hundred, I understand, but we can only fit 240."

"That's all right. I can get as much applause out of 240 as three hundred, if it's done right, and that's all they are—an applause machine." He paused. "That and a couple of reaction shots."

"I'm more concerned," Ailes said, "about



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where camera one is. I've talked to Nixon twice about playing to it and I can't seem to get through to him. So I think this time we're going to play it to him."

"You ought to talk to him about saying, 'Let me make one thing very clear,' ten times every show," someone said. "It's driving people nuts."

"I have, and Shakespeare told me not to mention it again. It bugs Nixon. Apparently everybody has been telling him about it but he can't stop."

After half an hour, Roger Ailes left the meeting. "Those things bore me," he said. "I'll leave Rourke to walk around and kick the tires." He went across the street to the motel. The morning was clear and hot.

"The problem with the panels is that we need variety," Ailes said. "Nixon gets bored with the same kind of people. We've got to screw around with this one a little bit."

"You still want seven?" an assistant, supplied by the local Republicans, asked.

"Yes, and on this one we definitely need a Negro. I don't think it's necessary to have one in every group of six people, no matter what our ethnic experts say, but in Philadelphia it is. *U.S. News and World Report* this week says that one of every three votes cast in Philadelphia will be Negro."

"I know one in Philadelphia," the local man, whose name was Dan Boozer, said. "He's a dynamic type, the head of a self-help organization, that kind of thing. And he is black."

"What do you mean he's black?"

"I mean he's dark. It will be obvious on television that he's not white."

"You mean we won't have to put a sign around him that says, 'This is our Negro'?"

"Absolutely not."

"Fine. Call him. Let's get this thing going."

"Nixon is better if the panel is offbeat," Ailes was saying. "It's tough to get an articulate ditchdigger, but I'd like to."

"I have one name here," Boozer said. "Might be offbeat. A Pennsylvania Dutch farmer."

"No! No more farmers. They all ask the same dull questions."

The morning produced an Italian lawyer from Pittsburgh, a liberal housewife from the Main Line, and a Young Republican from the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce.

"Now we need a newsman," Roger Ailes said.

I suggested the name of an articulate reporter from the *Evening Bulletin* in Philadelphia.

"Fine. Why don't you call him?"

"He's a Negro."

"Oh shit, we can't have two. Even in Philadelphia. Wait a minute—call him, and if he'll do it we can drop the self-help guy."

But the reporter was unavailable. Then I suggested Jack McKinney, a radio talk-show host from WCAU. Ailes called him and after half an hour on the phone, McKinney, who found it hard to believe the show would not be rigged, agreed to go on. Then I suggested a psychiatrist I knew:

the head of a group that brought Vietnamese children wounded in the war to the United States for treatment and artificial limbs.

"What's his name?"

"Herb Needleman."

Roger Ailes called him. Herb Needleman agreed to do the show. Roger Ailes was pleased. "The guy sounded tough but not hysterical. He is shaping up as a very interesting show."

A newsman from Camden, New Jersey, added, and, at four o'clock, Ailes called Len Cohan in New York to tell him the panel was complete.

"... That's six," he was saying, "and now we've got a Jewish doctor from Philadelphia, a psychiatrist, who—wait a minute, Len, relax—I—yes, he's already accepted, he... We're not?... Are you serious?... Honest to God, Len?... Oh, no, I can get out of it, it'll be a little embarrassing... No, you're right, he feels that strongly about it..." Roger Ailes hung up.

"Jesus Christ," he said. "You're not going to believe this but Nixon hates psychiatrists."

"What?"

"Nixon hates psychiatrists. He's got a thing, apparently. They make him very nervous. You should have heard Len on the phone when I told him I had one on the panel. Did you hear him? If I ever heard a guy's voice turn that way, that was it."

"Why?"

"He said he didn't want to go into it. Fit in with the theme. Apparently Nixon won't even let one in the study room. Jesus Christ, could you picture him on live TV show finding out he's being questioned by a shrink?"

There was another reason, too, why Herb Needleman was unacceptable. "Len says he doesn't want to go easy on Jews for a while. I bet Nixon's tired of saying 'balance of power' about the goddam Middle East."

So, at 4:15 P.M., Roger Ailes made another call, to Dr. Needleman, to tell him that this terrible embarrassing thing had happened, that the show had been overbooked. Something about Nixon had to add a panelist from New Jersey because the show would be televised into the southern part of the state.

"You know what I'd like?" Ailes said to him. "As long as we've got this extra spot of time, good, mean, Wallacete cab driver. Wouldn't that be great? Some guy to sit there and say, 'Awright Mac, what about these niggers?'"

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was still hot but Roger Ailes had not been outside since morning. Air conditioning, ice cream, and the telephone.

"Come on," Roger Ailes said. "Let's go get a cab driver." He stepped out to the motel parking lot and walked through the sun to the entrance. The Marriott was the best place to wait in Philadelphia. Eight cabs were lined up in the driveway. The third driver Roger Ailes talked to said that he was not really for Washington.

It wasn't really against him either. "What's your name?" Roger Ailes said. "Frank Kornsey."

"I want to go on television tomorrow night? I'll cross the street there, and ask Mr. Nixon questions. Any questions you want?" "I got to work tomorrow night."

"I'll pay it off. Tell them why. We'll pay you for the air time you miss, plus your expenses to and from the studio."

"My wife will think I'm nuts."

"Your wife will love you. When did she ever hear he'd be married to a guy who conversed with the next President of the United States?" "I'll let you know in the morning," Frank said.

Later in the motel room, the talk drifted to the curious associations into which Nixon seemed to fall. People he sought to align with, whose endorsement he was so desperate to accept, when even in political terms probably did him more harm than good.

"I met Wilkinson, for Christ's sake, he's like a pinetop with the strings broken," Ailes's brother said. The director had come over from the radio in midafternoon, after working on the placement of the cameras.

"Wilkinson's a sweet guy," Ailes said, "but he has absolutely no sense of humor."

"You're going to keep using him as a model, you should tell him to stop applauding all the winners."

"He's been told," Ailes said, "he's been told. He can't help it."

Nixon got up from the table. "Let's face it, a lot of people think Nixon is dull. Think he's a little pain in the ass. They look at him as the fat kid who always carried a book bag. Who was forty-two years old the day he was born. I figure other kids got footballs for Christmas. Nixon got briefcases and he loved it. He'd have his homework done and he'd never have a copy. Now you put him on television, he's got a problem right away. He's a funny-looking guy. He looks like somebody hung him in a closet overnight and he jumps out in the morning with his suit all bunched up and starts talking around saying, 'I want to be President.' That's how this is how he strikes some people. That's why these shows are important. To make them all that."

Richard Nixon came to Philadelphia the next day: Friday. There was the standard down-town motorcade at noon. Frank Kornsey took the whole day off to stay home and write questions. "I got some beauties," he told Roger Ailes on the phone.

Nixon went to the studio at two o'clock in the afternoon. "I'm going to fire this director," he said. "I'm going to fire the son of a bitch right after the show. Look at this. Look at the positioning of these cameras. I've told him fifty times. I want closeups. Closeups! This is a close-

up medium. It's dull to shoot chest shots. I want to see pores. That's what people are. That's what television is."

He walked through the studio, shaking his head. "We won't get a shot better than waist-high from these cameras all night. That's 1948 direction. When you had four people in every shot and figured you were lucky you had any shot at all."

The audience filled the studio at seven o'clock. The panel was brought in at 7:15. Frank Kornsey was nervous. Roger Ailes offered him a shot of bourbon. "No thanks," he said. "I'll be all right." He tried to grin.

At 7:22 Jack Rourke stepped onto the riser. He was a heavy Irishman with a red face and gray hair. "Hello," he said to the audience. "I'm Frank Sinatra."

The Nixon family, David Eisenhower, and the Governor of Pennsylvania came in. The audience applauded. This audience, like the others, had been carefully recruited by the local Republican organization. "That's the glee club," Jack Rourke said, pointing to the Nixons.

The director walked into the control booth at 7:24. "He's crazy," the director said, meaning Roger Ailes. "He has no conception of the mechanical limitations involved in a show like this. He says he wants closeups, it's like saying he wants to go to the moon." The director took his seat at the control panel and spoke to a cameraman on the floor. "Make sure you know where Mrs. Nixon is and what she looks like."

A member of the Nixon staff ran into the booth. "Cut the sound in that studio next door. We've got the press in there and we don't want them to hear the warm-up."

"Now when Mr. Nixon comes in," Jack Rourke was saying, "I want you to tear the place apart. Sound like ten thousand people. I'm sure, of course, that you'll also want to stand up at that point. So what do you say we try it now. Come on, stand up. And let me hear it."

"One forty-five to air," the director said in the control booth.

"Tell Rourke to check the sound level on the panel."

Jack Rourke turned to Frank Kornsey: "Ask a question, please. We'd like to check your microphone."

Frank Kornsey leaned forward and spoke, barely above a whisper. His list of "beauties" lay on a desk before him. He was still pale, even through his makeup.

"I was just wondering how Mr. and Mrs. Nixon are enjoying our wonderful city of Philadelphia," he said.

Pat Nixon, in a first row seat, gave her tight, closemouthed smile.

"No, they don't care for it," Jack Rourke said.

"Thirty seconds," came a voice from the control room. "Clear the decks, please, thirty seconds."

Then, at exactly 7:30, while a tape of Richard Nixon's motorcade was being played for the

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viewers at home, the director said, "Okay, cue the applause, move back camera one, move back one," and Richard Nixon stepped through a crack in a curtain, hunched his shoulders, raised his arms, wiggled his wrists, made V-signs with his fingers and switched on his grin.

Jack McKinney, the talk-show host, was wearing his hairpiece for the occasion. Nixon turned to him first, still with the grin, hands clasped before him, into his fourth show now and over the jitters. Maybe, in fact, ready to show off just a bit. A few new combinations, if the proper moment came, to please the crowd.

"Yes, Mr. McKinney," he said.

Jack McKinney did not lead with his right but he threw a much stiffer jab than Nixon had been expecting: "Why are you so reluctant to comment on Vietnam this year when in 1952, faced with a similar issue in Korea, you were so free with your partisan remarks?"

Not a crippling question but there was an undertone of unfriendliness to it. Worse, it had been put to him in professional form. Nixon stepped back, a bit off balance. This sort of thing threatened the stability of the whole format; the basis being the hypothesis that Nixon could appear to risk all by going live while in fact risking nothing by facing the loose syntax and predictable, sloppy thrusts of amateurs. He threw up an evasive flurry. But the grin was gone from his face. Not only did he know now that he would have to be careful of McKinney, he was forced to wonder, for the first time, what he might encounter from the others.

The Negro was next. Warily: "Yes, Mr. Burress." And Burress laid Black Capitalism right down the middle, straight and soft. Nixon had it memorized. He took a long time on the answer, though, savoring its clichés, making sure his wind had come back all the way.

Then Frank Kornsey, who studied his list and asked, "What are you going to do about the *Pueblo*?" Beautiful. Nixon was honing this one to perfection. He had taken 1:22 with it in California, according to Roger Ailes's chart, but had brought it down to 1:05 in Ohio. Now he delivered it in less than a minute. He was smooth again, and grinning, as he turned to the liberal housewife, Mrs. Mather.

Was civil disobedience ever justified, she wondered. Nixon took a quick step backwards on the riser. His face fell into the solemnity mask. There were philosophic implications there he did not like. He could understand the impatience of those less fortunate than ourselves, he assured her, and their demand for immediate improvement was, indeed, healthy for our society in many ways. But—as long as change could be brought about within the system—and no, he was not like some who claimed it could not—then there was no cause, repeat, no cause that justified the breaking of a law.

But he knew he would have to watch her, too.

The first line of sweat broke out across his lip.

The Young Republican from Wharton to know how to bring the McCarthy support back into the mainstream, which was fine, then the newsman from Camden asked if he agreed with Spiro Agnew's charge that Hubert Humphrey was "soft on Communism."

He knew how to handle that one, but by sidestepping, he noted that this fellow seemed unawed. That made three out of four who were ready, it appeared, to mix it up with one of them a good-looking articulate woman. And another, McKinney, who seemed truly engaged.

It was McKinney's turn again: Why was Nixon refusing to appear on any of the new confrontation shows such as *Meet the Press*? Would he face the public only in staged settings such as this, where the questions were bound to be worded generally enough to let him give any vague sort of answer he wanted? Where the presence of the cheering audience was sure to intimidate any questioner who contemplated true engagement? But Nixon moved so quickly from one question to the next that he eliminated any possibility of follow-up, any chance for true discussion.

"The guy's making a speech!" Frank Shakespeare shouted in the control booth. Roger jumped for the phone to Wilkinson on the line. But McKinney was finished, for the moment the question was, had he finished Nixon, too?

"I've done those quiz shows, Mr. McKinney. I've done them until they were running down my ears." There was no question on one point: Richard Nixon was upset. Staring hard at McKinney he grumbled something about why he ought to be more fuss about Hubert Humphrey not having press conferences and less about *Meet the Press*.

It did not seem much of a recovery but in the control room Frank Shakespeare punched the palm of one hand with the fist of the other and said, "That socks it to him, Dickie Baby!" The audience cheered. Suddenly, Nixon, perceiving a weakness in McKinney where he feared that none existed, perhaps realizing he had no choice, surely buoyed by the cheers, decided to slug it out.

"Go ahead," he said, gesturing. "I want your follow up."

McKinney came back creditably, using the word "amorphous" and complaining that questions were being asked to support Nixon for his dependent on the basis of "nothing but a wink and a smile" particularly in regard to Vietnam.

"Now, Mr. McKinney, maybe I haven't been specific..." and Nixon was off on a thorough rephrasing of his Vietnam non-position, while it contained no substance—hence, it could not accommodate anything new—sounded, it initiated, like a public step forward. The audience was ecstatic. Outnumbered, two hundred to one to one, McKinney could do nothing but nod and shake his head.

very careful with McKinney," Shakespeare said, bending over Roger Ailes. "I want him a chance but I don't want him to hog it."

h, if he starts making another speech Bud and—"

Shakespeare was no longer listening. He was applying with a cameraman who had come to the control booth and began to take pictures of the production staff at work.

press," Shakespeare said, and when the production continued shooting his film, Shakespeare began to push. The cameraman pushed back as hard as he could, but Shakespeare, leaning hard, pushed him toward the door.

Meanwhile, Frank Kornsey, consulting his personal list again, had asked, "What do you intend to do about the gun-control law?" Then, he asked the others: Are you writing off the vote? What about federal tax credits... and air pollution? And then the Camden Democrat, whose name was Flynn, asking about Nixon's action in 1965 when he had called for the removal of a Rutgers history professor who had spoken kindly of the Vietcong—on campus.

Nixon assured Mr. Flynn that academic freedom remained high on his personal list of privileges which all Americans should enjoy, but he added, "There is one place where I would draw the line. And that is, I do not believe that anyone should be paid by the government and who is using government facilities—and Rutgers, as I'm sure you are aware, Mr. Flynn, is a state institution—the right to call for the victory of the enemy American boys—while he is on the campus."

Now McKinney gathered himself for a reply: "You said that the Rutgers professor was 'all for' the victory of the Vietcong, but as far as I know he didn't say that at all. This is what I heard about your being able, on this kind of occasion, to slide off the questions. Now the facts are—"

"I know the facts, Mr. McKinney. I know the facts."

Nixon was grinning. The audience poured forth its loudest applause of the night. Bud Wilkinson joined in, full of righteous fervor. Of course Mr. Nixon knew the facts.

McKinney was beaten but would not quit: The facts were that the professor did not 'call for the victory—'

So, what he said, Mr. McKinney, and I believe I am quoting him *exactly*, was that he would come to the impending victory of the Vietcong."

"Which is not the same thing."

"Well, Mr. McKinney, you can make that decision if you wish, but what I'll do is I'll turn over to the television audience right now and let them decide for themselves about the semantics. About the difference between 'calling for' and 'welcoming' a victory of the Vietcong."

Nixon was angry but he had it under control and he talked fast and hard and when he was finished he swung immediately to the next questioner.

The show was almost over. McKinney was through for the night.

"Boy, is he going to be pissed," Roger Ailes said as he hurried down from the control room. "He'll think we really tried to screw him. But critically it was the best show he's done."

Roger Ailes went looking for Nixon. He wound up in an elevator with Nixon's wife. She was wearing a green dress and she did not smile. One thought of the remark a member of the Nixon staff had made: "Next to her, RN looks like Mary Poppins."

"Hello, Mrs. Nixon," Roger Ailes said. She nodded. She had known him for months. "How did you like the show?" She nodded very slowly, her mouth was drawn in a thin, straight line.

"Everyone seems to think it was by far the best," Ailes said. "Especially the way he took care of that McKinney."

Pat Nixon stared at the elevator door. The car stopped. She got off and moved down a hallway with the Secret Service men around her.

After the long-awaited *Meet the Press* show in Southern California, Ailes drove an hour and a half to an airfield, where a friend had arranged for him to make his first parachute jump. He missed the landing zone on his first try and decided to jump again. The second time, he hit the landing zone but ripped ligaments in his ankle. He had to take pills for pain that evening.

The NBC studio in Burbank, location of the grand finale telethon the next day, was very big. One hundred and twenty-five telephones had been installed for the operators who would take calls during the show. The operators had been recruited by the local Republican organization. There also were seats for several hundred spectators, to be recruited by the organization, too. Richard Nixon had grown accustomed to hearing his answers applauded. It seemed foolish to deprive him on the final night of the campaign.

Roger Ailes hobbled to the front row of the audience section. Immy Fiorentino, the lighting man, who had been used for the later panel shows and the Madison Square Garden rally, was there.

"It's going to be a dull two hours," Roger Ailes said. "That's for openers."

Immy Fiorentino shrugged. Dull, sparkling, he did not much care. As long as it was properly lit. "How are these questions going to work?" he asked.

"Well, what's going to happen," Roger Ailes said, "is all of the questions are going to come through the operators over there and then runners will bring them down to the producer's table, which will be set up here, and from there they'll go to a screening room where the Nixon staff will tear them up and write their own. Then they'll go to Bud Wilkinson who will cleverly read them and Nixon will read the answers off a card."

"Nixon could appear to risk all by going live while in fact risking nothing by facing the loose syntax and predictable, sloppy thrusts of amateurs."

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Later, Jack Rourke was asked how it really would work.

"I understand Paul Keyes has been sitting up for two days writing questions," Roger Ailes said. Keyes was a friend of Nixon's who supervised the writing of the *Laugh-In* show.

"Well, not quite," Jack Rourke said. He seemed a little embarrassed.

"What is going to happen?"

"Oh . . ."

"It's sort of semi-forgery, isn't it?" Ailes said. "Keyes has a bunch of questions Nixon wants to answer. He's written them in advance to make sure they're properly worded. When someone calls with something similar, they'll use Keyes' question and attribute it to the person who called. Isn't that it?"

"More or less," Jack Rourke said.

At first, they were going to have Richard Nixon sit on the edge of a desk. The first desk that the NBC set designer had provided was on wheels.

"Jesus Christ, he'll lean against that and go sliding off the set," Roger Ailes said. "It will be the highlight of the campaign."

Then Frank Shakespeare called. Since there were going to be two separate telethons (one for the East, one for the West), lasting two hours each, it was felt that the edge of the desk would tend to be uncomfortable. Nixon preferred a "comfortable black swivel chair." Roger Ailes told the set designer to produce one. Then Ailes hobbled through the studio again, trying to develop a feel for it. Some sense that would enable him to infuse the program, somehow, with imagination. To give originality and élan to what seemed doomed to tedium.

"If we put Tricia and Julie over there, answering phones, we have to be careful who we put around them." He turned to an assistant. "Dolores, make a note of that. Make sure we get good-looking girls around Julie and Tricia."

He talked to the cameramen: "Sixty, sixty-five, seventy per cent of the show will be RN on camera talking. You've got to watch him—I like to shoot him close but two hours on stage and he's going to perspire. So get away from him every once in a while and let him mop."

"Do you want Kleenex on stage?" a floor man asked.

"No, he'll have a handkerchief in his inside breast pocket."

In the control room, most attention centered around the splicing of a Jackie Gleason endorsement which was going into the beginning of the tape. Gleason had made the tape in Miami and it had been used first at the start of the Madison Square Garden rally: "*My name is Jackie Gleason and I love this country. I've never made a public choice like this before—but I think this country needs Dick Nixon and we need him now.*"

Roger Ailes had his right ankle in a bucket of ice. "Jesus Christ, this hurts," he said. "Dolores, give me another of those pills, will you? I wish there were some way to pipe the Humphrey

thing in here tonight. It will be a hell of a more interesting." He was in bad pain, tired. And facing four hours of live direction the evening. And—as the only member of Richard Nixon's staff who would have thought of jumping from an airplane the day before the TV production of the campaign—feeling alone. He sat with his foot in an ice bucket in the control room through the afternoon, as if he were done and in Grenada, where he was going on vacation later in the week.

Frank Shakespeare and Paul Keyes got to the studio at three o'clock. Shakespeare was in a standard dark suit, Keyes in a sky-blue suit. Ailes struggled out to meet them.

"Watch," he said. "Now they'll rip the show thing up and start again."

The first change Shakespeare made was moving Julie and Tricia up from the second row to the first. Ailes had wanted them in the second row to make them seem simply part of the crowd, but Shakespeare said Nixon wanted to greet them as he entered and it would be awkward to have him leaning over other girls. "All right, walk over," Shakespeare was saying, "and when he greets them I think he should kiss them."

"Well, I think kissing is a bit much," Roger Ailes said.

"But if he comes over, he's got to kiss them."

"No, it looks stagy," Keyes said. "Well, he can go right to his chair."

"Have him kiss one of the other boys," Roger Ailes said.

Paul Keyes continued to check the set. "How can you put that camera one in closer so Nixon will be physically conscious of it?"

Ailes explained why moving the camera would be a problem. "I know that," Keyes said. "But this was the one specific thing he asked for this morning. That we give him a camera close enough so he would be physically conscious of it. He wants this to be a very intimate show between him and the American people. All the only way he can do it is if that camera is right on top of him."

Ailes explained more of the technical problems.

"But RN wants to *converse* tonight. Loose, easy, informal. He doesn't want to make a speech. And he needs the camera there to push him into the low key."

Ailes rearranged the cameras.

"Okay," Paul Keyes said. "Now can two cameras be a little closer?"

"Yeah, but if I bring two in—"

"He needs it close, Roger."

"Okay. You position two where you want and I'll restage . . . Wait a minute, is four good or is that too far away?"

"Four is perfect," Keyes said. "The important thing is the relationship between him and the camera. He needs that nearness."

"Okay," Ailes said, and he told the floor manager to mark with tape how far forward the left camera four should go without Nixon

range of any of the other cameras. "Just
he'll have that one camera he can play
we'll screw around with the others," he
and the problem was solved.

Keyes sat in the chair that had been
it out for Richard Nixon. "It's too loose.
t to have a solid back to it."

ay, I'll take care of that," Roger Ailes
nd he went slowly back to the control room
lled the set designer and told him they
another chair. The designer protested.
you want him to tip over?" Ailes said.
ack is loose. Do you want him to lean back
over on his ass?"

designer suggested using an orange chair
brought out earlier.

ddam it, no, we're not going to use an
chair. We've been through that . . . I said
not going to use an orange chair. Forget
get the goddam chair." He put down the
and turned to Dolores Hardie, the assist-

t the designer to get a goddam chair. I
at creepy bastard as soon as he brought
that we weren't going to use an orange
It was four o'clock in the afternoon.
Shakespeare was worried about the studio
g too hot. "Make sure you've got that
erchief soaked in witch hazel," Roger
told someone. "I can't do that sincerity bit
he camera if he's sweating." Shakespeare
ore worried about the temperature. "He's
to be out there four hours tonight."

was decided to cancel the five o'clock re-
al of the opening so the lights could be shut
e studio sealed, and cold air piped in. Roger
went across the hall to a dressing room and
wn on a couch.

is is the beginning of a whole new con-
Ailes said. "This is it. This is the way
l be elected forevermore. The next guys up
ave to be performers. The interesting ques-
s, how sincere is a TV set? If you take a
uy and stage him warm, can you get away
it? I don't know. But I felt a lot better
jumping out of that plane yesterday than
bout this thing tonight."

e announcer who was to do the opening
to ask if his tone was too shrill.
eah, we don't want it like a quiz show,"
Ailes said. "He's going to be Presidential
nt so announce Presidentially."

e studio was opened and the hundred and
venty-five girls who had volunteered to
er the phones were led in. Frank Shake-
e watched them take their places and an
ssion of horror came over his face.
h my God!" he said. "This is terrible!
e are the black faces? Where are the black
?" He turned and went running off to find
oman who was in charge of the volunteers.
was a heavy woman with gray hair.
re've going live across the country on Elec-

BURNT OUT by Daryl Hine

To come home at midnight and find everything gone
As if by enchantment, blackened ash and rubble
In the place of your address, and to demand
Of a bystander there, a crowd having gathered,
In curiosity, "What happened?"
Is one definition of disaster

And for all we know the ultimate.
Have we not been threatened by the fire?
You may only be the first to go,
An early victim of that rhetoric
That sees in the flames an opportunity
To erase all wrongs and start afresh.

What was it you said then? What could you say
When you had searched the holocaust and salvaged
Enough of your old life to fill a hatbox,
Hardly more than a handful of your past,
Half a dozen charred volumes, and why these?
Of so many why should these few endure:

*An Introduction to Astrology,
The Complete Bartender, David Copperfield,
How to Estimate Your Income Tax,
The Collected Works of William Cullen Bryant
Volume Ten, and Le Misanthrope?*
How do they define a point of view?

The point of view of the ruined, I suppose,
Which has been credited with simplicity
But seems to me impossibly complex.
When someone has lost everything is he
More himself, alone and free at last,
Or merely impoverished and undefined?

All your books and all your records burnt,
And all your pictures too, and some of mine,
The marble tabletop reduced to powder,
The mantel clock a twisted hunk of metal,
Nothing but ashes for your furniture
And nothing but the stars above your head,

Forgive me if I envy you a little
With the jealousy of someone who has lost
Not things but beings, not property but love,
And believe me when I say, my dear,
This catastrophe is nothing like the last
That must befall you someday after all.

Joe
McGinniss
THE
SELLING
OF THE
PRESIDENT

tion Eve in an hour and a half and there's not one black face up there. We can't do that. It looks terrible."

"I know," the woman said. "I know. We tried. In fact we had twenty who agreed to come. But none of them showed up."

"This is terrible," Shakespeare said.

The woman gave a shrug that said, "What do you expect me to do? After all, you know they're undependable."

There was one Negro girl, sitting near the end of the next to last row. Someone pointed her out to Shakespeare. "Oh, yeah," he said. Staring.

"I could ask her to come down front so you'd be sure to get her in the picture."

Shakespeare never faltered. "Would you? Gee, that would be terrific. Terrific."

The Hubert Humphrey telethon, which started half an hour before Nixon's, was being shown in the press room. Humphrey was on with Paul Newman, Buddy Hackett, Danny Thomas, and others. He was obsequious to them all. Cue cards, other cameras, and a morass of wires and unused folding chairs were visible all over the stage. The Humphrey producers, apparently, had left their shirttails out on purpose, to point up the contrast with what they considered to be the contrived slickness of Nixon.

More startling, Humphrey was answering questions live. Actually talking to the people who called him on the phone. There was no Paul Keyes, no Bud Wilkinson to protect him.

"That's crazy," Al Scott said, appalled at what he saw. "They've got no control."

Richard Nixon was in a good mood. He sat in his comfortable black swivel chair with the back that had been tightened, his legs crossed, his smile seeming less forced than usual, his voice and rhetoric pleasantly subdued. If camera four had been any closer it would have put out his eye. He leaned into it as Bud Wilkinson read each question and responded in his most conversational tone. The substance was no different from what it had been all along, but the style was at its peak. The Social Security question was repeated at the beginning of each hour—on both shows—so that anyone who had just tuned in would be sure to hear that Richard Nixon did not intend to have senior citizens forming bread lines in the streets.

Paul Keyes had added a few twists to break the monotony of the answers. At one point, Bud Wilkinson walked across the room to where Julie and Tricia were answering phones and asked them what seemed to be on most callers' minds. Then David Eisenhower read a letter from his grandfather. Earnestly. Then there was the chat with Mrs. Nixon. She answered a couple of Wilkinson/Paul Keyes questions of less than monumental importance, and then, as the audience—on cue—applauded, she grinned and... began to applaud herself.

It was simply a reflex. There had been so much applause in her life. And all through this campaign. She had sat, half-listening, then with her

mind drifting more and more as the week's speeches passed so slowly into one another. Bringing her finally to this television stage, this final night where all that was left of her was a reflex: you hear applause—applaud.

Then, in a cruel instant, she realized what she had done and that no doubt her error had been communicated to the nation by those ever-present cameras she had learned to dread. Here, on this last night, with everything fitting neatly into place as it had from the start, she had spoiled it. She jerked up her hands to cover her face. Roger Ailes switched quickly to another shot.

Other than that, the two hours went smoothly. Though after the immense effort of preparation, it was inconceivable that they could have gone any other way. All along, whatever else the campaign was not, it was smooth.

Between shows, Richard Nixon disappeared into a dressing room for a ham and cheese sandwich, a cup of coffee, a shower, a rubdown, and a clean shirt.

David Eisenhower, looking tall and bewildered, wandered down from his seat. He was carrying two colored photographs of Richard Nixon. He approached Jack Rourke. "Do you suppose I could get these autographed?" he said.

"You know him as well as I do," Jack said.

"Yeah," David Eisenhower said. He waited away slowly. Then he saw Dwight Chapin, Nixon's personal aide. He repeated his request.

"Now?" Chapin asked, straining to hear what he was hearing. "You want those autographed now?"

David Eisenhower managed a tentative nod.

"Oh, no," Dwight Chapin said. "Not now."

Richard Nixon tired a bit during the telethon show and started talking about those hundreds of confessed murderers who had been set free by the Supreme Court, but it was not notable enough to prevent Frank Shakespeare from putting people on the shoulder in the control room and saying, "He's strong. He's strong."

Toward the end, Bud Wilkinson began a question by saying, "This one is from a card named Bob Will in Orlando, Florida..."

And Richard Nixon started his answer. "Well, you see, Mr. Carpenter..."

But the campaign was over.

"I'm not a showman," Richard Nixon was saying. "I'm not a television person."

Afterwards, Paul Keyes strode down the building's main corridor. "Perfect! Perfect! He did it just like he said he was going to do! He said it was Nice Guy time tonight. He said he wasn't going to go for punch lines. He wasn't going to go for applause. Just come in looking thoughtful. And he did it!"

Roger Ailes was helped down the stairway and out to the car.

"Tonight," he said, "this was the Nixon show on the Douglas show. This was the Nixon show. He wanted to work for."

LOOP WITHDRAWAL—THE INITIAL STEP

position that Specialist 4 Wetzel had assumed in a morning formation in Southeast Asia was not one covered in Army Regulation 6, "Dismounted Drill," Section 2, "Inspection and Formations." It was, in fact, a position never covered in any Army Regulation and was therefore unauthorized, an infraction of the military rules for body member placement. Wetzel's legs were not shoulder-width apart "at ease," but were together from crotch to heel at "attention," with the toes canted outwards forming an angle of not more than forty-five degrees. The single leg of Wetzel's touched the ground while the other was elevated flamingo-like behind him. And each time inspecting officer Lieutenant Ernest Bauer clicked his heels smart left face in front of one of the men standing at "attention" in Wetzel's platoon, Wetzel clapped his hands in a short burst of praise. To his right and left glanced at Wetzel out of the corners of their eyes, some with disdain, some with amusement, all, however, wondering what Lt Bauer's reaction would be to Wetzel's military behavior, to such an undisguised showing of an officer's authority by an enlisted man.

Wetzel himself wondered how Bauer would react. Along with the clapping and his lack of "attention," would Bauer also ignore the tarnished brass belt buckle, the boots that had taken the color of the hundreds of things that Wetzel had kicked, tripped over, and stepped into since his last inspection; would Bauer, for his own protection, pass Wetzel by without a word? It was a fair possibility. Wetzel had stated that, despite Bauer's learning disabilities, by this, the third week of Bauer's continuing, he would have caught on. The officer clicked his heels in front of Wetzel, looked him in the eye, and, with a queasy smile, clicked his heels again and went on to the next man. Wetzel was satisfied; it seemed that his Pavlovian experiment with Bauer was finally succeeding.

Finally, Bauer had been struck down by an epidemic of shots. Following some reprimand to Wetzel, who was in charge of Company Personnel, his official shot record would be lost and he would once again have to undergo the full series of inoculations specified in AR 134-161, "Disease Prevention in the Sub-Tropics." In the last month

alone, Bauer had had sufficient immunization to guarantee the enduring good health of a sperm whale.

Wetzel's antagonism toward Bauer was not an immature one. It had been nurtured over the past year, growing through infancy, childhood, and adolescence, and finally reaching adulthood as their fifth month together in Vietnam was about to end. It was an antagonism which germinated from Wetzel's experiences with Bauer at Fort Polk, Louisiana, where the two of them had gone through Basic Combat Training together, forced by circumstance to be "buddies," communally eating sand and dirt, drinking rain, sleeping on rocks, and following impossible trails at double time to get to useless objectives, where, if they got there fast enough, they could take a five-minute-long "ten-minute break," to sit in the



PAUL JASMIN

snow and smoke and fart to keep each other warm.

About three weeks into Basic, Wetzel realized with impassive understanding that he and Bauer were star-crossed. There, in an olive-drab mural of arms and legs, he among 250 men would run a hundred yards into the hand-to-hand combat sand pit, where, by the rules, the arbitrary man standing to his left would be his opponent for the lesson. Wetzel would turn and, without a single prayed-for exception, there would be Bauer glaring at him, frothing from the run, eager to try out a new twist of the rear-takedown-and-strangle. When Wetzel was the "aggressor," he took it very easy, dummied the kidney punches, letting the "enemy" fall gently to the ground, and then applying a minimum amount of pressure to the throat and larynx. But then Bauer was the aggressor, smashing his fist into Wetzel's kidneys, taking him down so Wetzel would hit the sand like a sack of ballast, and applying sufficient pressure to the throat and larynx so that Wetzel's eyes would bug, his lips would begin to turn purple and the color would disappear from beneath his fingernails.

Also, in bayonet drill, prefaced by a card shuffle of 250 men counting off, calling out numbers, where men whose numbers equaled twice plus six the square root of each other became partners, it was always Bauer's number that would fit Wetzel's equation. Wetzel, when he performed as aggressor in the long-thrust-hold-and-parry-horizontal-butt-stroke, thrust short, parried half-heartedly, and the horizontal swing of his weapon was a good two feet away from Bauer's head. Bauer, true to form, as aggressor, made incisions into Wetzel's web-belt, parried so zealously that Wetzel's weapon dropped from his hands to the ground, and performed a horizontal-butt-stroke with such gusto that the sand embedded in the heel of Bauer's stock would scratch Wetzel's nose.

But the greatest single contribution to Wetzel's growing antagonism toward Bauer was made by their Mexican drill instructor—a man whose name started with "F" and ended with "o," whose name no living man could pronounce, but whose name was shortened and simplified out of desperation by the men in his platoon to Sergeant Frito—who matched Bauer and Wetzel as bunkmates and buddies. It was a match that forced complete responsibility for the other man, a match which entailed making bunks together and making sure your buddy was dressed in time and wearing the right gear. It was a perverse marriage between men who never shared anything sacred in their nine weeks together other than air, water, and cigarettes and the fact that neither of them had been circumcised.

It became increasingly evident to Wetzel as Basic painfully dragged on, that Bauer had something going with Frito. Whenever anything had to be done for your buddy, Wetzel seemed to be doing it: cleaning Bauer's weapon, taking notes for classes Bauer missed, making Bauer's

bunk, polishing Bauer's brass. Bauer cleaned his own weapon only once during Basic and that was in front of the entire company as a demonstration. "It was," said Sgt Frito, "the only weapon in five platoons."

During range fire for record, Bauer was in the sick bay, but nevertheless led the comparison as "expert." While it was unlikely that squinty-eyed Sgt Frito could even see as far as 350 meters, much less hit a target the size of a large man perched at that distance, it was nevertheless true, unless there was something wrong with Frito's eyes, that Frito had going with the cardboard silhouette as well.

So it seemed to Wetzel that truly, just as a trophy for soldier of the training cycle, like a medal for M-16 firing, and Bauer's commission was had been a mistake, the result of logical fallacy like so much else he knew existed in the world. While death may have been a great leveler, leveling all men to zero, the Army leveled live men to an IQ of 85. Halfway through Basic, Wetzel resigned himself to sailing forever in Bauer's wake, at least while they were both in uniform.

It came as no surprise to Wetzel then, when he was finally sent to Vietnam after two months of typing school at Fort Tara, Virginia, that when he entered the course he could type seventy words plus words per minute and, upon leaving, would be at a more moderate thirty-minus words per minute—under the theory that typing so fast demoralizes the other men—that he and Bauer were to be in the same company. For his part, with Sgt Frito and whoever else's part, Bauer, and then miraculously, 1st Lt Bauer, stationed with a hospital company of almost a thousand men.

On the outside, Bauer had driven trucks for a large fruit concern and had recently made the transition from fresh to quick-frozen produce. It was a status job, a bigger truck, ten feet longer, a foot wider, and the latest in cab design. When he stopped at cafés with the truck, he took little or no shit from anyone except maybe the Mayflower guys. Even then it was all in good fun, although Bauer once had his nose broken by a stainless-steel cream pitcher being used as brass knuckles by a guy who was a small laundry truck who didn't seem to get damn what anyone was driving. This code of conduct was a mystery to Bauer, who, without considering what it meant, thought that fair was only fair.

Because of his specialized background, Frito was made Ground Transportation Officer in his company, a job that involved trucks and similar vehicles. Since the hospital was a permanent Army hospital near Saigon, the only real ground transportation that Bauer was called on to do was an eight-times daily bus to the city and an occasional ambulance to pick up American

rs who were injured in terrorist attacks. however, the attacks were thorough and ere no survivors. At that point, the Viet-police would deliver to the hospital any that seemed American. It was a "hands-the-sea" program that Bauer himself had ed. There were only problems when it was ble to tell whether the victims were Viet-or American or when they were not quite auer, put a thirty-mile-an-hour governor ambulance so that it would take just half-hour to make it into the city, and by ne, things would have, in his own words, d out one way or another."

1 all, Bauer didn't mind the war much. It way of passing the day. Enlisted men as- under him kissed-ass and he responded by freely of absurdly long passes, which in Personnel, would find reasons to tear then send the men back to Bauer for In this way they would miss at least one though sometimes Bauer would run an duled charter for his men alone, which in Personnel, would find out about and ligated to mention to Colonel Schooner, turn, would be duty-bound to mention it Lt Bauer. It was then that Bauer would ut what he considered just punishment etzel, as a result, would spend series of ds on KP and consecutive nights as e of Quarters. The fabled shit rolled down- om rank to rank until it hit Wetzel, who, onnel, having no one under him, did what ld for vengeance and protection, destroy- uer's official shot record, and then, as a Sp4, notifying the proper medical au- es.

he other hand, Wetzel *did* mind the war. efore he was drafted he had been working accountant in a branch bank in San Fran- where, other than an occasional holdup would cut into his two-hour lunch break, a quiet, safe, and unobtrusive life. In Viet- what quietness there came to him was his unobtrusiveness was the result of his and safety was a thing of the past.

then there was the problem of the sounds. d very poor filtering devices and the con- going off of claymore mines, rockets, and forms of ammo would get on his nerves, ten, before a day would end in the build- here he went over officers' and enlisted records, he would stutter and show other al signs of psychic disorder.

is room in Saigon atop a small barbershop, etzel lay on his bed listening to the rockets aymore mines go off. It was a drag, he ed, more than a drag, a colossal mistake n to be here. He would have to leave at the

soonest time possible. Why, he wondered, didn't he leave right now? The answer he came to, he had arrived at before and before that; he lay too close to the half-inspired middle of mankind. He was neither smart enough or stupid enough to desert; and also, he didn't have the guts.

On his bureau in olive-drab cans marked with black letters which read, "10 Weight US Army Oil," "20 Weight US Army Oil," "30 Weight US Army Oil," and "10X30 Weight US Army Multi-purpose Oil," Wetzel kept his different blends of grass. The fact that he turned-on did not neces- sarily distinguish him from the thousands of other enlisted men in Vietnam that did also. For Wetzel though, the grass provided neither a good stoning nor an orgiastic trip. It was merely a component in his survival kit, used to abstract, to make things disappear, things which ordinari- ly imposed themselves on his being with the bluntness of telephone poles. It worked: it kept him from harm and didn't seem to be doing him any harm.

It was anyway only the officers, medical and otherwise, who feared the stuff and they would drink themselves into a puking stupor every day, sometimes so far gone by noon that they would disappear into their posh quarters, leaving the enlisted men in the hospital to perform reason- ably delicate operations and to zip up the plastic bags which contained the newly dead patients. Wetzel could only guess how many of them weren't really dead when they were zipped. The fresh corpses simply didn't show the life-signs that the enlisted men were taught to look for: a certain level of heartbeat, breathing, pulse, the ability to cloud mirrors, etc. Zip! Off to the States, dog tags hanging from the zipper tabs on the outside, the name inked-in on the chest of the returnee. An early-out Wetzel realized one day in the zipping room—a thought.

Wetzel, along with every other man in the entire United States Army, was allotted by Army Regulation 14-198, "The Billeting of Troops," Section 1, Paragraph 2, a minimum of 300 cubic feet of living space, which, when broken down, yielded approximately 6 feet by 6 feet by 8 feet. He did, in fact, have at least that much living space in the five-hundred-man bar- racks, but other than make his bunk there the first day he got to Vietnam, the 300 cubic feet went almost completely unused. Like all the other enlisted men in the company who had space allotted and a bunk assigned them in the bar- racks, Wetzel didn't live there. Only when it rained, when it was impossible for him to maneuver his motor scooter through the shell- pocked streets from the hospital compound to Saigon, would he have to spend a night; and then it would be a night completely alone, for Wetzel was the only man not to qualify for Bauer's emergency transportation to the city. The last bus would leave Wetzel in the barracks among millions of cubic feet of space.

s Parker worked his way through Stanford sity and continued studying writing at San sco State, where he received an M.A.

Appropriations for the maintenance and upkeep of the barracks, Wetzel found out one day reading Colonel Schooner's memo to First Army Command, was over \$800,000 a year. This included the substantial maintenance and upkeep of Captain Ellsworth, Officer-in-charge—daily changing of sheets, Vietnamese maid service, and what seemed to Wetzel an inordinate amount (3 miles) of mosquito netting. Once a month a barracks inspection with all five hundred men present would be held and Colonel Schooner, nearly blind in both eyes but much in need of a year's active service for retirement points, would walk through followed by a retinue that included all the field-grade officers in the company along with a certain first sergeant named Horzkok.

"Horzkok," the colonel would ask, "are these men getting their sheets changed?"

"Yes, sir," Horzkok would reply, writing something down on a clipboard whose top sheet hadn't changed since Wetzel had been in the company.

"Horzkok, are the maids coming in daily?"

"Yes, sir."

"What about the netting? Do you need more netting?"

"Probably more netting, sir."

The colonel grinned and winked at Horzkok.

And so the retinue would eventually make their way past Wetzel's bunk, grown men, some of them making more than a thousand dollars a month, inspecting a barracks that no one lived in, checking to make sure that all the special niceties in these barracks for the hospital personnel, who lived twenty miles away in hovels and brothels, were being carried out.

In the beginning of his Vietnam stay, all that made life bearable for Wetzel were the menial tasks he performed while working in Company Personnel. There he could create his own order; there, all his antagonists existed only in paper files, on green and yellow cards, and on sheets of paper stapled to forms that, Wetzel realized one afternoon, in a company of a thousand men, only *he* understood. In realizing this, he realized also in a clouded way, that whatever power he as a Sp4 had, lay in this sole understanding of the forms.

In these first few months, Wetzel did little with his recognition until one night in his Saigon room after some moderate smoking, the idea came to him in a raw but almost crystalline form. As Wetzel looked up to study the contours of his thatched ceiling, Bauer appeared out of the smoke of Wetzel's burnt-down joint, the genie of Wetzel's high. But this ethereal Bauer was not the singular Bauer of the past; rather, Bauer took on the face and dimension of all the men in Wetzel's basic platoon, all the typical American fighting men that Wetzel had known. Here was Bauer with his Army sense of fairness and morality, his self-righteousness; of a certain breed of man, Bauer became their everyman. As the smoke dispersed and the ceiling came back into focus, Wetzel remembered the forms.

Why not, he wondered? Why not, if Bauer is

indeed what I see him as, why not de-form him, change his being, make him more agreeable human. Or why not change his duty station? But then Wetzel realized that making small changes on Bauer's forms he would be just playing with him. It would be no different than destroying his shot record. It was in the second, as Wetzel recognized the petting of merely toying with Bauer's file, that the record card meshed with the computer tabs in Wetzel's brain and lodged itself resolutely there, leaving nothing else to be considered. Why not just murder Bauer, eliminate him entirely, take him out of the war? After all, it would be simply a matter of form, of a form, to wound Bauer's action and have him captured, to make him a hero, a coward, to ship an unidentified body with Bauer's name on the chest along with a copy of Bauer's dog tags, which Wetzel could cut from the machine in his office, back to the States where the Army would need would be the correct procedure and the body would be buried in some military cemetery and his insurance policy paid.

What it came to with the imposition of the reality of the next morning was that Bauer was far more than just Bauer, and to eliminate him would be the initial step. It would be ample sufficient, for Wetzel to know that while Bauer was harassing him in some formation, that the Army was concurrently paying off \$10,000 to Bauer's beneficiary and inactivating his record in St. Louis—where it is said (and probably true) that every man's record exists in duplicate.

If every day Wetzel weren't witness to the idiocies of men whose actions were outlined by the cumbersome regulations—the brains behind the men who had given up their own—if every day he didn't feel that the Army, with him included, was digging deeper and deeper into the soggy Asian soil, if a hundred other things he had witnessed, noted, and forgotten had happened, the idea would have never entered his head. But lately, as he sensed things getting worse around him, he turned-on with greater frequency and was beginning to stutter.

Somewhere also, Wetzel knew, if he kept it up, he would run down the regulation that would simply provide for his own release, the one that would send him legally back to the States. There, if things were not truly better, at least there would be a semblance of order and peace and the boys would be back on their trucks and not directly in the least, foisting their guerrilla tactics, their respected killer instincts, on those that he didn't desire for or interest in them. Wetzel didn't want it in for teamsters or even Bauer anymore. Really. Only symbolically did his war continue with these people.

The morning following Bauer's nocturnal disappearance his tragic story began to take form. Wetzel never felt as justified, as sure, in anything else he had ever begun. Using the regulation method he changed Bauer's record to show that the Gravel Transportation Officer had orders releasing him from the hospital company and transferring him

all infantry unit a few hundred miles from Saigon, where daily confrontations with the enemy produced a high rate of casualties. It was simply a matter of how and when it would happen. Would Bauer be a hero or a coward when he died? It was a decision that Wetzel could make without any more real concern than flipping a coin. He decided to wait before he would kill Bauer off. Let him get used to the surroundings, he thought. Let him get used to his new duty station before he died by being killed or running away from it.

Wetzel cut a set of the phony orders on the mimeo machine and distributed copies to the officers that were in some manner concerned, no matter in any position to care or to do anything about them. One thing was definite: everyone believed in the printed orders, and orders anyhow, were valid. Among the recipients would be the United States Army Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri.

The hospital mail clerk hoisted the bag with the orders from the office floor. It seemed to Wetzel that the first budging of the huge door was that he himself had been called on to do it. Now it was, that second, taking place. Now it was merely a matter of momentum. As in any organization, minor errors would become major errors, would become glaring errors, would become more than errors, lofting themselves into the fields of absurdity until finally, a hush-hush would become their epitaph. Wetzel felt as he watched the mail clerk leave the office and make his way to Captain Ellsworth's bunker to pick up the never-existent mail, that his decision to end Bauer's involvement in Vietnam, even in an advisory capacity, was doing more for his private anti-war effort than if he himself had deserted, gone AWOL, or lied his way into the hospital with phony meningitis symptoms. It would be something finally done; in his life, something he embarked on that soon would be completed, something he could actually be proud of. Bauer's paper-death. Through his mind came an image of Bauer doing a short-thrust, a butt-stroke. "You're a grand old flag, but you're a big boy now."

Wetzel did wonder, weeks before and even months before he was he, Wetzel, to be deciding the number and frequency of Bauer's inoculations and his death. His own was not a history of unblemished service in the progress of mankind. He frittered away a quarter of a century in indulgent sloth and leisure? In ways, he shared Bauer's guilt; was there really much difference between negative action and inaction, Wetzel wondered.

As an accountant, he had done very little acting in his lifetime, none actually until he came in contact with the reality of the sounds of mines exploding. But Wetzel also realized the aftermath of the orders were sent, his past counted for nothing. One felt experience, one significant understanding in a lifetime, sometime, and you're

on your way; and all that could be said about it was, if it happened, it happened. And now Wetzel felt that he was nearing the point of its happening.

If it was Bauer who had provided the emotion for Wetzel's homicide plan, it was the zipping room that contributed reason. Whenever anyone was zipped, Wetzel had to bring down the ex-man's 201 personal file to the zipping room and check his dog tags with his file for spelling, blood type, religion, and serial number. If any one of these things was off, Wetzel would have to cut a new set, then bang them up a little for authenticity and hang them on the special hooks at the top of the zipper. Accounts checked this way: St. Louis was happy, Colonel Schooner had no reason to be unhappy. But even when things ran smoothly in the zipping room, Wetzel was unhappy about the entire situation; more than unhappy. Each trip to the room took him further and further away from believing that he actually saw what he saw. The eerie, overlit room with its plastic cleanliness and its antiseptic pink and black bodies made imperfect by bullet holes and missing chunks, became unreal to him; part of a white light-show that he was forced to participate in and then leave, spent and drawn, as if he had danced there too long. When Bauer was in the room, as he often was, overseeing a delivery, Wetzel's anxieties became directed and plain to him: clearly Bauer was in some way responsible.

The door to Personnel opened. Bauer stood in the doorway for a second, attempting, what seemed to Wetzel, a certain effect, and then walked in. Wetzel stood up, mentally discovered, his thoughts detonated and scattered. Immediately as he was faced with the man, Wetzel was sorry that he was so mercilessly, so whimsically, so self-righteously plotting his demise. It was impossible in the intimate situation of two men standing right next to each other without weapons, for Wetzel not to bridge the span between men, and, for an instant, make himself that other man. But his feeling changed the second he saw the glint in Bauer's eye. This was not the glint that would save Bauer from death. Had he come with sorrow, with reverence, with a question or a runny nose, with anything other than the look of a man thinking that what he was doing was unquestionably justified, Bauer might have been saved, Wetzel might still have relented and had him transferred back to the hospital company.

"What's this dickin' around in formation, Wetzel? I want to know about that. I let it go today. You know why?"

Sure. Wetzel knew why. It was the shots. Bauer was actually tired of the shots, the side effects, the vaccinations that must have pocked his arms like craters. Bauer had ground the gears in his sturdy but simple brain and had finally made

the connection between the shots and Wetzel. "Well, Wetzel, I'll tell you why. Your attitude here is the shits. It demoralizes, it pisses-off the men. They look at you and figure, 'Why not, if Wetzel can do it, why not me?' And when there's a war going on, there isn't any room for that sort of crap. So today I decided I wouldn't draw attention to you by yelling in front of a whole platoon, but believe me, you better change your whole way of life around here. I'm telling you that personally, here and now, so that you know I'm not just jerking you around as an example. It's you and you alone I'm going to get, unless you change that high-and-mighty garbage of yours. Believe me, Wetzel, I'll have you out of this cozy office, working your ass off permanently for me, if you don't cut the shit. Do you understand that, Wetzel? Understand?"

The man would have to die, Wetzel then decided with all his heart. Bauer had just turned Wetzel's half-formed, fairly definite whim into an irrevocable mission. He had to see Bauer's file sent away, he had to see the look on Bauer's face on payday when he didn't get his cash to buy his prophylactics, beer, and ugly trinkets. Revenge asserted itself back into Wetzel's plan. He now knew, that in order to stay in Personnel in the weeks pending the final processes of Bauer's demise, that he would have to be careful, that he would have to stay away from Bauer's shot record altogether. It was unfortunate, but a necessity. It was something in Bauer's tone that indicated this to him, something that tipped him off to the fact that Bauer would literally kill him if there was a way of making it seem in the line of duty.

"Wetzel, I asked you a question. When an officer asks you a question, you answer. Do you understand *that*, Wetzel?"

It was then, at that very instant, the second that Wetzel was to come out with his servile apology to keep him safe in his job in Personnel, as Wetzel understood the meanness of means and the glory of ends, that the hospital compound was hit soundly, initially and accidentally by a squadron of American planes launched from the carrier *Wendell Willkie* to fly cover for some Marines about to walk into the range of at least a half-dozen machine guns guarding VC mortar placements, a few miles from the non-city side of the hospital.

The plan to paint the roofs of the various buildings that made up the compound white with huge red crosses like the other hospitals in Southeast Asia, had failed when 1st Sgt Horzkok had ordered the wrong color paint from Supply. Colonel Schooner, in an attempt to cover up for Horzkok's error, pointed out at a high-level staff meeting that the crosses were not necessary. The hospital had excellent natural camouflage; having been built by a youthful and recently drafted group of Engineers, it was a masterpiece of integrated structure and terrain. It was impossible, the colonel assured his men, to spot the sprawling bunkers from the air or even from

any distance on land. Colonel Schooner had it right, but unfortunately the perfect flage was not working in his favor.

The entire out-patient clinic was destroyed with the first impact. With the second went enlisted men's barracks. The building got a decent little puff and then, after a few seconds in limbo, burned itself to the ground; just as before, all the sheets had been changed. The sleeping area was hit and the building in which Wetzel and Bauer stood facing each other went up then with questioning, and finally—and Wetzel noted it distinctly in Bauer's face—went collapsed around them. Filing cabinets and drawers full of papers and then the chairs themselves fell. The wooden roof collapsed taking down thin slats and shingling, and finally the sides, no longer feeling any responsibility for the roof, bowed and quit. In the middle of the pile of typewriters, paper, and Army Regulation pamphlets, Bauer and Wetzel lay pinned beneath a bookshelf, bodies crossed. Wetzel had fallen on the ground first, covering his head, having a memory of that particular class in Basic, and Bauer followed, not having attended the class but having been told about it later by buddy Wetzel.

"Get the hell off of me, Bauer." Bauer didn't respond. Wetzel heard further impacts of shells at a distance. Possibly by now Radio Operator Bauer, whose knowledge of international communications was limited to a few words and catch phrases, had been awakened and shot a quick message to the United States Navy or the United States Air Force, asking them to ask for a bombing halt.

"Come on, Bauer, get the hell off!" Bauer didn't answer, but then Wetzel heard a moan. Bauer was alive! Big deal. Of course Bauer was alive. All that had actually landed on him were AR pamphlets and a bookshelf which had fallen on Wetzel a few days before when he had been tempted to move it and the regulations about the building.

Wetzel managed to crawl out from under the Ground Transportation Officer. Off in the distance he could see a fire in one of the wards, lighting crafty Marines as they snuck up on unsuspecting VC. There were bursts of machine gun fire, lots of lights from flares, tracer flames and huge explosions from someone's artillery. The war arena had invaded the side of the hospital compound. Bauer pulled himself up next to Wetzel, looking out to the left as right as he did.

"Jesus! Come on, Wetzel. We got to do something. We can't just stand here. Follow that fire!"

Wetzel ran behind the man. As he ran, he felt was the movement of his legs and his heating from the blaze he neared. Bauer saw some men in beds behind the flames and ran through to them. Wetzel didn't have time to decide, running through a few steps behind. If he had stopped for just a second, he would never have done it. In the pulsating orange light he saw Bauer pick up a man from one of the

out of the building with him. Wetzel
around, picked someone up himself, felt
right on his shoulders, ran with it, was out-
d dumped it off. He started back in after
, but this time he stopped for a second
ought. He hesitated at the edge of the
In the meanwhile Bauer had torn through
npped another body.

what you can do for these men, Wetzel.
g back for another."

as the perfect reason not even to think
going back in, realized Wetzel. Bauer had
n order and now the idiot was running
himself. Wetzel looked down at the men
ground in front of him; all three of them
ad. The one Bauer was running in to get
probably be dead also. But Bauer couldn't
what; he was this second too busy being a
Wetzel wondered, how many rights did
have to do to make up for his wrongs?
vent on in that plodding mind that could
rm Bauer from what he ordinarily was
man who just ran back into a burning
g to save what he thought was someone's
s Wetzel looked again at the men on the
and heard the machine-gun fire of the
s or the VC, he realized that it was
s wrongs that, by contrast, would put him
s position to make his rights seem great. If
really thought about the humanity he was
g out of the fire, he wouldn't be here in
st place: not in this hospital, in this fire,
war or this Army. It hit Wetzel that way,
knew it wasn't that simple, although he
h it was.

fire went on for most of the day and into
right before it was finally put out by equip-
that Bauer, in his official capacity, commis-
from Saigon, where it was always vitally
d. The equipment was not returned the next
the day following. Wetzel knew it would
way of all equipment that had been bor-
by the hospital. During an inspection,
l Schooner would spot it, declare it obso-
nd insist it be dismantled for parts.

Personnel was rebuilt in a day. It took three
or Wetzel to straighten out all the records.
t time he re-resolved that Bauer would
o die, but it became increasingly clear, as
relived the moments of Bauer's running
ne burning ward, that to have him die a
d would be a lie. It was an option that cir-
ance had stolen from him. It bothered him
e to admit this. What death, then, would
hself have to die? What sort of man was he,
t, who would choose cowardice over almost
ng else dangerous or painful? He thought
that came to him was that the heroes must
men who didn't attach any worth to life—
did that make them: stupid, insensitive, un-
iative, or great, vital, keyed even more to
cause they were that much more closer to
? Whatever, the world needed these men;
I decided that he was not one of them. Most
y, though, were or wanted to be heroes.

After Bauer's file had been located and care-
fully arranged, Wetzel made his way to the
zipping room, carrying with him the file along
with a newly minted copy of Bauer's dog tags. A
large hole in the room's ceiling, still not repaired
from the attack, admitted the sun and rinsed
everything in the room in natural light. Boxes
of the zippered plastic bags sat on one side of the
room on shelves labeled "small," "medium," and
"large." One entire wall of the spacious chamber
held the deep drawers that contained the bodies
that had been recently zipped. Because the bodies
would never spend more than a day in the hospi-
tal before being lifted off by helicopters to land-
ing strips where airplanes would take them back
to the States, these drawers were not refriger-
erated. In the latest *Army Digest*, Wetzel read in
an article entitled, "The Wonders of Body Evacu-
ation," that the body of a United States service-
man killed in Vietnam could be evacuated from
a given battlefield and be back in the States in
less than twenty-four hours. Implicit in the
article was the message that the Army profited
doubly by this efficiency: first, by not having
to refrigerate the filing cabinets which held
the bodies and, second, by always having
empty drawers in the case of a major enemy
offense.

On a smaller wall, though, there was a group
of the drawers that were refrigerated. In these
drawers doctors would keep such perishables as
sandwiches spread with mayonnaise, beer, mixer,
etc. These would usually surround the "no-
names" that were also in the drawers and were
bodies being held for positive identification.
Occasionally, during a rush, semi-positive iden-
tifications were made by Colonel Schooner or
some other high-ranking officer, and the bodies
would be zipped and shipped, telegrams sent and
policies paid. All in all, it was a lot cheaper than
expanded refrigeration.

Wetzel opened one of these drawers. A man
lay on his back in a torn and burned fatigue uni-
form. His face had been scarred to a charcoal
anonymity and next to his left arm was some
onion dip with a few pieces of potato-chip shrap-
nel in the center of the bowl. The no-name's uni-
form had no identifying patches other than the
one which read "US Army," black on green so
that he couldn't be spotted by the enemy during
nightfall. There were no dog tags; they had
probably been destroyed in the same fire that the
man had died in, obliterated in the heat.

The second before he decided anything, Wetzel
noticed in the sunlight how very calm the no-
name looked; the pressure was off. The only
thing left for him to do was to lie there and
eventually decompose. Compose, decompose, he
thought; no matter; there was work to be done.
"Well, Bauer, it may be better than you deserve;
I'm not really sure. But I'll do my best for you."
He wrote Bauer's name on the man's chest with
the regulation pen, zipped him in the plastic bag
on which he lay, and, with his own heart beating
with notable panic, transferred him to a slot in

the non-refrigerated section. In less than two hours there would be another lift-off; in less than ten the body would be on its way back to the States. Bauer, as his file had indicated, had no living family, no loved ones. The beneficiary on his Army insurance policy was a Teamsters local in Detroit, who, when they found out about Brother Bauer's demise, would cancel his card, take the \$10,000, and have a wake with the corpse in absentia. Wetzel affixed Bauer's dog tags to the bag.

Then he went back to Personnel and cut orders to the unit that Bauer was supposedly transferred to, to drop Bauer's name from the morning report and all other rosters. To the Army Records Center in St. Louis and to the Pentagon, Wetzel sent the following letter:

Sirs:

1st Lt. Ernest L. Bauer, 0967543, a short time in my command as Unit Transportation Officer, was fatally wounded when trying to drive a burning truck away from our ammunition dump. Through his courageous action, the lives of our entire company are in his debt.

I therefore recommend that Lt Bauer receive commendation for his valor, hopefully in the form of the Distinguished Service Cross. Lt Bauer lives in our minds as an example to us all.

WILFRED KRIEG, MAJ, INF-USRA 045328
6789th Inf Reg, Quo Hop, SEA

Major Krieg, Wetzel had learned in the *Vietnam Newsletter*, had been recently captured by the VC, so there was little or no official way to check the story out. Besides, there was no time to check stories out. In the meanwhile, Wetzel knew that with the receipt of his letter, Personnel at Quo Hop would be desperately dummyping-up records to show that Bauer *had* been there. It was far better than trying to deny it. If they did, there would be investigations, the Inspector General would insist on auditing all the reports filed in the time of Bauer's supposed presence. It was better, far better, to change a few records, to forge Bauer's signature in a few places. Wetzel also sent Quo Hop a belated copy of Bauer's phony original orders, those that transferred him there in the first place. With them, Quo Hop would have nothing to worry about. It was now only a matter of hours before the Teamsters local would be notified.

With the death of Bauer completed, Wetzel who had been short of breath ever since he had lifted the no-name from the "pending" to the "out" file, sat and slowly mused over what he had done. And indeed, it had been done. In its execution, he realized its infallibility. The huge wheels, though held on by plastic cotter pins, would run true; turning and churning, they would soon eliminate a member. Somewhere in St. Louis, Bauer's duplicate file would be pulled and put into another container; somewhere in the Pentagon, the decision was being made about

Bauer's decoration. Wetzel had done what negotiators had been trying to do. And had done without violence, without more destruction. In the second he actually zipped the bag, there was no any personal hate.

He wondered; if one man could be so easily eliminated, what about a platoon of men, a company, an entire regiment? It would be a great and honorable withdrawal. The Army had actually provided the framework for it to be done. What with each man's complex file, the mass of orders and orders countermanding orders, the regulations that by their mere volume would have to lead to a notable contradiction—some massive one that could bring the Leviathan crashing from the sea. He would have to study it carefully before he went on.

In the rearranging of the files, Wetzel went into the regulation that earlier he had examined. So much energy looking for, the one which clearly outlined his way back to the States. It would work if he changed a few things in his own file. Other than that, it involved having stateside contact locate an old man dying in a hospital and having the man claim that he was his son, his only family. The Red Cross would be notified and, in turn, would notify Personnel in Southeast Asia for verification. If they were checked, in less than twenty-four hours, they could be at the old man's bedside. And for the rest of the man would grab at the last of life—a last choice of the old man would have to be made—leaving Wetzel at his bedside for the duration of his active obligation. It was a time well-spent, Wetzel conjectured; he would give an old man, who may well have been in the war himself, some solace by telling him that indeed, he was dying in vain, but that wasn't the point. "The world didn't improve between our wars," the old man, it just got a little more complicated.

But Wetzel decided to forgo this loophole. He was onto something bigger, something far more worthwhile. Now, as he read through the regulations to see what else there was to do, he anxiously awaited the initial correspondence that would be crossing the Personnel desk. It was inevitable that the note would come from St. Louis as a response to Bauer's urgent request. It would state as succinctly as possible, composed and typed by someone in Personnel:

Dear 1st Lt Bauer:

The reason that you were not paid 1 Jul 68 was because you were killed in action a month preceding your request. You had been awarded the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Service Cross for your heroic service.

Further explanation of this matter will be found in AR 167-18, Sec. 3, para 4, "Payment Procedures." Any further correspondence should be taken up with:

AM-AGAP, 67543

APO San Francisco

Sp5 Giles Blanch
Personnel Specialist

HARVARD ON MY MIND

...y this English visitor arrived in Cambridge, the student riots broke out,
...an unexpected and sardonic dimension to Anglo-American understanding.

...n I arrived in New York, a Day of Na-
...tional Mourning was declared. After
...even years, of painful endeavor, Gen-
...Eisenhower had triumphed over his military
...and died. The macabre rumors of heart
...ants, of the possibility of replacing every
...nd item of his body, systematically, piece
...ie, in order to construct a replica Eisen-
...were reluctantly silenced. It was not even
...ed, as has recently been the case with
...nt Kennedy, that he was not wholly dead
...out had been spirited away to some re-
...land as an anonymous medical monster.
...were content that he should die, rather
...sist as a corpse kept afloat by modern
...ry.

...f a brief deceleration, a moment spent
...g flags, life scurried on as hectically as
...New York people are busy, all day, about
...busy. Morning and afternoon they hold
...ings, very often on the prospect of holding
...meetings, on the same subject but on dif-
...erent days. These meetings, therefore, are self-
...terminating and will end, with a whimper, only
...the conclusion of the world itself.

...contrast to New York, the atmosphere of
...Cambridge, Massachusetts, appears calm. True,
...it looks as if it had recently undergone a
...more than London's, but this is only the
...of a modern redevelopment program that
...due course convert it into a stereotype
...of a city. There is far less bustle and ag-
...itiveness, fewer prognathous gum-chewing
...less noise and more green. To travel the
...to hundred and fifty miles from New York
...Cambridge takes less than an hour, yet
...it was a journey from comparatively
...youth to crabbed old age. Nothing
...of a compulsory weekend with President
...can carry me back to youth again now.

...day I arrived at Harvard, the student riots
...out. Two weeks before, the papers had
...all of biographies of Eisenhower. Now they
...told of the riots. This news belonged to a
...new era, and with Eisenhower's death the
...transition between them seemed finally to
...be over.

...in the end of March there had been strong
...rumors that militant students intended to seize
...University Hall, an administrative building in

the middle of Harvard Yard. The only thing that
...appeared to be delaying them was some motive
...for doing so. Should it be a protest against
...bloodshed overseas? Or should it involve starva-
...tion on the African continent? Or, again, could
...it be joined to some local issue? Controversial
...issues in the neighborhood were hard to discover,
...but eventually two main ones were drummed up.

The first of these concerned the Reserve Offi-
...cers Training Corps (ROTC), which some stu-
...dents, particularly the Students for a Demo-
...cratic Society (SDS) wanted abolished. The
...second called for an end to Harvard's expansion
...program which involved the tearing down of 182
...workers' homes in nearby Roxbury to make room
...for the Harvard Medical School extension, and
...of other apartments on University Road to make
...way for what was termed "the Kennedy com-
...plex."

The formulation of these resolutions was a
...brilliant move on the part of SDS. Their case
...was unanswerable—literally so, since there was
...none to answer. In all their statements—and
...there seemed to be several hundred of these a
...day—they employed what became the best cliché
...word of the revolution: *demands*. Their reason-
...ing was beautifully simple. Since there could be
...no logical answer, how, logically, could there be
...a question? Instead, let us say, of *asking* some
...bachelor whether or not he has stopped beating
...his wife, you *demand* that he should instantly
...stop—or get beaten himself.

The two demands could not logically be ac-
...ceded to for the following reasons: The ROTC



was essentially a voluntary affair from which the university had already removed curricular credit. If ever there was a fine non-issue, here was it. As for the Harvard expansion demand, this very neatly predisposed a building plan that did not exist. It also referred to a new Kennedy School of Government Building which not only did not exist, but, in so far as it had even been projected, was for another type of building to be erected, in the indeterminate future, on a piece of land some distance from the houses cited in the SDS demands.

But the most brilliant revolutionary move of all was to make these demands of the Faculty of Arts and Science, with which they had nothing whatsoever to do. So that, even had the demands been subject to negotiation (which they weren't), such negotiations would have to be meaningless.

There remained one further piece of revolutionary logic for these democrats to apply. After the students voted against taking over University Hall, they at once took it over. Armed with red bicycle chains, padlocks, and anatomical placards reading, "Put Your Body Where Your Head Is," they marched in, pushing out five Deans who happened to be there at the time. "The building is occupied!" they triumphantly declared. When a noncomprehending nuclear physicist inquired whether it wasn't large enough for both of them to occupy, he was slung over an SDS shoulder and very correctly evicted. They then set about bursting open the files with crowbars and looting various confidential papers that were later published to advantage in the anti-Establishment paper *Old Mole* and elsewhere. Altogether it was an exemplary exercise in revolutionary procedure, creating, among many other things, a totally new interpretation of copyright.

The next move was up to the Faculty. They showed themselves at least the equal of their opponents. Already they had made sure that all the personal records of the Faculty of Arts and Science and of every member of the freshman class, together with many important financial papers, had been kept in the building that they were pretty certain must be seized. They were now faced, these philosophers, biologists, and political economists, with a deliciously agonizing ethical dilemma. Was the situation one that would justify force? And if so why, and what kind of force, and when? It was a quandary that could have entranced them for the rest of the semester, and many semesters to come, long after the occupying students had left to become directors of their fathers' businesses. Unfortunately the Faculty wasn't allowed this luxury—and bitterly its members resented this. Without consulting them, the Harvard administrators, through Franklin L. Ford, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science, told the students to leave within fifteen minutes or be evicted by the police and face charges of criminal trespass. Symbolically,

it was decided to make this announcement through a loudspeaker so weak that few in the crowd could hear it. This was in the nature of a double-bluff, since there was no intention of carrying out the threat. Five hours later the situation remained unaltered, the students merely having organized various meetings indoors with their girlfriends. As the hours passed, the smell of marijuana floated out on the cool night air.

Instead of pulling the Faculty from the building on Wednesday night to vote on the demands, President, Nathan M. Pusey, called in the Faculty on Thursday at 5:00 A.M., once it was light enough for all the cameras in the vicinity to operate efficiently. Dean Glimp announced: "You have five minutes to vacate the building." Little words, spoken through an instrument called a bullhorn, were smothered in the fog of confusion drowned by the thin chanting of "ROTTEN GO"—much praised subsequently as an example of revolutionary music.

There were four hundred policemen, half of them State Troopers trained in riot control, the other half metropolitan police from Boston, Cambridge, and, I like to think, Roxbury area so zealously championed by the occupying forces. The former acted perfectly well; the latter used more force than was necessary. One way or another, the building was cleared of its occupants as they coyly like to refer to themselves, in about fifteen minutes—about the same time that the police took them to remove the five deans.

The action now was over, and the talking began in earnest.

To regularize the situation the students once called a strike, at the same time cleverly censuring Pusey (who was not a policeman) for the police brutality, and calling for his resignation. The next step was for everyone to form himself into a Committee. These Committees were known by mysterious letters that pretended to aim for simplicity but which only nicely thickened the prevailing confusion, and as much in demand as Chairmen were people whose names were so improbable that anyone would not know them personally might have thought they stood for titles of new action groups. Fainsod, for example, whose organization name ingeniously spent hours crossword puzzling over. Few of these Committees were officially recognized by other Committees. But spectators felt when President Pusey appointed an ultimate Committee of sixty-eight students and Faculty members to offer him advice in a general sort, that the parody was a little less than handed. Up to then he had been considered a man of astonishing humorlessness and ideal for the job—which was fund-raising.

It was a bad spring for trees and grass.

Michael Holroyd, whose home is in London, is for a few weeks this spring in Cambridge, Massachusetts, working on a biography of Augustus John. He is also the author of the biography of Lytton Strachey, a novel, A Dog's Life, and of many reviews.

In February, the branches had cracked the weight of snow, and the ground was l with it. Now, in April, everything was gain with the accumulated garbage of statements from every Committee. They ned to the barks of trees, piled high in ong the roads, everywhere unread and ole.

ain job of these Committees was to meet. eetings were of two kinds: indoors, at y everyone sat down and no one was per- o say anything except on a point of re; and outside, at which everyone stood n spoke in unison on non-procedural mat- he second category it was permissible to I saw one ROTC officer, who had strayed into a most tastefully arranged mock r graveyard, very properly sent spinning e combination punches of an outraged paci- sight of this helped me to interpret the ebleness of the pro-Vietnam militants out this campaign. Obviously they were ined that more students were becoming in combat technique than at any other i the history of Harvard.

olice had now, since they had left, be- e main issue, and the students' latest ar was possibly the wittiest they had yet se "Our demands are: We condemn the itration for its unnecessary use of force," te Resolution of April 10 read. That was o, one for the Faculty to ponder. Another and was for the dropping of all crimi- ges against those students arrested. But s the professors had an easy time. They etely agreed. Since their recommendation lmost certainly have an adverse effect on ciary of Cambridge, their position was mple. The judge, when approached, took he most extraordinary view. Certain peo- apparently broken the law, been arrested, eased on bail. These people, he seemed to re, were subject like anyone else to the laws ountry, which could not be blinked simply it suited them. The law would therefore ied fairly, impartially, and without dis- tion. There was no reasoning with such

ad the students' manifestos, to attend r interminable non-negotiable discus- ay after day, were strange experiences. n with, the subtlety of their tactics quite me. On the surface they were totally late, repetitious beyond all belief, unable g together two coherent sentences. What ind the unrelieved bathos of these per- ces, I wondered. What was the purpose his self-importance and self-congratula- at coated the congealed porridge of their It was only when I tumbled to the fact was not what they said but what these and meaningless stammerings implied could appreciate their devilish skill. For

here was Harvard, in its 331st year, the most admired college in all America, whose students, apparently, were without any education. If rudeness was the substitute for talent, intelligence, or honesty, then they would endeavor to be rude at all costs—and let the world draw its conclusions. Of all the gambits in the entire revolution, here surely was the most splendid of all—and one they played for all it was worth. Undoubtedly it constituted by far the most serious onslaught upon the Faculty.

How could the Faculty reply to such subtle tactics? They were not long in deciding. They elected to stage a series of highly amusing parodies of the students' meetings, and to interpret their incoherence as a form of soul-searching so profound as to be incapable of being conjured into words. They took the seriousness of this to the very point of caricature, producing an optical illusion so that, if justice was not done, at least it was seen to be done. The demands of the students, however, were changed with such readiness that very often their professors were engaged in pretending to debate claims no longer being made of them. Thus, let us say, if they were first required to paint their faces green, they would be discussing with great scholarship the precise shade of green, and whether green stripes or blotches were permissible, at the very moment when the students a few hundred yards away were clamoring for red faces—which they eventually got.

To hear the Faculty meetings was, one student told me, an experience similar to that of reading Shelley for the first time. Certainly it could be described as educational. Wassily Leontief (Economics) spoke of "very wide extenuating circumstances"; George Kistiakowsky (Chemistry) suggested that it was "much too soon to render any judgments"; Alexander Gerschenkron (Economics) spoke at great length on the freedom of Western Europe and his special theory of ancient Roman law; Harry Levin (Comparative Literature) excused himself for striking a personal note, but went on to say that his need was to gain the students' confidence by presenting them with a tape of the Faculty's deliberations; a professor of moral philosophy spoke on moral philosophy, and another professor, with considerable force of uncertainty, said there were two sides to every question—or so he'd been told. All this, and very much else, was orchestrated to alternating laughter and applause. But I waited in vain for someone to suggest as a solution to the problem the transference of the workers' families allegedly threatened by Harvard expansion to the now discredited ROTC buildings.

But there was one man in all this scintillating display who seemed woefully ignorant, perhaps even willfully so, of the new revolutionary spirit. This was Franklin L. Ford, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science, and one of the people fortunate enough to have been thrown out of University Hall the first day of the crisis and to have had his private correspondence blazoned across the

STRIKE FOR THE EIGHT
DEMANDS STRIKE BE
CAUSE YOU HATE COPS
STRIKE BECAUSE YOUR
ROOMMATE WAS CLUBBED
STRIKE TO STOP EXPANSION
STRIKE TO SEIZE CONTROL
OF YOUR LIFE STRIKE TO
BECOME MORE HUMAN STR
IKE TO RETURN PAINEHALL
SCHOLARSHIPS STRIKE BE
CAUSE THERE'S NO POETRY
IN YOUR LECTURES
STRIKE BECAUSE CLASSES
ARE A BORE STRIKE FOR
POWER STRIKE TO SMASH THE
CORPORATION STRIKE TO MAKE
YOURSELF FREE STRIKE TO
ABOLISH ROTC STRIKE BECAUSE
THEY ARE TRYING TO SQUEEZE
THE LIFE OUT OF YOU STRIKE

12
34
56
78
STRIKE

Michael
Holroyd
HARVARD
ON
MY MIND

newspapers. In his speech he was curiously handicapped by eloquence, in his arguments by reason, and in his pirated writings by an excellent prose style.

On Wednesday, April 16, he collapsed with a stroke and was removed to a hospital. As one uninstructed in revolutions, I felt that here was the chance all so-called moderates had been waiting for to launch their counterrevolt. Was there not, I reasoned, cause here for real indignation, real anger? Was there not the opportunity for a blasting invective against those "nonviolent" extremists who had so harassed Ford as to give him a stroke? And would not this invective, if powerfully done, alienate those "sweet sincere kids" everyone was talking about, who had been led astray by SDS? "Sincere," in strike language, it should be explained, means (to use old-fashioned civilian phraseology) "sincerely confused or mindless." Surely now was the moment to unconfuse them.

What actually happened was altogether different. The moderates moderated, and did nothing. The extremists held a fiery debate in which the problem of whether to send a message of sympathy to the hospital was made the subject of an interesting moral dilemma. At first I was naively surprised at the lack of reaction to Ford's tragedy, until the position was explained to me. The word "violence" does not mean what all of us might think. Poisoning someone, pressuring them until they lie half-paralyzed in a hospital—that is not violence, and to imagine so is mere girls'-school sentimentality. Violence is confined to certain regions, notably Vietnam, and to policemen's batons, notably on the heads of "radicals." Violence is something that can be seen—and is seen everyday on television and in the newspapers. There is nothing subtle about violence, unless it is the fact that we need it in order to protest. The proper response to it is not compassion, but plenty of good moralizing. No wonder the moderates thought so little of Ford's predicament.

The rest of the Harvard story is already well-known, especially how racial discrimination was successfully introduced onto the campus in a form that should remain permanent—a notion that was enthusiastically spread by the press and nicely exploited soon afterwards by the non-violent student soldiers of Cornell.

One aspect of the Harvard affair was especially appealing, and that was how students and Faculty members came so closely to resemble each other. You could hardly tell them apart. Their comradeship was best exhibited on Monday, April 21, when, at midday, both parties decided simultaneously to stage a "mill-in" at battle-scarred University Hall. The place swarmed with historians, astronomers, football players, biochemists, and sophomores. Once they had filled it to the bursting point, they held discussions on two matters that had somehow failed

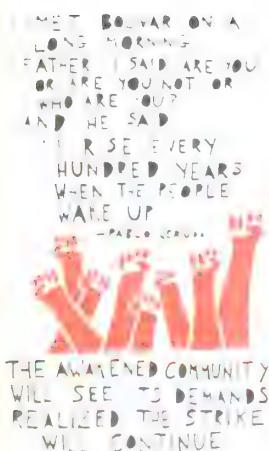
to be included in any of the earlier d Vietnam, and the place of the universi ciety. In other words, it was not so "mill-in" as a "bore-out." The rigors of that they so fearlessly confronted were extent offset by their crowding into a sin room, the floor of which was known to be Six hours later they dispersed, unblo bowed.

One failure at Harvard has puzzled m mentators. How was it that the SDS spread its militant message of freedo good people of Cambridge and Boston now reveal that there was such a plan. C member proposed haranguing the work another suggested that a good time to would be the lunch hour. But neither democrats, nor apparently any others, what time the workers had their lunch plan was abandoned and the workers s the troughs of ignorance and hostility.

Recently I've heard several criticism parties involved. The Faculty has been co to Chamberlain in his dealings with Hitl have been accused of not knowing the di between government and pedagogic ha ting; and it was said of them that th pathetic desire was to get the students them, to achieve which they fell over the in sacrificing everything from their prin their President. As for the students—the ing students, that is—their more formid bition was to fall in love with themse infancy, it was intimated, they had been overindulged, and they longed to find s position to their will. They had gone to only for reasons of social prestige, and interest in their subjects, no belief in the future. They wanted it now—but w was they did not know. Freedom they had, a freedom to do almost anything or in particular. They were lost in a vast an desert of freedom.

People who talked like this were with ception crusty old diehards belonging vanished Eisenhower age, who had no opinions anyway. Having been on the s the riots, which inspired so many repe formances up and down the country, I sincere tribute to the amazing stamina concerned. They achieved much: a new la of obscure beauty; new sartorial fashions ing labels and red ribbons that gave th air of undelivered parcels; a new logic th beyond Moore, Russell, Wittgenstein, or the pressing into service of qualities lo posed to have been useless or even har colossal tedium, honest hypocrisy, undi humorlessness, prejudice, vulgarity, an many others.

But it is probably just as well that Eise did not live to see this. Such a glorious upsurge of biological politics could never at West Point, which is still in the pa stage of evolution. Or could it?



Robert Penn Warren

THE DREAM HE NEVER KNEW THE END OF

(An Episode from Audubon, "The Prairie")

1.

Shank-end of day, spit of snow, sudden
The clearing: among stumps, ruined corn-stalks
 yet standing, the spot
Like a wound rubbed raw in the vast pelt of the forest. There
Is the cabin, a huddle of logs with no calculation or craft:
The human filth, the human hope.

Smoke,
From the mud-and-stick chimney, in that air, greasily
Brims, cannot lift, bellies the ridge-pole, ravel
White, thin, down the shakes, like sputum.

He stands,
Leans on his gun, stares at the smoke, thinks: "Punk-wood."
Thinks: "Dead-fall half-rotten." Too sloven,
That is, to even set axe-edge to clean wood.

His foot,
On the trod mire by the door, crackles
The night-ice already there forming. His hand
Lifts, hangs. In imagination, his nostrils already
Know the stench of that lair beyond
The door-puncheons. The dog
Presses its head against his knee. The hand
Strikes wood. No answer. He halloos. Then the voice.

2.

What should he recognize? The nameless face
In the dream of some pre-dawn cock-crow—about to say what,
Do what? The dregs
Of all nightmare are the same, and we call it
Life. He knows that much, being a man,
And knows that the dregs of all life are nightmare.

Unless.

Unless what?

This poem will be part of Robert Penn Warren's next book -Audubon: A Vision — to be published by Random House in November. Mr. Warren has won the Pulitzer Prize in both fiction and poetry, the National Book Award and the Bollingen Prize in Poetry, and many other literary awards. He teaches at Yale.

The face, in the air, hangs. Large,
 Raw-hewn, strong-beaked, the haired mole
 Near the nose, to the left, and the left side by firelight
 Glazed red, the right in shadow, and under the
 tumble and tangle
 Of dark hair on that head, and under the coarse eyebrows,
 The eyes, dark, glint as from the unspecifiable
 Darkness of a cave. It is a woman.

She is tall, taller than he.
 Against the gray skirt, her hands hang.

"Ye wants to spend the night? Kin ye pay?
 Well, mought as well stay then, done got one a-ready,
 And least-wise, ye don't stink like no Injun."

4.

The Indian,
 Hunched by the hearth, lifts his head, looks up, but
 From one eye only, the other
 An aperture below which blood and mucus hang,
 thickening slow.

"Yeah, a arrow jounced back off his bowstring.
 Durn fool—and him a Injun." She laughs.

The Indian's head sinks.
 So he turns, drops his pack in a corner on bear-skins, props
 The gun there. Comes back to the fire. Takes his watch out.
 Draws it bright, on the thong-loop, from under his
 hunter's-frock.
 It is gold, it lives in his hand in the firelight, and the woman's
 Hand reaches out. She wants it. She hangs it about her neck.

And near it the great hands hover delicately
 As though it might fall, they quiver like moth-wings, her eyes
 Are fixed downward, as though in shyness, on that
 gleam, and her face
 Is sweet in an outrage of sweetness, so that
 His gut twists cold. He cannot bear what he sees.

Her body sways like a willow in spring wind. Like a girl.

The time comes to take back the watch. He takes it.
 And as she, sullen and sunken, fixes the food, he
 becomes aware
 That the live eye of the Indian is secretly on him,
 and soundlessly
 The lips move, and when his back is turned, the Indian
 Draws a finger, in delicious retardation, across
 his own throat.

After food, and scraps for his dog, he lies down.
 In the corner, on bear-skins, which are not well cured,
 And stink. The gun by his side, primed and cocked.
 Under his hand he feels the breathing of the dog.

The woman hulks by the fire. He hears the jug slosh.

The sons come in from the night, two, and are
 The sons she would have. Through slit lids
 He watches. Thinks: "Now."

The sons
 Hunker down by the fire, block the firelight, cram
 Into their large mouths, where teeth
 Grind in the hot darkness, their breathing
 Is heavy like sleep, he wants to sleep, but
 The head of the woman leans at them. The heads
 Are together in firelight.

He hears the jug slosh.

Then hears,
 Like the whisper and *whish* of silk, that other
 Sound, like a sound of sleep, but he does not
 Know what it is. Then knows, for,
 Against firelight, he sees the face of the woman
 Lean over, and the lips purse sweet as to bestow a
 This is not true, and the great glob of spit
 Hangs there, glittering, before she lets it fall.

The spit is what softens like silk the passage of ste
 On the fine-grained stone. It whispers.

When she rises, she will hold it in her hand.

6.

With no sound, she rises. She holds it in her hand.
 And behind her the sons rise like shadow. The Ind
 Snores. He thinks: "Now."

And knows
 He has entered the tale, knows
 He has entered the dark hovel
 In the forest where trees have eyes, knows it is the
 They told him when he was a child, knows it
 Is the dream he had in childhood but never
 Knew the end of, only
 The scream.

7.

But no scream now, and under his hand
 The dog lies taut, waiting. And he, too, knows
 What he must do, do soon, and therefore
 Does not understand why now a lassitude
 Sweetens his limbs, or why, even in this moment
 Of fear — or is it fear? — the saliva
 In his mouth tastes sweet.

"Now, now!" the voice in his head cries out, but
 Everything seems far away, and small.

He cannot think what guilt unmans him, or
 Why he should find the punishment so precious.

It is too late. Oh, oh, the world!

Oh, tell me the name of the world.

8.

bursts open, and the travelers enter :
n, alert, strong, armed. And the Indian
eet, pointing.

He thinks
he will never know the dream's ending.

9.

up with thongs, all night they lie on the floor there.
an is gagged, for she had reviled them.
he hears the woman's difficult breath.

nes. It is gray. When he eats,
corn pone grinds in his throat, like sand. It
tis there.

skey fails to remove it. It sticks there.

hongs are cut off the tied-ones. They are
to stand up.
an refuses the whiskey. Says: "What fer?"
son drinks. The other
nto his mouth, but it will not go down.

id drains, slow, from the slack side of the mouth.

10.

nd there under the long, low bough of the great oak.
d, low over the forest, the sun is nothing
cular blur of no irradiation, somewhat paler
general grayness. Their legs
n bound with thongs.

asked if they want to pray now. But the woman :
God made folks, then who's to pray to?"
n: "Or fer?" And bursts into laughing.

ne it seems that she can never stop laughing.

or the sons, one prays, or tries to. And one
lubbers. If the woman
her a look, it is not
even contempt, only distance. She waits,

that she is,

he gray light of morning, he sees her face. Under
bled darkness of hair, the face
Out of that whiteness
k eyes stare at nothing, or at
ingness that the gray sky, like Time, is, for
no Time, and the face
ddenly sees, beautiful as stone, and

nes aware that he is in the manly state.

11.

air was not tidy: bough low, no drop, with the clients
hung up, feet not much clear of the ground, but not

Quite close enough to permit any dancing.
The affair was not quick: both sons long jerking
and farting, but she,
From the first, without motion, frozen
In a rage of will, an ecstasy of iron, as though
This was the dream that, life-long, she had dreamed toward.

The face,
Eyes a-glare, jaws clenched, now glowing black with
congestion
Like a plum, had achieved,
It seemed to him, a new dimension of beauty.

12.

There are tears in his eyes.
He tries to remember his childhood.
He tries to remember his wife.
He can remember nothing.

His throat is parched. His right hand,
Under the deer-skin frock, has been clutching the gold watch.

The magic of that object had been,
In the secret order of the world, denied her who
now hangs there.

He thinks: "What has been denied me?"
Thinks: "There is never an answer."

Thinks: "The question is the only answer."

He yearns to be able to frame a definition of joy.

13.

And so stood alone, for the travelers
Had disappeared into the forest and into
Whatever selves they were, and the Indian
Now bearing the gift of a gun that had belonged to the
hanged-ones,
Was long since gone, like smoke fading into the forest,
And below the blank and unforgiving eye-hole
The blood and mucus had long since dried.

He thought: "I must go."

But could not, staring
At the face, and stood for a time even after
The first snow flakes, in idiotic benignity,
Had fallen. Far off, in the forest and falling snow,
A crow was calling.

So stirs, knowing now
He will not be here when snow
Drifts into the open door of the cabin, or,
Descending the chimney, mantles thinly
Dead ashes on the hearth, nor when snow thatches
Those heads with white, like wisdom, nor ever will he
Hear the infinitesimal stridor of the frozen rope
As wind lifts its burden, or when

The weight of the crow first comes to rest on a rigid shoulder.

BACK TO MADRID



The Spanish part of my life started up again in, of all places, Buffalo. I had gone to teach at the university there after the death of my husband, and very soon came to feel that the educators—taking literally the overt expression of demands on the part of the young—were missing the real signals being sent up by their students. Gloomily I thought about my own youth. In certain ways I had a lot in common with these students. I had spent my adolescence in New York coming to a precocious and shaky maturity in the heated “tomorrow we die, today we live” excitement of World War II. I was spoiled, much too rich, I laughed a lot, had a brother in the Air Corps to worry about, and of course I had everything—a passion for politics, the AYD, millions of GIs, a beaver coat. . . .

I was the child of something almost unique to New York (in the time of the Depression but not of it): the flaming age of experimental education bestowed by upper-class bohemians and upper-middle-class professionals on their young. This education evolved in a certain number of special private schools in Manhattan and was based on a combination of elements: camps at the age of four, Jacob's Pillow for the dance, a mishmash of Isadora Duncan lift up your arms to the sky and be *trico*, trips across the Whitestone Bridge to get the feel of math (we were way ahead of our time in that we studied the set theory), a week in a Catholic retreat to get the feel of the Middle Ages, our own little settlement house in Spanish Harlem, to get the feel of being socially useful, visits to Washington, D.C., to get the feel of pol-

itics, topped off by the ministrations of famous artists and musicians whose function was to promote in us the illusion of our own genius naturally, as the basis of all this, lots of time to give us the feel of being creative. At Dalton School, in those days, they also had students running things, and I remember, fifteen, in a sort of reckless disgust at the whole thing, getting up in the assembly and with a certain seriousness (my spirit being *épater* the faculty) suggesting, deadpan, that after serious consideration of Dalton's problems, I felt I represented the students' urgent needs in demanding a free week each term. I reacted in shock and indignation when the faculty congratulated me for my initiative, and the damned free week did indeed become a permanent part of the Dalton system. I became quite depressed—I think I used to skip the free week, feeling angry and strangely bored. I had to date more GIs. For beneath that mock request had been another quite different message, which had been so dissembled as not to be a plea for authority. I looked sadly out the window deeply discomforted at being put on a par with Jacques Barzun as one of our more “original” students. One of the results of such an education is that it left its recipients with the feeling that there was no will in this world but one's own and no authority but one's own. It was very fatiguing.

Not until, in my eighteenth year, I returned to Europe did life take on some semblance of rationality for me. The war was just over. I sat in my room on the Left Bank, flicking the remains of a number of ashes on the floor, and explaining to a European friend that I was a failure in that I had failed to produce a novel by the age of sixteen, I had failed to have had the ten major affairs, also by the same age, and since I was lagging behind, I seriously considered that perhaps the best solution was an early suicide.

He drew a deep breath, “You're conceited.”

It wasn't the response I had expected, but it had been brought up on soul and understanding.

“In Europe we don't consider that we're too young enough at seventeen to be a failure,” I scribbled over my walls CHARTRES, DESCARTES, rapidly adding the Pythagorean theorem, the first thing I had never heard of. This may have been the first time in my life that someone had said No to me, certainly the first time I experienced listening to an authority other than my mother. Doubtfully I could begin to see that my untiring desire to be original, which in a peculiar way had been an attempt to *please* those in charge of my education, was quite the opposite of true rebellion. Someone had finally interpreted the wild: I was sounding out. In convincing me that

wed Monday, that it was *permissible* to inform others, to absorb from the past, in firm limits to my wild behavior, Paco my field of vision to what the French *e à mesure*. I looked at Paco in utter relief I had been set free. I acknowledged and experienced the new sensation of utility.

on quite another day in Buffalo that I thought of Paco again. Students were gathered in one of those meetings where we were getting advice on whether to go to or resist the draft by going to prison. I was one with a fresh, innocent look on my face. I asked if he went into exile when could he be let come back. The words "exile," "go," and "come back" seared me. Unexperienced I, who usually have no ability in that department, and envy those who do, burst into tearful, shakable tears. A friend sitting next to me uttered utter amazement and offered me a cigarette. "They *mustn't* go to Canada," I insisted. "If you wouldn't want them to go to

thought about it for a while. "I might, I just might. A year and a half had passed since Paco was killed. He had been on an anthropological expedition in the desert near Baghdad when he was taken into his jeep. By one of those freaks of fate his husband died at about the same time. In this way one death had canceled out the other. I stopped thinking about the world, and about myself for a change. I, the great one in confrontation, in "he who ceases to remember the past..." etc., by wiping out the world and Paco, indeed, by acting as if nothing had occurred in my life between the ages of seventeen and thirty-seven, instead of being able to speak with authority to a whole generation, I was doing exactly what I had learned from my elders of—keeping silent.

That day in Paris was using all his power of persuasion to send me back to my country, not only because he sensed my inner conflict, but, at I now realized, the chaos in himself. The two of us with some friends had just successfully engineered a prison break, taking Franco's political prisoners out of Cuelgamoros prison, near the grim, isolated city that was in the 1940s. Now we were back in Madrid, and beginning to realize for the first time what we had done: we had staggered the community of Spanish political refugees from Paris to Mexico to Argentina, not to mention security police inside Spain. The two of us looked at each other like frightened Bonnie and Clyde of the intelligentsia. Spanish exile—all its political varieties was waiting for us. Overnight we had been hurled out of our previous existences: my ties with America cut; his home, Spain, now a place

he couldn't return to. He had made of me a revolutionary heroine, which I wasn't. "Sometimes," Paco said wistfully, recalling Madrid, "it's nice to have to see some old aunt you can't stand." CHARTRES, DESCARTES. And on the other side of the room: TO SAY THE TRUTH IS REVOLUTIONARY. WE SACRIFICE PERFECTION FOR THE QUICKNESS OF RESULTS BECAUSE WE CANNOT WAIT.

The idea of the prison escape had been hatched in a Sorbonne café. The very young Norman Mailer, then having finished a war novel, had given Paco and his friends the use of his car with tourist plates. His sister Barbara and I offered to do the driving. Paco was the one who had contacts in both Paris and Madrid. Our plans were concocted a bit in the spirit of watching Humphrey Bogart at Loew's Seventy-second: a touch of Quixote tilting at windmills, a soupçon of Paul Nizan—Paco had practically memorized *La Conspiration* and *Aden-Arabie*—and a mentality picked up in an adolescence spent close to the Resistance. The real force driving Paco, though, was his rage: his father had been shot in the Civil War, and his childhood spent in the awfulness of a Madrid in effect occupied by the Germans. He wanted to make a gesture that would break the apathy of the Spanish people inside Spain, that would prove to those outside Spain that the interior and its people still existed, that would break the silence and erode the iron curtain that hung around the city of Madrid. There was, too, that desire to be able to account for oneself to one's children.

He also had specific aims, such as to set up connections between Madrid, the Basque country, Barcelona, and Paris, to lift morale and to distribute propaganda. I think he was absolutely determined that when he arrived back in Paris he would arrive with some of the pride of Madrid.

By this time those exiles who had counted on Spain's becoming free after the fall of Germany and Italy were completely dispirited and disheartened. There was no underground in Madrid. The anarchists had attempted to organize prison breaks and they had repeatedly failed. The central committee of the CNT had just been smashed. The current mystique was that prison breaks were an impossibility.

But, not even the Spanish police could have fathomed the strange workings of the adolescent mind. Nobody could have informed on us in advance because nobody but us knew what we were up to. What we did we did with complete insouciance. Not even Nicolas, one of the boys we were to take out of Cuelgamoros, knew much more than that Paco had told him he would "think of something"; he was merely to stand with Manolo at twelve o'clock on a Sunday morning when the prisoners were to march near the Escorial in order to go to church. In the meantime, we spent our days in Madrid disposing of propaganda—leaflets we had stuffed into a tire that we rolled with alarming casualness along a Madrid street. The night before we were due at the Escorial (Nicolas and Manolo were working

nearby on the building of the Valley of the Fallen) we drove to the outskirts of Madrid. Paco, another friend, Mailer's sister Barbara and I went drinking in a Madrid nightclub. We danced and necked, ending up in a Madrid street—one of those four o'clock in the morning glistening Madrid nights—eating *churros* bought off donkey carts. Posters of the Madrid singer, Lola Flores, were the only sign of life in the empty Puerta del Sol. LOLA FLORES, LOLA FLORES. That was Madrid then. Beggars, monks, semi-starvation. Silence.

In the morning we drove to the Escorial, and before meeting Nicolas and Manolo, Paco gave Barbara and me a long lecture on Charles the Fifth and clocks. I knew French, and in Spanish I knew several expressions: Left, Right, Straight Ahead, Go, Stop. I know at a certain point I was behind the wheel of that car and Paco must have said, drive, but I would be lying if I claimed any true memory of Nicolas and Manolo jumping into the car. I know we drove right past the guards, and I remember Nicolas and Manolo ducking. Nicolas told me later he was completely startled, when he and Manolo jumped into the car that so quickly zoomed past guards, that the car would have in it two very young American girls—everything, as he put it, but the American flag flying from it, including two bottles of Scotch. Our plan had been to seem to be a couple of American girls and a Spanish boy out on a spree. Spaniards at that time considered foreign girls immoral, prone to strange behavior, and that's what we were counting on. It was so obviously crazy, so illogical, and so filled with insane risk as to work. Manolo was horrified to learn that for good measure we had stuffed the car seat he was sitting on with the propaganda material that we had strewn throughout Spain.

Our mood was lighthearted, which was perhaps the only way: Barbara and I did all the driving, neither of us really knowing how to drive a car, crossing those steep Spanish mountains between Madrid and Barcelona, in a car that was constantly breaking down, over the worst roads imaginable as the Guardia Civil kept shoving rifles into the car and stopping us. It made Nicolas and Manolo nervous. Toward morning I was driving and Paco was next to me telling me wild and outrageously funny stories to keep me awake. Finally, I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up, we were on the Costa Brava, the bright sunlight hitting the car, and were coming into Barcelona. Paco was doing the steering, my foot was on the gas pedal. I looked down at the Mediterranean and gasped.

Wearily we decided to risk going to a hotel in the Barrio Chino; Barbara and I stayed there. A Catalan girl hid Paco, Manolo, and Nicolas in her boarding house. In the afternoon at a café we met our one connection with the underground who was supposed to supply us with a guide to get Nicolas and Manolo across

the mountains into France. He looked alarmed and mumbled that the guide had disappeared; if we waited he would try to find another. But he also said that there had been a lot of arrests, Barcelona was not a safe city, and we had better decide to get out of Barcelona fast, and, one or another, have a go at it on our own. We bought ourselves a map. I suggested that Manolo and Nicolas buy a compass and take sandwiches, but they were to cross the mountains on foot. I said I was being too American. Paco asked me if I thought we could get through the roadblocks. I said, well I supposed so, we would need something. He made Barbara and me promise not to try to "save anyone" if anything went wrong.

We left Paco on the outskirts of Escorial and drove through the mountains near Logroño at night. Past the third roadblock, we stopped down the car to permit Nicolas and Manolo to jump out, and arranged to meet them on the French side. The problem with the plan was that the guards marked on a paper a number of occupants of the car, and naturally the same number were to be at the end as at the beginning. At the last roadblock, when they asked for the paper, Barbara and I said it was lost, he mumbled something about two American girls, and that was that.

Getting through customs, which should have been simple, was difficult. The chief of customs called us both into his office. He was even more intelligent than the road guard. He had an itinerary because in those days every hotel stay was recorded by the police and stamped on the traveling papers: two weeks in a Madrid hotel, Madrid to Barcelona in almost impossible time, a night at a Barcelona hotel, then zigzagging to Puigcerda. It just didn't look right. He angrily questioned us for several minutes, showed us a show of rifles in his office, and nothing came of it, and lots of guards. He had the impression of a man who didn't know exactly what he was looking for, and vaguely threatened to call us up. I think he decided we were trafficking in pesetas. Well, better pesetas than prison, though I was a little worried that he would search the car, for a careful search would have revealed that the back seats were minus the requisite number of pesetas, and instead of cash traveler's checks and leave them, he figured any bona fide tourist would get caught. We argued back and forth for a while, and we reached some agreement, and he let us go to Bourg Madame.

When Nicolas and Manolo failed to show up on the French side, we telephoned Carlos in Barcelona and he then decided to ask the official

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und for help. He sent us to Perpignan; they were wary, then when we mentioned the name — Nicolas Sanchez Alborno — into action. "They have Claudio Sanornoz's son," they exclaimed. Claudio Alborno (present president of the government-in-exile) was an important Spanish Republican politician as well as a nationally known historian. He had been trying to obtain Nicolas's release through various sources and finally had given up in defeat. The Spanish government adamantly refused to return him over. The Spaniards in Perpignan advised us to go back to Paris while they were fully alerted sympathetic French authorities found Nicolas and Manolo when they crossed the mountains some five days earlier. They immediately turned them over to the police in Perpignan. When Nicolas got to Paris, he sent his amazed father in Argentina a telegram telling him not to despair: he was alive, and one of his lycée classmates had helped him.

It was a good thing we had cleared out of Barège right after we had crossed the border. The car had gone out for the car and for Paco. By the time Paco got word that the four of us were being followed, the police were after him.

We went out for the Basque seacoast town where the car was summering, planning to see her, and to go out of Spain via Irún. Fortunately for us, the police got there first.

As they left, his mother let out a shriek, "Oh, my God, conspiracy!" to his younger brother and, being a practical woman, grabbed him, stuffed it with plenty of pesetas, and went to the railway station, meeting every train going by, until finally she saw him. She jumped on the train alongside him, prevented him from getting off, slapped him across the face, called him an idiot, and finally, with the help of his brother and a childhood friend from Irún, she smuggled him to another Basque seacoast town where there were fishermen. The fishermen told Paco to throw his philosophy book in the ocean—he didn't want any Basque peasant carrying Plato—put the ABC in his hands, a beret on his head, and sent him into a fishing boat, literally hurling him into France. He tore a sheet of the ABC and gave his mother and brother half, kept the other half and told them when they received the other half that now he was in Hendaye. The boat paddled away, and a sailing regatta, the police eventually caught it and fired a few shots, but he threw himself on the floor of the boat and with no more ado got into France. Manolo's fiancée, Ana, received a message that everything had gone off all right. What happened to Ana—what happened to all Spanish girls whose boyfriends left is that within months Manolo married a beautiful available foreign girl, who simply was not. Although my first reaction was shock—that a man ditch a girl who waited for him in prison and who had helped him—

it taught me a rapid lesson which saved me considerable trouble in life. Never play Solveig to Peer Gynt, never confuse left-wing politics with affairs of the heart, and make sure that when all the fighting's over, you're the one sitting at the breakfast table.

During the month we waited for Paco in Paris, nobody talked either of our exploit or of him. What I mistook then for casualness was, of course, everyone's tremendous anxiety. It was in fact only later that I realized what a vastly different experience from my own all this had been for others. Many more people than I was at the time aware of were watching that car, waiting and wondering on both sides of the border, and they were all paralyzed with fear. The alert had gone out to the more official Spanish underground, on the Perpignan-Toulouse-Paris route, and everyone was waiting and very, very quiet. The tension broke when one of his friends received a telegram from Paco sent from Hendaye. "He's arriving at the Gare d'Austerlitz."

The unnatural calm of the last month was broken, everyone was excited, I wondered what had possessed me to dump Paco in favor of a new boyfriend. I suspect it had been fear.

On the way over to Austerlitz Station one of his friends remarked to me with that blunt Spanish directness, that utter lack of sentimentality, a criticalness of everyone and everything which often caused them to say little nice about one another, to mock their own good qualities—completely opposite from the French who are always announcing their own greatness and moral seriousness—"The trouble with you, Barbara, is that you are a born leaver of men. Frivolous. As for Paco, have no illusion about that one. Intelligent, cold, beneath all that charm and wit, very cold. He'd sell his own grandmother down the river for a political principle or a book."

I looked at him, shocked.

"Two weeks," he said. "I give you both two weeks."

They waited at the station, maybe twelve in all, raggle-taggle youthful conspirators, most of them children of refugees, some of whom had grown up in concentration camps in France, some of whom had been brought back to France from Mexico and other places by the Spanish government-in-exile after the war, Nicolas and Manolo from the prison, and Paco the only one who had actually grown up in Spain. At any rate Paris after the war was having enough trouble keeping herself together, and was not giving any Spaniards an exactly royal welcome. Paco got off the train wearing a Basque beret and a trench coat. He looked rather sheepish. Suddenly his friends surrounded him, and while the French stood by, wondering what these crazy foreigners were up to, they set up a yell that could be heard from one end of the station to the other. The air was filled with *Bravo, viva el interior, viva el exterior, viva España, viva Madrid*. The crazy trip was over. Five people had gotten out of Spain alive—the dream had ended in total success.

I ran toward Paco and threw my arms around him. Smiling we walked back to the car, arms entwined very much the way we had in Spain. We were about to get into the car, when someone very much on the periphery of the group called him aside for a moment. When Paco came back, his mood had changed, he looked sullen. He didn't say anything, I didn't say anything; when we got to a café near the Sorbonne he excused himself, left everyone and went off by himself, saying he had to study for his exams.

The following day I dropped by his place. Tall, blond-haired, now his black eyes looked extremely hard, and his mouth turned downward. In face of that much silent anger, I didn't know where to begin.

"I don't think it's very nice after I helped you with all your political tra-la-la, not to even say hello."

"Nice?" he exploded.

"Now look, Paco," I countered, "after all, you left, you with your *hasta pronto, chica*, leaving me in the middle of a God-damned Spanish mountain."

"Leave? I didn't leave you. Should I have held your hand and waited to get us killed? You're mad."

"How'd you know I'd get out?" I murmured something about being fundamentally very insecure, somewhat helpless.

"Helpless? Never," he snapped. "Nervous yes, but my dear girl, you are not helpless. It's an illusion you have about yourself." He paused. "I figured you'd get out"—he smiled repeating our joke—"one way or another."

I tried another tack. "There were rats in the room." I could see he was softening.

"Shall I tell you something about life, Barbara? In life there may be rats in the room once . . . but never twice."

In the years that followed I constantly bumped into people who said they had met me in this café in San Sebastián, that café in Madrid. They may not have known about our prison break, but Paco had been busy talking to people, all sorts of people. Who they were, what Paco wanted from them, or they from him, remained vague in my mind. I knew Paco had been disappointed in his conversations in Madrid. Those members of the older generation from the Civil War he had spoken to, and whom I think he had admired as a young boy, were sympathetic to his purposes, but they were tired. Many had been in prison, they wanted little part of stirring things up. As for the youth, the students, in the 1940s they were barely beginning to come to consciousness. Of one thing there was no doubt: nobody wanted Franco. Madrid was just grim. Grim, defeated, fatigued, and hungry. Paco's own friends knew little of that refugee life going on in France and Latin America. What they wanted was books and magazines, who were Sartre and Camus? what was going on? They wanted contact. It was a

puzzle to them that the outside world, particularly Europe's left-wing intellectuals, to even enter Spain: "Don't they know we are here?" Many of those who had worked for British and the Resistance during World War II felt, finally, completely defeated by the refusal to remove Franco. Ours had been a voyage, a sad voyage. But many people kept their eyes on our car, and I was to wake up in the morning to find that I had traveled the highway from Loew's Seventy-second and Hershey to a conspiracy in Europe in a bewildering time.

The first sort of official visit we made to Spanish refugees in Paris was to the museum of the most forgotten men in all Spain, the anarchists.

By this time, another boy had straggled into Paris. He was shy, he wore glasses. He was a young anarchist from Valencia who was serving a prison term there, had walked out to Paris. He stood looking at the sign near the Eiffel Tower: Paris O kilometers, and he kept repeating it. Paris O kilometers, Paris O kilometers, I was.

Before we got there, Paco whispered to me, "Have you a sense of history?"

"A little."

"Then don't forget today." He paused, looking at your grandchildren that you saw the last of the Spanish anarchists, the last of the real anarchists, on a day, a very special day."

The government-in-exile he brushed aside. The anarchists, they were wrongheaded, they were the best of Spain. And they had lost. They had truly lost. One doesn't live in the past; one always pays one's debt to the past. He hadn't known his father. He was a middle-class road lawyer. He had been shot right at the beginning, perhaps by left extremists, perhaps by right. I think it disturbed Paco that he didn't know which side. He told me how as a child he had watched through the window when some anarchist extremists had taken his best friend's father to be shot. The boy had cried to go and the anarchists had laughed, grabbed him, and shot the two of them. He admitted many times, despite the fact that he had often fought for them, he had reservations about the anarchists; he wondered about those assassins.

But today our mood was lighthearted. As we climbed the stairs, there was Ejarque, hunched about on one leg. He looked at the group, a lonely group, with a wisp of glory, had come to him. Children of exiles, orphans—children of the exterior and interior, everyone, one way or the other, had arrived in Paris. This second generation had made their own connections with the first. Symbolically, the iron cord that Madrid had been broken; it was an end to a decade of silence.

In fact, the anarchists looked on us with suspicion; their fear had been that the generation growing up under Franco would assure

Not even Barcelona had connections with them at that time, their interest in Paco lay in that he was the first one of this new generation they had encountered... later he was followed by many others. But at first, no one had forgotten, everyone remembered, and on this day, in Paris, all of us found one another. A generation given up as lost. When you are very young, it is not hard to understand why there are tears in a person's eyes, and we were much too young, too confused to understand why, when we breathlessly recounted our adventures, which had been successful. The Spaniard did not laugh. He stared at us and then hobbled over to the window and he gazed at the French. They had their monuments, their beautiful Paris intact, but they had lost it another way—morally.

He turned to me, and Paco pushed me aside. He started to speak to me very seriously. I was a bit stunned to have emerged as a heroine. I wasn't sure about much, but I was sure that I wasn't that. He talked to me about America; his view was romanticized, idealized; he spoke of Emma Gold-
man and I looked blank. "Chicago," Paco whispered, was on rocky ground. Then he told me that Whitman had written a poem about me and that I was the inheritor of a great tradition of the country of Whitman, of Jefferson, of the American Revolution, of a profound anarchist tradition. I wondered if the United States government would have been different if they knew that in the mind, heart, and soul of his old anarchist, America was still the same old land. But he spoke of America, however romanticized, as his essential romanticism, with such a sense of speaking of America's past in a way I had never experienced, my own education having been gloriously turned toward Europe, that he created a new notion in my head. Not the notion that I could go down in the annals of Spanish history as one of its many heroines—I had no reality for me, and besides it was not something I could live by, nothing viable, and it was not what he gave me was the sense that I was American, and that I, too, had my own history.

The problem was one of settling down after all these years. How continue doing what one was doing at the same time remain in France? The latter was not always easy. The French had a "communitarian" law—you could live legally in some countries in France and not in others. At that time they did not want Spanish students in Paris, as was always the problem of papers, and a few of the Spanish students would have preferred to go off to the mining regions where they were allowed to live and become miners. So there arose the question of being semi-legally in France, though we didn't live well, Paco and I had no money. We lived like students; the rest of us had to worry about actually starving. There were the Communists—Chinos, we

called them. Our group was clearly the heir of the POUM, the 1930s party of the Spanish socialist-anarchists, and anti-Stalinist. In the immediate postwar period French intellectuals for the most part were in a kind of Communist haze and not very cordial toward a radical left which leaned more toward anarchism than Communism. Still, there were exceptions. *Esprit* magazine (left-wing Catholic) often invited the group to their house on the outskirts of Paris. Indeed, there was often a rather awkward hush that came over the French when any of the group arrived. They stared and called them "*les jeunes espagnoles*." Camus was rather friendly, and Merleau-Ponty. But there was no real rapport between the Spaniards and the French. The Spaniards felt embarrassed by all the speechifying—to them the French were "*muy franchute*," very frenchy, and when the French admired them, they so over-admired them as to annihilate their existence as ordinary human beings.

PENINSULA

DECIR LA VERDAD ES REVOLUCIONARIO

N.º 1

JULIO, 1949

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EN ESTE NUMERO: JOSEP PALLACH, JAIME BRASIL, BARBARA K. PROBST, ANTONIO TARREGA, JOSE VILLA, MANUEL SOUTO, ENRIQUE GIRONELLA, JOSEP M.ª CORREDOR: POESIAS DE TERESA JUVE

Meanwhile Paco and Pepe Martínez set up a magazine somewhat modeled on *Les Temps Modernes* or *Esprit*. Until then exterior Spaniards had published nothing but pure propaganda—the fate of Spain, down with Franco, and so on. *Peninsula* was to be a first-rate job, and also to look good. The magazine was a family affair; everyone helped. As I couldn't get into the Sorbonne with only a high-school diploma, I had lots of free time, and by this time, willy-nilly, I wrote in Spanish. Paco kept me busy at the typewriter, asking me to do a series of light, personal essays on America, about pretty much anything that interested me, on the theory that no one in Spain knew anything about America, and anything would be news. One of the main impulses of the magazine was that of the group trying to rouse the older Spanish political exiles from keeping exile as the center of their existence, to alter their habitual "five cigarettes for the dying man in Toulouse" approach to the world, and get them to focus on Spain itself. We were out, in short, to erase the exile mythology, which none of the younger Spaniards wanted to have much to do with, and to provide Spaniards with some sort of intellectual base.

We spent our days putting the magazine together—afternoons in Belleville, finding Spanish workers who would help out on cheap printing presses, afternoons in Villejuif finding even cheaper presses, and evenings, reading proofs, etc. We sent copies back into Spain by any means available. Most of the Spaniards had foreign girlfriends, many of whom went into Spain looking very pregnant. One wasn't too fussy about means. Basque priests, French booksellers, sometimes Paco, who did have a certain amount of gall, simply went to the Spanish Embassy, found a friend there, and used the Spanish diplomatic pouch for sending the magazine, books, and other literature to his brother in Madrid.

Being young, we were playful, even at times with the Communists. One, at the Cité Universitaire dining room, would grab me. "Capitalista," he'd say. "¡paff!" *Comunista—paff!* We assured each other we'd die on the opposite sides of the firing line and wasn't it a shame. Paco would watch, he admitted he envied me a certain playful capacity and at times I would deliberately say something outrageous to lighten his somberness. There would, for instance, be one of those high-minded discussions about the meaning of life or the destiny of man, and I would suddenly interrupt. "And for women, men are bastards, *paff!*" It always made me feel good to watch Paco break up. He said every revolutionary needs at his side not a Rosa Luxemburg, but a scatter-

Meanwhile, going back and forth to Spain became a daily routine. The trips were generally made through the mountains and no one ever attempted anything elaborate in a car again. Nothing ever happened to any of those who crossed back and forth; ironically, all the bad things that happened took place out of Spain.

A young anarchist named Jesu, who had tuberculosis, and, indeed, did look like Jesus, wandered into the group. He had murdered several people with his bare hands, and I think he unnerved Paco and Pepe. He thought they were tainted with "constructive" ideology, and he was all for burning down the churches. Paco squirmed. He adored cathedrals. What got everybody down was Enrique. As bright as the rest, he had a tenderness to him that endeared him to them but lacked a certain will to survive. His father had been handed over to the Gestapo by the French; he had been sent first to Mexico and then brought back to Paris after the war. He never had a room of his own and often just slept in the main bathroom at the Cité where he had friends. One day he fainted, and after that, he vanished. His mother wrote from Mexico asking us to find him. The Spanish government-in-exile searched, he hunted the streets of Paris for him, but we had lost him. Sometimes, Pepe tells me now, he believes he has seen him. Enrique became the ghost

Some made it, some did not. One died in Indo-

china, another died of tuberculosis in India. It was a group that kept count of one. Whenever anyone departed for Argentina or Peru, there was always a certain sense of finality.

The Spanish government-in-exile urged who could to get away. Manolo went to Argentina and became a novelist. Nicolas went to Argentina to be a history professor. Carlos became a physicist in Mexico City.

II

It was in April of 1968 that Nicolas came. He had had political troubles in Argentina and was now embarking on a second. He laughingly put it, in New York. We remembered the prison break. Nicolas was angry about the general silence surrounding Spanish literature and I knew he was reminding me that other things I was a writer and had never written one line on Spain outside of a few things on Spanish literature. He was in fact urging me back.

I remember Paco and how he showed me where my father had fought at Saint-Malo, the American boats off the beach at Caen, the fate of the Resistance, of the Jews, Lachaise and the rest, and how he once said that even the dead had a right to their graves and he would go where they had been put, and how he had seen when one of the old anarchists died in Paris, a poor bastard, in a strange country like England, and how he was worried and he and his wife went to see the anarchist's wife and son, and how every man deserves the burial he gives himself. Paco tossed no one away.

I telephoned his brother Raul—who, with his mother, had been urging me to visit—some time I meant it, and a week later took the plane for Madrid.

The brilliant early morning light of April suddenly shafted the plane. Beneath me I saw the snow-tipped Sierra de Guadarrama. I drew a deep breath and braced myself. I told Amelia of the plane trip. Amelia, Paco's mother, and I had taken to Teheran, to collect his body, and I had taken to Teheran that had pulled me out of Barajas airport, as mine was doing now. This was the first trip I had ever made to Madrid alone. I was coming as a widow, the mother of two daughters, a writer, and as someone who belonged to Paco. My children were not younger than I had been the first time I had come to Madrid. I was not that much younger. Amelia had been when I first met her. I would have thought of her then as being a widow. Her father had been shot in the head. Paco was the exact age when he had been killed. I looked out at the mountains.

Things were tense in Madrid in May. A revolution was going on next door, and despite closed frontiers and cut-off communications everyone knew many flags were flying in Spain. And among the flags flying was the

at the university were busy memorizing "nationale."

with M—, a slight, gray-haired man of personal charm and intelligence, to could not fail to respond. No one could. At the same time an ancient member of the group, a former diplomat in Germany, and a participant in some of the worst Nazi atrocities against mankind. Now he is a leader of one of the fringe groups (everyone in Spain is either a fringe leftist or tells you he is a Kenderdemocrat; generally, to orient yourself, you take whatever label a man puts on and move it five places to the right).

"Boys in Paris!" M— exploded, "living honour revolutionaries, having the time of it." He shot his words directly at me, emphasizing, pithy, slightly bitchy Madrid style of which he was known master. He was speaking in particular of Pepe Marín, who had not gone off to Peru or Argentina but into trouble in Paris and spent several months in La Chatergnie prison. When he got out, he took a job as a bookbinder and by one of those Herculean efforts of will had gone the road from bookbinder to successful owner of a publishing house devoted to the publication of Spanish revolutionary literature. Our hopes for *Peninsula* had been realized under his direction in the enormously successful *Ruedo Iberico*. His collaborator, his childhood friend Paco had been reunited with Jorge Semprun (author of *La mort finie*)—an exile of earlier vintage who had returned to Madrid in the mid-Fifties and had been a vocal member of the Madrid intelligentsia. "an anarchist," said M—, "in the service of that member of the Parisian elite!"

He had failed to oblige by dropping dead in the streets of Paris, and his very existence infuriated M—. Still, I decided not to rise in hurt and make the obvious reply. For M—, the "artínez" could have done was to have stayed in Spain.

He assumes, with idealists, that someone will take the rap," I replied mildly.

He is silent for a moment. "Your eyes are

dark you."

They are objectively criteria."

His eyes are too."

He moved on to knowing the consequences of his program for the future in essence is to make some sort of alliance with the Communists. Nor could one fault him for it. Politics in Madrid is a cynical game; the city of Alexandria, with everyone trying to get a piece of the pie in advance.

The next day, Bermejo, who is a writer and a poet, knows everyone in Madrid. Everyone's friend, came to chat with me. He tried to put me in touch with "all the work—the students your heart desires." I was told. If it serves his purpose of demonstrating that repressive Franco's regime is to get you out of Spain, he would do so without bat-

ting an eyelash. Still I liked Bermejo. He gave me the feeling that in a Balzacian way he not only wrote about the day's events in Madrid, he created them.

I sensed Bermejo was laughing at the world, Madrid, the day's events, and I, like his students, would soon find myself part of his day's events. The other half of him is a man who, when not laughing at his private group of students (everybody in Madrid has his *grupito*, the style remaining more emphatically Jesuitical than anyone is prepared to realize), is hauntedly preoccupied, sensitive in his nerve endings to the students' being beaten. A moralist and humanist, Bermejo saluted the "heroic Forties"—"our epoch"—and then fired a few accurate shots at the super-Communist elite of Madrid: "A group of intellectuals conspiring like nomads in the middle of the Madrid desert. An enclave acting as if they owned this town. Communists! Feudal landlords, and the sons of feudal landlords is what they are. Christ, if capitalism ever hit this group, they'd be terrorized. For one thing, they'd all have to go to work."

Many of the Communists are the sons of the great Falangist martyrs. Fundamentally, Madrid does not change; the same small group of families juggle the wealth and social power among themselves. They constitute a world apart, engaged in its own private dance—they are bull-fighters, or writers, mostly an intelligentsia with no connection to any other Communist party, to students, to workers, or the rest of Spain. Meeting them, one feels that one has entered the world of Johannesburg or Caracas. Incredibly chic, they speak to no one. A Catalan friend of mine arrived in Madrid. I have seen this friend, a cosmopolitan, at home in New York, Paris, as well as Barcelona, and though an "elitist" himself, I watched him pale at the sight of them: with this group he could not cope. He kept muttering, "Barbara, come to Catalonia, where we just have plain ordinary socialist revolutions. We have much healthier revolutions down there. Lots of sun, and left is left and right is right." He looked at me and smiled. "Politics is not that important. The single most important remark you ever made in your life was that Mount Canigou was the tallest mountain in the world. Come back to Catalonia." He left Madrid after a week, complaining that the city drove him mad with its hours, its craziness, and its Communists. I heard two Madrid friends discussing him, warily. "Who is he?" "Oh, a member of the Barcelona-Paris elite, son of a Catalan industrialist. A little-Catalan." *Lo de siempre*. Madrid does not speak to Barcelona, Barcelona does not speak to Madrid. Things in Spain may have changed on the surface, but beneath, much has remained the same.

It was around midnight when I got through talking to Bermejo. That long, lovely Madrid afternoon, the time of day when the city is bathed in the most beautiful light in the world, was ending. I was going to meet Paco's old friend, Pedro, for dinner.

Madrid is a small town. Bermejo looked knowingly at me—Pedro had a reputation for being the man “through whose hands have passed the best women in Europe. . . .” “He’s an old friend,” I said, but in Madrid nobody’s mind stays off sex very long. Personally, I have never understood the world’s disdain of great lover types. I had always had great sympathy for them, feeling that they had at least a certain humility about themselves and others. An acknowledgment of being needy, an intuition and perception, a willingness to reach. It never seems to occur to anyone that men who have had a large number of women are not superior beings in bed, but that they might have just wanted the women more, and they might just have deserved them.

“Well, Barbara,” Pedro said, emphatically using my own name, “the first time I saw you, you were standing on a beach in San Sebastián, holding Paco’s hand.” We were sitting in the tavern where he and Paco had spent much of their early life discussing destiny and love, and he shook his head. “Paco was never a child, he was different from the rest of us, with his books, his revolution.”

“Paco was no revolutionary” I replied. “*Nada de revolutionary, nada de anarquista.*”

Pedro looked at me in some surprise, some respect. “You knew that?”

“Of course I did. He did what he did in spite of himself. Paco hated revolution.” Although I wasn’t clear in my head what was the exact difference between a man who acted like a revolutionary and didn’t believe in it, and one who proclaimed himself a revolutionary and acted like a bourgeois.

“You’re right—but I wouldn’t go around Madrid saying that. Paco was . . . very *authentic*. A little like the man in the prison cell who shouts *viva el comunismo* before he gets killed, for the sake of morale. That’s all it was—morale.”

Amelia, Paco’s mother, Luisa, his sister, and I drove to La Almudena, the large cemetery on the outskirts of Madrid where almost everyone is buried. Amelia and Raul, Paco’s brother, had had to fly to Teheran to bring Paco’s body back. Raul, only a year younger than Paco but fatherless, had never gotten over the feeling that by fixing it so he could not return to Spain, Paco had deserted him and so had not loved him. Raul said of Paco that he was “not really Spanish,” and had opposed his being buried in Madrid. Amelia, who had not fallen into Raul’s confusion and kept her clear and simple sense of who the enemy is, had her way. Paco, not permitted for most of his life to live in Madrid, was buried there.

Amelia at seventy was still the regal, smashing beauty, and Luisa, the sister, was dressed up. She kept brushing the flowers I handed her, as though it all mattered. Then she handed them back to me. I stared at the names, “Roberto Martin 1936,” “Francisco Martin 1966,” in utter disbelief. I looked at the name on that grave and just stood

there. Luisa had tears in her eyes. I just . . . Both women went through the Catholic while I kept standing there, just looking. though something amused Amelia about Catholic prayer over Paco, she started and told me to ask Pedro, Paco’s old friend, wild litany he and Paco used to invent, and how they tried, during the war, a man in San Sebastián to throw a priest’s boardwalk. I handed Luisa the flowers. took them from me. She knelt down, and up a stone from the ground nearby, laid flowers on the grave, firmly securing them. the dry dusty spring Madrid wind with the Amelia looked around, she remarked the graveyard was badly cared for and overgrown. We walked to the waiting car, and suddenly, instinctively, I turned for a moment and back. We drove out of the cemetery. Amelia told me if I wanted to see Pio Baroja’s grave, civil cemetery across the way. He had been a friend of hers—all of them Madrid Basques, a special world of the many worlds within that exist in Madrid. I remembered Paco talking about him. No, I did not want to see any graves. “Nobody went but a few of us and students,” she remarked. “Because it was a burial. Idiotic country.” In the car she turned toward me. “It was Emilio,” she said mentioning an older man, a Madrid lawyer, “that Paco wanted to take out of prison. That didn’t work out, so he went ahead with Nicolas and . . . Don’t you think it was generous of Paco to help forging papers, to think of his friends out of prison?”

“Very generous,” I replied.

“He’s buried in Madrid now,” she said. “It’s finished.”

On the drive back into town, I was worried about it all. Paco had hated exile, had always been afraid of dying in another country; Raul, who knew that Paco was Spanish, was still asking me, my brother love me? why did he leave me? I was thinking of myself and Paco as children for children is what we were. Both of us sitting on the grass in Rambouillet, and I remember suddenly pushing away from my skirt little orange-like creatures, “*limacos*,” and said they were called slugs in English. Then he said I had a bad habit of calling all trees *plátanos*—I called all trees—and there were other, correct names for things. We read Spanish poetry, which gave a tree its own name, he said it was wrong to say that for me all trees were plantain. He said for me they were, it was like my saying Mount Canigou was the tallest mountain in the world. I thought of the novels each of us sprawled out on the wet grass, and I wondered if either of us had really understood them. I remembered his Paul Nizan, *La Conspiration*, and Adorno, who had gotten both dreams, the conspiracy and the desert adventure. And me with my *The Red and the Black*. I wondered if then I had really understood what S. was saying: that little girls like Mathilde

in the romantic light he wishes to be their romanticism may very well end dead hero instead of a live man. I was this often in Madrid, especially when the third man in the prison cell next to me was Manolo; he and Emilio were free to come and go as they pleased. Their only problem had been not to go with us, they had been told. Neither Nicolas nor Manolo could reenter Spain because Paco was dead.

I thought of it when I met Tierno Galvan, a socialist, and suddenly he asked me to become of *Peninsula*, and I said, in Spanish we had had a hard time giving them the word, "people were afraid," he replied. "Paco understood that." He looked down. "He and Emilio were good boys." And though he was a pologetic, I wondered if too much and clear didn't amount to the same thing. I would ever advise my children to risk because there were certain facts about ourselves that I had simply refused to acknowledge, I talked about it, it was as something to be ashamed of. We were both the members of a very privileged class. My parents had a summer place of some eighty acres on the Chesapeake Sound, lived in a way that scarcely resembled average American life. Paco, despite his bohemian Republican mother, was a member of the upper-class Madrid—a group he was at odds with. There were enormous differences in the lives we led. An American friend who looked me up told me later that she was startled and slightly amused to find me living in a Left Bank room surrounded by literary publications, and dressed very much in the style of Christian Dior. Paco's mother sent me letters through the diplomatic pouch, and he was hanging around in tweeds and me in silk and straw hats. Apart from the way we lived, which somehow we didn't "count," we had our lot with Paco's friends, the lot of the people who did not dare acknowledge the numerous problems that were open to us at that time.

depressed. We drove back into Madrid, through the streets full of half-news on the French front. Amelia and Luisa had decided I was not to go, and we went to La Trucha. With a new command over life, Amelia's eyes were on the newspaper. "It's our Paris, Madrid is now," she said gleefully. I didn't tell her Pepe did not share her joy; repression is what he wrote. I listened to Amelia's words. My problem was that I tended to be stubborn—that I should learn to bow the head. "Something," she remarked sadly, "has never been done, and neither Paco nor you had a chance." She then began matter-of-factly to ask me the question of whom I should marry, her eyes around the restaurant—if there was a likely prospect, she would have yanked me right then and there. Her mind worked in concrete lines. "The trouble with lovers is

that they tend to be someone else's husband. A woman must always be first, that's all there is to it. Twenty years younger," she exclaimed, "and I'd be in France." She would, too. I looked at her: not an ounce of self-pity in those blue eyes. "The trouble with America," she said, "is that even the poor drunks are alone. *Dios*, alone in the gutter. Here at least," she waved her hand, "we put them together in a bar. Much easier." I tasted the trout. It was first-rate. Then I took a long, slow look around the restaurant. The wine made me feel good. Well, each of us buries his dead in his own way and I felt a sense of freedom, of expectancy, of "what next" grow in me. I grinned at her, and at me. From now on, just plain potluck. We walked out of the restaurant. Madrid, spring of '68.

"Was the trout good?"

"Very."

"You should learn to listen."

Things in the suite of rooms where, Madrid-style, Tierno Galvan has his office and home and holds court, were in mild commotion. What one felt most of all, in Madrid this long spring, was the waiting: the frontier to France was closed, communications were cut off, the revolution was very close. He on the phone, calming down a worried parent. Her daughter was lost in the Spanish student pavilion at the Cité Universitaire in Paris, and he asked me if I knew anyone who could find her. My phone was as dead to Paris as the next one's and I shook my head. A sometime exile, Galvan had returned to Spain "*por obligación política*," and it is just this sort of musty, old-fashioned political "I am the voice of goodness" that I suspect alienates people from him. His style was all off for Madrid, a town where people prefer saying, I am a son of a bitch. Nor was there much use asking him his own political program for Spain. Any direct question about what is to happen after Franco just gets sifted down to someone's vague notion of the good society. The truth is, no one knows. The first time I saw Galvan it was in a Madrid café, I was sitting drinking with some of the super-Communist elite. Individually, some of the most intelligent people in Madrid are in this group. Taken one by one, they are great. Collectively, as a crew—*madre mía!*—the girls start acting just like upper-class New York girls: the best of everything and more please, minus all social, civic, mental responsibility that acts in America as some sort of leavening force. And the men get busy outwitting one another.

"There goes Galvan with —." They were entering a separate room with a group of men.

"Do you know who they're with? The *workers* *Los obreros, los pobre obreros*," they mimicked. "The workers. Screw the workers." I tried to imagine a Communist in another country saying, Screw the workers, and couldn't quite.

Someone had just come back from Badajoz, the Spain of the provinces, poor dreary dead spot

near Portugal. "Can you imagine? In Badajoz, they're *waiting* for us. They're *organized*. They're reading our newspaper, they want material, they have a village poet, a lawyer, a worker. . . ." He sighed, "They called me *señor*. And asked about the high politics of Madrid. Such respect. . . . We really ought to do something about Badajoz."

"Badajoz!" his wife exploded. "High politics of Madrid. Listen, you idiot"—her husband being a highly productive writer and a leading intellectual in Spain—"that's the first time you've been treated with respect in twenty years. You get so mixed up you invite the police in to serve the drinks at your meetings. High politics of Madrid."

"I felt sorry for the poor bastard sitting out there in the hall, hiding in his raincoat. . . ."

Madrid jokes, jokes of a town occupied with varying degrees of repression for thirty years.

Almost as unreal as the words "Francisco Martin 1966" on a Madrid grave was this new Madrid—too many cars, streets torn up for parking, shopping centers, an annual parade of the Falangist army (*circa* Wehrmacht) which nobody watched, everyone preferring to spend a warm day at the book fair in the Retiro where you could now buy Karl Marx and Lenin. Beneath this air of swift anonymous modernity—a plague hitting Madrid like the rest of Spain—and prosperity, was the sense of agitation and rumble in a city waiting to change regimes. A student took me out to the University City. I had met many students along the Calle Princesa, the Boul' Mich of Madrid. They were caught up in a whole variety of struggles, the struggle for university reform, the struggle of the more radical groups (FELIPE) against the more conservative Communist groups (PACOISTAS), the Communists wanting to hold down the tensions, the others wanting full steam ahead and no more clandestine politics.

Indeed, all of Madrid seems to be involved in a process of people naming each other, waiting to be named, and identified, after thirty years of semi-darkness. There was trouble in the Basque country, there were troubles in Barcelona. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for what happened. On a quiet day in front of the philosophy building in the University City, which lies out of Madrid on the road to the Escorial and was the scene of some of the worst fighting in the Civil War, I was standing with a student, clearing out of the building before the door shut, and suddenly the flag went out. PHILOSOPHY FACULTY OCCUPIED BY THE COMMUNE OF MADRID. The words shook me. This, in Madrid? The student looked equally shaken. He said, "*¡Anda!*" Then he whistled and murmured they were suicidal—some of the best students in Madrid were locked in that building. What was being done was in opposition both to Franco and to the official Communist party. A Spanish newspaperman came up, asked a few

questions, then rapidly left, saying *¡viva!* The lawn was quiet, everybody looking at the student. The student grabbed me and we made a jump over the road that separates the University City (the "red") Faculty from the rest of the university. Just as we crossed, a band of security police, with trucks and dogs, appeared, cutting the road in two. I watched them climb the hill, then saw students running in the direction of the hill. It was a blood bath, and at this point in the world there is no use trying to compare the police are more brutal to whom. What about this, and other melees at the university? how cut off the Spanish students are from the rest of the physical setup, from the rest of the world. You can have a battle going on at the university and within seconds the police can cut off the whole University City from the rest of Madrid.

Eventually I got out of the place, found a taxi, and met some friends with the taxi at, of all places, the American Circus, a residential part of the city. Everything was quiet here, and as I listened to them sing "Hail America" I felt I might be going mad. I murmured that this was not half as bad as the Forties; I who was friendly with students should I feel sorry for these middle-class students, the worst that could happen to them was beatings and three years in prison. So I decided to feel I was betraying my own generation. I snapped at her that this was 1968, and I was wrongheaded at the very least to ask students to have lived through the most terrible nightmare of the twentieth century. I was hardly to be blamed if no one had ever bothered to reach them. She finally got in the taxi and drove out with me to the University City. As she saw the debris, though, she tensed up, she paled watching the line-up of security cars. She told her children to keep quiet. I finally got out. "The security police still scare me," she said.

One can better understand the confusion of Spanish politics—whereby the Communists have played, certainly at the university, a conservative role, if one recognizes that the attention given to the Left in the press is not its real problems are the maneuvering for the Right for the succession to power. The spring and summer of '68, Madrid was a mixture of a city which, at the same moment, was experiencing the height of "liberal" thought, intellectuals freely talking in the cafés, the Leninist books freely displayed at the bookstores, and then, odd pockets of severe repression. At the same moment I was receiving letters from friends in Paris, which were extremely pessimistic in tone—it will all end in the worst repression since the Civil War, he wrote (and later was right). Intellectuals in Madrid were feeling the oats, and they seemed to be the last group before the government tighten up.

As soon as one left the carefree atmosphere

erous Madrid of cafés and industrial
, and went to the university—where
s were taking place, one with the police,
between the Communists and more
udents—one *felt* the tenseness, the
tings in cafés, one felt it among the
nalists, who, every time I met one,
to move from café to café, don't talk
so on—all very reminiscent of the For-
of course, one felt it most of all among
rs' commissions—the radicalization of
sh workers is still in an incipient phase,
ally, was being accomplished partially
himself. By outlawing the old socialist
hist trade unions, and forcing all work-
a central syndicate of his own, Franco,
e, did away with many of the old left-
lries, and united the workers into one
roviding them with a perfect setup for
zg. What Franco's legal syndicate pro-
vs the illegal workers' commissions, and
e workers' commissions; and the work-
n represent a mixture of socialist, Com-
nd liberal Catholic tendencies. I spent
oon with one member in his thirties—
a Spanish workers today he had worked
he knew little about the old socialist or
u trade unions, which at their height
emendous political force in Spain. But
lacked up political ideas—become "radi-
in the factories of Renault. France, he
k, had been his political education. Un-
der generation of workers, he had allied
with the students; there was obviously
oseness between the students and the
e of the young workers' commissions.
l, though, is a very small town. A jour-
now casually remarked the next day that
of a friend of his who had a friend in the
l gotten a strange idea that this friend
e) had been speaking to someone in the
r commissions. The journalist laughed,
h it was uproariously funny—which is
aid way of dealing with life—but I took
and spent the next few days shopping
es. I was also tired and tense from the
nd tumult at the university and decided
e easy by seeing one of the editors of the
er *Madrid*.

l is financed and run by the OPUS—the
Catholic lay organization comprised of
men, industrialists, and military. It is a
sg organization because, although on one
is to the *right* of Franco, on the other, it
very politically adaptable organization,
ne degree that most members are techno-
interested in playing an economic role in
Europe, interested in the business tech-
f the United States, and less rigid and
than the old-time Falangists, they are
he left of Franco. They represent a tre-
power in Spain—they have their own
banks, etc.—and a tremendous concen-
of wealth. In recent years, there has been
"wing" OPUS—which the newspaper, *Ma-*

drid, represents. And, as one Madrid cynic put it,
"The OPUS is an amoeba which knows how to cut
itself in half. If the regime remains powerful,
the half of OPUS which is in the regime slaps the
OPUS of the opposition. If the opposition and
monarchists become powerful, the half of the
OPUS in the opposition slaps the OPUS in the
regime. Either way, they win."

When I arrived at the building *Madrid* occu-
pied, the place was in pandemonium. Minutes be-
fore, Franco had ordered the newspaper shut
down. The editor and the publisher were to be
fined and tried, ostensibly for publishing an anti-
de Gaulle article, interpreted by Franco as a
covert attack on himself. The act obviously had
taken everyone at the newspaper by surprise.
Politically a far more significant act than the
uproars at the university, it was Franco's first
warning to the press of a new return to censor-
ship. It was impossible to speak to the editor at
that moment, and we agreed to meet several days
later, at another place. During that weekend the
building was stoned, the other press came out
backing *Madrid*; it was obviously an act nobody
in the city had expected.

Several days later I met with Calvo Serer, one
of the editors. I did not get the impression he had
expected the shutting down of the newspaper.
Employees would continue to be paid, he re-
marked, sidestepping any discussion of where the
finances were to come from. He was obviously
anxious to down-play any notion of the OPUS as
a wealthy institution, or his own role as being
one of the chief proponents of a return to the
monarchy, and instead, concentrated on his role
as a liberal—his concern for the students, the
workers, his hope for a "Kennedyized Spain."
Like many other political Spaniards, his own
past career has been a zigzag of different move-
ments, meaningless when translated into foreign
terminology, and his plans for the future include
a vague stab at democracy, which could mean
anything from a liberal monarchy to someone
other than Franco. Many private dinners were
being given that spring, among other things, to
gain support among the wealthy for a return of
the monarchy. I felt discouraged about Madrid
politics. I was wondering how much of the mu-
sical chairs among the Right was a bill that was
going to be paid for eventually by the Left and
the moderates. I decided to spend more time in
Madrid with what really mattered—my friends.

But most of all I was shaken by Raul. On the
surface his life was calm enough, he had his
home in the country, he had his wife, the chil-
dren, his career, his café life, and he was as jokey
and witty as ever, but late at night, the two of us
would sit on the floor of his living room, just talk-
ing and trying to figure things out. It was clear
that he had not yet buried Paco.

"He was a Madrid Basque," I said quietly. I
could not get over my shock that Raul did not
consider Paco Spanish, that he felt Paco hated

Spain. I sat on the floor and tried to explain to Raul—what I took for granted that everyone in Madrid knew—that Paco, Nicolas, Manolo, and the whole lot of them were *obsessed* by Spain, that the dream of every one of them was to come back. “Sometimes, it isn’t easy to come back, Raul,” I said. “They are afraid . . . to come back, and, well, find Madrid—strange . . . ‘that poor forgotten bit of earth that is my home.’ ”

Raul looked at me, “He said *that*?”

I nodded. Raul now looked so like Paco when Paco used to question me, what does Spain look like? what are they doing there? Only now it was Raul asking me, what was Paco really like?

Raul hesitated. “We were very close.”

“I know.”

We went through the many stories, comparing versions, of how they took a bus to the University City to see the front, how Raul fired a toy rifle and thought he had started the war by firing that shot, how the police would mistake Raul for Paco at the border, with the name “Martin.” Raul then recalled the signed copy of *The Sun Also Rises* he and I found in a small hotel near the Puerta del Sol, just sitting there in a musty room, belonging to no one. “We were very naïve then,” he mused, “so dumb and so young that we spent the whole afternoon wondering whether we would take it, and then didn’t. Some worldly cynics we.” He glanced at his copy of *Light in August*, that story of Joe Christmas’s fight that had symbolized so much for all of them and reminded me of how I had once brought it for him to Madrid.

“Paco sent it,” I said. “That’s what he was sending you back, Raul, *Light in August*.” I laughed. “Me, he made me memorize all of Spanish history.”

“He did?”

I groaned, “Every last king you ever had.”

He looked through the pages, and then at me. “Was my brother—*un hombre de bandera*—man of the flag—first-rate?”

I was thinking of the day Paco arrived in Paris, how they had all called, Hurrah for Madrid, long live the interior, long live the exterior, and how Paco had never gotten his wish—that these two Spains should *know* one another. I was older now, I knew death was real, and some things in life are irrevocable. Paco’s generation, the intermediate generation—children of the Civil War, the second world war, and, intellectually, children of the nineteenth century—had been a sacrificed generation. Those who had left Spain never really knew it, and never really came back to it, however they might dream. And those who stayed always knew something had been taken from them. Thinking of that time in Paris when we had been half-children, half-grown-up, the moment Paco had dropped Raul’s hand, and, growing up, took mine instead, I now took Raul’s hand, because what we were doing all those long months in Madrid was burying the dead, night after night, something nobody bothers to do in New York, where the dead just vanish into taxes and lawyers.

Then my daughters arrived from America—
I was being with them—those two daughters
mine, aged thirteen and fourteen —
them a third girl, a friend, that brought
final confrontation. I think I had made a
take with my own daughters—having
been the daughter of a feckless mother
of that old fear of repetition—of attending
appear to them as the sort of woman
should be their mother, rather than of
self. In a certain way I had done with
exactly what I had accused Raul and his
poraries in Madrid of doing to their
generation—I had been very silent. I was
ponent of “he who does not remember
—how much of my own past had I allowed
exist? I took in, in utter amazement
terest in the road to Brunete, the
myths, the mountains crossed, and was
stunned to find them eagerly carrying
their elders before them, *The Sun Also
they were off on their own secret
Spain, complaining to me that we were
wrong route, we were “supposed” to be
plona. In Madrid I was having to come
with my daughters’ adolescence, and
their mother. Amelia was amused at my
indeed dismay, when these three free-
miniskirted girls took off with a couple
teen-year-old amateur bullfighters (who
grow up to be lawyers) at the University
Madrid. I listened to this brave, independent
pleasure-loving woman in her seventies
out for not having the courage to leave
daughters “live a little.” She seemed
amused that I should raise such objections
bullfights, and in her free-spirited way
me, she told the girls exactly how to
what to throw into the ring. “You,”
scolding me, “weren’t you free? Was
free? Did anyone ever deny you life?”
my daughters, they seemed happier and
me than I had ever seen them before, and
them that way, I relinquished my somber
severe hold on them, let them go off to
and sat in a café trying to puzzle it all*

I thought of the novel I had published
a soulful timid girl who yearns but never
New York, and I wondered just what had
my mind at the time I wrote it. Then
of the girl I had been (not the one I
should have been)—women have a great
ency to see their lives in the terms of how
they marry or live with, and it occurred
no accident that neither Paco nor his
husband, both very restless men, had
within spitting distance of leading a
A creature named Barbara had had
to do, after all, with her own life. I thought
the girl aged twelve, who was not a
timid dreamer she so liked to pose
but a much brasher, less helpless type
ever fancied. And for the first time—as

ly passing judgment on myself, and my life into what I thought it *ought* to be—my life took on some shape, had a certain sense of having, at the end, *existed*. The twelve-year-old with a *Can't Go Home Again* who had gotten down to the Smokies, forty miles from Asheville, to see the red dust of America twelve-year-old had been me. I had gone of the spirit of Thomas Wolfe, and amazed by the sight of chain gangs, dazed by thirteen-year-old girls toothless, always with children and houses with no one, the girl who had gone to Yucatán and the edge of an excavation, figuring if a bus took to civilization; if not, on to the interior of Yucatán. (The bus came.) Then Washington because that was the political center (or the heart) of America and finally Europe, in Trieste, Russia, Israel, until I found myself in arms who deflected my interest finally of an age, now, where I could be poor Mama, poor Papa. My poor dream-mother, who had meant so well, who had been Edna St. Vincent Millay, had languished as the wife of a successor. Poor Mama (children are never who had tried to "understand" her and had given her the freedom she so demanded. I remembered her calling me New York City from Connecticut the night that World War II came to an end. I had me a bottle of champagne and sent it to Times Square with a friend, "because not in Times Square the night the war will never forgive me." Poor Mama. It happened to Paco and his friends had been deflected by history. But I had, largely of my own will, entered the history of my own time. I was taking boats near Cherbourg, the eyeless ones in Madrid of that year, the sense of people missing in the Jewish quarter of Paris, the canals and docks of Amsterdam, where Paco and I spent so much time, the worst of Parisian misery. I was watching a film of Prévert's (property of the Communist party now, one of those documentaries never shown in America) *Children of Aubervilliers*—"Les Enfants d'Aubervilliers, les enfants de la misère..." I was in the song in that film—a fat old man in a Club grunted, "*Ah, que c'est beau!*" and I muttered, "*Beaucoup plus beau que la guerre.*" That was the mood of Paris in war. The road between Metz and Strasbourg with its monument after monument, its fields of scarred earth and cows with bones sticking out, where Paco and I sat talking of my war in the trenches, his father's war in World War I, at times so confusing ourselves as to stop and figure which war—his war, my war—we were thinking about. I was the one who vanished, one day laughingly telling everybody a copy of F. O. Matthiessen's

From the Heart of Europe which Matthiessen had sent him. He pointed with glee to a passage about "a Spanish orphan in whose eyes..." and kept prancing around my room looking at his face in the mirror, "That's *me* that professor is talking about." "Oh, Enrique," I said, and washed his single red shirt while he waited. We laughed; it seemed inconceivable that any of *us* could be considered "tragic." But Enrique vanished.

So there it was: history, Paco, Harold, Martínez, Enrique; and I wondered how you told children things—not in an unfair way, "I was in the Depression, what do *you* know?" but just in a way that they would know these people existed.

Eventually we left Madrid, Spanish-style, lots of people at the airport, which always sets one free. I felt more lighthearted. I knew that I would be coming back; Madrid is only six hours from New York now. Months later I was to sit with Nicolas in New York reading the familiar names of friends arrested, and Madrid was again a silent city, "Light in August" all over again. But at that moment Raul was joking, and called me "Barbara of the Pampas." He said he wouldn't be at all surprised to get a postcard from me from the Pampas one day. This time, I didn't reply in outrage, "Who? Me?" Given the shape of the first half of my life, it now seemed to me perfectly possible that my middle and old age might include more of the same. People rarely change. At least I knew now just *who* was doing the adventuring. As a matter of fact, we ended up in Ireland, where I had never been. I felt more sure of myself traveling alone with the girls. Their utter trust in me to get them where we all thought we were going amazed me. I thought of Paco and how confident we had all been in him—in his ability to get us past guards, rifles, etc. It was merely because he smiled and joked a lot—and by now I knew that's what life is, a sort of pot-luck affair, with everyone thinking the next one knows what's going on.

All four of us took to Dublin and Cork. There was a moment we inspected some odd flower arrangement. Close up, we saw they were artificial flowers—some odd kind of burial wreaths. My younger daughter giggled, "Oh, that's for them that's in heaven." We all laughed. Suddenly flowers and graves seemed to have little to do with us. The town of Cork with its ratty dry-goods stores, its fish markets, its dinky accountant colleges "one flight up," its sense of minor business near the sea, the smell of fish in the town, and the harbor and boats of Kinsale, reminded me of Saugatuck, on the Connecticut shore where I had grown up on a rolling estate that is now a suburban housing development. I remembered myself bicycling down to South Norwalk, dreaming of my future destiny. I looked at the boats in Kinsale, thought, well, boats and harbors are pretty, after all. Then the girls went horseback riding, and they gave one of the girls an old nag, for some unknown reason, named Kerenski. The horse wouldn't budge. I just looked at them, and then I burst out laughing.

BOOKS

The uncomplaining homosexuals

J. R. Ackerley's *My Father and Myself** is the simplest, most directly personal report of what it is like to be a homosexual that, to my knowledge, has yet been published. This in itself makes it sufficiently noteworthy. But it also appears in the same year as Philip Roth's spectacularly popular *Portnoy's Complaint*, a collocation which, although fortuitous, adds enormously to its interest. I am not suggesting that the two books, or their authors, have much in common. On the contrary. Mr. Roth is American, Ackerley is English. Mr. Roth's book is fiction, a work of the imagination; Ackerley's is half-memoir, half a reconstruction of his father's life. Mr. Roth is a young man, from whom we can expect other books; Ackerley is dead—he was born in 1896 and died in 1967; until this posthumous publication his reputation rested on four books, in particular on two small volumes regarded in his own country as minor classics but little known in America: *Hindoo Holiday*, first published in 1932, a journal of his visit to India as secretary-companion to a Maharajah, and *My Dog Tulip*, published in 1956, a remarkable account of his relations with a beloved Alsatian.

The two books are also located worlds apart: *Portnoy's Complaint* deals with lower middle-class Jewish-American life whereas *My Father and Myself* is about life in the English middle middle class. This makes for very different social idioms. Mr. Roth's protagonist is the son of a hard-working but unsuccessful insurance salesman. Anxious, inept, his spirit the slave of his recalcitrant

bowels, the senior Portnoy is the familiar Jewish father-failure—we made his acquaintance a long time ago in Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing*. It also happens that constipation is a worry in the Ackerley family, but with this coincidence all resemblance between the two households ends. Ackerley's father is neither anxious nor inept nor a failure. By his own efforts he has become a wealthy fruit importer, enough established to send his son to a public school and Cambridge. On the surface he appears to have always led the conventional life of his class: it is only when the son comes to maturity that he discovers that his father was an active homosexual as a young man and, later, so urgent a heterosexual that he was not content to produce a single family, the one into which the writer was born, but simultaneously and secretly fathered a second of equal size. As to the two mothers, the difference is even more striking. Whereas Mrs. Portnoy is one of those Jewish mothers so dear to the mythic imagining of their sons, a woman of wild humors and pulverizing energies, all of them preternaturally concentrated on molding her male offspring to her image of a proper Jewish-American boy and man, Ackerley's mother was once an aspiring actress who steadily retreats into isolated eccentricity; she is off-stage throughout most of her son's story.

But there are books that should be brought together exactly because of the divergence in their approach to a common subject matter. Both Mr. Roth's book and Ackerley's are sexual "confessions." In both, sexual honesty is a first premise: presumably, if we are honest about our sexual selves, we

cannot be false to any man or woman, and we are on the way to saying something useful about the general feeling, perhaps even about the general life of humankind. It turns out, however, that strangely different enterprises can proceed from this premise. Portnoy, full of confidence because of his sexual fate, is tracking down the source of his misadventures. He needs a culprit and he finds it, or them. The "myself" of *Father and Myself* has no confidence against anyone or anything. Innocent of all impulse to place blame for his sexual situation—until the day when he is kicked out of Yiddish, it never occurs to Ackerley to accuse his parents of anything. The boy in Goy. And following the example, neither finally does it occur to us, even though the force of contemporary culture presses us toward it, to question Roth's "position."

And a "position" the author of *Portnoy's Complaint* is indeed in: his book is farce with a vengeance; the burden of Portnoy's fiercely self-revelation is that all his difficulties derive from the guilt imposed on him in his upbringing, the guilt that made Portnoy the obedient and ingenious masturbator that Roth shows him to have been in boyhood, and it is guilt that makes him impotent with all except the girls when he comes to manhood.

Mrs. Trilling's critical essays have appeared in a variety of magazines, among them The Nation, the New York Review, Commentary, and the New Yorker. For several years, Harper's has been one of her writings. Claremont was brought out by Harcourt, Brace & World in 1964, and she has also edited a volume of D. H. Lawrence's letters.

* Coward-McCann, \$5.00.

is amorous misadventures Wasp, his author leads ritual slaughter in Israel. purveyor of this guilt is, Jewish mother, who has injunction and precept, at the point of a knife, mouthful of nourishment on her defenseless child—rather is indictable chiefly of male capitulation to female principle. The clue to his rage at the pass to which he brought lies in the word "Just as we have no choice of our parents, just so, to Mr. Roth, we have no right to receive the guiltiness we ate in us. Portnoy has no ability for being the person he is, simply, inevitably, incorporating inhibiting lessons taught in his early years. How, as the death-dealing instructor, Roth's protagonist has sexual freedom at least with the girls—and it is considered are Gentile readers who pity him—Mr. Roth doesn't explain where, also doesn't explain where, from his training in guilt, he earned the contempt for his behavior which makes the basis of his condemnation of his father. He has brought his complaint to the psychoanalyst's couch, and this is intended to imply that he and his father know the Freudian unconscious hidden from the conscious and beyond its control. But it turns out that nothing is hidden from Portnoy. His father is not only wholly visible, but peculiarly sponge-like, retaining everything in the parental teaching. Portnoy has himself contributed nothing to his life in terms of interpretation or distortion of parental doctrine: parents' victim, he is also creator on all levels of his life—except, of course, the part in which he assesses and projects victimization. We do have immunity to the process of determinism: we have the right to be angry at what has been done to us. In the view of Mr. Roth, guilt is always an alien substance in our composition, introduced by the destruction of our joy and the return of old sorrows. And beauty intervenes so grossly

between us and our full individual humanity, it necessarily incapacitates us in our relations with other people, especially the relation between the sexes. And this is of course why the Jewish condition, so supremely guilt-laden, is now thought to offer literature its best material for describing the whole modern human condition—the alienated Jew is our most cogent instance of alienated modern man. From a view such as this, it is logical that Mr. Roth doesn't permit Portnoy's doctor to speak throughout Portnoy's analytical sessions until the last sentence of the book when he says, "Now we may perhaps to begin." A conclusion like this can be read as a comic gag, compliments of Nichols and May, or, more generously, as preparation for the doctor's assault on Portnoy's self-deceptions. But the story is finished at this point. Since no version of Portnoy's grievance other than his own will be put on the record, it is fair to understand the last words of Mr. Roth's novel as the QED to the book's hypothesis. If guilt is what makes us inhuman and there are no guilts hidden from Portnoy's consciousness; if, too, Jews are so guilty a people, what else is there for Portnoy's physician to say except that for Jews their beginnings lie in their end? By extension we can take Mr. Roth to be telling us that for all of us, Jew or Gentile, social creatures all and the victims of the grotesque idealisms and ambitions imposed upon us from one generation to the next, our beginnings lie in the end of society as it has established itself and its proscriptions, perhaps especially those that masquerade as benevolences.

In other words, Mr. Roth's funny book is the latest offensive in our escalating literary-political war upon society. And intuitively it has been welcomed as such by most of its reviewers—the popular success of a work often depends as much on its latent as on its overt content. In fact, it is not too difficult to trace the connection between *Portnoy's Complaint* and Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death* of a few years ago, the investigation into Freudian theory which made our present culture's most scholarly attack upon civilization as we know it in the Western tradition and as Freud gave it his tragic acceptance. It is a nice irony, however, that while Mr. Brown's book ensues in a call to the Eden of the polymor-

phous perversity of infancy, Mr. Roth's book, after a colorful tour of the perversities, ensues in what is actually a call to Mental Health: "mature" genital heterosexuality-cum-love. No one could have a more hierarchical, more socially sanctified system of sexual values than Portnoy. He knows just what kind of sex is wholesome and life-enhancing and what kind is debasing—there is the moment in his story when he wonders how, with his upbringing, he sank only to the low status of a compulsive masturbator and of someone able to perform only, alas, with Gentile girls and never took the next step downward, that of becoming a homosexual. But Mr. Brown is of course not Jewish and Mr. Roth is. Perhaps the unconscious—the Jewish unconscious, at any rate—is more pertinaciously puritan and more hidden from us than the author of *Portnoy's Complaint* realizes.

This is all a far cry from Ackerley, the farthest possible. Ackerley's book has no such fashionable anti-societal doctrine to impart; in fact, it has no doctrinal intention whatever. Yet it, too, is about sexual deviation, and of the sort which, for Portnoy, represents the lowest rung in the scale of our dehumanization. It is the underlying assumption of *My Father and Myself*, though never argued, that homosexuality is simply one form of sexual expression like another; and it is only if we ask the question, Then why was Ackerley impelled to tell us his story, that we confront the possibility that he was driven to counteract some old torment of personal or social disapprobation. When, as a boy, Ackerley masturbates, no doubt to the accompaniment of homosexual phantasies, or when, as a man, he devotes all his nonworking hours to the pursuit of male sexual partners, he never wonders how he was spared that final degradation, of becoming a heterosexual—he is a witty man but not funny.

There are men who want women, and men who want men: the variation between the two is no more remarkable than the variations among the many ways in which a person exercises this primary sexual choice. Ackerley himself happened to be the kind of homosexual who wanted young, clean, healthy boys as nearly normal—heterosexual, that is—as could be consistent with their re-

sponding to his desires; this requirement, difficult to meet except transitorily, made his life lonely, barren of satisfaction of his affectional nature. But what he is describing is a personal disposition, it doesn't refer to a system of moral and social values. It is not at all of the same order of accommodation to a social norm as is involved, say, in homosexual writers translating their homosexual emotions into the emotions of heterosexual love—Ackerley sought a lasting relationship because he thought it would make him happier and not because it more closely conforms to the heterosexual ideal. Indeed, for Ackerley the social norm is scarcely worth mention. It was never an option for him, therefore it cannot operate as a standard.

Although in his own fashion Ackerley is no less accomplished a craftsman than Philip Roth, his manner is as self-effacing as Mr. Roth's is showy. Of course Ackerley was already an established figure in England when the author of *Portnoy's Complaint* first opened his eyes on our cosmic modern disorder—it was as far back as the mid-Thirties that he joined *The Listener*, the much-respected magazine of the BBC. And in part this age difference could account for his more "classical" style. But surely more important in the formation of Ackerley's modest literary manner is the fact that his father was able to secure for him a social position sufficiently privileged to send him straight from his public school to an officership in the first world war—social advantage is implicit in Ackerley's literary style as in his homosexual style. Where Mr. Roth, child of an indiscriminative mass society, achieves his effects by the broadest possible strokes, the author of *My Father and Myself* can afford to scorn effect. His is the well-heeled presumption of understatement. No matter how redundant and unchaste the activities on which he reports, Ackerley writes the quiet economical prose of his class and nation.

But between 1932, when *Hindoo Holiday* was first published, and the completion of *My Father and Myself*, the English middle middle class had lost its old moorings in inherited privilege. The authority once vested in Ackerley by his superior schooling was no longer to be taken for granted. Ackerley's memoir shows little awareness of these altered social circum-

stances. A comparison of the first edition of *Hindoo Holiday* with the reissue in 1952 discloses several additions to the text after the passage of twenty years; these new sections are all of them explicitly homosexual—in 1932 the kiss between men could not be published, the request that a boy take off his clothes for the pleasure of another man must be deleted. And obviously it was the cultural change dramatized in this new permissiveness that finally made possible the memoir on which Ackerley had apparently been brooding for some time. But the permission to publish explicit sexual statements and descriptions seems to be the only cultural change that bears in upon Ackerley. If there was no boldness of action which was not allowed someone of his class when Ackerley was young, in his older years there is no literary fashion which can seduce him into betraying his ingrained standards of taste. The laws of good taste always demanded that a gentleman speak directly and straightforwardly, without ostentation, without squeamishness or gentility. For Ackerley, contemporary democratic England would seem simply to have caught up to his own privileged rearing.

But more than an aesthetic was prepared by Ackerley's social situation, his sense of personal responsibility as well. When *My Father and Myself* refuses, as it does, the whole idea of personal victimization at the hands of the family, or society—and this is where it most significantly differs from Mr. Roth's sexual investigation—it is in line with England's continuing resistance to the idea of personal determinism of any kind and, in particular, the Freudian determinism. It has been and continues to be the belief of the dominant English literary culture that as individuals we are alone responsible for ourselves. While Ackerley has the old-fashioned distaste of his class for raging at the world, and especially at one's parents, because one's life is unsatisfactory, he has the distaste of even his present-day countrymen for searching out personal causalities. He is thus as representative of England's pre-Freudian literary culture as Mr. Roth is of post-Freudian American literary culture.

In America we now take what we want from Freud and go on from there. For reasons which perhaps have to do with the more structured

character of British society with the persisting desire to regard the organization of their society as if it were given of life, in England rather a point of rest nor of The human malaises which country are so ready to personal determination, working upon the individual the institution of the family which ascribe to personal identity and the mysterious working will—and they have a large of the idiosyncratic. Certainly Ackerley has the largest possibility of his father's refusal to mention Ackerley's mother until the end of this household were quite of the secret division of his offices between two sets of Although Ackerley Senior good and for bad, was no circumstance of British fatherhood view of his son he is accepting quirky, decent mystifier his mother, who gradually moved toward madness along Ackerley's attitude is one remoteness. Her life is he if she needs her privacy he never, makes no claim for more than she was able to give him That it is solely the father and the mother who piqued his natural curiosity, so that he undertakes research into only his past in this memoir with him, no double explanation: it is not only to the greater drama of father's life but also to the fact his father was once a homosexual himself.

The possibility that his homosexuality influenced his work was not explored by Ackerley. He merely gives us the story of his father's young manhood: his moment in the Royal Horse Guards, his connection with various women and means, his introduction into the business which eventually made him rich. He draws no conclusion from the parallel between his early sexual proclivities and his later sexual development. More interesting: although his own sexual experience was absolute, so that he was never tempted to even a momentary mental moment with women, it is no surprise that his father was bisexual even in his earlier years, later centered the whole of his abundant erotic energies on women.

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tolerance of homosexuality
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doctrine. There are of course
psychoanalysts in England
Freud, her father's powerful
s, has her residence in Lon-

don—but the Freudian authority has
always been weaker in England than
here and the teachings of Freud have
never penetrated the general culture
as they have ours. While it may be that
the English Freudians still hold to
the orthodox analytical assumption
that any male (not female) who has
actively engaged in homosexuality is
effectually debarred from making a
successful transfer to the opposite
sex, this opinion has not made itself
felt in England as in America. With-
out formulating any principle that the
move from homosexuality to hetero-
sexuality is feasible, the English sim-
ply act on the belief that it *is* feasible
—with the result that it becomes fea-
sible; at least, England seems to pro-
duce enough examples of an apparent-
ly successful changeover to challenge
the Freudian assumption that the
transfer cannot be made. We have no
way of knowing how satisfactory the
senior Ackerley's "adjustment" to
women was—but we also have no way
of knowing whether he did any worse
than men who have never indulged
their homosexuality. What we do
know from his son's biography is
that, not alone among Englishmen, he
moved from his own to the opposite
sex without—so far as we can see—
any of the guilt which in our own
country would be bound to trail any
man who attempted to leave his homo-
sexuality behind him.

The guiltlessness with which Ack-
erley reports his own homosexuality
is thus a gift to him from a society
whose cruel laws governing homosex-
ual practices—and they were even
crueler before the famous Wolfenden
Report finally made its impress on
the courts—constitute not only a
peculiarly acute breach between cul-
ture and law but also a peculiarly
ugly moral hypocrisy. But it is we
who make this judgment, not Ack-
erley; the author of *My Father and My-
self* no more calls his society to
account than he does himself. Where
the whole pedagogic point of Mr.
Roth's book lies in its insistence that
our personal disorders are a conse-
quence of our disordered civilization,
the pedagogic point—and it is also its
human point—of Ackerley's book lies
in its reminder that imperfect man
makes for an imperfect world. In his
actual conduct, Ackerley, like Port-
noy, is of course a singularly free
man, however conditioned we may
take his sexual preferences to be.
Both men go after what they want

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shops; a hotel in the
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Solution to
**HARPER'S
PUZZLE NO. 12**
(July issue, page 103)



Acrostician
HENRY CABOT LODGE

with some address and even with some degree of license. But unlike Portnoy, Ackerley is not concerned to deny that he has this freedom; nor does he call for a state of unconditioned bliss for all mankind. What his book is saying is that socially unconditioned man, if such a thing were imaginable, would still be man conditioned by his own human disposition, and prone to suffering.

And Ackerley's life was, in fact, hell, such was the particular nature of his sexual needs. As far back as his school days, Ackerley was aware that it was boys, not girls, who excited him; but for some reason he was unable to avail himself of the sexual opportunities that were being offered him—this was probably an early announcement of the inhibition which in later life reappeared in the form of various disturbances to his full sexual enjoyment. Even as an officer in the first world war, he was sexually inactive; his induction into sex would seem to have waited until his Cambridge years and even then, instead of finding his partners in his own class, he had recourse to a London house of male prostitution. This choice of lovers outside his own social world was to be his continuing necessity—in India, it was the Maharajah's own boys, his young servant-attendants, who attracted Ackerley; back in England again, it was among soldiers, sailors, the working class that he sought his partners. All his life he was in search of the Ideal Friend, the beautiful clean young boy on whom he could lavish his devotion, the innocent—as he thinks of it—partner of his dreams. He never found him. The search was a nightly compulsion, driving him into the London streets and bars, but he never satisfied the longing for a lasting relation, the longing to give love, requited in loyalty, affection, most of all in dependence, until at the age of fifty he got his dog Tulip and the quest ended. The indignities and dangers to which he so regularly submitted were undoubtedly as much a necessity in his life as the sating of his sexual desire. This hardly alters the fact of his frustration and suffering.

It was more than helpful that he had money: Ackerley paid for the services rendered him. He records, as I recall, no instance in which his lover was as financially independent as himself—indeed, this too was apparently a requirement as important as the need for abasement, that the partner be

someone in want of money. He played the paternal benefactor to his young men much as his own father played the benefactor to him; much, as well, as his father's wealthy male friends had been *his* benefactors. Aware as he was of his good looks, this was not what he used in trade. Often his partners were bisexual, even married; once he was told that the money he paid for a boy's services was to be used to underwrite the boy's wedding. But the closer he got to "normal" sexuality, the better of course he liked the partnership—which is why he particularly favored the Guardsmen, members of his father's old regiment. Young, handsomely uniformed, manly, always short of cash, *and* the company in which his father had deployed his homosexual resources, the Royal Horse Guard offered an attractive prospect. We can suppose that, all unconsciously, he was always looking to go to bed with his own father as a young man.

The fact that Ackerley Senior had by his own wits and charm been able to make the social leap from being among those who are used to having a son among those who do the using makes its own success story, of a specifically English variety—the author of *My Father and Myself* had much to appreciate in this self-made father who put him in the buying class. Still, his not-so-distant social origins may have colored his activities as a homosexual. Although literature and other social records provide us with some general notion of the sexual habits of the British working classes, it is only now, with books like Ackerley's, that we can begin to learn the character of their private sexual behavior: the restrictiveness that went along with, perhaps still goes along with, their seeming laxity. Ackerley gives us a forthright report of his actual sexual practices with these lower-class men he went to so much trouble and expense to bring to his bed. In the main, the activity was limited to mutual masturbation, and this was not only because of his own disinclination for anal or oral intercourse but because of the almost universal reluctance of his partners to vary their exercise from this, the most permitted one, the one that can be thought least to commit a boy to the final homosexual choice, certainly the one that least outrages a conventional sense of the sexual decencies. On the single occa-

sion, for example, when thought he had at last found with whom he might establish permanent relationship, the young man with whom he had set up in Portsmouth disappeared from the scene. Ackerley had persuaded him to do so; and we have the feeling that the sailor's disgust was met with considerable sympathy on the part of his mentor, himself released to "pursue his university" only by his love for the sailor. We have not yet the evidence to conclude that Ackerley's inhibitions or those of his partner have their root in working-class experience, but it is clear enough that neither his own sexual freedom but that of his companions was streaked with prudish prudishism. And surely it throws light on the relation between reality and sexual morality to discover, as we do from Ackerley, that a class which can accommodate itself to male prostitution and to the earning of a bit of extra money can draw the line this firmly and not that one.

Yet even when Ackerley on his rare excursions into actua-ally forbidden him, it is not that he points to as a deterring or personal preference. Indeed, it is not mentioned in this auto until its Appendix, where Ackerley at last deserts objective and to comment, briefly, on the physical difficulties that attend lovemaking—it seems he was liable to premature ejaculations that in middle life he became impotent, which was when he had dog Tulip. Tulip was an bitch and Ackerley loved her with a deep and lasting passion he managed with his human lovers. When he got Tulip he never sought a human. We leave it to the psychoanalysts to tell us why it was Tulip rather than a male animal commanded Ackerley to this devotion, why, other than because of his dependence on her master, he was able to elicit and sustain a total response. Ackerley never directed his love to any person. Ackerley was himself psychoanalyzed; in his Appendix expresses regret for the fact that his knowledge of the psychoanalytic therapy for guilt came to him too late for him to avail himself of it. The guilt he speaks of is not that of being a homosexual; he has been cured of that. What he is referring to is his perception that it

that caused his insufficient skill in lovemaking and his impotence: of this he would need to be cured. The distinction is one as being clinically may very well be that psychics, accepting his homosexuality, would have rid Ackerley of the access to his sexual pleasure. It is a useful distinction to apply in the case of Portnoy: had Portnoy accused himself for the less than totally rational person of his imagination demanded that society be so rational that all its children would also

be perfect, probably his psychoanalyst would have spoken sooner and to plainer purpose.

The question is, then, which of these two sexual "confessions," so radically different from each other, is closer to the truth of our human condition: Mr. Roth's, which blames society for the fate we suffer as human individuals and, legitimately or not, invokes Freud on the side of his own grimly deterministic view of life, or Ackerley's, which, in returning us to the working hypothesis of free will, suggests that society is no more than

the context, the ambience, of personal misfortune. No doubt the answer is, neither: each aspires to truth, both are undertakings in honesty, neither finally attains to more than frankness. But on behalf of Ackerley's old-fashioned nondeterministic view of life, it should at least be said that it proposes, as Mr. Roth's more modern view does not, the not inconsiderable virtues of courage, kindness, responsibility. Curiously, Ackerley's homosexual memoir is the more masculine—if that word still has meaning—of the two books. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Immortalist, by Alan Harrington. Simon & Schuster, \$5.95.

As very simple as Alan Harrington sees it: man is basically an animal, his every thought, action, belief conditioned by his desire to avoid death. Whatever he is blocked in the way of religion, science, and social systems (even if they seem to welcome the end) is his unacknowledged, unexpressed hope of propitiating God (or at least in the wild hope that the gods may be spared mortality's fate). What we don't seem to realize, Harrington is, that science has in the years brought us very close to the truth of death. In the advanced life-span has been radically extended and we are only beginning to perceive what organisms may do for us, while the possibility of discovering the genetic mechanism (which implies the possibility of reversing the process) is a more, even more exciting, area of experimentation. Meantime, there are foolish yet tempting notions of bringing the dead while they are cures for what ailed them, and how we can raise them up and live again.

It is a sound kind of crazy and Harrington admits none of this to do us much good. Still, for the sake of our children's children? He suggests a crash program to make immortality a reality. In doing so, we will incidentally create a Utopia, since in his view everything from war to modern life can be blamed on our fear of

death and the desperate, irrational expedients we have adopted for avoiding it. By getting cracking on this he implies that we will at least insure the gratitude of our posterity and thus a piece of immortality in the minds of men who, deathless, will literally be as gods.

Well, of course, we won't manage all this. Still, we must recognize *The Immortalist* for what it is, a serious, visionary book by a desperately earnest man. And unlike most modern commentators, Harrington does offer a program for action that, however crackpot it seems at first glance, at least matches the magnitude of the problems he has raised. He has gone way, way out, but then, so has the world in which we live. Since we are presently committed to some serious tinkering with that world we ought at least to consider tinkering at the level he suggests. Indeed, as he makes clear, a lot of scientists are already doing so—and you know what happens when those guys get going. Boom, boom, boom and all that messy guilt afterward. —R. S.

Marshal Zhukov's Greatest Battles, by Georgi K. Zhukov. Translated by Theodore Shabad. Edited by Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

Not being addicted to the literary output of generals (my license to this neglect was issued by no less an authority than Tolstoy) I came to this reading of Marshal Zhukov's tales of triumph hoping for little more than a tidbit or two about Stalin. I was mostly right. Harrison Salisbury's explanatory comments are far and away the most interesting stuff in the book. I have trouble imagining what

the nonprofessional buffs see in this sort of thing. I think they must be amateur snoops, so the zing comes from an occasional low murmur followed by knowing mumble, "That's NOT the way Rokossovsky tells it!"

Perhaps three-quarters of the book consists of this sort of thing:

This advance was to be protected on the southwest and west by an outer front formed by First Guards Army under General Leyushenko and later by the Fifth Tank Army under Lieutenant General P. L. Romanenko. These forces, driving toward the west, southwest and south, by the third day of the operation were supposed to reach a line running through Veshenskaya, Bokovskaya and along the Chir River to Oblivskaya.

The foregoing was part of the battle plan for the great counteroffensive at Stalingrad that resulted in the encirclement of von Paulus's army. "Total enemy losses in the entire region of the Don, the Volga and Stalingrad amounted to 1.5 million men," Zhukov says (he never details Russian losses). Here was the Nazi crest.

The pattern of his writing as to each of the four major battles—Moscow, Stalingrad, Kursk (unknown in the West, the greatest of all), and Berlin—is to state the pre-battle situation, the negotiations with Stalin for the battle plan, the plan itself (most lovingly rendered), the course of the engagement, reading his own honor role of units, and a general summary of the significance of the outcome. It is nearly unrelievedly stone-faced and official. I doubt if there are more than a dozen personal references in

the entire book: hardly a word about how he actually felt about anything.

Salisbury is fairly certain that Zhukov is or will finally emerge as the paramount military leader of the second world war. I would imagine so: his preeminence on the Russian side of it is not arguable (except by Khrushchev, who dismissed Zhukov in gratitude for the Marshal's saving his regime and probably his life, and then of course started rewriting history). And more was going on in the Battle of Russia than in any other theater of the great war. It was there that the Wehrmacht was first halted—and then destroyed as the greatest military machine the world had ever seen. Moreover, the Russian army that defeated it was created in the course of the holocaust. All honor due. Once the Nazis convinced the Russian people to forgo the pleasure of Stalin's downfall, the Russians turned around, created an overwhelming mass armed force, and, in a sea of blood, again swam to shore. Zhukov led them. All honor due. —D.B.

America at Random, edited by Herbert Mitgang. Coward-McCann, \$6.95.

A somewhat dispiriting collection of very brief essays on a variety of subjects by diverse hands culled from the *New York Times*' "Topics of the Times" columns. Here and there a memorable note is struck—in the section on New York in particular—but for the most part, anthologizing these ephemera seems to have been a mistake. The more ambitious politics-and-the-world-situation ones seem drastically perfunctory; the more casual remarks-on-the-passing-scene ones tend toward a consensus of tone—moderate, quizzical, benign—which was a welcome diversion in the morning paper but tends when read in the aggregate to become mildly stupefying. Herbert Mitgang contributes a preface detailing the editorial history of the "Topics of the Times" and invoking—somewhat rashly perhaps—the name of Montaigne. —M. M.

Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges, by Richard Burgin. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.95.

The tape-recorded, edited transcript of a series of talks between the eminent Argentinian writer and a young student of literature at Brandeis. As an interviewer, Mr. Burgin

is perhaps a shade too ardent—so intent on his quarry that he seems on occasion to be hounding him—but he is also intelligent, impressively familiar with the Borges canon, and apparently able to set the shy and somewhat shrinking writer at his ease. The result is a delightful compendium of Borges' views on a variety of subjects—art, blindness, memory, insomnia, his own work, movies, South American literary gossip—and a fascinating, engaging portrait of the man. Curiously, the final effect is to make Borges' profoundly mysterious work seem more—not less—mysterious. —M. M.

The Big Little Man from Brooklyn, by St. Clair McKelway. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95.

A collection of five pieces by *The New Yorker*'s master chronicler of human waywardness. The title piece is an enthralling account of an impostor—one Stanley Clifford Weyman (born Stanley Jacob Weinberg) of Brooklyn—who successfully impersonated, over a period of about thirty years, an assortment of high-ranking naval officers, a number of doctors, several consuls-general, a few lawyers, a delegate to a Peruvian sanitation commission, a U.N. expert on Balkan and Asian affairs, an adviser to Princess Fatima of Afghanistan, the State Department Naval Liaison Officer (a post which did not exist), and—in perhaps the high point of his career—a member of the New York State lunacy commission. Several of these impersonations brought about a good deal of confusion in high places which McKelway—a moralist to his bones beneath the silken cloak of the raconteur—details in every wrinkle. Three chilling little vignettes from the police blotter and an all-too-brief sketch of the gentleman-burglar Willie Sutton complete the collection. They are slighter, but similarly didactic in their exposure of fatuousness and folly among the solid citizenry, and wit among the disinherited. —M. M.

Fiction

The Olympian, by Brian Glanville. Coward-McCann, \$5.95.

Sport is, of course, a ready-made existential metaphor—people submit-

ting to dehumanizing discipline; they strive for transitory, far less prizes, that sort of thing. I have often wondered why people (excepting the custodians—Lardner, Hemingway, Harris) so strenuously Snobbery undoubtedly plays something as popular as a difficult to take seriously for an ern writer, and even more have taken seriously by 1. Then there's the myth of t as inevitable moron; many regard him as incapable of t moral and intellectual rat we expect of the central fig serious fiction.

Thus one could admire Br ville's effort at a literate study of an international athlete, if, in the last analysis, the self did not quite come off. *The Olympian* does come off— suspenseful, carefully controlled work that penetrates center of the athletic enigma is this: you ask a quite ordinary personality who has, by chance, endowed with some extraordinary physical capacity (in the case of Mr. Glanville's protagonist, a gift for running the mile, a metric equivalent, the 1.5-mile race) and ask him to develop, obviously, painfully, at the expense of life's ordinary amenities, absolutely freakish levels. In reality, which nothing can be promised, only some small hopes encourage publicity, trophies, some line in a record book, an Olympic medal at the very most.

The bargain is scarcely and every four years, as I've athletes line up for the start of Olympic event or other t scary thought always strikes: four years of effort, four these lives will be judged successful failures by what happens in a few seconds or, at most, minutes is absurd (maybe even insane) very grand. And Mr. Glanville you see and feel how a rather man can slowly, without even realizing what is happening, be drawn to this mad moment his spirit is corrupted by it his flesh is purified in preparation. Using a mosaic technique, Ike's story through his own well as the way it appears to a fellow runner, and the more illuminates one of the many s

ds of international sport, the hypocritical amateur incidentally, creates a gal- aracters who catch firmly hind—especially Ike's dis- id coach, a technician-true f a type grown excessively r every field of endeavor in

Ike Low six or seven years piads) to discover he is a Mr. Glanville makes them orking his metaphor easily, tly, but with great cumula- he makes you realize that till life in the realistic fic- ode—when an intelligent ties it up in serious pursuit eously unexamined subject.

—R. S.

Andromeda Strain, by Michael Knopf, \$5.95.

Andromeda Strain is the re- absurdum of that much sub-literary genre, the non- vel. While I do not like this much, I must confess to at Michael Crichton, newly Harvard, deserves a great credit—if for nothing more willingness on the first try e outer limits of the logic of s. Eschewing the dramati- er subjects of such writers Wallace, Fletcher Knebel, t Serling—the Nobel Prize ife, a military cabal, or the workings of the Presidential he has attempted no less ctional construction of the rst biological crisis.

h careful to point out to us, crises—the German experi- atomic bombs, the Russian of Sputnik—are increas- miliar to us. Moreover, it is suppose that the next such il occur in the most rapidly g scientific discipline, biol- ally, he is clever enough to at we laymen know even less at subject than we do about r rocketry and that we will, s, snap up (as we did *The Helix*) anything that looks venient, readable trot on it. has imagined a space shot urns from outer space con- d by a deadly bacterium which man has no natural y and which could, if not neu- or destroyed, wipe out the e imagines further a really

wild research facility set up on a stand-by basis, ready for instant mobilization to deal with just such a crisis. And he gives us an indecipher- able blend of true, half-true, and im- aginary theories about the nature of the invading organism and the strat- egies for dealing with it that is fasci- nating, believable, and seemingly in- formative—though the problem of what, precisely, to believe does nag at one. Finally, he has found an interest- ing form for his work, casting it as a journalistic-historical work written a few years after the Andromeda crisis has passed. There are acknowl- edgments of fictional informants, a made-up bibliography, computer print-outs, and exact typographic re- productions of what purport to be government documents.

Indeed, he has spared no effort in his attempt to make us believe *The Andromeda Strain* could happen here. Except one—the creation of people. Granted the ability of the nonfiction novelist to characterize is not his great strength. Were it, he would not, perhaps, become a hyphenated novel- ist. But the lack of interest in this matter is, in Mr. Crichton's case, amazing. Perhaps so much creative energy went into imagining his basic situation that none was left for people. Perhaps he is trying to tell us that high-level scientific technicians, obsessed with their work, are, in fact, inhumanly traitless. Still, one would have liked some human quirks to get hold of, if only to help keep the names straight. By the end of the book I would have settled for a few of Irving Wallace's walking clichés, even a few physical descriptions. Just for fun. Or as an acknowledgment of literary tradition and the expectations we still bring to a work that must still be called, for want of the better term that is surely coming, a novel.

—R. S.

You Must Know Everything: Stories 1915-1937, by Isaac Babel. Trans- lated by Max Hayward. Edited by Nathalie Babel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95.

Isaac Emmanuelovich was from Odessa—a member of the "South Russian" school of writers caught be- tween the before-and-after worlds of the October Revolution. (In "Odes- sa," included in the collection, Babel says "Half the population consists of Jews.") Under examination by the

Union of Soviet Writers in Septem- ber 1937—an "interview" not pub- lished until well after the Thaw in April 1964—Isaac Babel is asked his opinion of Yuri Olesha, another mem- ber of the Odessa school: "You keep asking questions which apply to me as well, and about people extremely close to me. . . I have a very high opinion of Yuri Olesha. I regard him as one of the most talented and origi- nal of Soviet writers. Will he go on writing? There is nothing else he can do. If he goes on living, he will go on writing." (Babel as a young man said the Odessans were to follow Gogol's early lead and establish the "Sun" as a subject in the literature of their country. As a candle to this new Sun, Isaac Babel followed Maupassant. But the Sun never rose.) According to Lev Nikulin, in a reminiscent tribute to Babel a few years ago (one of several included in this volume): "He liked to talk with Olesha. The only thing that bothered him was that during conversation at the table Yuri Karlo- vich would reach for the bottle rather often. Babel would say with a sigh: 'Don't overdo it, Yuri . . . I'll soon have no one to talk with.'"

This collection of fragments, edited by the daughter of his first family (now living in New York), is the latest Western phase of the continu- ing process of rehabilitating his work and his reputation. (I wonder how active his daughter of the second family—established after he left Paris for Russia, finally—may be on the Eastern side of the rehabilita- tion?) There are twenty-four pieces in this collection—stories, reportage, diary notes, the first section of a pro- posed novel, etc. (In some instances, his daughter's introductory note is near to the size of the piece itself.) But the title story—his grandmother when he was a boy—and the novel fragment ("The Jewess")—his mother when he was a young man—are gems. The theme is the same: the stark brutality of female age. But the fine eye of Isaac Babel, the lyrical, direct magic, appears often enough, here and there—in a sentence, a para- graph—throughout this miscellany. The full body of his carefully hoarded, infinitely rewritten manuscripts was (his daughter suggests) probably burned along with the other contents of the secret police files as the Nazis approached Moscow in 1941. Babel himself had been arrested two years earlier.

—D. B.

PERFORMING ARTS

Television reviewing

The old fear of Gould and the new criticism of Arlen

In the beginning, the networks created television in their own image. And Marshall McLuhan saw that it was good. The people did not know the difference. The critics who did know were aghast but fecklessly covered their eyes and typewriters. Gilbert Seldes eased into semi-retirement. Marya Mannes turned to reviewing movies for *McCall's*. Paul Goodman abdicated after only six months as TV critic on *The New Republic*. John Crosby not only begged off the beat but soon fled the country, explaining, "I can't look at that box anymore, or I'll go crazy." In the absence of informed criticism, the programming executives at the networks and local stations were accountable to no one but their own stockholders.

Finally, in 1966, a new critic with an ambitious new criticism emerged in *The New Yorker*. He was Michael Arlen, the son of the author of *The Green Hat*. Arlen felt that "nobody yet had figured out a way to criticize television." The reviewers of the day immersed themselves in what Arlen considered "the least interesting thing—programming." To him, it was "willfully naive to say that television is merely content. Television has a transforming effect on events. And it has a transforming effect on the people who watch the transformed events." Lastly, he believed that "while TV does something to us, we in turn create TV."

He ruled out any *outcar* concept in TV reviewing. How can one attribute parenthood to a program when the credits roll on endlessly at its completion and when the people at large through their proxies, the 1,200 families of the Nielsen ratings sample, have the ultimate decision-making authority? So Arlen settled on a mirror

theory of reviewing. Television is a reflection of the society, and Arlen thus concluded that "television criticism must be a criticism of the whole society."

For two years (or until he took a sabbatical from his TV set last fall) Arlen attempted to do just that: "To say what is going on in America through TV." The tapes of the programming that stimulated his observations are now erased or stowed away in some sooty New York warehouse. Arlen's thirty-six pieces have, more usefully, been collected and republished by the Viking Press in a recent book, *Living Room War*. They are occasionally self-indulgent and precious (many, he confesses, are first drafts), but they always bristle with impassioned and wise commentary on the state of everything from American architecture to baseball and, not least, of our collective soul.

The articles generally are impressionistic essays, though, at times, they turn into sort of nonfiction short stories in *The New Yorker* genre in an attempt to evoke, say, the experience of entertaining children on a Manhattan Sunday in the age of television. The pronoun is first person; the tone is chatty. "Come off it NBC!" Arlen snaps when he catches the network playing patsy for the Administration. The title of an ABC drama, *Dare I Weep, Dare I Mourn*, is followed by a carping aside, "I thought everybody had agreed to stop using titles like that." He perhaps too often invokes and then demolishes the views of his own social set, "one's intellec-

tual-stockbroker friends who spend their evenings drinking beer and reading aloud the messages in *Ramparts* to their wives. But the device can be stunningly effective, as when he interrupts a piece on the nation's reaction to the Martin Luther King assassination in order to observe, "We will be out for dinner three weekends in a row to discuss summer rentals on the yard."

As the title of the collection indicates, Arlen's obsessive concern is with what all the critics were calling "the first television war." Taking the commonplaces about the transmitting battle scenes in American living rooms made Vietnam "real," Arlen suggested that television had "diminished the war, made less 'real'—diminished it by the physical size of the television screen, which shows one a man three inches tall shooting another man three inches tall, and then, or at least tamed, by the cozy alarums of the house." Arlen, convinced that the war had brought society close to a national breakdown, it seemed obscene to many TV correspondents to report the war straight or as if it were a sort of John Wayne movie. "To report a war without irony," he wrote, "is like trying to keep sex out of a discussion of the relations between men and women." Thus, CBS' *Safer*, who dared to express a personal view, was, to Arlen, the most essential and penetrating commentator on the war. (Arlen traveled to Vietnam and produced a disturbing critique of the war era by the American public in broadcast and print.) Arlen wrote the whole piece just to make

Mr. Burgheim, an associate editor of Time, has been writing on television and show business for that magazine since 1960.

once reported a skirmish two or three men killed, extraordinary," notes Arlen, while he was still winded, and shaken. This sequence for Arlen "the first individual human voice as heard on television for days... Across the length of television, one almost as a living, breathing, real, individual human voice." eered.

on reportage, television it-mention the whole texture an life have become, to a word he perhaps over-echanical." The insistent *Living-Room War* is "that y of man was a nice thing ted but that we are now all ng on the road to a life of organization and technique al technology and educa-nnology and sexual tech- all the rest of the morbid alia of modern life that it few exertions of nothing than a kind of anarchism to even postpone the desert e."

lso delivers a few obiter ecific TV shows. In passing, or instance, that he enjoyed nd *Mission: Impossible* in harebrained way" and that *Captain Kangaroo* "vapid less." But playing such a l critical role did not strike ote another of his favorite a very "sexy" occupation. etorically in the preface to *om War*, "What is one go- about *Petticoat Junction* beyond making a few arch, little cultural leaps into the en jumping on its stomach? s to spend his time jumping at *Junction*?" Similarly, he as no desire "to hammer throats of the people in Ohio, what they ought to n't want to tell people to re or less culture. I don't do the snippy, snappy old sby thing."

ir enough. *The New Yorker* on a loftier critical quest. ew criticism of Arlen does sed the need for the old. ty still requires reviewers self-respecting newspaper ve at least one—to do that y thing. Someone does have and with both feet, on the



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Petticoat Junctions. Someone has to deplore the rubbish now on the air and, in Crosby's own words, "to stimulate a demand for what isn't."

This function is indispensable for two reasons. In the first place, the people do need guidance, program by program. The TV set burns 5 hours and 46 minutes a day in the average American home. Our children, if one believes the statisticians, graduate from high school having spent 15,000 hours in the classroom, 18,000 hours watching television. As the late classicist Moses Hadas pointed out, "The audience of a televised play of Sophocles or Shakespeare or Shaw is greater than the aggregate of all its previous audiences; microscopic deviations, upward or downward, are multiplied a millionfold, and the effect on the total direction of quality and taste is therefore substantial." He thus postulated what might be called Hadas' Law: "The larger and more indiscriminate the audience, the greater the need to safeguard and purify standards of quality and taste."

And then, secondly, critics are needed to bring their judgment to bear at the source of the *Petticoat Junctions* and pop classics—the producers and network decision-makers whose lives, like those of their shows, are measured out in thirteen-week options. Years of fear have weakened any artistic discernment they might have had. Then, too, the network executives are crippled by a kind of angina praecox, reoccurring biweekly not because Michael Arlen used to appear at such intervals (as he did) but because that is the publication schedule of the Nielsen Television Index. No other chronicler of TV has matched the impact of A. C. Nielsen and his numbers. And among the reviewers, as a matter of sad fact, Arlen never caused many palpitations in network executive suites. John Crosby in his day did exercise a degree of power. For example, it is reported that one Crosby column about the insipidity of CBS programming led Board Chairman William Paley to cancel a European vacation.

Today, there is only one critic who has this kind of power. He is Jack Gould, who has covered broadcasting for the *New York Times* since 1942 or 1943 (he is not sure which) and is syndicated in more than two hundred other papers. If there were a David

Merrick among all the gray-flannel minds and mouths of the networks, he would point out that Gould, at fifty-five, needs vocational guidance. He is a sharp reporter but a menace as a reviewer. As early as 1959, the Fund for the Republic commissioned (but never published) a study on television criticism in America. Fully sixteen of its 160 pages were expended proving that Gould was both the "most powerful" and "the poorest" of the major reviewers in the nation. He was, the report summed up, "short on aesthetic and long on morals."

But the fear of Gould is still in the industry. He managed almost single-handedly to unman the Public Broadcast Laboratory. From the morning Gould wrote that "PBL's maiden effort surrendered to the blight of awkward confusion and dullness," the lab's more insecure operatives and the Ford Foundation which subsidized it spun into a swivet of panic from which they never recovered. Arlen later publicly disputed the *Times* verdict, calling PBL "the most consistently interesting and substantial public-affairs program right now in American broadcasting," but neither Arlen's rebuttal nor that of *The New Republic* and the *Washington Post* among others outweighed Gould.

In cynical recognition of the power of the *Times*, CBS in 1967 launched its *Playhouse* series with a script purposely picked to win Gould's favor. It was a melodramatic and superficially relevant work about a Negro sergeant in Vietnam called *The Final War of Olly Winter*. Gould leapt dutifully right through the hoop, declaring it "the most moving original television play of the season, in all ways an occasion." Harshly, if more accurately, Arlen characterized the drama as "a ninety-minute uninterrupted cliché . . . the most asinine and inept piece of cockamamie that I'd seen all year." A poignant example from the current season was another *CBS Playhouse* production titled *The People Next Door*, an after-hours soap opera about the alienation between generations. Gould, gulled by the play's sensationalism and spuriously hip language, proclaimed that television was no longer "hung up on trivia" but had "socked the facts of life to its audience." He did, however, feel compelled to chasten the playwright for employing a "locker-room variation on the description of a

woman chaser and an blunt close-up of one man's earthy sexuality." (Some called a "tail chaser," a patted a woman's bottom.)

Unfortunately, the major nation's television review even less discriminating than they swoon for what the ballyhoo as "significance" vance." The networks' cunctiousness, particularly the original dramas a year, has a veritable festival of kitsch critics turned almost automatic Pavlovian predictability a reviews that has given a to the networks' executive dents in charge of image. have to do is commission a new drama, and scores of in unison describe it as Unless, of course, the play the race issue—in which be found "searing" or "sh Performances are, reflexly, ful." But I must concede working vocabulary of the a critic has practically doubt past year. Popular entertainment failingly these days are sa their thing." So do the doc producers; only for them, is described as "telling it like the other hand, perhaps th itors are better advised no for metaphors. One of the m syndicated, for example, a sportswriter who not long a the television return of o vintage dramatists, with tl "One thing about Rod Serlin as wright, he hasn't lost his fa

One accepts the fact that age newspaperman recruits city or sports beat to the desk will not write like Edn son (and may not even have him). One realizes that th newspaper will not be able t ford, or keep at any price a v Michael Arlen. But, at the s the press—not to mention t —cannot afford the sort of uninformed, unreadable co now accords television. Mo newspapers' TV reportag amounts to little more than press releases, minutiae of g fawning profiles of the st embarrassing of all is per question-and-answer driv

and Amory used to lend his in the Sunday supplement. Asked by Reader "J. C." ago, "Is it really true that is photographed through TV and movies?", Amory's sponded, "It is true that s filmed through a diffusion h softens the lines in her it is also true that she is y youthful looking. She at- is, incidentally, to cheerful, inking."

le a handful of worthy prac- To cite a few, I personally ire Milton Bass of Mas- 'Berkshire Eagle, Rick Du he United Press Interna- an Gysel of the Chicago s, Lawrence Laurent of the on Post, Terrence O'Fla- le San Francisco Chronicle, anie Harrington of Man- 'illage Voice. (For critical as well as for reportorial in- the broadcast business, the er Variety is the most reli- eadable of all, though the eds practice to master its y beautiful prose.) Those ve understanding enough k down to their readers. ze that the audience willing d down to the tele- anyway.

criticism springs from a affection for an art or from est that love be debased. It ce love that Shaw felt for Agee for film. Television, s itself not one of the arts e transmitter of them. How ve a 19-inch Motorola or a rice president? How many ou force yourself to watch the requisite number of he TV reviewer, further- not revel in the power en- his colleagues in the other lumns of the newspaper. He ie Gleason once said, "a man ts traffic accidents to eye- " or, upon occasion, the g programs his readers

ately, CBS-TV has insti- ew policy of screening spe- vance. If the other networks ctimidated into ending years dice and permitting pre- , then the TV critic, too, will advise his audience on what ey may not be able to set the taste, but, like Michael Ar- will be reviewing it. ☐



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Singing beautifully

Operas from Cavalli and Mascagni and new recordings of Melba, Schumann-Heink, and Homer are reminders of the glories of the past.

Opera started in Venice around the turn of the seventeenth century, and soon after was a thriving industry. But the operas of only one composer of the period have achieved any modern currency. Those, of course, would be the operas of Claudio Monteverdi. Second to him in fame was Francesco Cavalli (1602-76), but until recently he was merely a name in the history books. Not long ago, however, Cavalli's *L'Ormindo* was staged in Glyndebourne. Then it had a few performances in the United States, including one at the Juilliard School of Music. Now it has been recorded.

The work had to be edited, just as the operas of Monteverdi have been edited. Venetian composers of the early 1600s used instruments that are now obsolete; and, of course, there were all kinds of musical conventions associated with their work that have either been forgotten or are studied only by a few musicologists who specialize in performance practice. Raymond Leppard, who also conducts the London Philharmonic in this recording (Argo ZNF 8-10, 3 discs), has made the modern adaptation. Some experts are up in arms about Leppard's edition. Let him and them fight it out. Most listeners will find *L'Ormindo* extremely attractive, in its archaic manner, sweetness, and occasional intensity. To some it may open up a new area of opera.

The plot of this 1644 opera has moments that are curiously sophisticated. Nominally it deals with kings and queens in a near-mythological setting, as did most operas before Mozart. Actually the assorted royalty of *L'Ormindo* comes right out of the Venetian court, and there are some funny moments that anticipate the farcical stage business in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. Two courtiers are in love with a queen, who is married to an old man. Each imagines himself to be her true love. They test her and discover to their horror, that she

wants both of them. One of the courtiers has run away from an old girl friend. She turns up, disguised as a fortune-teller. From there, things move fast, and the opera ends happily, with the old king serving as a *deus ex machina*.

Without going into matters of authenticity, it can be stated that Leppard's adaptation is tasteful, that he has selected a fine cast, and that the music is often of extreme beauty. Most of the singers—John Wakefield, Peter-Christopher Runge, Isabel Garcisanz, Federico Davia and Hanno van Bork, among others (the veteran Hugues Cuenod also has an important role)—will be unknown to American listeners, as they were to this one, but they are clearly well-trained and go about their business in a thoroughly professional manner. The recorded sound is unusually detailed. Stereo separation is complete, and singers pop from one speaker to the other.

Jumping ahead a few centuries, there is Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*, in its first modern recording. Mascagni composed many operas, but only *Cavalleria Rusticana* has held the international stage, and it has been many years since *L'Amico Fritz* turned up in a major American or German opera house. One of the troubles is its plot. Nothing happens. Where *Cavalleria Rusticana* of 1890 is all blood and thunder, *L'Amico Fritz* of 1891 is a pastoral. The outspoken bachelor, Fritz, is manipulated by the rabbi David so that he falls in love with Suzel. That is all. To pad out the opera, Mascagni had to insert interpolated numbers. At that, it is a very short opera.

But it does have the *Cherry Duet*, one of the absolutely beautiful pieces in all Italian opera; and it has Suzel's *Noi siamo figlie*, with its very Puccinian kind of melody, and there is a sustained lyricism throughout all of *L'Amico Fritz* that makes it something very special. It also has one very funny moment—unconsciously funny. Rabbi David makes Suzel relate the story of Rebecca, and underneath the narrative Mascagni has

composed good Catholic Communion. What's a nice Jew doing in a place like that? *Fritz* also has an Intermezzo on a par with the more famous mezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Two of the best Italian singers this day, Mirella Freni and Luciano Pavarotti, sing the leading parts in this recording, and the fine soprano, Vincenzo Sardiniero, the part of David. Laura D'Amico, a bardella is the other principal, and Giandrea Gavazzeni conducts the orchestra and chorus of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden (Argo ZNF 2 discs). Freni and Pavarotti sing beautifully, but are all but ruined by the conductor. His tempi are slow, his rhythm flabby, his conception one of unflagging solemnity. By the way, I say that he sings beautifully, and she sings her diction is a scandal. Her enunciation of vowels is as sloppy as mouthed as Joan Sutherland's.

Anyway, it's nice to hear *L'Amico Fritz* again, and perhaps that it might prompt interest in opera from managerial quarters. libretto and all, there is just a pretty music in *L'Amico Fritz* to lie completely neglected.

Talking about Mascagni leads to a discussion of the singers of Italian opera. To break tradition, I can recommend Everest Records is in the process of releasing some of the Scala recordings. The current batch consists of three discs, each with one of the fabled singers of the past. Melba can be heard on Everest's Ernestine Schumann-Heink of 1874, and Louise Homer on the Melba, who was the first to sing that she had the most beautiful voice of the century, sings some of her songs—*Ah, fors è lui, Vissi d'arte* (from Handel's *Il Pastor Fido*) and Tosti's *Serenade*. She sings in her clear, silver manner, and she probably was the most perfect musician of her day. Not the

st artistic, not the most
 but no singer of her time
 her command.
 as a much finer artist, as
 work in familiar arias
 it, *Trovatore*, *Butterfly*,
Aida, and *Samson et*
 used her magnificent con-
 a very modern manner,
 at she took none of Melba's
 with the printed note or the
 a technician she was in
 of every problem that came
 sten to the snapping little
ride la vampa. As far as
 sten to Schumann-Heink's
Brindisi from *Lucrezia*
 onizetti), which has to be
 all-time fabulous perform-
 the history of singing on
 that great, booming voice
 more imposing instrument
 er's, beautiful as the lat-
 soars easily into the so-
 e and then, without a shift
 tops down in what seems a
 e fall (it isn't, of course,
 the effect it gives), hitting
 te dead center. No living
 uld do this. Schumann-
 contemporaries would have
 her *Brindisi* but would not
 ight it *that* remarkable. All
 ose days were taught sound
 as a matter of course.
 ys we have opera managers
 vested interests running
 d assuring us that singing
 gh a state as it ever was.
 dding whom? If Birgit
 asn't around, there would
 ochdramatische soprano.
 in the world is her male
 t, nor has there been any
 retirement of Melchior.
 an Isolde without a Tristan,
 ilde without a Siegfried.
 nly one coloratura soprano
 tioning—Joan Sutherland.
 o true contraltos anywhere,
 dful of mezzos. Hardly any
 ger has so basic a thing as
 trill, and performances of
 opera are a farce. This is a
 e of singing? At best we
 adful of Verdi singers, and
 out all. Listening to records
 a, Schumann-Heink, and
 here is no point mentioning
 alli-Curci, Ponselle, Gigli,
 and the other great ones of
 is in a way a sad experi-
 it serves only to remind us
 n has permanently disap-
 om the earth. □

Coming in **Harper's**

IN RUSSIA

text by Arthur Miller/photographs by Inge Morath



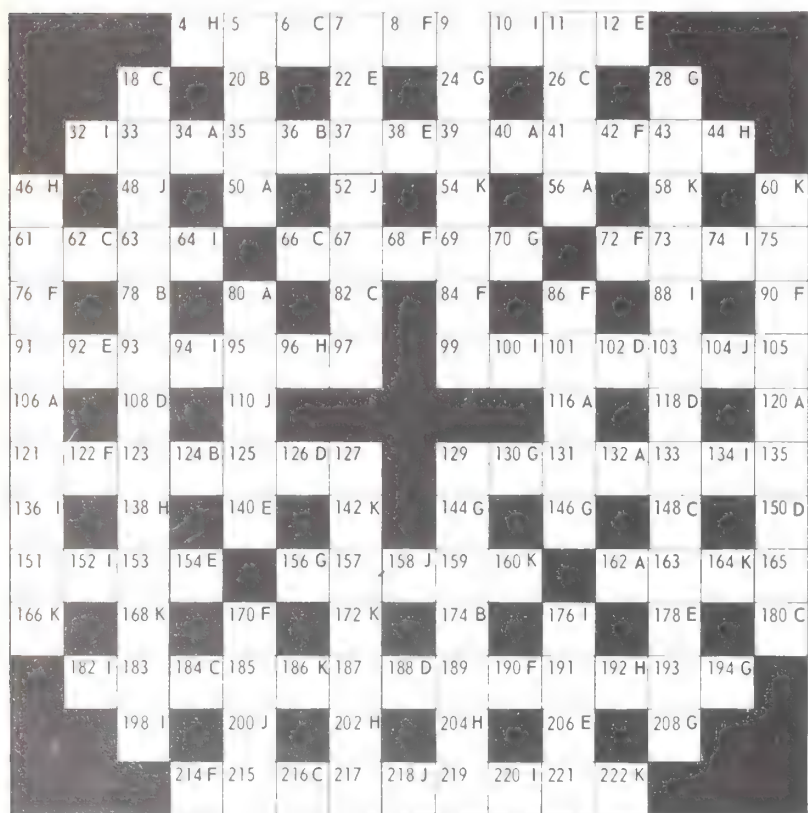
On recent visits to the Soviet Union, Arthur Miller and Inge Morath had a unique opportunity to meet the Russians at home and to exchange ideas about everything from the problems of daily life to relative concepts of freedom and progress.

The noted photographer and her playwright husband combine their talents to present a multidimensional view of the spirit of this enormous, contradictory land, in images. Mr. Miller writes, "which underlie the Russian cultural consciousness—the images evoked by novels, poems, paintings, and plays and by their creators."

HARPER'S PUZZLE

Acrostickler® N

1. Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2. When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
3. Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
4. The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

4. Very neat—that's the hull of it!
32. Job of the Acrostician. (4,9)
61. French deed in sumac terrain, perhaps.
66. Lived about and went to him?
72. A net for one of Noah's sons.
91. A spouse with corns to use.
99. Kind of restraint that takes the air then?
121. Command to the foolish keeper or sure fastener?
129. It's pro-Paul and commonly enjoyed.
151. Kind of insult found in music.
156. A portion of apple pie, certainly.
162. Kind of knife when a skier loses a point.
182. Getting engaged, perhaps, or charming her heart. (7,1,5)
214. Disease of Alaska or California, or of a James Bond opponent? (4,5)

DOWN

5. Colors she and you may use.
7. Elections are faultless in a free pct.
9. Drug with leftovers first.
11. Cushions the broken World War I airplane.
18. A relative who's decidedly stand-offish? (7,6)
28. Musical instrument within one? (8,5)
46. Having no light is beyond compare.
60. Yorkist symbol in the garden or a rebellion on the chessboard? (5,4)
80. Discovered to be provided.
86. Small tufts sometimes found with Will.
127. Give Ned a hint when it's watered down.
129. Stuff maturity into a parcel!
170. Loosen in the ground.
176. It's nothing in a tennis game, but everyone fancies it.

Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 13 will appear in the September issue.

For solution to last month's puzzle No. 1 consult Table of Contents.

- A 50 132 34 162 80 40 56 106 116 Remoras.
- B 36 20 124 174 78 Kind of sahib's superior, genuine.
- C 6 62 180 216 26 184 18 82 66 Certain fish taken near Reykjavik, perhaps. (7,3)
- D 102 118 188 150 126 108 A hot seasoned dish of stewed meat and vegetables.
- E 92 206 12 154 38 140 178 Beyond [the] limits. (4,4)
- F 76 86 122 8 72 170 214 190 68 42 84 Becky Sharp and Scarlett O'Hara, perhaps. (3,4,5)
- G 24 208 194 144 156 130 70 146 Residence of the Acrostician before he embarked on his present job.
- H 204 96 138 46 192 202 44 Reinforcing metal eyelets.
- I 198 10 220 100 176 182 134 32 136 74 94 64 152 Enterpriser New Jersey. (5,3,6)
- J 104 52 218 110 48 158 200 Radiated.
- K 60 164 58 54 160 222 168 186 172 166 In a contrary direction

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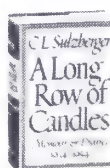
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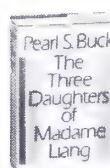
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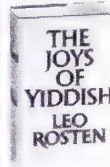
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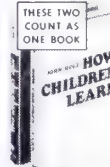
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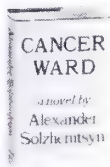
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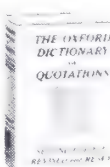
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Harper's magazine

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SEPTEMBER 1969

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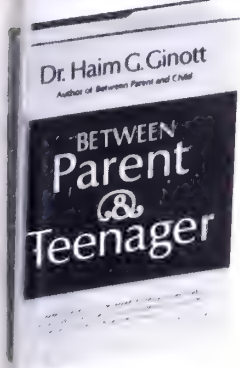
Playwright *Arthur Miller* and his wife, photographer *Inge Morath*, join talents for the first time with their observations in this issue of Russia and its people. (See page 37.) *In Russia* (to be published by Viking Press in October) is not about political nationalism or cultural partisanship. In this special 42-page feature, as Miller says, the two “report the images which underlie the Russian cultural consciousness—the images evoked by novels, poems, paintings, and plays, and by their creators.” Their recent trips to Russia, where Miller is perhaps the best known living American writer, gave them an unusual opportunity to meet the Russians in relaxed surroundings and to exchange ideas about everything from the problems of daily life to concepts of freedom and progress. Miller’s detailed narrative, based on journeys from Leningrad to Tashkent, describes encounters at all levels, sometimes humorous and sometimes somber, with government bureaucrats, writers, and ordinary citizens. Inge Morath’s photographs capture obscure courtyards and country scenes out of the great

Russian novels, and portray writers and artists in their homes. For the first time in the history of this magazine, full-color photographs have been used extensively.

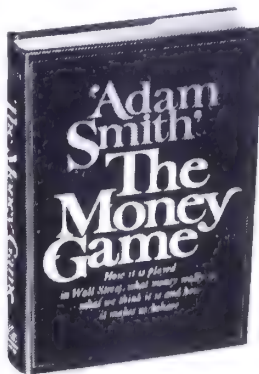
Inge Morath took her first photographs in 1950 and worked for a time as assistant to Henri Cartier-Bresson. Books which have been illustrated by her work include *Venice Observed*, *Fiesta in Pamplona*, *From Persia to Iran* and *Bring Forth the Children*. Her work is represented in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Boston Museum of Art, and other museums. Arthur Miller had his first success with *Focus*, a novel which came out in 1945. His play, *All My Sons*, won the Critics’ Award two years later. His *Death of a Salesman* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1949, and has been followed by *The Crucible*, *A View From the Bridge*, *After the Fall*, *Incident at Vichy*, and *The Price*. The Millers now live on a large farm near Roxbury, Connecticut, with their seven-year-old daughter Rebecca.

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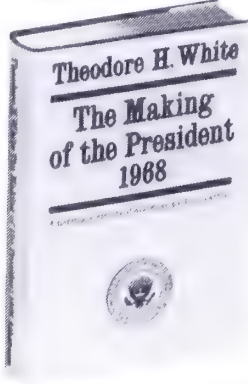
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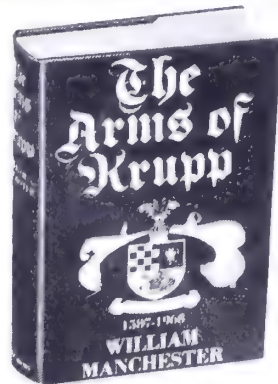
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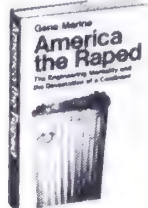
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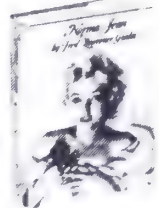
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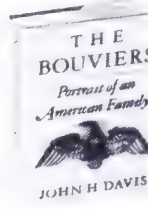
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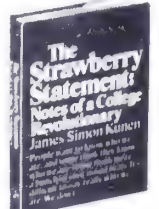
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LETTERS

I appreciate the fact that a serious attempt was made in Richard Pollak's recent piece ["Time: After Luce," July] to understand and size up the present state of *Time*—not an easy task. It is plain that the author not only talked to a great number of people, but actually read the magazine, which is not necessarily always the case with articles about *Time*. I feel, however, that Mr. Pollak is also guilty of some grave misrepresentations and misconceptions.

For one thing he is blatantly unfair to a great editor, Henry Luce, and what he accomplished. It is impossible to argue specifically with the absurd judgment by Joseph Epstein which Mr. Pollak cites. I can only state a fact: that even those who disliked Luce for ideological or political reasons generally conceded that he and his publications enormously raised the standards of quality and responsibility in American journalism, and contributed greatly to the sharpening and diversity of cultural tastes in America.

Mr. Pollak is equally unfair to my predecessor, Mr. Otto Fuerbringer. He draws what is really a gross caricature of the man and of the journalist, and one that cannot be credible to your readers. Besides, he omits completely the immense vigor and resourcefulness Fuerbringer brought to editing, the enthusiasm he inspired in his staff, and the great success the magazine enjoyed under his regime.

As for the Vietnam war, it is simply wrong to describe it as part of a grand design or personal crusade by Luce, Fuerbringer, or anyone else. *Time's* past (and I daresay, present) attitudes toward the war are debatable, but they were always shaped by deep conviction and often anguished discussion.

Mr. Pollak also misjudges *Time's* past attitudes on race. Even if the cover story on the Newark riot had been as reprehensible as Mr. Pollak says it was (I don't happen to think so, and I certainly did not "apologize" for it), this would hardly wipe out our consistently progressive position on civil rights. And it should be noted that this position was taken at a time when it was rather less fashionable than today. What troubles me about Mr. Pollak's views is that he seems caught in so many of the ancient stereotypes about *Time*. Moreover, he seems to feel that magazines are good

or "independent" only if they resemble *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, or perhaps *Ramparts*. I respect all three; but surely they do not constitute the sole standard of judgment.

Mr. Pollak took great pains to get many facts correct, for which I am grateful, but he tends to over-dramatize. He greatly exaggerates the whole matter of *Time's* competition with *Newsweek*. He correctly states, but only in passing, as it were, that *Time* is far out in front in a business sense. I would add to this, immodestly, that it is also far out in front in journalistic quality. Mr. Pollak also over-dramatizes the contrast between *Time* past and present. I am certainly not insensitive to the fact that he applauds our efforts to change, as any magazine or institution must. But, regardless of the implicit compliment to me, to say that *Time* has never before been a "respectable" magazine is surely preposterous.

HENRY A. GRUNWALD
New York, N.Y.

Richard Pollak's analysis of an "un-American," or shall we say super-American institution, not only makes great reading but exposes the myth that success, even in publishing, is important.

You at *Harper's* certainly have done a great service by publishing this brilliant article. I urge you for the sake of our shameful involvement in Vietnam, often referred to as Henry Luce's "house war," as well as *Time's* many other follies, to continue to expose this beastly weekly, and show that time has run out on *Time*.

GERARD CAYNE
New York, N.Y.

David Halberstam's article on McGeorge Bundy ["The Very Expensive Education of McGeorge Bundy," July] was an act of butchery, coarse and cruel, and girdled with that splendid form of tyranny which journalists can use with seeming nonchalance, the practice of quoting un-named sources in order to slit the public throat of a public man.

I have always thought if a man were of sufficient integrity he would either allow his name to be used or he would keep his mouth shut. Cowards find it easy to smudge if they don't have to identify themselves. It is a terrible burden to bear, to be assaulted by those against whom one cannot defend for they are anonymous. If you were called

to an indictment you would "foul" if you couldn't confront your accusers.

At least Mr. Halberstam's article so I must concede that. But I feel a kind of sadness because it is possible to assassinate a man in print unmannered by men in masks.

I have known Mac Bundy five years, and I saw him in person and was with him during his illness and calm. If this government society were more peopled by men like Mac Bundy, I daresay it would be of higher quality than it is. I would describe him as one of the fairest, wisest men I have ever known, in or out of government. He does not fool gladly, but I must say I have found him an asset, particularly in Washington, where time is so precious and so bountiful.

JACK
New York

We are grateful to Professor Galbraith for his comprehensive analysis of the problem of undue influence on American policy by special interests ["How to Control the Media," June], and would like to contribute the remedies proposed by him. In reference to legislation we passed in the Congress in February. His analysis is politically effective citizen mobilized on the basis of information; our solution is a Declaration of Peace....

In our view, the existing agencies of the government are not adequate to the present challenge, and inadequate to explain much of the "disservice and disaster" that has been recorded. The State Department must continue to be, and must define and advance the nation's

ERRATUM

In my article "The Very Expensive Education of McGeorge Bundy" (July, 1969; page 10) I reported that Mr. Bundy leaked the news of his offer to head of the Ford Foundation. James Reston of the *New York Times*. This is not true, and I regret the mistake.

—David Halberstam

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LETTERS

est; the Defense Department to protect the national interest, a new Cabinet-level office, by any earlier mandate, precedent, or traditional bureaucracy, to express the will of our new sphere of human endeavor.

The frightening power of the results from no plot or usual accrues by default. As Galbraith out, the thousands of employed DOD are decent husbands and doing the nine-to-five job we to do, extending and increasing military capability. Military may be a poor response to ideological confrontation, but military soldiers what we keep in stock; war is paid for, and war is what we

Meanwhile, eighty members of Congress have asked what might we consolidated current peace under one administrative greater effectiveness; if we had to develop and implement no solutions to international affairs if we established a Peace Institute to train peace leadership; if we Department of Peace with "a purpose and truth of its own," "tured men for that truth...."

The establishment of the Secretary of Peace at this time imply no disparagement of a office, nor repudiation of any or incumbent functionary—rather than the existence of a Justice Department implies that the other departments are for injustice. Having no claim to truth, or honor, or virtue, granting that peace is everyone's concern, we ask only that it be made body's job....

VANCE

U.S.

SEYMOUR H. LOEWY
Member of Congress
Washington

My gratitude to *Harper's* for its brilliant and timely article reflects the view of a 100-year-old pure capitalist. I have met a thousand payrolls. I own valuable property which would not be willingly with others. My stake in a free America is a heavy one. These facts emphasized to shut the mouths of patriots eager to scream, "soft-l" or "soft on Communism."

Like such superpatriots I am concerned about our national security. Unlike them I see internal decay greater danger than external and the process of internal decay steadily advanced by military d

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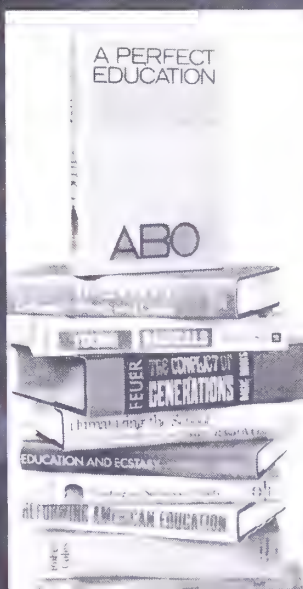
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Survival U: Prospectus for a really relevant University

It gets pretty depressing to watch what is going on in the world and realize that your education is not equipping you to do anything about it. —From a letter by a University of California senior

She is not a radical, and has never taken part in any demonstration. She will graduate with honors, and profound disillusionment. From listening to her—and a good many like-minded students at California and East Coast campuses—I think I am beginning to understand what they mean when they say that a liberal-arts education isn't relevant.

They mean it is incoherent. It doesn't cohere. It consists of bits and pieces which don't stick together, and have no common purpose. One of our leading Negro educators, Arthur Lewis of Princeton, recently summed it up better than I can. America is the only country, he said, where youngsters are required "to fritter away their precious years in meaningless peregrination from subject to subject... spending twelve weeks getting some tidbits of religion, twelve weeks learning French, twelve weeks seeing whether the history professor is stimulating, twelve weeks seeking entertainment from the economics professor, twelve weeks confirming that one is not going to be able to master calculus."

These fragments are meaningless because they are not organized around any central purpose, or vision of the world. The typical liberal-arts college has no clearly defined goals. It merely offers a smorgasbord of courses, in hopes that if a student nibbles at a few dishes from the humanities table, plus a snack of science, and a garnish of art or anthropology, he may emerge as "a cultivated man"—whatever that means. Except for a few surviving church schools, no university even pretends to have a unifying philosophy. Individual teachers may have personal ideologies—but since they are likely to range, on any given campus, from Marxism to worship of the scientific method to exaltation of the irrational (*à la* Norman

O. Brown), they don't cohere either. They often leave a student convinced at the end of four years that any given idea is probably about as valid as any other—and that none of them has much relationship to the others, or to the decisions he is going to have to make the day after graduation.

Education was not always like that. The earliest European universities had a precise purpose: to train an elite for the service of the Church. Everything they taught was focused to that end. Thomas Aquinas had spelled it all out: what subjects had to be mastered, how each connected with every other, and what meaning they had for man and God.

Later, for a span of several centuries, Oxford and Cambridge had an equally clear function: to train administrators to run an empire. So too did Harvard and Yale at the time they were founded; their job was to produce the clergymen, lawyers, and doctors that a new country needed. In each case, the curriculum was rigidly prescribed. A student learned what he needed, to prepare himself to be a competent priest, district officer, or surgeon. He had no doubts about the relevance of his courses—and no time to fret about expanding his consciousness or currying his sensual awareness.

This is still true of our professional schools. I have yet to hear an engineering or medical student complain that his education is meaningless. Only in the liberal-arts colleges—which boast that "we are not trade schools"—do the youngsters get that feeling that they are drowning in a cloud of feathers.

For a long while some of our less complacent academics have been trying to restore coherence to American education. When Robert Hutchins was at Chicago, he tried to use the Great Books to build a comprehensible framework for the main ideas of civilized man. His experiment is still being carried on, with some modifications, at St. John's—but it has not proved ir-

resistibly contagious. Sure, the bits of Plato and Machiavelli are pertinent, so far as they go—but they don't seem quite enough for a world beset with splittin' urban guerrillas, nineteen varieties of psychotherapists, amplified guitar, palm, computers, astronauts, an atmosphere polluted simultaneously with auto exhaust and TV commercials.

Another strategy for linking the bits-and-pieces has been tried at Harvard and at a number of universities. They require their students to take at least two years of general courses, known variously as liberal studies, general education, or civelization. These too have been no less than triumphantly successful. Most faculty members don't even teach them, regarding them as artificial and synthetic. (And right are, since no survey course that has a strong unifying concept can have it focus.) Moreover, the seniors shun such courses in favor of their own narrow specialities. Consider the core studies which are supposed to place all human experience—no less the brightest nuggets—into the Big Picture usually end up in the functionary hands of resentful teachers. Naturally the undergrads don't take them seriously either.

Any successful reform of American education, I am now convinced, will have to be far more revolutionary than anything yet attempted. At the moment, it should be:

1. Founded on a single guiding concept—an idea capable of knitting together all strands of study, thus giving them both coherence and vitality.

2. Capable of equipping people to do something about the things going on in the world—not just things which bother them most, like war, injustice, racial conflict, but the quality of life.

Maybe it isn't possible. Knowledge is proliferating so fast



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in so many directions, that it can never again be ordered into a coherent whole, so that molecular biology, Robert Lowell's poetry, and highway engineering will seem relevant to each other and to the lives of ordinary people. Quite possibly the knowledge explosion, as Peter F. Drucker has called it, dooms us to scholarship which grows steadily more specialized, fragmented, and incomprehensible.

The Soviet experience is hardly encouraging. Russian education is built on what is meant to be a unifying ideology: Marxism-Leninism. In theory, it provides an organizing principle for all scholarly activity—whether history, literature, genetics, or military science. Its purpose is explicit: to train a Communist elite for the greater power and glory of the Soviet state, just as the medieval universities trained a priesthood to serve the Church.

Yet according to all accounts that I have seen, it doesn't work very well. Soviet intellectuals apparently are almost as restless and unhappy as our own. Increasing numbers of them are finding Marxism-Leninism too simplistic, too narrowly doctrinaire, too oppressive; the bravest are risking prison in order to pursue their own heretical visions of reality.

Is it conceivable, then, that we might hit upon another idea which could serve as the organizing principle for many fields of scholarly inquiry; which is relevant to the urgent needs of our time; and which would not, on the other hand, impose an ideological strait jacket, as both ecclesiastical and Marxist education attempted to do?

Just possibly it could be done. For the last two or three years I have been probing around among professors, college administrators, and students—and so far I have come up with only one idea which might fit the specifications. It is simply the idea of survival.

For the first time in history, the future of the human race is now in serious question. This fact is hard to believe, or even think about—yet it is the message which a growing number of scientists are trying, almost frantically, to get across to us. Listen, for example, to Professor Richard A. Falk of Princeton and of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences:

The planet and mankind are in grave danger of irreversible catastrophe... Man may be skeptical about

following the flight of the dodo into extinction, but the evidence points increasingly to just such a pursuit. ... There are four interconnected threats to the planet—wars of mass destruction, overpopulation, pollution, and the depletion of resources. They have a cumulative effect. A problem in one area renders it more difficult to solve the problems in any other area.... The basis of all four problems is the inadequacy of the sovereign states to manage the affairs of mankind in the twentieth century.

Similar warnings could be quoted from a long list of other social scientists, biologists, and physicists, among them such distinguished thinkers as Rene Dubos, Buckminster Fuller, Loren Eiseley, George Wald, and Barry Commoner. They are not hopeless. Most of them believe that we still have a chance to bring our weapons, our population growth, and the destruction of our environment under control before it is too late. But the time is short, and so far there is no evidence that enough people are taking them seriously.

That would be the prime aim of the experimental university I'm suggesting here: to look seriously at the interlinking threats to human existence, and to learn what we can do to fight them off.

Let's call it Survival U. It will not be a multiversity, offering courses in every conceivable field. Its motto—emblazoned on a life jacket rampant—will be: "What must we do to be saved?" If a course does not help to answer that question, it will not be taught here. Students interested in musicology, junk sculpture, the Theater of the Absurd, and the literary *dicta* of Leslie Fiedler can go somewhere else.

Neither will our professors be detached, dispassionate scholars. To get hired, each will have to demonstrate an emotional commitment to our cause. Moreover, he will be expected to be a moralist: for this generation of students, like no other in my lifetime, is hungering and thirsting after righteousness. What it wants is a moral system it can believe in—and that is what our university will try to provide. In every class it will preach the primordial ethic of survival.

The biology department, for example, will point out that it is sinful for anybody to have more than two children. It has long since become glaringly evident that unless the earth's cancerous

growth of population can be controlled, other problems—poverty, strife, uninhabitable cities, etc.—are beyond solution. So the curriculum will teach methods of birth control, and its research will be aimed at cheaper and better ones.

Its second lesson in biology will be: "Nobody has the right to poison the environment without being punished." This maxim will be illustrated by the study of public enemies. At the top of the list will be the politicians, scientists, and businessmen—of whatever country—who have developed and deployed atomic weapons; and who, if ever used, even in so-called defensive systems like the ABM, will contaminate the atmosphere with strontium 90 and other radioactive isotopes that human survival seems unlikely. Also on the list will be anybody who makes or tests chemical biological weapons—or who attempts to get rid of obsolete ones, as our Army recently proposed by dumping the stuff in the sea.

Only slightly less wicked, our professors will indicate, is the farmer who drenches his land with DDT. The insecticides remain virulent in the soil, and as they wash into the streams and oceans they poison fish, waterfowl, and eventually the people who eat them. Worse yet—as John Hay noted recently published in *In Defense of the Environment*—"The original small, diluted concentrations of these chemicals tend to build up in a food chain so as to end in a concentration that may be thousands of times as strong." It is rapidly spreading all over the globe. DDT already found in the tissues of Eskimo and Antarctic penguins, so it seems that similar deposits are building up in your body and the minimum fatal dosage is still unknown.

Before he finishes this course, the student may begin to feel twinges of conscience himself. Is his motor car polluting the air by adding carbon monoxide to the smog we breathe? Is his sewage polluting the nearest river? If so, he will be reminded of two proverbs. From the Bible: "Let him who is without sin be the first to cast the first stone." From Pope John: "When you have met the enemy and he is using

In like fashion, our engineers and architects will learn not only how to build dams and highways, but when not to build them. Unless they understand that it is immoral to flood the Granddunes or to destroy the Everglades with a

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Where Churchill sp

Act 2: A debate in the House of Commons. Most visitors are content to stare at the awesome Gothic pile of the House of Commons from the outside, but a little adventurous and go inside to listen quietly to the debate from the Speaker's Gallery where Clemmy Churchill watched her Winston not so very long ago.

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they will never pass the final exam. Indeed, our engineering graduates will be trained to ask a key question about every contract offered them: "What will be its effect on human life?" That obviously will lead to other questions which every engineer ought to comprehend as thoroughly as his slide rule. Is this new highway really necessary? Would it be wiser to use the money for mass transit—or to decongest traffic by building a new city somewhere else? Is an offshore oil well really a good idea, in view of what happened to Santa Barbara?

Our engineering faculty also will specialize in training men for a new growth industry: garbage disposal. Americans already are spending \$4.5 billion a year to collect and get rid of the garbage which we produce more profusely than any other people (more than five pounds a day for each of us). But unless we are resigned to stifling in our own trash, we are going to have to come up with at least an additional \$835 million a year.* Any industry with a growth rate of 18 per cent offers obvious attractions to a bright young man—and if he can figure out a new way to get rid of our offal, his fortune will be unlimited.

Because the old ways no longer work. Every big city in the United States is running out of dumping grounds. Burning won't do either, since the air is dangerously polluted already—and in any case, 75 per cent of the incinerators in use are inadequate. For some 150 years Californians happily piled their garbage into San Francisco Bay, but they can't much longer. Dump-and-fill operations already have reduced it to half its original size, and in a few more decades it would be possible to walk dry-shod from Oakland to the Embarcadero. Consequently San Francisco is now planning to ship garbage 375 miles to the yet-uncluttered deserts of Lassen County by special train—known locally as "The Twentieth Stenchery Limited" and "The Excess Express." The city may actually get away with this scheme, since hardly anybody lives in Lassen County except Indians, and who cares about them? But what is the answer for the metropolis that doesn't have an unspoiled desert handy?

A few ingenious notions are cropping up here and there. The Japanese are experimenting with a machine which compacts garbage, under great heat and

pressure, into building blocks. A New York businessman is thinking of building a garbage mountain somewhere upstate, and equipping it with ski runs to amortize the cost. An aluminum company plans to collect and reprocess used aluminum cans—which, unlike the old-fashioned tin can, will not rust away. Our engineering department will try to Think Big along these lines. That way lies not only new careers, but salvation.

Survival U's Department of Earth Sciences will be headed—if we are lucky—by Dr. Charles F. Park, Jr., now professor of geology and mineral engineering at Stanford. He knows as well as anybody how fast mankind is using up the world's supply of raw materials. In a paper written for the American Geographical Society he punctured one of America's most engaging (and pernicious) myths: our belief that an ever-expanding economy can keep living standards rising indefinitely.

It won't happen; because, as Dr. Park demonstrates, the tonnage of metal in the earth's crust won't last indefinitely. Already we are running short of silver, mercury, tin, and cobalt—all in growing demand by the high-technology industries. Even the commoner metals may soon be in short supply. The United States alone is consuming one ton of iron and eighteen pounds of copper every year, for each of its inhabitants. Poorer countries, struggling to industrialize, hope to raise their consumption of these two key materials to something like that level. If they should succeed—and if the globe's population doubles in the next forty years, as it will at present growth rates—then the world will have to produce, somehow, *twelve times* as much iron and copper every year as it does now. Dr. Parks sees little hope that such production levels can ever be reached, much less sustained indefinitely. The same thing, of course—doubled in spades—goes for other raw materials: timber, oil, natural gas, and water, to note only a few.

Survival U, therefore, will prepare its students to consume less. This does not necessarily mean an immediate drop in living standards—perhaps only a change in the yardstick by which we measure them. Conceivably Americans might be happier with fewer automobiles, neon signs, beer cans, supersonic jets, barbecue grills, and similar metallic fluff. But happy or not, our students had better learn how to live The Simpler Life, because that is what most of them are

*According to Richard D. Vaughn, chief of the Solid Wastes Program of HEW, in his recent horror story entitled "1968 Survey of Community Solid Waste Practices."



American industry can no longer be an asylum for illiterates.

Over 8,000,000 American workers have the reading, writing and counting ability of a 4th grader, or less.

In other words, 10% of our labor force is functionally illiterate.

Until recently, there was a place for the illiterate in industry. But now, technology is threatening to evict them, if possible.

The problem is, they can't be retrained. Because they can't read the most elementary instructions.

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Together with the Board of Fundamental Education, we instituted a literacy program—and then a High School program—in three of our plants, using company space and funds.

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And so far, the results have been so promising that we've broadened the program to include

several of our other plants as well.

Nearly 200 workers have completed the course. And, in two of the programs, nearly 100 attained their High School diplomas, with a few going on to college.

In just about every case their work efficiency improved dramatically.

But more important was a complete shift in morale. Because these were men who had given up every hope of advancement, proving that they *could* advance.

And these were men capable of growing with our company.

We're not the only corporation to start this program, of course, but we're still one of a small minority—too small to educate the millions who will soon have no place in our technological society.

It's time for every company to start recognizing the problem. And solving it.

There's no growth potential in ignorance.

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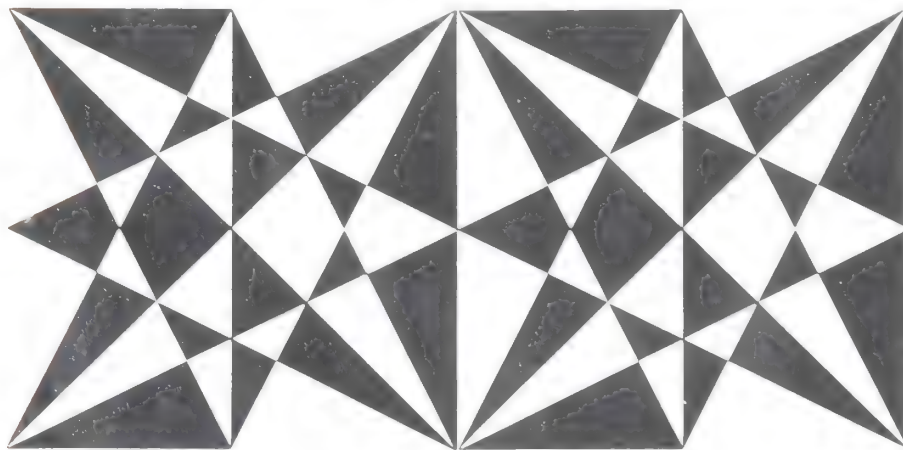
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Another case study will ar proposal of the Inhuman Re Corporation to build a fifty-scraper in the most congested midtown Manhattan. If 90 pe the office space can be rented a square foot, it looks like a sou ment, according to antique ac methods. To uncover the true fi ever, our students will invest cost of moving 12,000 addition ers in and out of midtown dur hours. The first (and least) it million worth of new city bus they are crammed into the clogged avenues, the daily loss hours in traffic jams may run to of million more. The fumes fr diesel engines will cause an est per cent increase in New You dence of emphysema and lung this requires the construction new hospitals. To supply them, new building, with water—alrea ously short in the city—a new t has to be built on the headwater Delaware River, 140 miles aw of the dairy farmers pushed ou drowned valley will move prom the Bronx and go on relief. T traction of their milk output fi

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city's supply leads to a price increase of two cents a quart. For a Harlem mother with seven hungry children, that is the last straw. She summons her neighbors to join her in riot, seven block go up in flames, and the Mayor demands higher taxes to hire more police. . . .

Instead of a sound investment, Inhuman Towers now looks like criminal folly, which would be forbidden by any sensible government. Our students will keep that in mind when they walk across campus to their government class.

Its main goal will be to discover why our institutions have done so badly in their efforts (as Dr. Falk put it) "to manage the affairs of mankind in the twentieth century." This will be a compulsory course for all freshmen, taught by professors who are capable of looking critically at every political artifact, from the Constitution to the local county council. They will start by pointing out that we are living in a state of near-anarchy, because we have no government capable of dealing effectively with public problems.

Instead we have a hodgepodge of 80,000 local governments—villages, townships, counties, cities, port authorities, sewer districts, and special purpose agencies. Their authority is so limited, and their jurisdictions so confused and overlapping, that most of them are virtually impotent. The states, which in theory could put this mess into some sort of order, usually have shown little interest and less competence. When Washington is called to help out—as it increasingly has been for the last thirty-five years—it often has proved ham-handed and entangled in its own archaic bureaucracy. The end result is that nobody in authority has been able to take care of the country's mounting needs. Our welfare rolls keep growing, our air and water get dirtier, housing gets scarcer, airports jam up, road traffic clots, railways fall apart, prices rise, ghettos burn, schools turn out more illiterates every year, and a war nobody wants drags on and on. Small wonder that so many young people are losing confidence in American institutions. In their present state, they don't deserve much confidence.

The advanced students of government at Survival U will try to find out whether these institutions can be renewed and rebuilt. They will take a hard look at the few places—Jacksonville, Minnesota, Nashville, Appalachia—which are creating new forms of government. Will these

work any better, and if so, how can they be duplicated elsewhere? Can they be brought to life, or should we be thinking about an entirely different kind of arrangement? Ten regional governments, perhaps, to replace the states? Or should we take seriously the suggestion for a confederation of city-state to govern our great country? (He merely called New York City to secede from its state, that isn't radical enough. To be governable, the new Republic of New York City ought to include Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts.) Alternatively, can we find a way to break up Megalopolis, and divide our population into smaller and more livable communities throughout the continent? Why should we keep 70 per cent of our people crowded into less than 1 per cent of our land area, anyway?

Looking beyond our borders, our students will be encouraged to ask harder questions. Are nation-states still feasible, now that they have to destroy each other in a single noon? Can we agree on some way to take their place, before the balance of terror becomes unstable? What would most people be willing to give up for a more durable kind of human civilization—more taxes, giving up flags, perhaps the sacrifice of some of our hard-won liberties?

All these courses (and everything taught at Survival U) are part of the branches of a single science, and ecology is one of the youngest disciplines, and probably the most important. It is the study of the relationship between man and his environment, natural and technological. It teaches us to understand the consequences of our actions—how sulfur-laden fuel oil in England produces an acid rain that damages the forests of Scandinavia, how a well-meant farm subsidy can force millions of Negro tenants off the land, how lead to Watts and Hough. A geologist who comprehends ecology will know how to look at "what is going on in the world," and he will be equipped to do something about it. Whether he is a city planner, a politician, a lightened engineer, a teacher, a reporter, he will have had a relevant education. All of its parts will hang together in a coherent whole.

And if we can get enough students, man and his environment will survive a while longer, against the odds.



Where to find people who care about people

country's recruitment and training of the hard-core unemployed might be solely profit-motivated . . . if there were. But people aren't.

And people are the essence of any industry. In the most motive industry, for example, there are about one million people. They care a great deal about *other* people. And they bring their feeling to work.

Visit Detroit. You'll see people working very hard to achieve a high standard of living. But you'll also see the hard-core unemployed learning how to earn . . . and being paid in the process. And you'll see something else. Automakers care about an individual's dignity, his development, his problems.

To believe that profit is the only motive is to underestimate people. Look at all the white collars and blue collars active as volunteers in local and national welfare programs, in every kind of charitable fund drive, in church and PTA work, fraternal and service club projects, YMCA and YWCA, scouting, Headstart programs, Big Brothers, Little Leagues, and a great deal more.

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PERFORMING ARTS

Rock critics

The Poetry of Rock, by Richard Goldstein. Bantam, \$1.00.

The Rock Revolution, by Arnold Shaw. Crowell Collier, \$4.95.

Rock from the Beginning, by Nik Cohn. Stein and Day, \$5.95.

Outlaw Blues, by Paul Williams. Dutton, \$4.95; \$1.75 paper.

The Age of Rock, edited by Jonathan Eisen. Random House, \$6.95.

Nothing fails like success. Rock music, né rock 'n' roll, after struggling manfully (young manfully, of course) through a flood of exposure, must now prepare for a deluge of documentation. The books listed above represent the first wave, and their arrival all at once—there will be half a dozen more by autumn—signals the end of a phenomenon, its formalization, so to speak.

No doubt about it—the excitement has waned. But this does not mean that the music itself has degenerated, nor that it is in any real danger of abandonment by its core audience. On the contrary, its spoor is everywhere. Rock has effected a startling transformation in America's adult popular music, so that what Jack Jones does today can be traced directly to what Fats Domino was doing ten years ago. (A recent album by old farina-voice contains three songs by Randy Newman, a brilliant young Los Angeles composer who counts Fats as a major influence.) Some soft-rock groups—the Association, the 5th Dimension, Simon & Garfunkel—have invaded the middle-of-the-road market themselves. And rock is the heart of at least three overlapping kinds of youth music—the teeny-bopper and soul fare of AM

radio, the heavily amplified white blues which currently dominates the concert circuit, and the more pop-oriented rock of older groups like the Byrds, the Who, and (most prominently) the Rolling Stones. The Beatles, of course, are everywhere.

There is no better gauge of the unflagging importance of rock for the young—nor of the variety of a music which seems so undifferentiated from the outside—than the volume of specialized journalistic coverage it still receives, coverage which should continue as long as the younger generation remains bohemian. It is a rare underground medium—a category which includes not only the dozens of community journals (almost all of which are supported by record advertising) but the college anti-papers and even the mimeographed or Xeroxed high-school and Army-base handouts—that does not give space to two or more rock commentators. *The Village Voice* has ten or so. Most teen and fan magazines feature serious or pseudo-serious discussions of rock and one of them, *Hit Parader*, has become a respected organ. *Eye*, a Hearst-backed hip-youth magazine centered around rock, survived a predictably pallid year, then folded like its much hipper competitor *Cheetah*, and *Crawdaddy!*, formerly “the magazine of rock,” has recently transformed itself into “the magazine of roll,” whatever that means. *Rolling Stone*, however, guided by an ambitious young critic-entrepreneur from San Francisco named Jann Wenner, seems likely to end up as solid (though not as boring or limited) as its jazz counterpart, *Down Beat*, which is admitting rock into the canon itself these days, as is *Jazz & Pop*, formerly just *Jazz*.

What this means is that young writers have more outlets for rock criticism today than for fiction. The rock critique has become a major form, although a lot of this writing is more interesting as cultural sample than as criticism, repre-

senting as it does a kind of general exploration in an art preservers correctly regard as their style is term-paper rap, and, especially in the underground, somewhere between cultural and hebephrenia, a sort of percent fan frenzy. Anyone who film writing of Jonas Mekas palmier days at *The Village* make the connection with the Annie Fisher. This is not to enthusiasm. Like Mekas, they are valuable propagandists, their judgments are hit-or-miss, often hit, sometimes with salutary effect. In New York, Annie Fisher has been making of an underrated San Francisco group called Mother Earth; Nick and Dennis Frawley of *Village Other* have inveighed against the “super session” Vince Aletti of *Rat* has given a good word for the great soul of Dave, who have yet to achieve the success they deserve among white audiences. Nonetheless, the general imprecision denying. Most rock musicians give long solos to varying critical acclaim, but only rarely is there even a attempt to define what makes a good solo difference (if any) between a good solo and a good rock solo, or why good solos belong in rock at all.

To an extent, this is inevitable. Because popular art is aimed at a broad audience, it must succeed in many ways if it is to succeed at all. Because it is not designed to last, there is reason to wonder whether the artistic test, that of time, applies to rock, which (for a while, at least) is the music of the entire left side of the generation gap, and which depends much of its power on effects which can only be called kinetic, such as comes naturally. No wonder such confusion. The only valid test of a rock “critic” really can ask him “Did it get me off?”

Nevertheless, some critics

Mr. Christgau started the “Secular Music” column for Esquire in 1967 and more recently a “Rock & Roll” column for The Village Voice. He is also at work on a book on the pop mentality.

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how they get off better than others. In general, these writers—Richard Goldstein, Paul Williams, Jann Wenner, Jon Landau, and others—were into rock before it became fashionable, not just in the mid-Fifties, when everyone listened, but in the pre-Beatle Sixties, and certainly before late 1965, when the Beatles began to go arty with *Rubber Soul*. Although they represent varying attitudes and approaches, they do share certain values. Rock was homogeneous when it attracted them, implying an aesthetic which emphasized tight, brief songs, unpretentious lyrics, and a driving beat—the tightness in contradistinction to jazz, the kineticism in contradistinction to folk. (Rock's artistic development has been an elaboration of these motifs, sometimes of one of them at the expense of another—for instance, the overwhelmingly loud rock solo, which is anything but concise, intensifies the power of the beat.) Wenner and Landau excepted, none of these critics knew from harmony and chord structure, and they still don't. Those things just don't matter.

Partly because of his instinct for self-promotion, Richard Goldstein is the best-known rock critic, and the best-hated. Goldstein's uneven, assertively personal style invites resentment, but he is one of the best—sure he overwrites, but so does Dylan. Goldstein is more a columnist than a critic, occasionally extraordinary when he gets down an ambience or makes an offhand remark, occasionally awful when he deals in abstractions. *The Poetry of Rock*, a compendium of lyrics which does not contain much of his own writing, shows what there is of it at its best. The introduction touches all the bases—rock is sound first and words second; it has its traditional themes and diction; it may not be art and who cares?—and most of the brief descriptions that precede the lyrics are just right: “‘Yakety Yak,’ or: How Leiber and Stoller reduce the generation gap to an unbroken, unheeded chain of commands.” Despite inevitable quirks of taste, and disregarding some difficulties with song publishers (which is why the book contains no Stones compositions), the selection is excellent, and the dubious enterprise of isolating lyrics from music works, at least for someone who knows the originals.

It is only in the final section, “Allegory and Beyond,” that the collection breaks down. Very few writers in rock can handle Big Themes unless they do

so in a Small Way. Phil Ochs’ “Crucifixion” and Paul Simon’s “Sounds of Silence” and Janis Ian’s dreadful “New Christ Cardiac Hero” (“Your virgin red crown of thorns had turned to ivory horns”) all suffer from elephantiasis of the ambitions. Of course, so does Goldstein’s writing; only someone who could speak of a “curvaceous sermon” or of work that is “tapped profusely” could single out Jim Morrison’s “mute nostril agony” for special commendation. Goldstein’s worst writing, like the worst post-Dylan songwriting, seems to reflect hand-me-down dicta from some college poetry course: concretion is better than abstraction, evocation is better than description, metaphor is better than simile, and simile is better than nothing. But his good sense and affection for the music always pull him through.

Like Goldstein, most of the young critics show an instinct for the music that overbalances any naïveté. Older writers, intelligent and with the best intentions, are usually so overwhelmed by the discovery that rock is worth thinking about that they (a) idealize it or (b) miss its spirit entirely and then praise it for irrelevant virtues. Arnold Shaw, a journalist-musicologist who was working in the music business when rock began, has written a historical book called *The Rock Revolution* which theoretically should avoid these pitfalls, since it is *about* what rock is. Unfortunately, Shaw seems neither intelligent nor well-intentioned, and it is tempting to blame this on his age: rock just isn’t his thing, and he can’t pretend otherwise. Anyone who can confuse the Shirelles (black and soft) with the Shangri-Las (white and tough) as Shaw does, can’t possibly care much about rock and roll. *The Rock Revolution* is obviously thrown together from press releases and secondary sources, and contains few interesting or original organizing ideas. Shaw falls victim, for instance, to the common fallacy that the burst of energy personified by Elvis Presley in 1956 soon petered out, only to be reincarnated by the Beatles. Actually, American rock and roll, led by Motown and the Beach Boys (not to mention producer Phil Spector, whose “wall of sound” is dutifully listed—inventor and all—in Shaw’s rather pathetic glossary, but who is never mentioned elsewhere in the book), was making a comeback before the Beatles: only someone who doesn’t realize that fact could write a history of rock that grants one

paragraph to Chuck Berry and Janis Ian.

What a comparison Shaw provides to Nik Cohn from the *Beginning*. Cohn is a two-year-old Englishman who has visited the States when he was a book, yet his rendering of Shaw is accurate, funny, well-written, filled with love. Where Shaw arbitrarily through long lists of indistinguishable performers manages to find the quote or dictum that turns what might be an indistinct count into a full vignette, Shaw especially poignant sense of the cence of pop stardom. Where Shawifies rock by comparing it to implicitly better things, Cohn has a consistent vision of what rock is. This vision is a special trick of English—it is, in fact, the essence of early Beatles. The English ten rock as both very raw (rawer than ever was) and hilariously comic—a never-ending gangster movie revels in the meretriciousness and quality of rock and roll, deploring some very peculiar convolution of sentimentality and almost anything smacks of Art. Even in terms of limited view, Cohn makes mistakes (correct) notion that the South ordered most good rock and roll. His ability to judge East Coast and-blues, he doesn’t understand twist, and he is unfair to Memphis—but it is unlikely that a better of the music to the time of folk-rock ever be written.

Cohn is also excellent on the Stones and the Who, both of whom have applied a coherent style to rock very similar to his own. Despite a good chapter on Dylan whom he despises, he seems temperate and unable to deal with the recent reflorescence of rock in America. On *law Blues*, Paul Williams does the job perfectly. Coming to rock of the Cambridge (Mass.) folk Williams founded *Crawdaddy*. The seventeen-year-old Swarthmore man, and *Crawdaddy*! in turn, says Jon Landau, Sandy Pearlman, Somma, and Richard Meltzky, a strange genius who was thrown out of the Yale graduate philosophy program when he insisted on entitling his papers “Rock and . . .” Now Williams has collected some of his own

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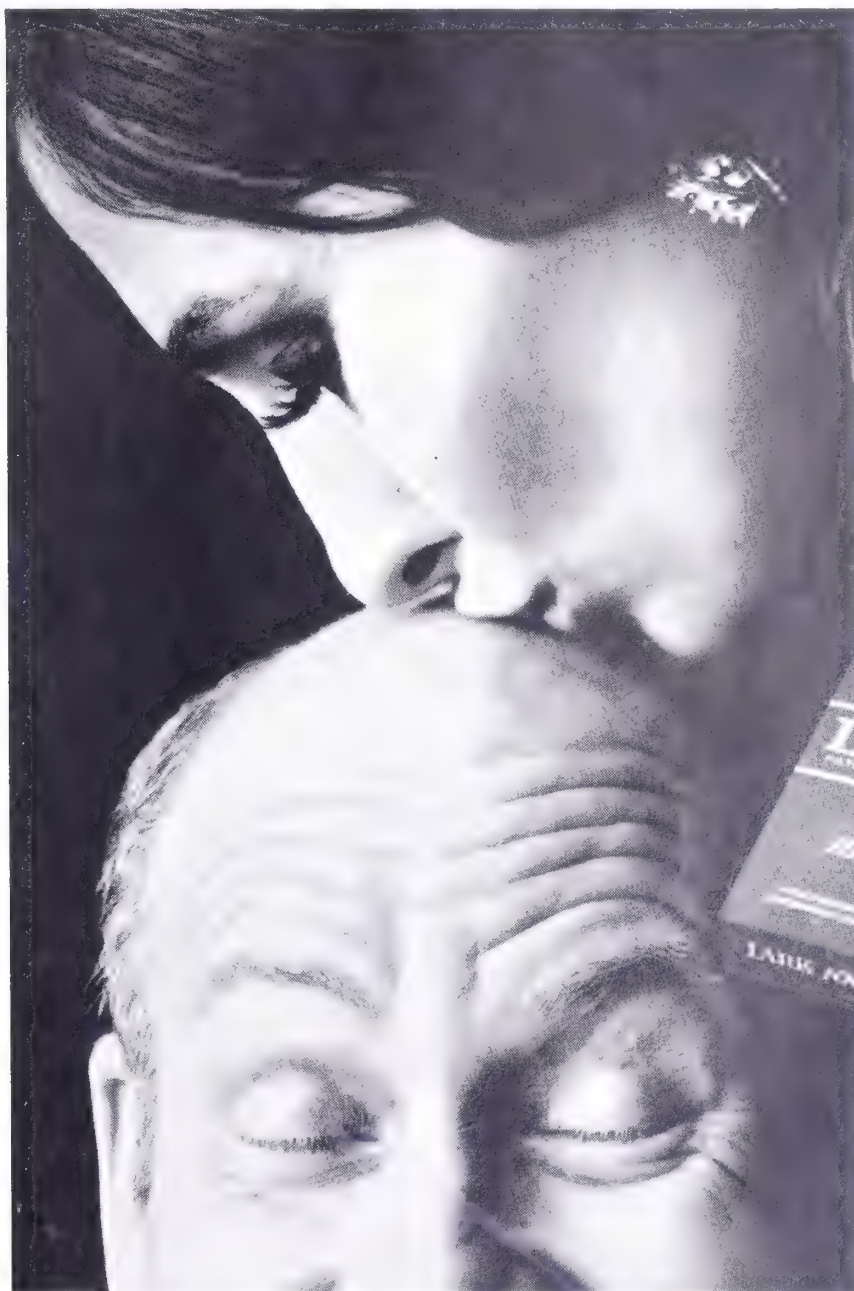
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daddy! pieces plus the third) of a long rap about Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys. Williams is a love it but not because of his feelings. It is rather the total impression of his approach—casual, pragmatic, serious, and very young (he was twenty-one this year.) I am captivated about the music but not at the point. As he writes in his "Rock to me is not a phenomenon—if it is, that fact is not significant, rather I see rock as a means of expression, an opportunity for beauty. So what I have written is an explanation; an attempt to convey what I feel from the music, an explanation of what rock does to me." The book is like that, full of silly art talk. Yet in a subtle, even adult, way, it achieves his goal.

Both *Outlaw Blues* and *Rock Beginning* succeed the way rock succeeds, by a kind of synthesis. Their weaknesses provide the best counter to their strengths, like Billie Holiday against those awful strings, rock. The analogy can be extended: rock's idea of rock is rigid, formal, and it conveys his own truth within the form of musical history, while Williams is more flexible aesthetically, simply rereads some old essays, adds a good title, and comes up with a book that reveals what it is like to mature in an era in which rock music and the real world experience coexist more or less equi-

A collection called *The Age of Rock*, edited by Jonathan Eisen, contains five good pieces from *Cheetah* (1960) of mine on rock lyrics) as well as equally good ones from *Crawdaddy*, including Richard Meltzer's "Aesthetics of Rock"; the latter would justify the collection. Beyond that, there are a classic come-gather-round-all-you-thirties essays on the Beatles by Fred Poirier and Ned Rorem, both good and convincing and badly off the in tone and detail, and some other that is even more stodgy. It is the perfect rock textbook, and anyone who wants one of those should go out and buy it. As for the rest, there remain the Cohn and the Williams and the Goldstein, and, even better, a few records, five or so: *Chuck Berry's Greatest Hits* (Chess); *A Pack of Sixteen Original Hits* (Motown); *Beatles' Second Album* (Capitol); *Happy Jack*, The Who (Decca); *of Creation*, Jefferson Airplane (Victor).

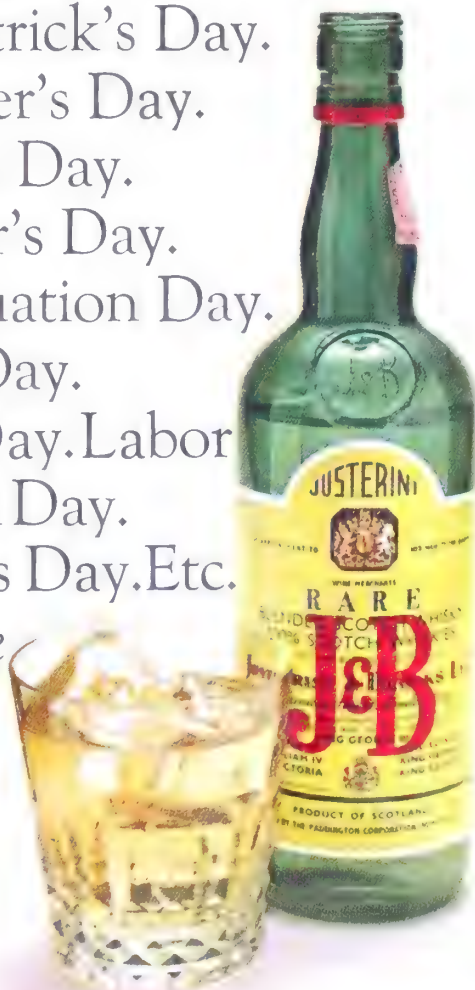
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passengers as eggs."

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Where the fun went

Now that strict serialism is no longer the dominant style with the avant-garde, we may look for a revival of wit and variety.

Two significant twentieth-century works have been brought together on a disc of French music, and they provide a striking illustration of the difference between the avant-garde of the 1920s and the avant-garde today. The works are Satie's **Parade** and Milhaud's **Le Boeuf sur le toit**, and they are performed by the London Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati (Mercury SR 90435), along with the **Concertino for Piano and Orchestra** by Jean Françaix and the **Overture** by Georges Auric.

It was Erik Satie who, in his *Parade*, launched the new French movement in the period after World War I. The score was staged in 1917 by Diaghilev and his Ballets Russes, and an oncoming generation of composers suddenly realized there were other ways of composing than the academic. Up to then the main influences had been César Franck and his pupils, and the Schola Cantorum of Vincent d'Indy. The shadow of Wagner still engulfed most French music. But here was Satie with his all but amateurish construction, his complete anti-Wagnerism, his use of music-hall, jazz, and burlesque elements, his elements of musical satire, his disdain for anything that resembled academic construction or harmonization. *Parade* was a score that used a typewriter and had a few revolver shots. It was something new, and it greatly excited the youngsters: among whom were Georges Auric, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc and Darius Milhaud.

Milhaud in 1919 came up with *Le Boeuf sur le toit*, which took Satie's theories and processed them through a more orderly mind. The Milhaud ballet is a classic of its kind, and in its day was revolutionary. Today all we hear are its sweetness and sophistication, its peppy Brazilian rhythms and catchy tunes. But in 1919 the writing, with its polytonality, clashes of opposed har-

monies, and frank use of popular elements, was regarded as very daring.

It still retains its chic qualities. This element of sophistication can be heard in all French music of the 1920s and 1930s. Schoenberg and Webern at the time were exploring a grim kind of expressionistic abstraction, but the French composers, who were among the leaders of one segment of the avant-garde, combined lightness and humor with their harmonic experiments. Auric's *Overture* on this disc is not a very stimulating piece, but it nevertheless has charm in its lightweight way, while the tiny three-movement Françaix *Piano Concertino* is as pretty and flitting as a butterfly in a field of daffodils. Claude Françaix, the daughter of the composer, is the competent pianist here.

Poulenc was the lightest and most frivolous of all the French composers of his period, but he also had the most natural melodic gift, and his music will probably outlive that of all his French contemporaries. He was the greatest song writer of his period, and that aspect of his work can be heard on a disc containing his **Chansons villageoises**, **Le Travail du peintre**, and **La Fraicheur et le feu**. Gerard Souzay, the baritone, is accompanied by Danton Baldwin (Philips 900-148), and the interpretations are predictably beautiful. Poulenc's orchestral side is contained on another disc devoted to the *Sinfonietta* of 1947, the music for **Les mariés de la Tour Eiffel**, and **Two Marches and an Intermezzo**. The Orchestre de Paris is conducted by Georges Prêtre (Angel S 36519). In a way all of these scores can be traced to *Parade* and *Le Boeuf sur le toit*. And also to Igor Stravinsky's neo-classicism. The music has sparkle and is a lot of fun.

But there is no fun in the avant-garde of today. The fathers of the movement, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern, were very serious men who wrote very serious works, and who had nothing but contempt for French light-headedness. All music of today's avant-

garde, even electronic music, is much under the shadow of these figures as the majority of modern music was under the shadow of Wagner. The last twenty years have seen an expansion of the ideas of Schoenberg and Webern theories into a variety of techniques, but the music of the post-World War II school has had one thing in common: like Schoenberg's music, it is humorless. That may be one reason it has been so resisted by the public. And it may be a reason why this music has a tendency to become alike.

In any case, strict serialism is no longer much in practice. Composers are beginning to look for other techniques, but they still continue to demand complexity from the listener. Karlheinz Stockhausen's **Hymnen**, on two discs (Deutsche Grammophon 139421/2), is Cage stuff that manipulates time with various national anthems and with electronically manipulated objects." In Stockhausen's own words: "The rhythm of one anthem is related with the harmony of another, the result is modulated with the envelope of a third anthem; this is in turn modulated with the constellation and melodic contour of chosen electronic sounds." All of this is on for a hell of a long time. It is a stupendous bore, reflecting a desperate reaching-out by Stockhausen and the link with music is beginning to be very thin.

There is a disc of music by György Ligeti, which contains **Match**, **Cellos and percussion**, and **Modern Renaissance Instruments** (Deutsche Grammophon 137006). In *Modern Renaissance Instruments*, Ligeti assembled a group of twelve specialists who play such obscure instruments as gambas, crumhoes, and a variety of percussion instruments, very little of the characteristic comes through. Ligeti has broken sounds into isolated sonorities, and what comes out is very much like electronic music. This is a new switch. The academic side of the serial movement

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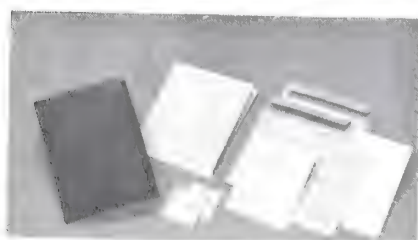
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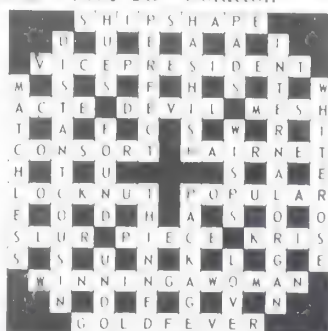
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be encountered in a disc Stefan Wolpe's **Chamber Piece** George Rochberg's **Serenade** and Seymour Shifrin's **Satir of cumstance** (Nonesuch H 7194). Wolpe is a big name among composers, but his dense, difficult seldom turns up in concert. His dissonant *Chamber Piece* No. 1 is a gently constructed but emotionally negative: the mind of a pedagogue than of a poet glowers through. Rochberg attempts a kind of lyricism in twelve-tone confines, and the result is no more convincing than the attempts of other academicians.

One avant-garde work that breaks the mold is Michael Mitzvah for the Dead, which is on disc with J. K. Randall's **Lyric Pieces for Violin and Concerto**. Paul Zukofsky is the brilliant violinist (Vanguard VCS 10057). The work mixes tonal and disjunctive electronic sounds. Not much of it is here. But the Sahl work is a contrary look at nineteenth-century violin writing, and in its way is very funny and original. Sahl, with so many a violinist at his disposal, has taken every cliché of the genre and rolled it backward and forward. He uses the solo violin through some virtuoso passages, and then sets the electronic machinery to duplicate it in spaces, doubled and redoubled. He ends with a long movement for unaccompanied violin on, of all things, *The Last Rites of Summer*. Sahl has duplicated the violin school so well in this set of variations that, in a way, the point of *Mitzvah* (a good deed for the dead, as he interprets it) is lost. What in previous sections of the *Mitzvah* there is a very personal look at the violin writing of the past, the *Last Rites of Summer* variations are nothing but a copy of a long-departed genre. In all we know, Sahl may have actually used a piece by Ernst, de Bériot, or one of the early nineteenth-century composers. That would make his score very high camp indeed. If the variations are in truth his very own, then he has swallowed his own bait and is strangling the hook. But if nothing else, *Mitzvah for the Dead* is a relief from much of the severe, complicated, but arrogant, incestuous, and unlovely music characteristic of so much of today's international avant-garde.

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Now over fifty years since a relatively small radical party in Russia overthrew the government of the Czars and created the world's first socialist state. It has been half a century of comparative results, for the Marxist claim from the beginning was that society could be run on a rational-scientific basis, thus opening an entirely

the language difficulty itself apart. We both share an absolute faith in progress, which is to say that man's fate is to go from worse to better, and we are as one in believing that the benefits of progress must be spread among all the people. So we are both very eager to know what a person "does," how much he makes, what sort of house he lives in. The Russian

by
Arthur
Miller

N RUSSIA

Chapter in man's struggle to govern himself. A Westerner traveling in the Soviet Union, to compare; here was the land in which the individual would be first, and contrary to the West, the community rather than individual aggrandizement the aim of education and society itself. The problem has always been, with what to compare? The American is especially torn by this, for he is both the best and the worst observer of things. The best because the Soviet Union presents the only country cast to the same moral scale as the United States in terms of its logical possibilities and resources; and the standard of accomplishment in the Soviet mind is more often than not that of the United States. The worst observers, however, wherever we go to face with poverty, inefficiency, or dirt. The moment we set foot abroad we forget that some cities are the dirtiest, worst kept in any "developed" country, our public transportation most miserable, our medical services for the poor close to the ground, and so forth. Instead, we compare the situation in Russia with the best in America. Food, for example. Nourishing though it is, most Russian food seems heavy and not very varied. There is terrific food in New York, but between New York and Chicago, Chicago and St. Louis, St. Louis and San Francisco, is a gastronomic wasteland, and so are we. We are also the best and the worst when it comes to understanding what Russians are talking about—

conversation, however, soon gropes toward fundamental attitudes, states of mind, the nature of the person rather than his occupation, and this is something we do not know how to talk about; it verges on "philosophy," which to most normally educated Americans is what history was to Henry Ford—"bunk." It is perhaps the basic reason why Chekhov, for example, is so hard to perform outside Russia, and especially difficult in the United States. To us, the characters seem vague, disconnected from one another, strangely abstract rather than real. We are much more interested in what a thing is, how it works, and very little interested in what it means. We are the triumph of technology. The irony is that the Russian aspires to hard, materialist, dialectically sound explanations of process—the American style—when in fact he is extraordinarily quick to idealize and to reach for general principles. Nothing could be more alien to the American.

This account makes no attempt to compare Russia with any other place. It does not contrast the woman riveter with the chic mannequin, the new skyscraper with the old Russian log house. Neither is it a reportage of Russian progress or decay. It is bereft of political nationalism or cultural partisanship. It reports the images which underlie the Russian cultural consciousness—the images evoked by novels, poems, paintings, and plays and by their creators, and there is nothing that has more sweetness, more personal meaning for these people.

A few months before Ilya Ehrenburg's death Inge

Photographs
by
Inge Morath

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Arthur Miller IN RUSSIA

Morath and I spent an afternoon with him in his apartment talking of this remarkable sense of connection between Russians and their writers. On the way to his house we had passed an excavation for a new Moscow building, and a long line of dump trucks was waiting on the street to descend into the pit for loading. It must have been around zero Fahrenheit, which in Russia seems much colder than zero in New York. (There is a story of the Hungarian farmer who, just after the second world war, came running into his hut in near hysteria, explaining to his wife that he had just seen two surveyors on his land marking off a new boundary. "They say our farm is going to be inside Russia!" he exclaimed. "So what?" his wife said. "It won't be any worse for us than in Hungary." "Yes," he cried, "but you can freeze to death in Russia!" The truth somewhere in that story is that the place often *looks* so much colder than it really is.) The trucks' windshields were all frosted over as the drivers waited, but one had its window opened an inch so that the glass was less fogged and I could see the man inside, his head and cheeks covered with a muskrat hat, thick gloves on his hands, and a quilted jacket giving him an enormous bulk. He was reading a book while he waited. I came closer and saw that it was in dialogue, a play. The idea of a truck driver reading a play was, to say the least, amazing. Ehrenburg had traveled the world and knew why foreigners made so much of this, and he said, "Yes, that is one thing we did do—we made readers out of them."

But quite evidently he did not think this advance in literacy and interest in literature had resolved the questions of governing the Russians. He was in his seventies then, a man who had known many—hundreds, no doubt—who had been shot or simply disappeared, some of Russia's best writers and artists and journalists, of whose agony and fate he was one of the few living witnesses. For reasons no one is able quite to define, he was many times spared the very common fate. Some say he was an adept compromiser, others that it was a pure matter of luck that Stalin neglected to thumb him into the earth.

Tea in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Ilya Ehrenburg. Talking to Arthur Miller is Natasha Stoliarova, Mr. Ehrenburg's secretary.



Perhaps he was already fatally ill; I was certainly incapable of any sign of joy. The walls, the sculpture all about, the French atmosphere—it was all somehow special room in a museum built to illustrate a point. This was no affectation with him, however; it was his love as it has been for cultivated Russia for a century. I had one strong memory of his name. At a certain point during the invasion of Russia, when it had become less likely they might indeed lose the country to the Germans, he had said. It was more than a wartime cry. It meant that even if the Nazis were filled with the German working-class moral claims of international working-class solidarity were now cast down; the Soviet Union would come Russia again, as was inevitable, and solidarity relegated to the closet of useless mental emotions.

I recall only his sadness that afternoon, but what he said. Since then, I have read his memoirs and now the reason is easy to understand. He had been up to his neck in the Spanish Civil War, and as he says was an upsurge of brotherhood across out into every nation. In Spain he had gone alongside other correspondents and writers, some military men, fliers, advisers; returning to Russia in the midst of the Stalin purges, he found to his astonishment that many of these were being treated as some shot, including the greater part of the officer corps of the Soviet Army itself. "There was no one in the circle of my acquaintances," he wrote, "who could be sure about the morrow; many of them carried a small suitcase with two changes of warm clothes to wear permanently in readiness. Some of the neighbors of the house in Lavrushensky Lane asked me for a noisy lift to be out of action at night. It kept me awake, listening and wondering where it would stop. . . . In the office of *Izvestia* boards used to hang on the glass doors with the names of heads of departments, but now there was nothing; the messenger girl explained to me that it was no longer having them made: 'Here today and gone tomorrow.'"

A few short years later, the war came to Moscow which had meanwhile joined hands with Hitler, the same Hitler whose troops and supplies had been sent to the Spanish Loyalists. The war was won, and in a few more years Stalin was dead, and some of his crimes revealed by the Party. Ehrenburg wrote: "After the Twentieth Party Congress, some of the people I met abroad asked me, they also asked themselves, whether a mortal had not been dealt to the very idea of Communism. There is something here which they do not appreciate but which I, an old non-Party veteran, know: the idea proved so strong that it was the communists who were able to tell our people and the whole world about the past crimes, about the tortions both of the philosophy of Communism and of its principles of justice, solidarity, and humanity. . . . The thought came to me that I should have remained silent for a very long time. . . . I should

with whom to share my experiences." *ea* remains but the blow "was dealt to the my generation. Some perished. Others will r those years to their dying day." there with him I could not help wondering n after he had known how uncertain sur- s under Stalin, he had still chosen several return home from his trips abroad. Or why Natasha Stoliarova, his secretary, whose handsome face showed the depth of suffer- isons over a period of years—why she, who d to visit relatives in Switzerland and else- till chose to live in a place that must be h ghosts, not alone the ghosts of the un- nished but of high promises rudely y there is something, called Russia, which h people despite everything, a sort of grand y which enfolds and sometimes suffocates s nevertheless as real as injustice and yet is y beautiful, making other countries seem perfcial, irrelevant. I have never met cun- naïve or naïveté so cunning. To feel at all o feel to the utmost. There were days when d that apocalypse had been invented here, y on the train from Germany to Moscow. now-covered fields turn into a white sea, er hour after hour—it is a night and a day European border to Moscow—until a kind h or song emerges from its boundlessness. t of Napoleon and Hitler that human beings urope could cross this ocean and live to Moscow is truly insane, like the delusions niac who fills his lungs with air, hoping to the moon. To fight in that boundless snow, ouching in it at night, to keep hope alive in d . . . Even to a foreigner at a train window sian earth is crammed with the dead and the sions of armies drawn toward that silent who devours.

is a tenderness toward what is Russian those whom she has punished, even in those e part of their psychic lives in unrelieved official hypocrisy and bureaucratic stupidity. on after person one finds, below the political toward so much that goes on, a feeling we probably call patriotism but which is really ss kind of belonging. Madame Mandelshtam, of a great poet whom in 1934 she followed le—where he died after a second condemna- 1938—seems to have clawed her way up to a spiritual equilibrium, an outspoken con- or everything superficial, whether it be a evaluation or the latest pronouncement of official, but enriched by a suffering which easy cures and solutions. One inevitably her to make an invidious comparison of a practice with the West, but the West's atti- re very nearly beside the point for such as st when one expects her to make a compar- e says, instead, "You must remember what eople have suffered. The sufferings of the n people are incomparable."

as as though she did not wish Russia cor-

rected by those who, with the best will in the world, had not shared the Russian experience and did not hold in their hearts the depth of love and hatred which profound suffering leaves in its victims. Talking with her it suddenly seemed we were no longer talking politics or sociology or perhaps even history. It is as though both oppressors and victims had been driven by the fullness of their humanity, by an often brutal surge toward ultimate meanings. With her, as with many others on both sides of past and current repressions, one cannot avoid remembering Dostoevski's conception of Russia as being fated to lead mankind to salvation. It is not, however, quite the same thing as American or British salvationism; for them this is not a question of law and order, or of raising the standard of living of their own and other peoples they have gone abroad to "protect."

I was passing under the Kremlin wall one winter afternoon and said in an idle, musing way to a Russian friend, "There must have been some goings-on in there the day they decided to get rid of Khrushchev." He looked at me in surprise and said, "We don't bother with what happens in there. They know what they are doing." There was even a trace of pride in his tone, a declaration of personal faith and security. And even people who see clearly that all is not well often seem to desire that this same pyramidal structure remain undisturbed. It is as though there were an anarchy in the center of their beings which, left to itself, would expand to a dematerialization of all order. And more and more Americans are coming to understand the seeming reasonableness of such a feeling as they buy more and more guns and suspect that under certain conditions the center will not hold.

In a time of trouble, when all the solutions are blocked, men must believe that someone knows what to do, and the thought is intolerable that those above are floundering just like those below. Russia for a hundred years has been in an uninterrupted time of trouble, and the will to believe is called up from the depths quite as powerfully as the doubt that anything is believable.

An interpreter, a woman so kind, so sentimental.

Moscow. Nadezhda Yacovlena Mandelshtam, widow of the poet Osip Mandelshtam, who died in 1938 on the way to a Siberian labor camp.



that instead of translating for me at a performance of Andrei Voznesensky's *The Triangular Pear* she simply sat there shaking her head and weeping, and when I asked for a clue as to what was being said, looked up at me apologetically and whispered, "Oh, it's so beautiful!"—this woman had been to the United States several times and admires much of it, but once she asked, "With everybody in America pursuing his own interests, how do you hold it all together?"

A good question. My only answer was, "How do you hold this together with everybody directed by such a handful of people? That's much harder, isn't it?" We were both left with the questions unanswered, but I thought again that she sensed a centrifugal force in herself and the Russians which, left to itself, could only send everything flying off into space. And who knows, after all, how long the eighteenth-century concept of the individual which the American Constitution and the Bill of Rights enshrine can endure in an age which increasingly organizes from above every act and feeling of man? "The pursuit of happiness," the individual thrust toward a private fate, was never the Russian idea, nor indeed that of most of the world. The Communists did not invent the idea of "the People," they merely moved it a few inches under a Marxist heading, a counter in the universal dialectic of the class struggle. It was not Khrushchev who invented a contempt for art that is considered abstract, personal, and meaningless to the masses; it was Tolstoy, one of the world's few real individualists, who saw in the painting on the side of a peasant's cart greater glory than in all the deliberate sophisticated art in the capitals of Europe. "The People" is the measure of all things, not the person, and perhaps we in America fear this most because we understand it best in our blood. Truman at the piano did not play Stravinsky or Aaron Copland but "The Missouri Waltz," and Eisenhower read cowboy stories, not *Moby Dick*. A cultural adviser like André Malraux might seem perfectly natural in France but not in Russia and not in America, the two societies in all the world attempting to arrive at classlessness, and the two most racked in their spirit by the hypocritical class contradictions in their social lives. The abyss between the reality at hand and the dream of classlessness, between what exists and justice, is the bottomless gorge into which we throw our lies. Until one day the hole fills up.

In Georgia one day I asked a professional man about class in Russia. Georgia is like the mountain areas of Southern California, with rain; or Northern California, with sunshine. You can go into high mountains in Georgia without passing a timberline, and grapes grow in the clouds. There is a juiciness in the earth itself, an inexhaustible presentation of melons and ruins. I had noticed, not only in Tbilisi but everywhere in Russia, that ordinary policemen almost always came to attention and saluted when any big car went by, especially if the shades were drawn, and more especially if the rear window was covered by a pleated curtain. The day before, this man, a university teacher, had been run into by

another motorist who had smashed his light. He was now generating the energy for another taillight and a mechanic to install it. There is no car insurance—you simply work things out promptly between yourself and the other party who pays for what.) But, said he, for influence and position, everything is different. More, these important people can get away with anything as regards the law.

I expected some monstrous example. "Suppose I break some traffic regulation, or even cause an accident which is my fault. If I am a Party member, have connections, the police will look the other way. If I don't, I am in trouble." And then, poor fellow, turned his sincere eyes to me and said, "Not in America. You are all treated the same by the law in America." Misery loves hope, I thought.

II

Inge Morath and I traveled together through some of the places pictured here, but it is only now that I realize she took no photographs of the dams, construction projects, or the other scenes that attract foreign cameras in Russia. A "objective" photo-report would have to be made and probably concentrate on, Russian scientific accomplishments, but in truth what is shown on these pages is what one feels in the country, and it is probably what lies embedded in the minds of the people rather than the images of the oil-cracking plant, the machine shop, and the new hotel. More, the distinctive Russian style is indeed something that is old-fashioned to many of us.

There certainly are thousands of housing projects, blocks of new flats little different from the counterparts around London, New York, or Paris, the true international style of anonymous urban cubes which surely will be torn down one generation when the world has built sufficient shelter for everyone and can begin to construct human habitations. Moscow has radial avenues of new Grand Central course-type apartment houses as depressing as New York's until one is told by a resident how delightful it is to live alone in an apartment instead of sharing a hard-to-heat log house with several other families. The Russian housing project is roughly five times inside compared to ours, but on the other hand it is surrounded in winter by hundreds of children and adults skiing. A few blocks away, it might be that the old log houses remain, and there are women washing clothes through a hole in a frozen pond.

There are, of course, terribly clean subway systems, reliable aircraft connecting every part of the country, some excellent trains, first-class science laboratories, and the rest. But underneath the sheet aluminum and the modern design there is the indignant nationality of feeling which is not modern at all. Modernity means what is happening in the world these days. And why should it be otherwise, when most people in Russia work on the land, and the city folk, in so many cases, are peasant stock removed? As I walked down a city street, it

to me that not only what we think of as
y but also the city itself in Russia is an
d thing, and that the urban man who has
he civilizations of the West is still in the
here. His habitual loneliness, his totally
ife, his ignorance of his neighbors, his
e psychology—these are still in conflict in
ith an older way of communal existence.
o real analogy in America and even less in
where the city is ancient and its powers of
long since digested, but we can still look
omething similar in the America of before
ar I, when the cities were filling up with
people who had to learn to be up-to-date—
the ideas of mutual help, for instance, and
themselves to an impersonal administration
an to officials they knew and to personali-
th understood and who understood them.
e still a homeliness about many Russians that
h scent of the country in it, a capacity for
ng strangers with open, unabashed curi-
villingness to show feeling, and above all a
ess about the passing of time.

his country root is naturally the enemy of effi-
cy in the long run will probably disappear,
ems to explain otherwise incomprehensible
ractions in the Russian spiritual landscape.
ernoon, for example, I was sitting on the
loor of a building belonging to the Writers'
with five or six Russian writers, when I no-
agantic figure just outside the French win-
person big to begin with but enlarged by a
oat and immense felt boots. The conversa-
ain revolved around literature and publish-
side, this person was digging a ditch in the
arth and casting shovelfuls of ice onto a
pile. Suddenly I realized this was a woman,
stabbing a space into that stubborn ground
hat made it hard to breathe. I said, gestur-
rd the window, that it was a pretty cold day
gging. The others barely glanced at her and
with the conversation. They did not seem
arly heartless men, and of course most of
e who load snow onto trucks to clear the
re women. It is even possible that they
defend the use of women for such work on
of sexual equality, but this particular
was, it seemed to me, particularly peasant-
nense, wide-faced, ruddy, and the peasant
like the farm woman in any country, is
y a physical laborer. With the subway
g underground and immense modern build-
ing all around us, this woman digging a
such frightfully cold weather while socially
is writers in a warm room spoke in perfect
spiritual matters—one knows at such mo-
at historic Russia is not yet dead.

a strict sense it is not always a pure question
tice that is involved here, or even of insen-
to suffering. Surely an American has little
claim of high sensitivity in such matters
s one instance, the Negro's conditions of life,
ave most whites unmoved. Certain settings
ural, handed down by history, and only be-

come unnatural when the diggers find a way to make
trouble. What is strange, however, is the Russian
attitude toward artists, and the concomitant attitude
toward community itself.

Russia is the only country I know of where one
writer will passionately extol the works of a com-
petitor. This is rather a shock at first and nearly
unbelievable—and indeed, in some cases it is merely
politic, but it happens genuinely often enough to
force one to think about it. Of course in my presence
they are talking to a foreigner, but that is just the
point: in any other country the ignorant foreigner
is usually sold on the unique excellence of the writer
he happens to be speaking to at the moment—there
is never much else of value. And it is also true in
Russia that the more acclaim the writer has earned,
the more he is at pains to draw one's attention to
others less renowned but equally talented.

It is otherwise in France, England, Germany, or
the United States, and it seems at first like a pure
generosity of spirit, which it may well be, but it is
also mildly tactical as well. There is a deep division
among Soviet writers which reflects two conflicting
attitudes toward power itself. As in any other
country, the majority is not about to get in the way
of the powerful. Most writers, like most other
people, know where their bread is buttered. But
there is also a minority in league with the future,
the growing tip of the tree, and a certain amount
of danger is always at their side. This is one of the
reasons why both kinds of writer—although the van-
guard is more likely to do this—will direct attention
to colleagues of the same persuasion. It is a kind of
politicking, a way of strengthening the side.

But what exactly are both factions after, what—
beyond the obvious advantages of supporting the
regime—are the so-called conservatives aiming at
in their works, and what in the vanguard enrages
them so?

The obvious answers are ideological, but they
are not altogether explanatory. The conservative
writer sees himself in the tradition of the realistic
work of Tolstoy, for example—although he will dis-
associate himself from the master's mysticism and
religiosity. Art, he would say, is basically the higher
consciousness of the people, immediately compre-
hensible to them, and an enhancement of the values
of socialism. Socialism is the Soviet system, whose
fundamental objectives are humane, progressive,
and generally directed toward the welfare of all. In
a word, art is like science, a servant of the com-
munity. In fact, the whole concept is Platonic and
by no means uniquely Russian or even Communist.

The Puritan fathers of the Massachusetts Bay
Colony, for instance, would not have countenanced
novels and poems which unearthed the sexual re-
pressions enforced by their semi-military discipline,
let alone advocated freer sexuality. The colony was
always in danger and a man who kept himself apart
from its spiritual defense, a man who deeply ques-
tioned the underlying propositions of the society,
would not and did not last very long. The famed
Roger Williams objected too strongly to the theo-
cratic suppression of variant religious ideas, and on

“... the urban man
who has created
the civilizations
of the West is
still in the
making here.”

top of that preached the equality in spirit of the Indians whom the white men were deceiving and robbing—and was promptly put out in the dead of winter to die. It was the Indians who saved him, and in Rhode Island he set up the first society on the American continent where the freedom to think was guaranteed.

The conservative Russian writer—the honest one anyway—is moved by the fear that the high communal aims of the Communist state will be atomized, diluted, and ultimately destroyed by the individualistic vanguard. But the writer who feels this way also has attitudes, apparently little connected with ideology, which also place him firmly in this ideological camp. He is more than likely, for example, to enjoy the feeling of solidarity with the Party, with workers, and with other non-writers whose reality he shares. He is another kind of worker and takes pride in it, a worker in literature or art. It is not onerous but a matter of duty and goodness to accept Party revisions of his work. He is likely to emphasize the virtues of craftsmanship, solid construction, and thoroughness in a work of art. He wants, in short, to be part of what-is. He is rationalist in his explanation of man.

It needs to be said that many of these men, like their counterparts everywhere, have been neither suborned nor corrupted by superior force. Accepting the fundamental bases of Soviet society, they honestly regard what injustice they see as temporary error or at worst a lamentable necessity which does not prove the rule. They are men who desire authority and fear chaos. For them life can never be tragic because the individual who comes to a bad end has simply separated himself from the victorious path of the society. Stalin stated their viewpoint most aptly—the writer is the engineer of the soul. Rather than speaking truth to power, he justifies power to the people. His greatest justification is quite probably the career and works of Mikhail Sholokhov, whose trilogy of the Russian Civil War in the Don Cossack area seems to demonstrate that art and absolute fealty to the state can be combined without damage.

There are those, on the other hand, who point out that Sholokhov revised his masterwork to minimize the values of those Cossacks who opposed the Red Army, and so weakened his achievement. Some even suggest that Sholokhov did not write these works but stood in as the author while the real author was liquidated. This last, however, seems unlikely as new Sholokhov stories have recently appeared and their style is the same as the works of thirty years ago. But the imputation indicates the depth of bitterness between the two factions. Sholokhov is a raunchy old Cossack now, advocating that the whippersnappers be fed to the sharks if they don't like the way things are in the Soviet Union. His identification, in all likelihood, is with those first heroic revolutionaries who stood up like men before the Czar's agents and firing squads, and despite unimaginable deprivation, betrayals, and hardships, dragged Russia out of feudalism and into the age of science and modernity. To a Sholokhov,

the power he respects and upholds is the power that defends off the decadence of the West—the philosophy, the effeminacy, the rootless, nationalistic, private art whose supremacy anywhere is the end of community itself. There are many Sholokhoves everywhere, needless to say, the essence being that in the Soviet Union a writer is more than an individual facing a piece of paper alone in a room; he is state property, accountable for his attitudes. But as revolutionary ideas move into the streets in the West, the same sort of conflict is rising among writers. A LeRoi Jones, committed to black militancy, has no patience with Negro writers whose work is forward the cause, and he would surely regard an enemy and betrayer a talented Negro writer spending his time dealing with matters irrelevant to the cause. Any claim to the autonomy of art is a lapse when a people is in danger or struggling to preserve itself, and the single theme of Soviet political and social discourse for half a century has been its imminent peril before foreign and domestic enemies. Actually, much the same emotion is inside us. Until very recently it was a rare Hollywood movie that ventured to question an American social premise, and the studio head exercised an ironbound censorship of any such question. They were avowedly providing "wholesome" entertainment in which fundamental conservative American ideas always emerged victorious—or at least minimum were awarded a metaphoric justification. School boards all over the country screen out material from textbooks they deem subversive to national values, whatever the validity of that material, and on the most blatant level the House Un-American Activities Committee for more than thirty years has arraigned writers and others whom it regarded as dangerous to accepted thinking. Among the questions asked me by the chairman of that committee was, "Why do you write so sadly about this country?" It is a truly Stalinist question, in my will, and there are millions of Americans who share the chairman's feelings. Given the right political atmosphere, the kind we had in the 1950s, deeply angry people will come out on the streets picket movies and plays by authors they regard as hostile to American values, and given the power would unquestionably clean up our literary production in a matter of weeks.

The difference, therefore, is not the unique feeling of Russian feelings toward such matters but the legal systems; all Russian literature is published by the state and must meet the requirements of the Communist Party. That a certain number of works has been published which criticize or imply that all is not on the right track, indicates that within the Party are men who have come to recognize that the role of the writer may not be quite as simple as Stalin thought. Obviously some of them see that the writer's criticisms might even strengthen the cause by bringing to light real shortcomings which could not be continually rationalized away. There

... who understand that the heavy censorship
bled much of Soviet writing of its indi-
and sheer interest.

... possible to begin to understand anything
feelings of either young or old Soviet
without keeping in mind Ehrenburg's ad-
"The thought came to me that I should
remain silent for a very long time... I
have no one with whom to share my experi-

...g is easier than to read a bad conscience
and little more; he should have fled when
or spoken out against what he knew was
and so forth. But there is something much
is a little like a man trying to explain how
love with a perfect woman who turned
murderous, vain, even insane, and cared
for him, a woman to whom he had dedi-
works, his life, and his highest idealistic
How can you explain that, when the truth
obvious to your listener? It is impossible
to tear oneself apart from a beloved with-
ing a part of yourself behind, and the Soviet
still under the tension of this same para-
in the hearts of those too young to have
touched by Stalinism. For the power of the
ist ideal is on the level of the religious one,
belief in sacrifice to a higher and worthier
in one's own selfish interests.

...hat is why so many of the Ehrenburg gen-
any of those who once felt the totality of
them so saddened now regardless of the fact
one, at least, of the truth of Stalinism has
ealed and its excesses curbed—most of the
yway.

...Konstantin Simonov is in his fifties now. He is
nor of good, workable plays, poems, and
and during the war was a front-line cor-
ent who saw more action than a great many
His line of communication to the highest
the Party is still open. He lives very well,
ies in a spacious Moscow apartment, some-
a country house where the shelves are lit-

tered with icons, sculpture, and paintings from
Russia and from the many other countries he has
visited. The sentencing of Yuri Daniel to prison he
does not agree with; Daniel was a soldier and
wounded at that. Sinyavsky is another story, for he
never served in the war, and worse, perhaps, know-
ingly had his manuscripts published abroad rather
than standing up for them at home and struggling
to get them accepted. Still, Simonov can swallow
his resentment of Sinyavsky too, knowing that it
was not intelligent, by even putting him on trial, to
give the world a club with which to beat the Soviet
Union. Simonov is caught, it seems, between a cer-
tain sense of honor, which to him Sinyavsky vio-
lated, and the hard-learned lesson that imprison-
ment is no longer the answer to literary dissidence.

At the same time Simonov will not forgo any
chance to put down bad writers, whatever their
loyalty, or foreign partisans of the Soviet whose
works are empty. In short, he seems to have arrived
at substantive rather than relative values. And in-
evitably, his journals of the war, a work he regards
as perhaps the most important of his career, have
been refused publication for several years now. But
apparently he is determined to think and work
within the slowly changing system and to fight the
battle as he can.

Simonov may still be *persona grata* with the
regime but he is at bottom a working writer and
knows that censorship finally means an instruction
to writers to lie. A patriot, as Russian as you can
get and still stay sober, he has that double vision of
his country which the awakened live with; he often
seems nearly ashamed of what is still done in the
name of national security and socialist truth. But
he is not an official, and I wanted to hear the official
attitude toward writers and censorship. There were
two opportunities.

Madame Ekaterina Furtseva is the nominal chief
of all cultural work in the Soviet Union. We met in
her office, a long and impressive room with a green
felt-covered table in the center surrounded by arm-
chairs, and a working desk at one end beneath two



Konstantin Simonov, photographed at his country house in a writers' colony near Moscow. One of the Soviet Union's best-known prose writers and a hero of World War II, Simonov wrote a poem that most of his generation knows by heart, "Just Wait for Me."

Arthur Miller IN RUSSIA

tall windows. Behind the chair was a ten-foot-long table piled high with possibly two hundred manuscripts and books. Slips of paper stuck out of those books and manuscripts—indicating, I assumed, marked passages.

Madame Furtseva was then in her sixties, a sensitive and still handsome woman, attentive and intelligent. Suffering had carved deeply into her face. Indeed, one day a few years ago, in the midst of a business meeting, a man in working clothes had entered her office and with a pair of clippers cut the wire of the phone that connected her office directly with Khrushchev's. She went home and slashed her wrists. Having been raised under Stalin, she knew what this gesture must mean. She was saved, however, and Khrushchev ordered her restored to her position, for she had been a favorite of his. When it is said that Russia has not really changed much one must keep in mind that "much" can sometimes mean everything. But what such an incident still leaves in the mind of the foreigner is that the restoration is still quite as arbitrary and unpredictable as the condemnation, resting on a leader's temperament rather than on legally secured rights.

I knew that writers rather liked her—all sorts of writers, conservative and vanguard alike, more or less. The general feeling was that she cared about literature and was basically humane, and was not simply a police agent in disguise. Four or five officials sat around the table, she at the head. These were chiefs of various departments, one in charge of theater, another of children's books, and so on.

Madame Ekaterina Furtseva, Minister of Culture of the USSR, in her office in Moscow. She was elected to her position in the post-Stalin era, under Nikita Khrushchev.



They said nothing and were clearly of a still considerable rank. They wore dark pressed suits, starched collars, and subdued. We might well have been in a bank, discussing a mortgage.

Madame Furtseva, arranging her hair over her shoulders, talked of the weather, of children, of plays she had seen—including *A View from the Bridge* had been playing for a time and I told her I had seen it the night before. She was immediately curious about my reaction to the production. I said that I thought some of the actors superb, but that certain excisions and changes in the script disturbed me. She was genuinely surprised at this—and as her office was in charge of translations, her responsibility was now on the agenda.

I went on to say that all the psychological motivation had been carefully removed from the play. Eddie Carbone, the hero, must slowly reveal an illicit attachment to his niece, a love which helps to move him toward a betrayal of his two brothers-in-law, who are illegal Sicilian immigrants. In the Soviet version he has hardly entered the scene when he speaks of his love for his niece and thereafter she appears he puts on an agony of frustration which makes any later revelation immaterial and foolish. One wondered why his wife remained in the house at all.

There were many other changes of the same sort—nothing is left to be developed and discovered everything is stated at the outset, and rather crudely at that. I could not understand why the play was such a success.

Madame Furtseva was obviously appalled. She wanted to know from her assistants who had translated the play and why this had been allowed to happen. The matter would be looked into. Her sincerity emboldened me and I asked what the procedure was for selecting translators. To my astonishment she was quite vague about it. Not satisfied but genuinely vague, and even asked her assistants to help out with an explanation. The embassies now spread down the table. It turned out that translators in effect selected themselves; so anyone with a bit of English might hear of a foreigner get hold of a manuscript or a book, rush through a Russian version, and be the first to get to one of the Moscow or Leningrad theaters with a script. This, I said, sounded like arrant free enterprise: the rewards going not to the most able but to the most aggressive. We all had a good hollow laugh at this but the problem remained.

After about an hour it seemed time to break up and I said I did not want to keep her from her work any longer. She glanced behind her at the massive piles of books and manuscripts which awaited perusal. Yes, she said, there was a vast amount of work to do. I asked if she had to read all the manuscripts and she said yes, she did have to; fortunately it was necessary. What do you suppose would happen, I asked, if she just chucked it and didn't read them? Just let them go through. Would it really rock the country?

hed then, and I thought I detected a certain understanding in her laugh—as though the of censorship, even its abolition, had dis- sessed by her before this. I persisted; I had on writers who were suspect to one degree not ; but their complaint was that the cur- sys n was not Communist enough rather than for- nunist. As for Russia itself, their eyes d, the mention of it. She nodded. She under- l- pectly well. She knew it better than I did, ug then.

rh s I was too taken with her and let myself to- uch into the laugh—a certain recognition let a grain of absurdity in her exhausting p- o keep the national mind loyal and clean an- estioning. More, I thought at that moment so- where in her was the wish that the gates d- en and that mistaken literature could be l- ed by the people in their wisdom. But I d- l- wrong. I could also be right, however.

wo- ays later at a cocktail party one of her sta- s sought me out. He handed me an enve- l- ontained a chit for royalties due me on a y- nine which had been published in Moscow s- fore. I asked what this amount represented es- all I was owed? He asked if I wanted more. wa- you ask a guest if he wants more pickles. id- o, I wasn't here to dun them for royalties w- merely curious, although anything would re- fully received. He then gave me the mes- e- hich was obviously his chief business. da- Furtseva had not spoken idly during our ti- g; she wanted to assure me that she would ly see to it that from now on my translators e- be the best that could be found. I thanked en I asked, what about the translators for or- Americans they published and produced? se- ned taken aback, surprised; there had been us- sion of the others, or of the whole pro- of selecting translators. In short, this was nt.

aps I read too much into his reaction, but it rather a harking back to the royal past. p- plied to everyone excepting to those espe- avored from on high, and his total and naïve nce of such a benign procedure was note- , I thought—he saw nothing whatever unjust t. I had earned a favor and would receive it. ould be better than that?

y- et—don't politicians do favors in Wash- ? Of course they do, but one imagines they motely ashamed. Perhaps one ought not e too much. Or is the moral simply that we ll laboring under some fringe of the old illu- hich the great October Revolution raised the world—that a government of and by the d and injured had finally risen on the earth, ety which had somehow abolished the moti- s for immorality, the incarnation at long last human community. So that infractions here, ppearance of the Old Adam, are doubly scan- s, immensely more meaningful than any- else.

d that is one of the things I tried to tell high

officials of the Writers' Union, on another occasion, when one of them—call him apparatchik Leo—com- plained that writers in Spain, France, America, might be prosecuted but little was made of it, while the same thing in the Soviet Union had the whole world in an uproar. Leo, actually a professor rather than a writer, is a conservative in the Writers' Union, some would say a badly reformed Stalinist. His view is that foreign protests are basically made in bad faith; that in truth the protestors are more interested in making political capital against Com- munist than in gaining freedom for writers. I replied that this was undoubtedly true in many cases, but not in all by any means. The fact is that the Soviet Union has set itself up as an exemplar, the road to the future; that it has immense power to influence the future, and consequently what hap- pens to freedom in Russia will inevitably have an impact on what happens to it elsewhere, just as such shifts of attitude inside the United States are of much greater import than in other, less powerful nations.

Thus we were led to discussing his attitudes toward censorship itself. You mean, he asked, that we should permit publication of *anything*? And he smiled at me incredulously, but there was also a kind of amused alarm in his eyes, quite as though I were insane or vaguely dangerous. I had been asked that same question once before, by a Cincin- nati Congressman on the Un-American Activities Committee, and in both cases when I answered yes, I received the same look. But with Leo, if only be- cause I was not about to be indicted for what I said, and sentenced to a year in jail, it was possible both to understand the nature of his feeling from past experience, and to speak to his feeling rather than simply to his armored ideology.

The writers you distrust so are not unpatriotic, I said. I have never known such love of country in any literary men. You are burdening your own talents with a back-breaking load of suspicion which, if it were removed, would quite likely open your country to a renaissance. The only other place where so much talent exists is the United States. Let the people decide, at least to a far greater degree than they are allowed to now, what is valuable to them and what is destructive. You are far too great a nation to be descending to this ignoble hounding, this endless politics of suppression, liberation, and suppression again. These men are really not trying to overthrow Soviet society but to bring it closer to its own ideals. And so forth.

His reply was not only unexpected but, I thought, devastating. You mean we should spend the people's money publishing the pornography I have seen on your newsstands, books which interest young people in dope addiction, plays which espouse homosexuality, paintings which even your own critics admit are made only for publicity and money? All this, you are telling me, will be an im- provement for Russia? We do not consider that an improvement. As he spoke I could hear the Knights of Columbus applauding, as well as many a mem- ber of the PTA, the United States Congress—and,

“... foreign pro- testors are more interested in making political capital against Communism than in gaining freedom for writers.”

quite frankly, myself to a degree, for the open pandering that goes on in the West for money gain is the worst advertisement for a free literature which that ragged cause has ever had to endure.

I could only answer that the presence of this stuff was the price one paid, but that the principle itself could not be discarded because of its abuse. It was, of course, an unacceptable rejoinder, and he knew it was and this made him happy. And I had to remind myself again that under this rubric of morality he was also content to keep out of print whatever serious works embodied the honest response of the people to the system. As protectors of the wholesome, his kind had the power to condemn as dishonest, perverted, and reactionary some of the finest work being written in the Soviet Union. And worse, this power to condemn was the power to elevate into importance hacks and non-writers whose claim to prominence was really their fealty to whatever the Party had decided was correct. It was an unwholesome wholesomeness finally, a motivation toward bitterness and mean ungenerosity which revealed itself when we began speaking of those Russian writers who had been so acclaimed recently during their visits to the West. I had mentioned the poets Yevtushenko and Voznesensky as examples of the West's being prepared to open its arms to Soviet writers.

But, said Leo, you only open your arms to writers who criticize our system.

Not at all, I said; if Sholokhov came West he would find a great audience for his readings. But it is true that most of your writers who simply support the system would have a smaller audience, but that is because we expect writers to speak from their own souls, not from a political program. After all, you also welcome writers most who criticize their systems. It's because of the political advantage, but it is also that they are more likely to be speaking personally, rather than as ambassadors. Your poets, I went on, made a great impression because we were able to hear what a human being makes of life in Russia, aside from the intrinsic value of their works.

This theme, the travels of certain Russian writers, clearly interested, and I thought even angered, him. So he smiled. And what, he asked, did the Americans make of Voznesensky? A real neurotic, eh?

He went on in this vein—laughing in a condescending way, what you might call an established way, at these young poets who had written hardly enough even to warrant serious academic analysis, who showed off before foreigners, wearing all sorts of crazy clothes which they picked up in Paris or London, who were headlined in newspapers, quoted on radio and television, talked of as though they were geniuses, immortals. Suddenly the simplest truth hung shimmering before the blond, blue-eyed, rather Scandinavian Leo head—he was a professor who had worked so hard with little public recognition and no international acclaim, and along come these snottoses and the whole world bandies their idiotic, unscannable verses, and veritable hordes of students worship their names. The evident frustra-

tion as he spoke of these neurotics, these s was, I thought, the same thing I had met a times in American universities where p had to face the fact that massive sums wen fictionalists and so little to those who b backs for years over the substantial studies ture, the scholarship which nobody ever The difference, of course, is that those p haven't the political and legal power literal out of existence what irritates them.

I said that to Leo—that finally it came power. Censorship, the whole conception c al literature, handed the power to suppr individuals who might not be worthy of it, n it to express their own narrowness of vis surely a country did not benefit from this

And for the first time that afternoon a said yes to an argument of mine. It came other official of the Writers' Union, who quietly all this time. He was—call him app Ivan—a burly, gray-haired, tank-command who can fracture a spine with a welcoming e At a sad story, he weeps, at a glad one, blus pleasure. Once he had said to me, At the ex of war I got out of my tank and I looked up a and I thought—now there are no more ev in the world!

It was no idle remark. Now in his late si is of that generation whose lives were built Hitler and the German threat. Through th years of his prime, from the early Thirtie to end of the war in 1945, the defense not socialism but of Russia itself was the centr of existence, and any measure that purp strike at fascism was acceptable and good. ur the war Ivan made his name writing i patriotic poetry which was widely respecte ward he became a power in the Writers' Un until Stalin's death presided over the destru many writers marked by the secret police d generous.

But even those who hate all that, writ relatives and friends of the condemned, growl at his name but rather lament him. e d usher writers into the prison camps, but p at when he could, he would slip money to r prisoned writer's wife or secretly do what v sible to help mitigate punishments. Not n say for a man, but not nothing either, given involved.

Now, retired from his post, he is regarde as irrelevant grandpa, a rather benign relic o rible time. I have seen him, in Yugoslavia, ou a table with Yugoslavs his age, old partisa fighters from the Forties, drinking wine and ing at each other, pounding the table, hugg another when a moving sentiment was e singing the war songs as though invisible l troops were again behind them, and swearir in the human race.

He is a sentimentalist, a believer. The po y a Mandelstam, a Voznesensky, however m might respect it, is strange and unnerving questioning of all experience, its want of

apolitical fascination with love, identity, evanescence of existence. He knows he is it any more, however, and, as he did with me during this discussion, he would like me to hold back any final condemnation of it and its idea of freedom, and at the same time make me understand the mind of apparatchik. Now, after the apocalypse, he seems to come tide of sheer good will through which the United States and Russia might submerge their hostility, have a principled confrontation which he can never, as such, resolve itself peacefully. They were about to part, a bright idea suddenly came. I said, you know, just after the American Revolution, Congress passed the Alien and Sedition Acts, which forbade publishing views opposed to the Administration. Actually the editors and printers were jailed and presses de-

stroyed. This was real news, I was glad to see. Both apparatchik Leo and apparatchik Ivan came to alert, happy attention now. They understood this thing. I laid it on even more; there was a deep fear that enemies of the Revolution were trying to stir the people up. All kinds of very strict orders were carried out against hostile newspapers. They nodded. They truly understood.

Then I went on, Thomas Jefferson was elected President and he blew out the whole business. It was never tried in America. And mind you, I said, we were a very weak country then. And yet they decided to take their country seriously, with the faith and good sense of the people. He quickly replied, "Yes, but by then they had gotten rid of the English!" And he laughed.

By his words, Russia was still insecure, the prey of the international bourgeoisie. But he did not say so. And once they had left my hotel room I went out around at the walls and up at the ceiling to see if the bug must be hidden, wondering if both the Americans had really been addressing it all along rather than me alone, rather than the issues, which they understood quite as well as anyone.

III

Imagining through these pictures now brings back the ever-present sense of Russia's sheer enormity, its scale, the feeling one never loses especially in wintertime, of a prehistoric, lumbering beast which one never knows how to reach when its great arms may either stroke one's cheek or squash one's body altogether. To the imagination, not to one's associations, there is something solid in Moscow's architecture. Not the style of the gray intention of remaining forever and existing only when it must.

Every weekday without fail a line of people awaiting to enter the Lenin Mausoleum. Blond Americans, people with Mongol features, short men, God knows what desert five thousand miles away, patient in the biting wind, moving inch by inch toward the sepulcher of what can only be called a god. But then, just as one is sure that the

twentieth century and its skepticism, its total overthrow of all ritual, is still being held back at the European border, a question flashes up out of an odd piece of behavior. There in line stood a Mongolian Red Army officer and his girl or wife. Enduring the icy air without flinching, their slant eyes expressionless, they stood a quarter-mile from the tomb in silence. She was dressed in a short fur coat and a big hat of red fox, her rubber boots had curved tops ending just at mid-calf. A strangely chic and sexy emanation from the changeless East. Suddenly she started to snap her fingers rhythmically, holding them out in front of her, and then did a series of rock-and-roll steps to get warm. The officer looked at her, laughed—a real New York laugh—and joined her by snapping his fingers to the same beat. Then they subsided and went on waiting to see Lenin.

Having managed to travel in Russia without official sponsorship and at our own expense, we could refuse guided tours, but the invitation to come to the State Horse Farm was too good to turn down. I knew they had troikas there, and the single greatest mystery to me from my first walk on a Russian street in winter was how people had managed to stay alive in an open sleigh in such cold. Every nineteenth-century Russian novel has rides across the fields in sleighs—I thought of Chekhov's trip to Sakhalin. Gogol's almost human troikas, Dostoevsky's characters' crazy flights over the snow, Tolstoy. Ten, twenty, thirty below zero in an open sleigh, for hours, too—how was it possible?

The manager of the farm is a larger version of Khrushchev. Immense hands, an open, friendly face, barrel-chested—obviously no horse would dare disobey him. Nor do they. We stand in an indoor ring from which corridors of stalls radiate. Everything whitewashed and clean, a proper environment for Soviet race horses, some of which American and European breeders are eager to buy, and often do. But Inge Morath, polite as ever, makes the mistake of showing enthusiasm at the manager's offer to show us "everything." Thus we stand for an hour on a freezing floor while one by one the entire stock is brought galloping down the corridors, half-dragging the grooms onto the central ring. But just as my love of horses is fading away, we move out at last to the sleighs.

The pines rise to a hundred feet around a ten-acre field. The snow is perhaps a foot deep; the air never gets warmed by the lungs. There stand three sleighs, one drawn by a pair of Arabs with long eyelashes—their eyes longingly darting toward their drivers, who now and then raise a palm as though to promise action soon—another with three horses, and the largest drawn by five.

There is a board to sit on and a narrower board in front for the driver. The smell of oats, hay, manure is like the smell of life because somehow it means warmth. On top of my heavy New York overcoat, which here leaks air like burlap, they maneuver me into an ankle-length coat of embroidered felt three quarters of an inch thick. The sleeves are

"Censorship, the whole conception of an illegal literature, handed the power to suppress to individuals who might not be worthy of it, might use it to express their own narrowness of vision..."

wide enough to accommodate opposite fists, the broad collar, turned up, reaches above my head. In a moment the heat of my body returns from the felt wall to warm me, and as we start off the dreaded wind simply passes overhead as though I were in a heated cabin.

Troikas fly, borne aloft not only by the speed of the horses but by their joy. How those Arabs show off! And how the driver fights them. He has six reins flowing out of his fingers and drives with his feet on the dashboard, stretched out almost flat to pull those reins with all his weight. Just as in the books the pines flash by, the steam clouds up from the horses' rumps. The pounding of the hoofs on the snow soothes the mind. At the end, Inge Morath's trigger finger stands up crookedly, frozen, useless. Ice hangs from the broad moustaches of the drivers, and I understand for the first time the protective utility of facial hair.

In a sort of conference room we must have a parting vodka. The manager and his staff pour it out in tumblerfuls. Their pride is all over them, their country fitness, an overwhelming masculine rootedness in what they are doing. We drink. Surprisingly the vodka goes down easily, as though the fuel it supplies merely makes up for what the cold has used up. We thank them for their trouble, and as with so many Russians facing the foreigner,

they cannot help showing their pleasure in our hosts, a modest sort of satisfaction that you have found something interesting, a great dignity with pride and simple joy.

After a week or two one feels the need to know what is happening in the world outside, not only at home especially. But unlike the main hotels in the capitals of Europe, where the *Paris Herald* or at least is available, the newsstands in the hotels only carry foreign Communist Party papers. (Since the invasion of Czechoslovakia even the *Western Communist* papers have varied.) The fear this implies is a shock at first. There is also something humorous about it; what is the proof of the decadence of capitalism than that the *Daily Sketch*, and their like in America, is it that even the worst tabloid, appealing to the universal thirst for the sensational, makes a newspaper so interesting in Europe?

It has often been said that Russia in many ways is now having its nineteenth century. And it is possible to think of anything peculiarly Russian which is at the same time of this era. There have been a few serious composers of the first half of the great many instrumentalists and classical dancers, and there are certainly many good vocalists, but whether it be a new sound in music, a new

nance, an invention in prose, a particular contribution that might illuminate the fineness of the *nowness* of this time, it is not all seems so classic-bound.

be that all feeling in Russia is historic, he is really no strain of modernity in these. It cannot be, not when one recalls Mayakovsky's really astonishing theatrical work of and Vakhtangov and Tairov, who metaphoric theater into the place of the static one thirty years before the West borrowed their methods, mostly without realizing they originated. Life, Chekhov said, lies in the Russian. But surely not this heavy. In fact, painters exist who will not do monumental celebrations of acceptable themes but deliver up a vision of the life they feel. cannot show publicly, however, and so they let them hang their work in a physics where a certain in-public crowds the unadorned exhibitions.

ing again and again to forswear commitment. I find it impossible nevertheless not to find a difference in mood between Russian and Western cities. Granted that in the West the line between art and crassest commercialism has almost disappeared, that in the work of many writers sexu-

ality has supplanted man's fate, that so much is a mere chasing after fashion and aimed at a lucrative market—concede the worst, but one fact remains. It is interesting, and it changes constantly. The streets of London, Paris, New York, Milan are in motion with people going somewhere. In Moscow they are all on their way home.

What can be so frightening about modern paintings that they must be kept in the basement of the Tretyakov Gallery, from which the public is barred? Man and the world are still commanded to look as they did in 1875, and at the same time the leaders who make and enforce these rules are perfectly at home with the shapes of their space-ships, with space-time concepts. And it is known that they get *their* London *Times* and New York *Times* every morning.

No one can know why, as under Khrushchev, there have been periods of liberalization when a certain degree of doubt, protest, or modernism is allowed to appear in literature. Party leaders do not hold press conferences explaining such things. Surely no sudden flush of love for literature is involved, nor even a wish, for the sake of prestige, to begin to match the variety of the West's art. There can be only one explanation and it is that, in a system grown so complicated, total centraliza-



Piatnitza, a Russian sleigh drawn by five horses.

tion and conformity do not work. The liberalization of the arts has to be understood as an integral part of the release, comparatively speaking, of people in industry to exercise a greater degree of individual decision and initiative. The relative decentralization of decision-making in industry came about because the system lacks feedback. A decision in Moscow affects millions of people all the way down to the meanest village, but if it is a wrong decision, if its results are contradictory or even ridiculous, there is no free press to relay the news back to Moscow. The press's function is that of a house organ—it propagates the original decision, justifying it, rallying support for it, and denying any evidence that it cannot work. So some kind of leeway must be given the press if only for the sake of efficiency. Similarly with writers. Literature is a kind of feedback, the rawest kind of evidence of what sharp and imaginative observers are making of the reality around them. If writers too must merely celebrate the system, where will the voices be found to correct what needs to be corrected? There is more self-congratulation in a Russian newspaper than in a campaign brochure of an American Presidential candidate.

But this is not merely a technical question connected with increasing production. It is equally a spiritual one if only because, whatever the rationalizations, there is finally no legal recourse for an ideological offender. Put another way, if you tell the truth at the wrong time you can be punished, you can lose your right to appear in print with that

truth and any others you may have at and closest thing we have to such a situation is a corporation, which requires loyalty first and its top executives reserving to themselves the decision as to what is helpful criticism and what the competitor or the corporation's enemies.

The nagging question, therefore, is whether periodic expansions of liberty can really trick, or whether an opposition must be legalized if only to keep the Party itself from phying. But the very thought is a horror borne by the fundamental theory of Leninism.

And having said all this, it is necessary to say that there is a profound grandeur to the Russian sphinx, a human construct of devotion and endurance that is finally with all its failings a successful attempt to create a condition of human equality—a culture that was always built on master-slave relationships. All the slogan-jobbery, the obvious propaganda manipulations of Christlike virtues, the fake humanism, and the pervasive presence of the secret police—all of it still leaves intact the self-image of the Russian person himself, the Russian who is still child of the spirit, still so open to the transcendent condition, still so with an imperishable need for a goodness, a universal brotherhood that is not of this world.

In Tashkent once Inge Morath was taking pictures in a park. Along its border was a line of perhaps fifty framed color photographs, three feet five feet high, of Party and trade-union leaders. The subjects wore uniformly serious, official expressions, the kind of look the mayor of Akron, Ohio, would have used for his photograph. Under the gloomy shade of the trees this in a line of tinted faces, slightly faded by the sun, we watched the twisting lanes and benches of the park which at nine-thirty of a Sunday morning were nearly empty excepting for a few old men sitting there reading their newspapers in the quiet. Down the path on which we stood I saw a man weaving his way toward us.

He wore unironed cotton trousers and a bare shirt. His hair was uncombed and thinning, though he had just stuck his head under a shower. Seeing the camera, he came to a weaving halt, raised his arm, and pointed for a silent moment at the man who turned to him and waited.

"In America," he said, "you don't like the colored people."

We waited again, for he had either misinterpreted the rest of his thought or was having trouble speaking at all. But he was only trying to control his anger, it turned out. "In America you don't like many people. Here we like people. We like all kinds of people. Russia. Truly, everybody in Russia is nice. Everybody!" And lowering his arm, he walked on in deep thought. Inge turned back to the official photographs and went on taking her pictures.

But there are, of course, other kinds of people with different revelations of the social condition. A few miles out of Moscow there is Peredelkino, the writers' colony which Gorky inspired Sta-



Valentin Katayev in Peredelkino, the writer's colony about thirty-five miles from Moscow. Katayev has written verse, novels, screenplays, and comic-opera librettos. His play "The Squaring of the Circle" won him international fame.

ne homes are large and rambling wooden
in trees, on lots of perhaps an acre each.
f them lived Boris Pasternak, the Russian
novelist whose last book brought down on
fury of the Writers' Union, Sholokhov's
e called him a "pig"), and at his death a
which was attended by young writers as
some older ones whose presence was in-
oth as an act of respect for the much-loved
d a protest against his treatment by the
ies. Because Pasternak lived here and is
n the nearby graveyard, Peredelkino is off
foreigners lest some of them set off a pil-
that could be embarrassing.

ere is no knowing exactly what "off limits"
a Russia. I have ridden in official chauffeur-
limousines accompanied by government
ors to prearranged, officially sponsored
ngs, only to be stopped by motorcycle police
ade the chauffeur accompany them into a
t beside the road, where, presumably, he
rove his mission. We could drive with Galia,
enko's wife, in her little Moskvich to Pere-
with no one paying any notice at all.

e outskirts of Moscow, stopping at an empty
g for a traffic light, Galia remembered an
t at this spot. Some years before, when Yev-
o was enjoying his first high fame, he was
with her and in their usual style they were
a discussion at the top of their lungs. Galia
autiful woman who would be hard to fool;
enko is a handsome man trying to eat life.
s seen everything once and is now watching
ough for the second time; he is newborn
orning. He went through the red light.

siren behind them forced Yevtushenko to the
he militia man stopped his motorcycle and,
ffic cops everywhere, took his time dismount-
l walking toward them. In the interval Yev-
to turned to Galia and said, "All right, now
see how famous I am. Watch this. An ordi-
p and see what he does."
cop came to the window and said, "You went
n that light."

as talking to my wife."
ur license."

ushenko, savoring his coming joy, handed
nse through the window and watched for the
ition on the cop's face.
u are Yevtushenko?"

at's right. I am Yevtushenko."

cop looked at him with astonishment, but
ely the stern reprimand had not left his face.
you don't know the regulations? You drive
is, *you*—and your brother the Chief of the
w Militia?" A Yevtushenko, it now appeared,
eeded the head of the police. The poet took
nmons in unaccustomed silence.

a, her foot pressing the accelerator to the
laughed until tears came to her eyes. "But
the use? He'll never drive sanely," she said,
e tiny engine screamed like the straightfor-
passions inside this woman. We arrived at
rklike colony and Valentin Katayev's house.

Katayev is nearing seventy. Like Ehrenburg a
survivor, one of those whom Stalin did not de-
stroy. If fire is cold to one's hand it is easy to look
down at such men; if not, one can only feel a sense
of wonder at man's durability. He has traveled in
Europe and America, is a sophisticated, soft-
spoken, witty man with large sad eyes and a full
head of hair not yet gray. There is nothing paro-
chial, nothing narrowly national about his attitudes,
and one of his last books, *The Holy Well*, is a lyr-
ical quest for a lost love in which, as though by-the-
way, the mysterious immortality of the idea of
human freedom is a leitmotif. Sitting with him on
his sunny glassed-in porch, one realizes that at
seventy he has lived through the whole agony of
the last half-century of Russian history and must
have known terrors that reached into the bone,
must have wrung rationalizations out of his own
mind to justify what he saw, must have died many
times. And indeed, he wrote novels which had pas-
sages of idolatry for Stalin, passages which he
could excise without disturbing the rest of the text,
and did so after the Death. Since then he has come
forward as a strong defender of writers and liberty
and has become a sort of bridge between the
younger men and the regime. Perhaps it is my own
narrowness, but with all the men of this generation
I feel constrained, as though there are large pain-
ful areas our conversation must avoid, and yet for
all I know he is ready to talk about anything.

We walked with Galia and Inge a half-mile from
his house to a glade he wanted us to see. A few acres



*Yevtushenko's wife,
Galia.*



On the hill, opposite the field in front of Pasternak's house, the writer lies buried in the cemetery, his tomb covered with the offerings of visitors.

around a small pond surrounded by great
Near the pond is a concrete basin covered
s, and an iron faucet dripping water into
arby a small bench. In this country silence
es toward the trees, the dark pond, the sky.
microcosm of the whole world here. This
ll ponds, those trees are all trees, the water
tap is all the flowing water in Greece, Italy,
One needn't move from here. Nothing
cessary." Galia does not answer him, nor
the silence one had to wonder what the
communicating with one another, for she
lled with his message as she stared at the
his, after all, was not a microcosm of the
ere were no powerful men here, for one,
gle to prevail, no blind ignorance, no petty
Was it that after all the struggle there
ut to be only a few, very simple, and very
ecological truths?

too cool to stay still very long, and we
own a country road and came to a plowed
ddy from the recent rains. The furrows
ward to a wide clearing in the distance,
led by trees, where the graveyard lay. Inge
to photograph Pasternak's monument.
Galia nor Katayev raised the point, but it
from their constrained agreement to lead
that a visit to this grave was forbidden or
frowned upon from on high. Now a man
approached along the road, or rather a
unbroken recitative delivered to the air in
nical dead-level monotone, the words spit-
loudly, with no emphasis and no pause.

e stranger approached he seemed drunk,
g that he was walking straight, very fast
urgently. Seeing him, Katayev instantly
way and walked quickly, all of us follow-
the man caught up and rudely grasped
s arm. He was dressed in blue woolen
and a heavy woolen shirt and wore a four-
le leather belt strapped around his middle.
le. A kind of anxiety in his voice, an urgent
in his ruddy, tight face, and the breathless
ous want of music in his speech suggested
mmands he must be giving, but Katayev
even attempting to pay attention, simply
at freeing his arm from the man's strong
d shaking his head denying something.
he freed himself and we walked away, and
remained behind, calling more loudly and
ly to us as the distance between us grew.
it is he saying?" I asked.

nothing, nothing," Katayev replied, and a
ill look was in his face now.

talked on in silence. It was strange to feel
this countryside, it was strange to live in a
here a grave could be dangerous. After a
Galia said, "He is mad, that's all."

surprised—although now that she said it,
ed obvious. But why was Katayev so de-
perhaps even sickened?

emed to sense my question. "He is quoting
a. It is a *folie de poésie*, a literary schizo-

"Do you know him?"

"He lives somewhere nearby. I see him walking
around occasionally."

"He always does this?"

"Always. He goes about like that, roaring out
those beautiful lines. Whole pages, page after page.
It's terrible, it's a ghastly thing."

"Is he a poet?"

"I don't know. I don't know what he is," Katayev
said, and went silent, flinging the subject away like
some painful memento.

The headstone is a shaft some four feet high,
widening toward the top, where a profile of Paster-
nak is carved in low relief, so low that it will prob-
ably vanish into the stone in not too many years.
On the grave tributes had been laid—flowers, stalks
of wheat, a few apples which were in different
stages of decay—as though a rather steady trickle
of visitors came here through the weeks, months,
and years. The grave, like all the others, is sur-
rounded by an iron fence shoulder-high, and we
entered through a hinged gate and stood there
looking at the ground. The only sound was that of
the camera shutter. Katayev now did nothing to
hurry our visit, but when I indicated I had stayed
long enough he moved out through the gate at once,
with what I thought was relief.

We would take a different path back to Galia's
car, which she had parked somewhere nearby so
that we would not have to walk all the way back to
Katayev's house. In a few minutes we crossed a
railroad track and came on a nineteenth-century
railroad depot, a steep-roofed, wooden building
with fretwork eaves, the kind Tolstoy might have
died in. I rarely take pictures, although on occasion
I carry our 8-millimeter home movie camera just in
case. As we walked past the little depot I noticed
two drunks leaning against the building and talk-
ing. They had such striking Russian faces, and in
this isolation and under these very old trees they
seemed such everlasting types that I whispered to
Inge that she was missing a great shot. Surprisingly
she shook her head decisively and continued walk-
ing on. I said I would shoot a few feet with the
movie camera. "Don't do it," she said firmly. She
was raised in Nazi Germany and a sixth sense
guides her judgment on these things, but her polit-
ical caution seemed absurd to me here. When we
had gone on about thirty yards, I took out the
camera, turned, and using a zoom lens started
shooting the two disputants. In the camera sight
I saw one of them noticing me. Now he broke away
from his companion and was walking toward me.
I put the camera away. Galia, who had been walk-
ing in front of us, sensed through the back of her
head that there was trouble. She turned and saw
the approaching man and immediately walked back
to meet him, barring his way to me with her body.

"I want that film," the man said. He was sober-
ing up fast, and held out his hand to me.

Galia pressed his hand down and talked fast.
Their voices were rising. I told Galia I would give
him the film, that it didn't mean that much to me.

"... it was strange
to live in a place
where a grave
could be
dangerous."

She would not hear of it. I offered again, and she insisted it was silly and unnecessary, and went on arguing with the man. Now she flicked her hand toward me and said we must go on and she would catch up. And I saw that for her there was some grand issue here which she would not allow to pass. I was her guest, for the moment; I had no intention of maligning Russia with this innocent piece of film; she was damned if she would submit to censorship—for the man had begun by saying, "I am an official; I am a soldier of the Red Army."

Katayev, Inge, and I walked on, leaving Galia with the man. Their voices sounded more reasonable now, and glancing back I saw that he was behaving stubbornly—staring down at the path to listen to her but at least no longer threatening. We walked until they were out of sight. I looked to Katayev for what to do next. He was obviously intending to continue walking. Whether it was anger or fear in his silent face I could not tell, but in either case he seemed to know more or less what it was necessary to do.

"Should we wait here?" I asked him.

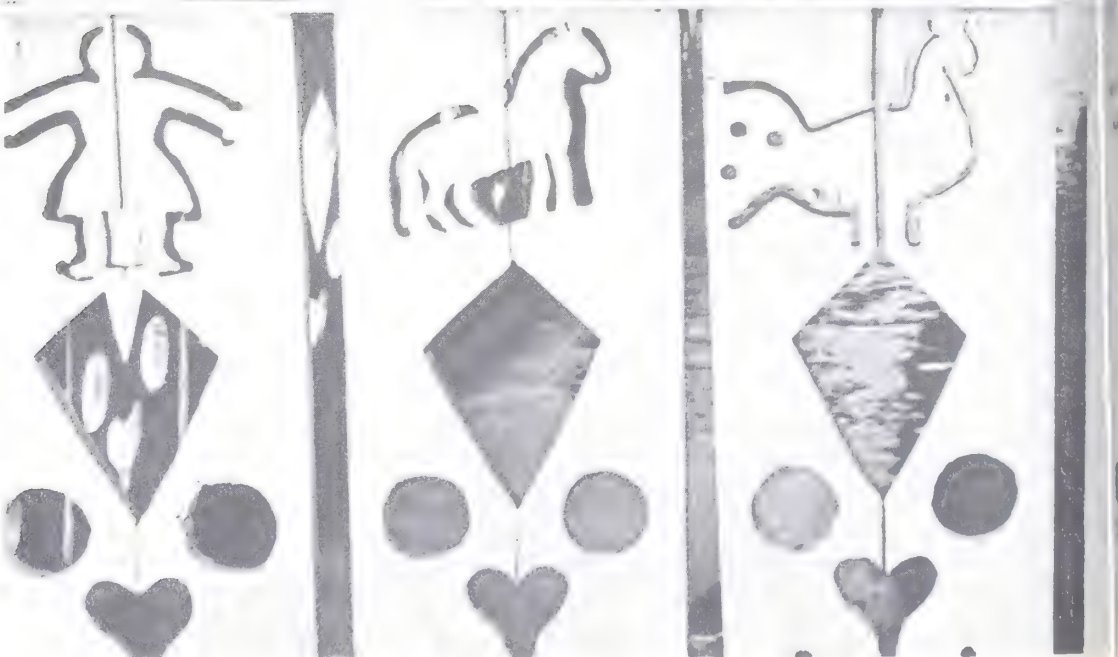
"No, she'll catch up with us."

We walked on for a moment. "Why don't you give him the film?" I asked. "I don't want to get her into trouble. It's foolish."

"Do as she says."

We walked on. There was evil in the air, impossible to go on conversing. Every instant seemed being ground down, pulverized with each lengthening out between us and Galia all alone there. Katayev was pale now. A wind had come cold and damp, and the sky was darkening for night. We recrossed the tracks—not at a crossing but over the ties themselves, like evading detection. Time enough had passed to calm my own feelings and to guess Katayev's, but I mistrusted my own knowledge of this country. I dared not do something that would bring difficulties to these people. We came to a pavement and halted. Galia would be coming from the car in her car.

We stood at the roadside, watching the road



und came from around the bend. We
out it was a truck. Then silence again. It
stand in silence on a country road with
e hardly knows. I no longer remember
ect I brought up to distract the moment,
l finally exchange a few words to disguise
dity with some logic; but nothing could
the silence returned between us, and a
g sense of humiliation. This man was in
ties, a widely respected writer, and here
th his guest on a country road with night
on, waiting for Authority somewhere to
m from his apprehension.

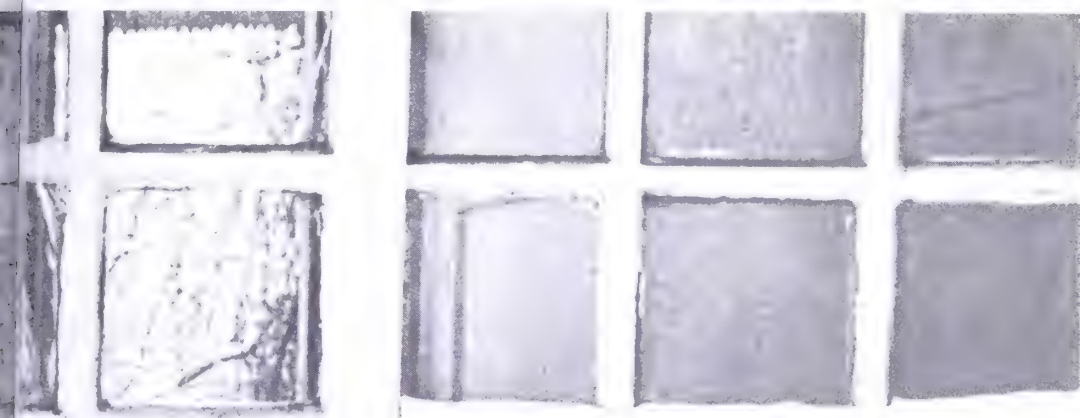
was laughing when she pulled up before
ing and shaking her head at the childish-
all, and we were all talking at once as we
ek to Katayev's house, like children who
n to think they were lost in a forest and
accidentally found the path out. A victory
won, it seemed—but over nothing.

Katayev's dining room his wife was waiting
meal on the table. There is a depth of feeling

in the way a Russian woman sets food before a
stranger. Katayev could drink only water, not wine.
As I recall, he talked at great length about his times
in Paris, a city with which he is passionately in love.

IV

If an invading army should ever fling itself upon
the shores of California and sweep toward
Washington, its air force smashing every standing
structure, its strategy baffling the defense and over-
whelming whole American armies in one massive
onslaught which would soon put the capital itself
in danger, it is not likely that an American Presi-
dent would have the time or inclination to send out
a special team to load onto trucks the contents of
William Faulkner's Oxford, Mississippi, house in
order to safeguard for the nation the great writer's
effects. Nor would this be regarded as a lapse of
duty, or the destruction of the property a depreda-
tion particularly more meaningful than all the
other destruction.



*Detail of porch at
Yasnaya Polyana, the
house in which Leo
Tolstoy lived from 1862
to 1910.*

Arthur Miller IN RUSSIA

Yet at the height of the chaos during the Nazi invasion, Stalin's men removed Tolstoy's hat and stick, his coats, boots, and chairs, his books, dishes, and desk—the contents of the rambling old wooden home at Yasnaya Polyana—and secreted them all until peace had come. The Germans stormed in and, indeed, barracked soldiers in the house, and leaving it on their retreat accidentally burned part of it down. In a gesture of contempt for the old man's bones, which lay nearby under the tall birch and fir trees, they surrounded his grave with their own dead in this glade where long ago he had sat with his grandchildren, offering a kopek to the one who would *not* think of a white bear.

This tenderness toward the memory of a great artist is ironical in a country which, under all its regimes, never hesitated to censor art and not infrequently exiled recalcitrant artists or even killed them. There is surely an element of travesty in dialectical materialists turning the great mystic's home into a shrine. But there is a certain logic in it too. As I have indicated, the roots of Socialist Realism, the official Soviet credo of all art, are in Yasnaya Polyana.

Socialist Realism, an aesthetic yardstick which frequently is made of rubber and sometimes of oak hard enough to crack any skull, is not a uniquely Russian invention. It demands that a work not merely report life as the writer has seen it, which is mere naturalism and inevitably an escape from the higher truth. That higher truth is made of several parts, chief of which is the superiority of

socialism as a civilization, and its inevitable perfection in Russia and its victory over the rest of the world. Thus, a Soviet character who is dishonest, with alcoholic tendencies, let us say, cannot at the same time be a fervent supporter of socialism. It is such people who do not exist in all countries. Russia too, but that they are not typical in Russia. The word *typical* is crucial, and it means that the characteristics, intellectual confusion, moral depravity, self-interestedness, careerism, and so on, cannot be ascribed to a socially desirable or important person. The higher truth, in socialism, requires that good be done by good people, and not by evil people. More, typicality means that the art work is at bottom a metaphor of social reality. However subtly social forces may be disguised, that the outcome or impression of the work is supportive of socialism as it is practiced in Russia. For a work to conclude differently would have been a distortion of the truth and therefore bad art. For art in or about capitalist countries, its message must equal the decadence or anti-humanism of capitalism; otherwise it is untrue and lies. Furthermore, the texture of a work, its style and language, must be available to almost everyone. Since art always teaches, whether the artist intends to or not, it must teach in favor of humanity. The cause of humanity is socialism.

Tolstoy spent periods of his life writing novels and tracts to prove that it was depraved self-interest

The ground-floor study in which Tolstoy wrote "Anna Karenina." Sometimes he changed his workrooms, taking his desk with him. (Far right) The dining room. At the table in the corner Tolstoy's family and friends used to gather to listen to him reading his latest work.



er than art which merely provided sensu-
re, enjoyment, or time-wasting amuse-
must be of use, mainly as a means of
he eyes of men to the god within them,
orn goodness. State, church, and other in-
exist only to keep man in ignorance of
ner self, the easier to send him into wars
in of his masters, or to pit him against his
in, the better to seduce him with material
d privilege, which kill his soul and enslave
of fishness.

an, Tolstoy tried, sometimes desperately,
his own noble privileges—his alienation, one
—and if his wife had not made it impos-
ld have published his works without roy-
Hood with the people, down to the lowliest,
artor its own sake was nothing short of sin.

stoy is published in immense editions in Rus-
his religious dedication is an inconvenience
eyes, it is a small one—he merely reflected
his own historic movement, and his short-
are the shortcomings of history; had he
into the Socialist era he would no doubt
a Soviet writer. He is a Soviet writer now,
ase, since some of his writings are still un-
iskd.

problem can be seen when it is admitted that
months and years when Tolstoy was obsessed
teaching and writing educative tracts, his pro-
of fiction fell away. And when his mind was
th a story and characters and the sensuous
of human beings acting as human beings
output of tracts ceased. The fact remains,
that a Tolstoy shorn of his moral passions
e a mere storyteller.

takes a genius of this high order success-
fuse his moral and social vision with pro-
ompassion for man and his artistic con-
In lesser hands, the command to teach
art results in neither good teaching nor
but an art of facsimiles. There is nothing
ith Socialist Realism as an aesthetic theory,
provided that the artist is indeed a Socialist
If he is not, the theory especially when it is
tered as law and enforced by censorship, is
ing thing. In a word, Tolstoy would never
od for it.

elics of great artists are always misleading.
etritus they leave behind we stare at for
gs and hints of their inner lives when in fact
rdly noticed such things at all. What pos-
es as a life-purpose and design for living,
rtist was makeshift, chaos more often than
stoy's house is a rambling wooden thing
usands of other country houses the nobility
, but probably none of them with such an
workable—one might call it a modern—air.
the dining-room table where he tried to shut
to his wife's business plans, keep his eyes
s daughters' fancy clothes and the—to him—
mbitions they signified, and listened like a
sycophantic compliments of manipulating
s. Like Pushkin's house, it stands apart from
in its simplicity. One tries to resist the ro-

mance of such a place but in its silence, surrounded
by snow and forest, Tolstoy's presence makes itself
felt if only because the absence of any splendor
speaks of a man at work here, and work in this
house meant several masterpieces scrawled onto
paper by the gigantic man on the second floor.

Still, he was a fool, like every other man, and
caught in a domestic world he had made and could
not recognize as his own, striving to slip out of his
skin to enter the arena with God, whom he wanted
to ask certain questions. Upstairs is his working
area, a plain desk and a chair as low as a child's,
which brought his eyes close to his paper and ob-
viated the need for spectacles—for he was vain. It
is all comfortable but somehow bare, like a prize
ring, without the trifles, gewgaws, encumbrances
so dear to Victorians. In his stories and novels he is
a vast magnifying glass collecting the emanating
rays of the Russian people, focusing them to a burn-
ing point which scorches their name on the ageless
rock. Today it is Socialist Realism they justify by
his work, tomorrow it will be something else. He
saw life whole and one walks through his hallways
believing that one day it will be permitted to see
life whole again; somewhere high in the ranks of
the powerful there must surely be men who know
that for Leo Tolstoy there could be no mediator
between a man and truth, not the church and surely
not the state, socialist or capitalist, and among the
Russian tourists who in summer come by the thou-
sands on buses to walk in hushed silence past the
bed he died on and the hat that shaded his eyes
from the blazing sun, there are surely some who
have received from his work that awareness of an
awful, remorseless conscience which tests every
work and every boast of man. One leaves Yasnaya
Polyana with no worry that Tolstoy has been cap-
tured or used for purposes not his own; it is good
that they keep his name alive. He is far more pow-
erful than the nets of any program, political or
aesthetic, just as the truth is in its survival despite
everything. In a strange way it even seems that their
strategic idolatry is an expression of their final,
unadmitted wish to keep alive the rule by which
they may be corrected one day, for the purpose of
literature can only be to tell the truth.

But it is not only Tolstoy, of course, who is en-
shrined in Russia. Lenin's mummy, a wax figure of
gigantic Peter the Great, Stalin (until he was placed
underground before the Kremlin wall), and hun-
dreds of thousands of the ordinary dead are kept
alive by photographs embedded in their headstones
in graveyards everywhere. The Russian icon is not
merely an art form; the unwillingness to give up
the body is reminiscent of ancient Egypt. And it
may help explain their love of realistic painting
and writing and, among other things, their actors'
doting on noses.

After the performance of *A View from the Bridge*,
backstage talking to the actors, I kept looking
around for the actor who had played Eddie, the
hero of the play, and since he was not present I
referred to his performance several times, saying,
"The man who played Eddie . . ." until I noticed a



certain shifting, an embarrassment among the actors, and it was pointed out finally that their Eddie was standing next to me. He was totally unrecognizable. For the characterization on stage he had built up a different nose.

At the Sovremennik (Contemporary) Theater the troupe is very young, but several characters in Efremov's dazzling production of Schwartz's *The Emperor's Clothes* are aged men. The oldest, a prime minister who trembles with senility, turned out to be a twenty-four-year-old actor, and on another night I watched him for two hours in a different role and never realized it was the same fellow. It is all in the nose, and the changes are not always gross. A widening of the bridge, a slight tilting of the tip, a new flare for the nostrils and the actor is catapulted into another age bracket and a new personality. Gogol, of course, was fascinated with noses, and physical description in Russian literature has traditionally been of great importance. People, whatever their psychological nature may be, are first of all bodies, and this fascination with the way people look is, I think, the foundation for the vividness of so much Russian acting.

A great deal has been made in the past twenty years of the staleness of Russian theater. Certainly it has kept out Ionesco, Beckett, the whole absurdist mode. But there is very little in the West that can match the vitality of the best Russian productions. Directors like Efremov and Lubimov would be of first importance anywhere. Their productions are highly finished and complete, yet imaginative and

sometimes wild. Their actors are mostly young, full of enthusiasm and curiosity, and far more trained than the majority of Americans.

Even in plays with little distinction or novel form there is always some startling acting. *Uncle Dream*, a dramatization of a Dostoevski story, is a case in point. A great nobleman is passing through a provincial Russian town and his carriage breaks down. He must spend the night. The ladies of the best families vie with one another for the honor of sheltering him. The nobleman is unmarried, and naturally the mothers of eligible daughters are desperate to receive him. These are "the best people" and the nobleman is the incarnation of state authority and aristocratic distinction. The ladies meet in the living room of an important matron to decide who among them will have the honor. They have agreed, however, not to invite Madame X (I have forgotten the character's name), who is universally regarded as a viper and a pest. Ten or twelve of them in satin and embossed velour dresses move about the stage, plotting, sweeping from couch to piano to the bust of Byron to the French door opening on the garden, like a flock of excited geese, their words lengthening out into a kind of whining half-sung chorale which nevertheless remains true to the side of reality. Comic as it is, it is somehow hilarious. They sit down at last, sipping the drink of the cultivated—chocolate. In comes Madame X, who has gotten wind of this meeting to which she was denied admission.

Serafina Birman, the actress, as I later found out



Scene from Director
Lubimov's dramatiza-
tion of George Read's
"Ten Days That Shook
the World" at
the Taganka Theater.

age of the character—in her mid-seventies.
rs. The company falls silent in a hush of
The offended socialite stands center stage.
g her betrayers. She begins to take them
e by one, their private bad habits drawn
ir foreheads by her mocking, searing voice.
e minutes she continues without pause or
Then four, then five, then six, then seven.
ath begins to come hard, but she will not
he is unsteady on her feet now and takes a
step to the side as though about to collapse,
goes right on. Suddenly—she goes down on
e. Her brown satin gown, a veritable dra-
atches on her heel, her hair is falling into her
at her bitterness flows on. She is losing her
altogether, it seems, she is shaking in every
nd she lies down on one side, propped up
elbow, her free arm extended as she points
ated face to hated face. Her position, how-
llapsed, never loses its nobility, her stento-
ghtfulness, her righteous wrathfulness. She
ow, gasping out her curses, and lower-
free hand to the floor, turns over on her
h, and points at the hostess, the arch culprit.
is for you—I spit in your chocolate!" With
she sits upright, gets her feet under herself,
nds, swaying with exhaustion and a certain
nd pleasure, and staggers out of the house.
yond acting, it is apocalypse, and backstage
found for the first time in my life that I was
I that someone had been given the Order of
She has been acting for over fifty years.

The physicalness of Russian acting, its mortal quality, was apparent also in what can only be called the disembodying of the nobleman. He appears at first as a caricature of an upper-class dandy. Obviously made-up to look young enough to attract women, he can barely move about in his patent-leather shoes, the lace pouring out from under his sleeves, the high stiff collar manacled his neck. Alone, finally, in a bedroom with his valet, he is being undressed for the night. The wide-chested jacket is removed, revealing a skinny torso: his gloves off show veined and aged hands. His fine head of hair goes into the wig box leaving him bald, his teeth go into a jar and his lips pucker up, and finally one eye comes out and there he sits, the mummy of the ruling class still chattering on about his possibilities as a lover. Of course the idea is not new, but the detail is so deftly etched that it still frightens and illusions the onlooker, who can only marvel at it.

No one who goes to the theater in Russia can fail to be struck by the audience. It is not bored and it is not uncritical, but it is passionately open to what it has come to see. Outside on the street there are always dozens of people pleading with each arrival for an extra seat. Young people make up the majority of the audiences, and particularly if the production offers something new and contemporary there is almost an atmosphere of adoration in the house, and open gratitude to the author, the actors, the director. It is as though there were still a sort of community in this country, for the feeling tran-

scends mere admiration for professionals doing their work well. It is as though art were a communal utterance, a kind of speech which everyone present is mutually delivering.

The earthiness, the bodiliness, so to speak, of Russian acting even extends into its stylizations. Yuri Lubimov's production of *Ten Days That Shook the World* in his Taganka Theater is a sort of visualization of the atmosphere of the Revolution, rather than a play. From time to time a white screen is lowered over the whole stage, and, lit from behind, it shows the silhouettes of the actors, the people of the city caught up in the chaos. The detail of each silhouette instantly conveys not only that one is a prostitute, another a bourgeois, another a worker, another an old querulous gentleman, but somehow their attitudes toward the Revolution, and the impression comes from body postures, particularly of gestures, the way a head is held or a finger points. And as the light is moved back and more distant from the actor, his silhouette grows on the screen, so that at the end the figures of the new Red Army men, the defenders of the Revolution, move like giants as tall as the proscenium, dominating the whole theater.

Much of this production is sheer choreography and neither better nor worse than its counterparts elsewhere, but there is always some explosive conception which instantly speaks of this particular Russian genius for physicalizing. A young man is being held before a firing squad. He is let go to face his death. The rifles rise to sight him. There is no explosion of bullets, but the young man rises onto his toes, then comes down on his heels. Then he rises again, a little higher this time, and comes down harder. Now he jumps up a few inches off the floor and comes down; then he jumps up about a foot off the floor and comes down; now he is springing, higher and higher, his hands behind his back, until he is flying upward in a movement of both escape and pride, of death's agony and life's unbelievable end, until one imagines he will succeed in simply flying upward and away—and then he comes down and crumples to the earth, and no sound is heard.

It is wordless and physical, the diametric opposite of the poets' avant-garde theater which Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, among others, are attempting to create. Neither is primarily a dramatist but, as in most countries now, the theater has attracted poets as a public forum where contact with wide audiences can make poetry stretch itself toward its classic applicability to public discourse. By the accident of their appearance as spokesmen for the youth their names are usually coupled, but their talents and traditions are not at all the same.

It is impossible for a foreigner really to appraise Yevtushenko's *Bratsk Station* or *The Triangular Pear* by Voznesensky because they both depend almost totally on language. One can, however, speak of two different kinds of feeling that are quite apparent and distinctive in each. Voznesensky's is a first-person work, a series of stylized scenes allowing actors to speak broken-up sections of his

poems as individual speeches. It is rather recitative than a dialogue, but the power over the audience is unmistakable. The surrealism of the staging is sophisticated charming, but it would probably seem rather in some far-out Western theaters. Immersion inevitably is in mass theater in Russia, and in basically realistic theater, this performance one that there is an "in" culture and an "out" split in the sensibilities of the country. *The Triangular Pear* celebrates personal emotions and an individual's singular reaction to his time rather than any group or public destiny and if for moral purpose it is to raise up to view the role of one individual to the world he has fought, the beauty of language apart, perhaps it is this of individuation which attracts the young to Voznesensky's verse. He pretends to speak for no one but himself, his own nature. It is also probable that this is what unnerves the authorities toward him.

Bratsk Station is of another order, a sort of total embracing the sacrifices, the endurance, the heroism of the Russian people as well as the injustices they suffered in the gigantic construction of modern Russia. With a cast of perhaps twenty young actors, using Egyptian slavery as a metaphor of Stalinism, the work strives toward a Whodunnit-esque celebration of the people's victory over their history, their betrayers, and those who would enslave them. The work opens with a movie projected over the entire back of the stage, showing on a 1920 film stock a long line of workers with their arms linked around each other's waists, rhythmically tramping their immense felt boots on soft cement into the forms of the Bratsk Dam. Moving end to end from side to side over the cement, they perform a kind of massive Hora of brute human power, turning a twentieth-century structure into the altar of the Russian earth. The film appears again at the end after we have seen how this very discipline and order was taken advantage of by slave-driving betrayers, but this time it is interrupted by a rush onstage of a line of well-dressed, shiny-faced young couples who break into an arm-linked dance to the same rhythm as the old Bratsk workers use in the past—now, however, with a rock musical accompaniment which joins both generations together in the present. The new young people throw off an exuberant free and joyous energy which inevitably seems to taunt any who would do to them what was done to their fathers. And the one refrain of *Bratsk Station* is, indeed, "Russians never will be slaves."

Seeing these plays it is difficult to understand why they should have met with such opposition from the Party if it were not still torn between reactionary primitive Stalinist and liberative factions. There surely seems to be no split in the audience's enthusiasm, nor does there appear to be any sense of scandal or exposé in the reception. That Russians never will be slaves is hardly a revolutionary slogan and a regime which permits such sentiments on the official stage would merely seem to be feeling rather secure about its passage through a dark time.



Kolomenskoe. This old estate of the Czars lies a little less than ten miles from Moscow. Here Ivan the Terrible had a palace, and it was here that Peter the Great spent part of his childhood, sheltered from the revolt of the "streltsy." Czar Alexis bred hunting birds in the White Falcon tower. The most remarkable of the buildings laid out along the banks of the Moskva River is the sixteenth-century Church of the Ascension, the finest example of a "pyramid style" church in Russia.

МАСТЕРСКАЯ
РЕМОНТА
МЕТАЛЛОИЗДЕЛИЙ

РЕМОНТ

ЗАМКОВ ЭЛЕКТРОПРИБОРОВ
ИЗГОТОВЛЕНИЕ КЛЮЧЕЙ
КРЕПЛЕНИЕ ЛЫЖ
ЖЕЛЕЗКА ИТОЖКА КОНЫКОВ
ПАЙКА МЕТ. ПОСУДЫ

МАСТЕРСКАЯ

РАБОТАЕТ С

ПЕРВОГО ПОСЛА

ОТКРЫТОГО ДЕЛА

ЗАПР
ШАРИКОВ

ВКА
РУЧЕК

Central
Official stands
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outside on
rners sell their
plus goods:
'es, apples,
mushrooms,
rics gathered
oods.

pe e:
shop for
and other
ic objects" in
e market.



Leningrad, two views
of Dostoevsky's
St. Petersburg. On the
top floor of No. 7
Pergevalsky Street was
the room of Rodion
Raskolnikov, hero of
Crime and Punishment.
Dostoevsky himself
lived for a while in this
building while he was
working on the novel.



Courtyard on the way
from Raskolnikov's
lodgings to the house
of the old woman
pawnbroker whom he
was going to murder.

Below:
View from the window
of Raskolnikov's
lodgings, looking out
on the courtyard.



Under the blue-green walls of Leningrad's Winter Palace. Built by Rastrelli between 1754 and 1764 as a residence for the Czars, the palace, together with the adjacent Hermitage, now houses one of the greatest art collections in the world. In front of it lies Palace Square which played an important part in the revolutionary history of Leningrad: here the crowd gathered to storm the Winter Palace in the October 1917 Revolution. Hitler planned to hold his victory parade there.





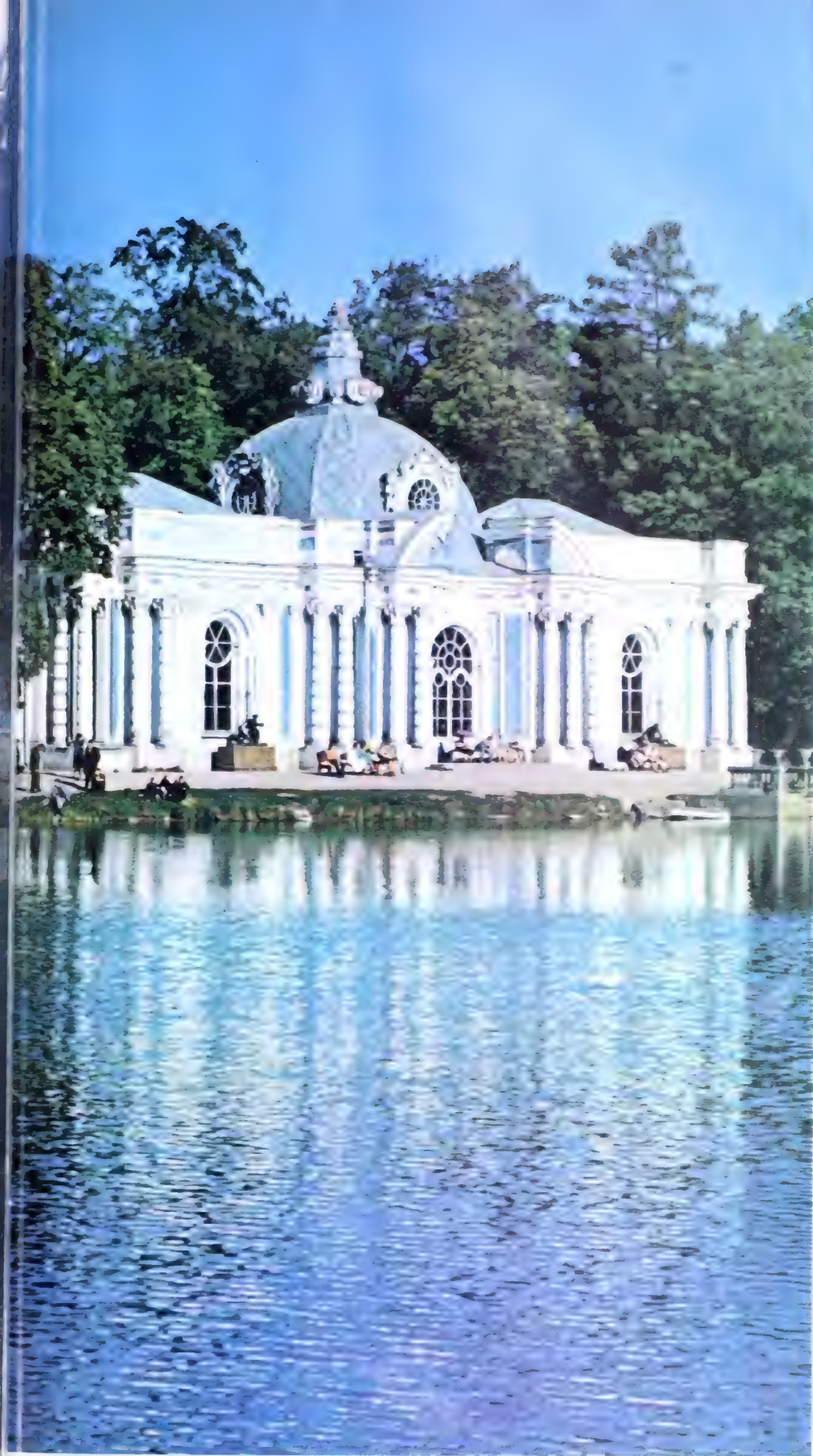
Boris Pasternak's house in the writers' colony of Peredelkino.

Best known in the West for his novel Doctor Zhivago, most celebrated in Russia as one of its greatest poets, Pasternak lived the greater part of his life in this wooden house surrounded by a garden. Across from it lies the cemetery where he is buried, and nearby is the railway station he celebrated in many of his poems.



Yasnaya Polyana, the house in which Leo Tolstoy lived from 1862 to 1910, lies about 100 miles south of Moscow in the province of Tula. On three occasions Tolstoy walked all the way from here to Moscow. Here he wrote all his major works.





Pavilion in the Park of the Catherine Palace in Tsarskoye Selo, now named Pushkin after Alexander Pushkin, Russian poet. In 1811 Pushkin entered the lycee that was attached to the palace; on these grounds he wrote one of his early poems about the "fountain with the girl with the milk jug," and he came to spend his honeymoon in a nearby cottage. Founded by the Czarina Elizabeth I, converted into a summer residence by Catherine II, Tsarskoye Selo was the first town in Russia to have a railway line, in 1837, and to be equipped with electric light, in 1887.



Zagorsk. The seventeenth-century refectory of Saint Sergius Monastery. The building is painted with multicolored lozenges which recall the "facets" of Moscow's old Kremlin wall. The interior has been converted into a church.

that *Bratsk Station* went through many posed revisions and line-changes. Only *re-* was even taken out of production for a then allowed back again. It is all a little of our afternoon with Katayev when I and talked in the countryside much as anywhere, and then suddenly there was which never quite materialized in punishment have.

ely there is an absurdity about this alternation between repression and freedom, and beyond dity a question as to whether the leader- r dares to be, in touch with the people the invasion of Czechoslovakia is any s not. Justifying the invasion on the need the Czech Communist Party from counter- raries, the Russian government was un- d a single Czech Communist leader of any o would come forward as a representative rescued. The Russians found themselves o treat with the very leadership against e trayals of Communism they had come to t country. This bespeaks either total cyni- a hermetic, self-induced illusion of such ons as to astound the foreigner—and doubt- y Russians too. (The problem came up in tions with Czech intellectuals in Prague in 1969. With Soviet soldiers occupying t, they were under the gun, yet they were nely able to dismiss the possibility that the sic was to some degree the result of self- on the part of the Soviet Party, a sign of acity to recognize realities which its *a priori* denied existed. Russian officers and sol- pped people on the streets in the early days cupation, asking to be led to the “counter- raries,” and were shocked by the hostility echs. Others believed they had landed in rmany, because the people were so antag- and as well because the shops were so full tets unseen in Russia; the miniskirted girls t general absence of fraternal sentiments his impression, too. The Czech intellectu- ever, filled with indignation and appre- for their own futures, did not overlook the naïveté, let alone the blind stupidity, of pronouncements on the invasion. One les- seemed to draw from the experience was their own country—and, it is to be hoped, in the Soviet Union too—a legalized oppo- must be allowed; not only to hedge power r and law with the free-spoken opinions of ole, but also to prevent the party from atro- And finally—although they are neighbors, lavs, and fellow Communists—these Czechs atmosphere of religiosity surrounding the government as odd as it is to us. They did example, admire the all but total silence of intellectuals toward the fate of Czecho- a, but at the same time agreed when I said Russians to stand openly against their gov- t is akin to heresy, with all its implications and sinfulness. Indeed, one could almost t the rock on which Soviet moral presump-

tions broke apart in Czechoslovakia was that Czech “... there is an absurdity about this alternation between repression and freedom ... a question as to whether the leadership is, or dares to be, in touch with the people at all.”

socialism in its two liberalizing years had become anti-ritualistic, practical, and humane. In this view the purpose of the collective is the flowering of the individual; for the Soviets the collective is its own end and justification, the individual remaining a theoretically unaccounted-for, free-floating object whose real nature has never been fitted into the system.)

There is not supposed to be any anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. It is all the more vehemently denied, especially as being part of state policy, because it was so blatantly a part of the Nazi ideology. A short time ago, however, a respected Soviet writer submitted for publication a series of memoirs of Russian writers of the Twenties. The work was accepted with enthusiasm by the board of the publishing house, but, as always, there were a few editorial problems which needed talking about. One of the poets discussed in the work, a man who died in the early Thirties, had been a Latvian German, and naturally had a German family name. His middle name, however—this, the editors felt, was an interesting variation of any German name they had ever heard of. In fact, they wondered aloud to the memoirist, it seemed to sound like a Jewish name.

The memoirist, a Russian of course, had never considered this at all. It was a name. He did not know if the middle name was Jewish, but if it was—did this represent a problem?

Not at all, the editors replied. But why must it be included? Why not call the man by his first and last names and simply leave out the middle name? The poems themselves were thoroughly Russian: why throw some sort of pall of misunderstanding over them? The poet's middle name was dropped.

Another Soviet writer—who shall also be nameless—wrote the story of the Bible for children. His rendition was also enthusiastically read by his editors. But, again, there were certain problems of a minor sort which required a conference, and one afternoon the author and his editors sat down to iron out these small wrinkles.

First of all, said the editors, there was this question of God. As we all know, God is a mythological construction, and in any strict sense mentioning God is really unnecessary.

But, replied the author, in the Bible . . .

Secondly, the editors went on, there is the whole business of “the Jewish People” cropping up again and again in your work, which is otherwise quite admirable. Why is that necessary?

Well, replied the author, the Bible, you see, is . . .

Why not simply call them “the People”? After all, it comes to the same thing, and in fact it generalizes and enhances the significance of the whole story. Call them “the People.” And there is one final question.

The author waited for the final question.

It is the title. “The Story of the Bible” is not a very exact title.

What would you suggest? the author asked.

How about, “Myths of the People”?

And that was that.

Arthur Miller
IN RUSSIA

Andrei Voznesensky, one of the finest Russian poets of his generation, received his first encouragement from Boris Pasternak. Much of his work has been translated into English, and during visits to Europe and the United States he has drawn vast audiences to his dramatic readings.



Evgeny Yevtushenko is probably the best-known of the Soviet's young poets. He has been in the avant gardē of protesting Soviet youth who want to restore a sense of conscience and greater freedom in literary and public affairs. His poem "Zima Junction" made him famous in Russia, and he attracted attention abroad with his "Babi Yar."



ing these pages of pictures one inevitably has a certain gravity, a special sort of weight to the images. To me anyway there is a depth and at the same time a longing, an aspiration, what one sees there. Perhaps above all the sense of contradiction and paradox down to the roots of Russia so that the contemplates people and scenes there, the mind becomes of a pervading immaturity rather than a substantial extant factuality. If one uses everything published is screened, if one uses no two hundred and twenty million people can be quite so unanimous, one is finally faced with one thing—that one does not know, and one does not know, what is going on below. I went to a banquet, Khrushchev after a few minutes turned to an American businessman of my acquaintance, a man he particularly liked, and asked him how many people he employed.

Four hundred, the businessman said. Khrushchev said, how do you get them to work?

The American answered: That happens to be one of our biggest problems too, motivating people to do the work. We pay them better and better wages, they get more and more vacation time and other benefits, but there is very little sense of responsibility toward the work itself. How, he asked Khrushchev, do you get your people to work?

Khrushchev raised his glass in a toast to peaceful competition between both countries. Twenty years experts have been saying that the system doesn't work, that it is on the verge of collapse under the bureaucratic load. Nevertheless, it is flying around over our heads in outer space and on the ground they have built what must be an awesome civilization.

But, I cannot help feeling as I look at these pictures a certain muteness within them, and I do think it is due to my own relative ignorance of the country. Old Russia hands finally admit the fact—no one knows with any certainty what the situation of today is saying.

Hard enough to know this of a country with a unitary government and free newspapers; how much more you take your choice as to whether you are in victory alongside the relatively low Wall Street plus the Republican failure to elect Congress represents a swing to the Right or the Left perhaps sheer mental confusion. What does the English government express about England? The French about the people of France? And more it seems as though the ideological expression of a regime is rather an obfuscation than an expression of ideals or viewpoints. Western governments now are not so much compromises but rather at the end of a *cul de sac*.

Perhaps it is simply that we are accustomed to a system in which Western society fails to work, and the Russian failures are exotic and strange and they point to fatal, fundamental contradictions in the system itself. Their unfreedom, one

sometimes feels, must ultimately lead to some kind of profound change, and there are days when the whole thing seems fated to explode. But perhaps it will only lead to more efficiency and a steadily rising standard of living. It seems to have done so in East Germany, the most rigorously Stalinized country anywhere.

The United States—if open resistance to authority is any guide—is the freest country in the world now. Yet there is no convincing reason why the prevailing moral turmoil will not ultimately lead to the kind of spiritual exhaustion which calls up and lends justification to a new authoritarianism.

If the problem is how to voluntarize human labor, how to arrange a world in which men contribute what they may to society and themselves rather than be driven by state discipline or hunger and deprivation, no society can claim victory. Indeed, we are universally losing ground.

If the problem is how to eliminate poverty and real deprivation, I would rather be a poor man in England, for one, than in the United States. I am not sure I would not be better off in the Soviet Union if I were poor, for that matter.

So when you speak of freedom you have to ask yourself who you are and what freedom you need. The poor man's freedom consists of not being poor any longer; for the middle class freedom consists of being necessary, at best, and at worst of being undisturbed in its quest of enjoyment and pointlessness. Which is your freedom?

These are the questions which lie underfoot like pebbles wherever one walks in Russia. In so many fields the corn grows in wavy rows, some plants much smaller than others. The fertilizer has not been spread evenly. Is it that they do not know how to spread fertilizer evenly? Or is it a muted expression of some peasant's contempt? Are these undulating rows crying out against a regimentation, a blockheaded refusal to face the fact that a man will never tend a government-owned field the way he would his own? Or is there some other solution, some secret in the heart that neither social nor private ownership knows?

They have managed to pollute the largest lake in the world, Baikal, which was also the most undisturbed and perfect ecological arena left in Russia. One had thought only profit-seeking corporations did such things, but it was the Soviet paper-pulp engineers. On a plane once to California an American oil engineer, a Stevenson liberal, said that he was sure that with a few atomic explosions inside the Rocky Mountains they could release underground water sufficient to irrigate the entire American Western desert. But what about radiation, I asked? He was not interested in radiation, it was not his field. He was itching to make the desert bloom—or maybe he just wanted to blow up the Rocky Mountains.

One kind of freedom is surely the right to resist evil, but in a technological society is it really nec-

“More and more it seems as though the ideological makeup of a regime is rather an obfuscation than the expression of ideals or viewpoints.”

essary? And if unused long enough does the idea itself atrophy and die? A dinner at the home of a very high official of a provincial capital presents a case in point.

His apartment was not mass-produced. A slab of polished black stone formed the fireplace wall, the well-laid parquet floors shone, a piece of modern sculpture stood in a spotlighted niche, there was an air of modernity, however vaguely out of date, about the place. A servant brought heaps and mounds of food, his wife was pleasingly fat, his young son spoiled by his constant embraces and melting, idolizing looks, his daughter's untroubled gaze like those one used to see around the dinner tables in our wealthier suburbs before America began to stink in the nostrils of the affluent young. He himself was a bit overweight, nearing sixty now, a novelist who had ceased writing since taking on his duties as union head ten years ago, but a good writer, everyone said, and humane. Now, instead of writing, he is a success; he must attend functions, fly on short notice to important conferences in Moscow, encourage young writers with literary lectures and reminiscences of his own struggles, advise and advise and advise. In all the *Gemütlichkeit* around the table one had to remind oneself that, at bottom, this warm fellow was and had to be the enforcer of the Party's decisions on literature and no doubt on the fates of writers who had strayed from the path.

We drank and we talked and told stories and remembered books together and the war and we were civilized together. He wanted very much for the Soviet Writers' Union to join International PEN, of which I was then president, so that writers from all over the world could forge a universal comradeship, or at least a common sense of values which might keep civilization from the wolves. By this time, we were close; any last armor of his official position had fallen away, and as happens with Russians at table with congenial company, they fall a little in love, and then a little more, until it becomes hard to imagine that issues could ever break this feeling they have for their guests.

And he admitted that he did not quite understand what difference Russian membership in PEN would really make for them. For example, he said, what would our being members of PEN have required of us in the Sinyavsky-Daniel business? What difference would it have made?

You would have had to protest, I said.

He looked at me. I looked at him. There was suddenly a sort of sweetness in his eyes. It was surprising. He was such a big man, and he had been a good writer once, and suddenly a foreigner he liked had said, "You, Yuri, you yourself would have had to endanger this apartment and your career, you would have had to come out from under what is weighing you down, and done what you know was right to do." In other words, the challenge had stirred what he was no longer sure he had any more, his soul. I had thought he might take offense, or slough off the challenge, but he

understood it exactly, and he nodded. And he talked of other things.

It is at precisely such moments that one asks all over again why there has been such an absence, so much uncertainty and hesitation about the outside world as it confronts the specter of the Soviet official attitude toward humanistic and democratic values. It would be so much simpler if "Yuri" did simply take patriotic offense at the challenge, if one saw no sign in his eyes of a complete understanding of what one was talking about when one spoke of protesting injustice before the Party. And that look is what for fifty years has been the question—are they about to break through to freedom, are they perfectly aware of what has been done and merely awaiting the right or the right moment to do it?

Or is it a dying look, the last flickering consciousness of fundamental human rights actually are being engineered out of existence together? Which way are they going?

There are much-traveled roads with holes big enough to swallow a car out of sight, some in the Caucasus where the edge of the road drops thousands of feet into the abyss. Is this the end and decay, or the last day before the superman appears? On hundreds of two-and-a-half-ton trucks the right rear wheels wobble. On the other side of the road my friend recently bought a new American car which he could not get out of low gear.

We were separated on the plane to Tashkent. Inge Morath sitting across the aisle from me and two Mongolians. They were both over sixty and looked at her unsmilingly as she took her seat. The upper Mongolian eyelid has a curve at the side corners, giving the face a fierce, frowning look. And with that built-in disapproval the man sitting directly next to her bent over to look into her eyes as she opened as the plane took off. Her disapproval was evident as he continued to stare into her eyes without any attempt to disguise what he was doing. His frown deepened until I was sure he was about to fly, for some reason, into a fury. Suddenly he jabbed his finger at a word, and said, "Hingge." Inge looked at him. Yes, she said, that's right. His face burst into a smile. Out there where the wind never stops blowing, on some Mongolian plain, he had been studying English. He was an ex-Genghis Khan and happy as a clam as he jabbed his finger at words he recognized and she, amazingly enough, could understand and pronounce them.

In Tashkent they were rebuilding a vast part of the city after a disastrous earthquake, and dust clouded the air everywhere. In thirteen months two million square feet of living space had collapsed. Now, Uzbek, Tartar, Mongol, and Chinese were working together to lay up the precast concrete cubes which form apartment blocks and other cities were contributing, free of charge, all sorts of materials. Lumber from Leningrad

cow, glass, bricks, flooring from the work-
er the Union. The place is a Klondike; a
puts at us to make us get up from a cleanly
and sit at a dirty one—evidently somebody
had made a reservation, or the waiter
tired of cleaning a table again. We left

it in the restaurant there are practically
1. The men—low-grade officials, foremen,
is involved in the rebuilding—sit without
conversation, many of them obviously und
with their tablemates, while a jazz band
them, trumpets at them, saxophones at
hout gaiety, the right key, or the least
he playing is an assignment, joyless. The
s on even in the silent, methodical inges-
food. There is always a rubber plant.

the same time one knows that but for this
lodging, graceless motion of thick-necked
Party guys, organizers, and despite the
ready cracking in the houses and the floors
tarting to buckle, there would be here the
ewer of the East, the eye-flies, the bodies
eets, and a few cultivated darlings at the
t twenty years, is all one can hope. Life
no story, it is only a condition. Going up
though?

pera House in Tashkent looked so invit-
they were playing *Leila and Mezhdu*, based
ational epic. We must go. Some difficulty
ging tickets on such short notice. We ar-
mply at seven for a seven-thirty curtain.
to see what the crowd looks like.

uilding is some combination of Moorish.
City Center-type architecture, but never-
ery white and imposing, with wide-open
aprons around it and a nice flat stairway
p from the street level. A strange quiet,
, as we pass beneath the outer archways,
act there is nobody in the lobby. Did we
rstand the curtain time? It appears not, for
e lady usher takes our ticket and bids us
er inside. Perhaps Uzbeks do not speak
he curtain goes up?

auditorium there is not one soul. Immacu-
ean, the seat-arms polished, the carpet soft
l-vacuumed—but not a soul. We sit in the
w center. It is a vast house, with perhaps
ousand seats. Endless balconies, galleries,
all empty.

ninutes pass like an hour and a half. An-
uple comes down the aisle. Action! They
lish. One can tell after a few minutes be-
ey don't speak to one another but sit at
tention quite as though the seats around
ere full. Nothing whatever is odd, remark-
rong. If water started rising above their
hey would not move or take note. One loves
heir truly *interested* attention as they stare
empty orchestra pit. England will never die.
ment behind us. Turning around I spy a
er. An Uzbek worker, he wears a cap side-
red bandanna around his neck, no shirt.

his black wrinkled jacket and pants and shoes caked
with white cement. He is alone, lounging in his
seat, staring at the curtain up ahead. Things are
moving. Soon we may have the ushers outnumbered
and could force a performance.

A disturbance in the orchestra pit. A musician
enters from under the stage. A man of sixty, his
eyeglasses badly bent, he has no tie, wears a sweater.
He sits and opens his violin case. Something wrong
with the bridge. He adjusts it for ten minutes.

More action behind us. For some reason about
eight people have entered the second balcony. Five
or six are now spread out behind us in the orchestra,
one man sits alone in a side box. Two more musi-
cians enter the pit. One of them tests his clarinet,
the other reads a newspaper. How forlorn. Three or
four more come into the pit now. They tune up, but
only barely take any notice of one another. Perhaps
they have been exiled here? One, for some reason,
is wearing a tuxedo. Probably a recent arrival from
Moscow, still unaccustomed to frontier mores.

The tuning-up is getting louder and is much bet-
ter than nothing. Suddenly, as though on cue, they
all stop, pack up their instruments, and walk out
under the stage! Can it all be over?

Inge is now weeping with laughter, a certain hys-
teria having entered our relationship. Neither one
of us can say anything that is not funny.

A small note of revolt—the audience begins to
clap in unison. It is now a quarter past eight. The
English couple remains fascinated by the curtain,
takes no note of the demonstration. The clapping
dies away. Begins all over again.

The house lights go down as the musicians hurry
back in. A full orchestra, the members glance out
over the gala audience. A kind of utter exhaustion
emanates from the conductor, who makes a play at
a rapid, sprightly entrance. Somebody up in the
gallery claps once.

The curtain rises. An Arab-type chieftain sits
before a cardboard tent surrounded by his court.
He seems angry as he sings baritone. The others
try to placate him. He is stubborn, refusing comfort.
Moussorgsky weaves through Tchaikovsky through
intermittent Rimsky-Korsakov. Ignorant of the
story, one still knows that the chieftain's daughter
must soon appear. She sure as hell does. Beautiful
girl, but can't sing. Which is the hero? Two or
three young bravos appear and one knows which
is the hero because he is the shortest and stands at
the center, and whenever he points at something
he also takes a gliding step in the same direction,
while the others only point without taking a step.
Very gradually one's sympathy begins to go out to
all of them knocking themselves out for the empty
house. What dreams of glory they must have had
once! It is terribly hard work, this opera. Queen
Victoria would have adored the purity of its emo-
tions, the sweep of the music. It is all Cultural.
Somewhere in this city must be some guys and
girls hiding in a cellar playing some stringed in-
strument and singing to each other without a com-
mittee. The public has vetoed this opera, is all one
can say. It has definitely decided to risk everything

and not come. There is something heartening and universal, finally. As the box-office man on Broadway once said to me, "There is no power on earth that can keep the public from staying home."

Intermission. The audience rises. The combined sound is like eleven chickens scratching in Madison Square Garden. We stroll idly, politely, toward the lobby. The English couple, still *interested*, appears a few yards away. I confide to Inge that we are not remaining for the second act, although there is no doubt the English couple will do their national duty. We stroll out the front door rather as though wanting a breath of the night air. We keep on strolling at a sort of trot. Glancing behind, we see the English couple also strolling, looking about at the nonexistent native audience, but disappearing nevertheless into the bowels of Tashkent. And yet—what's the opera situation on a weekday night in Duluth, Minnesota?

In ten years there will be forty million more Soviet citizens. Most now are under eighteen. The leadership is in its sixties.

In public places here and there are man-height posters listing the moral attributes of a good Soviet citizen. The emphasis is on cooperation, politeness, patriotism. If one did not know better it would seem the whole place is some gigantic post office and everyone its employee.

One never hears, "I don't know why we did that." It is always, "They . . ."

There is an Old Samarkand and a new. The old is naturally more interesting but smells of sewage, which in fact does discharge into gutters alongside the dirt streets and alleyways. The old part is on the way to being torn down, however. Two synagogues stand side by side on one of these streets. A covey of aged and near-aged men sits in the little yard before them. They are eager to show me inside, where there is a sharp smell of new paint. The buildings are ancient and rickety, but immaculate. Much woodwork, painted sky-blue and trimmed with the same brown color one can see in old New York synagogues. It turns out to be a favorite Russian color, like earth perhaps. The interiors of old railroad depots in New England were painted the same color, a sort of international public brown, you might say.

The old men were proud of what obviously was their own renovation. They showed off old, cracked Talmuds, broken-backed prayer books, like treasures. Unfortunately, we had a translator, a young Russian student, whom the old men, I thought, did not quite trust. Things, they said, were not bad at all. I asked if any younger people attended the synagogue. Not many, in fact hardly any: the young are all too busy with other things.

They seemed astonished at the two visitors dropping down on them from outer space. Fascinated, in fact, but never asked a question excepting where we were from. I asked what was going to happen to

Judaism once they were gone? One old man said, "God will take care of that. He always has, since he stopped at that, 'And of course the Lord is with Israel.'" He nodded. By this time word had spread and there were two or three women and a dozen men standing and watching our attempt to communicate. Inge suggested in a whisper that I should contribute to the poor box. But I was taught never to carry money into a synagogue. Nevertheless, as we were leaving, I put some rubles into the box. The onlookers remained interested, but expressed nothing. We left, having learned nothing.

After a time outside the big cities one finds a long for less determined-looking women. They pass by now and then, but in the provinces the women's faces seem tougher, more weathered, more proletarian. It is like a cost of production. They are working, working hard. It is as if they were built stone by stone, board by board. Bridget Bishop was arrested on suspicion of witchcraft in Salem in 1692 because she took to wearing a red ribbon around her middle. They have a notion that what we have come to call femininity is a sort of surplus: where there is scarcity, femininity is evil as it implies a tendency to look in the mirror in mourning for one's life, instead of looking out there and digging with the others. They can't help respecting their attitude, whatever the cost to them.

Everyone says there is little crime, but they have never seen so many ways of locking things up. Perhaps that is the reason.

In the cool of the Samarkand night, hundreds of young people standing around in the park square for a jazz concert. Many young soldiers. No loud shouting or dashing about, but everyone well-behaved, clean-shaven, short haircuts. The girls hanging together in small groups, pretending it was only the music that drew them. The tension in the eyes of the fellows is not to make, yet hardly looking right or left, gazing straight ahead with the hand up front. Most seem poorly dressed, below standard, some pathetically so, but with a certain innocence and gravity even, almost a sense of responsibility since they are in a public place, in the eyes of citizens, and ought to behave. Russians are a different people.

Suddenly one is aware of an emanation from within the crowd. Two sharpies are moving toward a group of girls who make to ignore them. One wears sunglasses, these two, and pointy shoes. One of them has three rings on his left hand. They know the music is square but they try to keep it along by snapping their fingers and heavily nodding their heads to the beat. Slouching with their peaked eyebrows of sophisticates, they survive the provincial scene, turning, turning endlessly, searching among the faces for the break, the signal. But the girls are remorseless, never glancing at them and their coiffed long hair and hidden faces. Now the two move away, snapping their fingers, their heads turning, turning, as they seek the

the great things happening somewhere
ld. The cement dust gleams in the spot-
g on poles over the eager band. One of
ans, the only one who makes it with the
Red Army private. He stands now and
clarinet. Whatever restlessness and polite
here was in the crowd his music draws
point of real joy. Suddenly I am happy
is no mistaking what is good, anywhere.
al aesthetic that transcends the borders,
ties, the bloody mistakes of the boobs
the world everywhere.

be wrong, but the farther from Moscow
he longer it takes for the sugar cubes to
e tea. Near the borders you have to stab
with a spoon, and finally chew them.

an poet takes us through the Novodyevi-
ery near the Kremlin. It is an elite ceme-
ne families of the leaders and there are
oporately carved tombstones, many large
hs of the deceased, some in color. Her
nts were among the early revolutionaries,
and mother fed her porridge saying, "This
for Papa Lenin, this spoon is for Papa
s spoon is for . . ." so she can't stand any
she says. But she looks at the various
th the familiarity of one who knows the
at: generals, commissars, heroes. To her
ar individuals—fools, seers, liars, or decent
d one slowly realizes that she is like a
of one of the First Families, even an aris-
d indeed she has all the inner sadness, the
is, and the impeccable standards of the
ity which can neither bear the grossness and
ri of the current "elite" nor turn their backs
ne people. "Poetry that is not great is not
otions that do not subject a person to their
re counterfeit emotions. Truths half-told
alties," she says suddenly.

ive before an extraordinarily simple mar-
chest-high, with a well-modeled head of
on top. It alone is not crowded by other
few yards before it is a stone bench only
ugh for one person. It stands near a door
ick wall surrounding the cemetery. It is
re of Stalin's wife who shot herself. He
me here at night and sit contemplating the
e poet, strangely, does not mock this fact.
s at the stone seat in silence. For two years
ge of his purges she lived hidden in a cellar.
not quite twelve then. Both parents were

is an almost universal conviction that all
ms are tapped, as well as many apartments.
sometimes arrive with paper and pencil,
ating by writing while they carry on ban-
ed toward the bug, or at home play loud
n passages while discussing anything of
ce. The odd thing is that after a while one
to it oneself. Transistorized cartridge tape
gs are also good masking devices. One sits

down to discuss some ordinary matter, and the
host turns on a loud rock-and-roll number in his
lap. Pretty soon, though, a sort of surrealistic mood
develops, especially if the conversation is a sad
one, or if both parties to it lapse into silent thought
for a few moments while hillbilly music squeals on.
When the recorder is turned off it is time to eat, or
speak of happy or inconsequential things. But
should the serious mood return again, on goes the
tape recorder and the rock-and-roll. Ultimately it
is an incredibly pleasurable thing simply to go to
bed and think freely to oneself. Maybe this is why
so many Russians seem so deep, and despite their
gregariousness so solitary—perforce, they have
done so much communing with themselves.

It may also be part of the explanation for the
special importance of literature to them. So much
that is ordinarily unsayable is given by the nuances
of good writing, by its capacity to imply far more
than its syntax, transmitting by definition a cli-
matic social application. Thus the pressures on
the writer and artist are compounded, and the
contradictions too. Nowhere else are writers so
close to being worshiped by their readers, nowhere
does a regime go to such extremes to honor or
hound them. The paradox is built into the writing
craft itself, for on one hand nobody, not even the
commissar, denies that writing to be any good must
be personal, must be an individual's own thought
and style. On the other, by expressing his individ-
uality the writer takes hold of a certain power, a
power which he must not use beyond the point
where the regime feels comfortable with his use of
it. Thus, periodically he must be humbled. It is as
though there were an arena where the talented may
venture at risk, and the seer or prophet at the risk
of his life. The importance of literature stems, fi-
nally, from the penalties hanging over the practice
of it. Thus a writer is always a step away from dread
heroism and is worshiped like a sacrifice. After all,
writing is almost the only act one cannot in Russia
commit anonymously; even the great physicists and
inventors are rarely credited by name, so that what-
ever power might accrue to individual scientists
is waylaid. But a novel or play or poem cannot
very well come into the world by itself, or as the
result of a committee's resolution, and the power
of authorship is thus unique; only the leaders can
be so well known, and therefore in danger of such
idolatry—or such humiliation, should conditions
change.

Perhaps it is also why they so detest frivolous
or fragmentary or self-indulgent writing. It is like
telling bad jokes at a funeral or in a church. In a
very real sense the national fate is in the writer's
hands, the immortal fire of the race. And so the
wrath is terrible when he appears to have some
secret allegiance for foreign ideas, and it is very
probable that that anger is not confined to the bu-
reaucracy alone. Whatever the repressions it may
use to perpetuate itself, there must surely be a deep
strain of apathetic consent in the people or they
could not possibly continue.

One could, and one ought to go even further.

"There is an
almost universal
conviction that
all hotel rooms
are tapped, as
well as many
apartments."

Arthur Miller IN RUSSIA

and face the fact that there is such a thing as working-class taste, or more precisely, an unalienated taste of whatever class. So many attempts have been made in England, America, and France, for example, to establish trade-union theater movements and thus to break through the ring of bourgeois audiences and middle-class prejudices and tastes. They have never come to anything. It seems as though people who are deeply immersed in the production process, people who spend their lives trying to make things work, and have, so to speak, invested themselves in sustaining and elaborating the productive process, are not going to enjoy a spectacle which lacks materiality, reality, purpose, and logic of an everyday kind. Every machine process moves from less to more, from nothing to something, from the imminent to the accomplished. Conflicts of thought, abstract symbolizations, much of the arsenal of what is called modern art, lack point for these people because, while these qualities may *be* something, they do not apparently *do* anything either to move such people, to educate them, or to give them an idea about themselves. The Soviet hierarchy may well be basing itself upon the innate conservatism of all producers, and especially those who have no reason to be revolutionary. After all, the fame and impact of a Brecht was created with and among the

alienated bourgeoisie and not among the working class. Finally, Solzhenitsyn, the one writer in Russia who is universally regarded as a class-conscious writer, precisely fits the ultimate category: the seer, an absolute truth-teller, and he writes realistically, in a style untouched by the vagaries of fashion, or even seventy-five years of literary experimentation. His style which any literate worker, engineer, or teacher can bite into and find nourishing. His books circulate in typewritten drafts, but are not published. Yet he is known everywhere. He alone has had the audacity openly to call for a relaxation of censorship but for its total abolition. He has entered the arena of the saints. And it must be added that there are not many writers anywhere in the world with this kind of insight. It is nothing of his courage, a courage which is not expressed in the political implications of what he is saying, but in a style which dares be incomprehensible to the alienated and the unalienated.

Leningrad. Class at the State Ballet School on Alexandrinsky Square.

Our last night in Russia, inevitably, brought to a head the incipient chaos of feelings and unanswered questions to a head. Andrei Voznesensky and his wife, Zoya, good friends of Maya Plisetskaya, the ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet, had arranged



her performance. Yevtushenko's wife, told we could not leave the country without a certain painter's work in his apartment at the center of town. Inge had meanwhile lost her passport. A Russian journalist who had his back in an Army plane he crashed in an attempt to machine-gun a bear had taken home a jar of special honey for my wife. We would meet us anywhere. Appointments were being postponed with three other people who were to be met. And through all these meetings, conversations and gift-giving Inge had to try to get through the telephone system to all the places where she was in the last twenty-four hours to try to get a passport—a difficulty, when a lot of Russians do not answer their phones unless they have been called ahead of time as to who is calling.

Of it all there was a curious mood of uneasiness because a writer-friend of the Voznesensky family had just turned up; he had recently come back by the Writers' Union, which had asked him to publish an article against him in the magazine. The man some weeks before had gotten so defensive that he had gone off to a small town in Siberia to get away from the mutterings of the press in Moscow. Now, just back, he was asking if it had been wise to return. Then again, should he issue some intransigent statement to rally support for him; on the other hand, should he ask others support him? Should he go back to Siberia again? Should he go back to his Moscow room? On the other hand, maybe he was overreacting altogether, and the whole thing was unnerving him more than it should. While we were all moving into the immense hall of the Bolshoi Theater. To strange to say, as though the crowd had never been to a ballet, the eagerness was so intense. We bade good-bye to the pale, uncertain writer at the entrance. He also knew Plisetskaya well and wanted to go up to her dressing room and say hello to her, but maybe it was better he did not. We found our way through the back corridors of the theater; the public-address-system loudspeakers connected with the auditorium were alive with the powerful rumbling of people excitedly talking to each other as they took their seats outside. We climbed stairs, wound through other corridors, opened doors through sitting rooms, and the lights seemed unutterably precious then. The ignobility of hounding the man we had met on the street was a choking, enraging thing. No progress could be worth the fear in his face.

A man in frock coat led us into a sitting room to wait until Plisetskaya had dressed. The room had red velour, the Louis Something furniture covered with white sheeting as though waiting to be unveiled on some occasion of state, the mirror on the wall, deeply carved, the very flower of the style of the cataclysmic Czars. Here too the sound of the auditorium could be heard through the walls, like a sea waiting to be calmed by the power of this dancer dressing on the other

side of the paneled door. We waited, talked of the decor and its playful silliness, which now, however, seemed so innocent and naïve. Perhaps a Czar had sat here, made to wait a few minutes by some primping ballerina, for it all smelled of Power and therein lay its impressiveness and fatuousness. The frock-coated gentleman, the impresario actually, passed through with a nod to Voznesensky sitting there in his pea jacket and sweater, and opened the paneled door, closing it behind him. In a moment the door opened again—she was ready now.

We filed into Plisetskaya's dressing room. A hall of mirrors. She kissed Andrei. Some time ago he had written one of his best poems about her. They were in league with a spirit that shone in their eyes. She bade us sit down. I had never seen a human being move like this. A racehorse, her muscles swathing the bones. The costume was deceptively casual and peasantlike; in fact, it was an athlete's, like a fighter's gloves, a runner's trunks, and she shifted the waistband of the skirt a quarter-inch as though that infinitesimal adjustment would in a few minutes release her from the pull of earth. She was working now as we talked, turning her feet, ever so slightly stretching her shoulders inside her skin, and the sound of the packed house flowed over her from the loudspeakers, the adoring and menacing sea-rumble of Moscow.

A separate balcony about thirty feet wide hangs over the orchestra of the Bolshoi, in it two high-backed thronelike chairs flanked by lower ones for the noble retainers, the great red drapes framing it all with immense loops and flowings of cloth. The Czar was not in either of the thrones. The stage is very brightly lighted, the faces of the audience await the magic. The curtain lumbers up and *Don Quixote* begins. As a non-fan of classical ballet I decided to sit back in our box just over the footlights and interest myself in the sociology of it all, but as soon as the Knight's soliloquy was over and the girls came on, sociology finished. Each seemed six feet tall, full-bodied, and light as air. What woman could dance more beautifully than these? And Plisetskaya materialized, her body arched forward, it seemed, and her legs and arms shot back ward, like a speeding bow freed of the laws of physics. The audience seems to be under her feet, behind her back, over her head, watching every flicker of movement she makes as an infant watches its mother move.

The act is ending. The music stops. She turns to our box, and suddenly I remember that she will be dancing a special cadenza for us. She glances up and begins. The audience knows something unusual is on. A hum, a subdued roar of an oncoming cavalry shudders the house. Wild, noble, unbelievably concentrated inside herself and yet abandoned to a love of air and space, she greets all poets, and perhaps America, with a freed body.

The pleasure of the audience now is like a statement, and the seeming paradox of the Bolshoi is straightened out; there is a mood here different from that in any other place I saw in Russia: the archaism of the house and the classicism of the

repertoire are really the forms in which people can simply face beauty, beauty without the measure of utility, cant, or rationalized social significance. Here you are Russian and here you are free, and all the rutted roads, the toilets that don't work, the moralizing posters, all progress and all decay are far, far away as this woman transcends the dialectic and the mortality of thought itself.

We cannot stay for the second act and in Pliset-skaya's dressing room we are all, for some reason, kissing each other. And we are off in Galia's little car—from the Bolshoi, as it turns out, to the Bronx, a housing project where her painter friend lives—but it is necessary first to accept the jar of honey from the bear-hunting ex-pilot at the stage door and then to drop Voznesensky at his apartment because he is tired and needs sleep. And where has the pale writer gone to spend the night?

On the way out to the project the passport is suddenly discovered on the floor of the car; how it got there nobody can figure out. The buildings of the project are still under construction. They surround a vast open area which will be a park and is now a playground for bulldozers. A stripe of color across the building fronts is somehow encouraging in the night, a sign of the will to go beyond mere shelter. Galia, efficient as ever, knocks on a door two flights up and is greeted by a bewildered man holding on to his pants and blinking sleep out of his eyes. We flee down and finally stand on the sidewalk resolving to call out the painter's name in hopes he will hear. Modern mass housing must finally cure alcoholism; no drunk could pick out his own building from all the others. At last Galia recalls a house number. There at the head of the stairs is indeed a man awake, the painter, smiling, happy to see us again—for on a previous trip Yevtushenko had taken us here to see him. Now there are improvements, for while his parents still share the apartment he has a permanent girlfriend and an additional room. We sit at the bare table surrounded by his immense canvases, drink vodka and brandy, eat salami, olives, potatoes, herring, and bread, and look at his work. He cannot exhibit publicly, but this hardly bothers him any more because he has an underground clientele. His pictures are massive and cryptic explosions of various shades of red and black, strange bloated men move through them cloaked like black-gowned priests surrounded by perfectly edible melons which, however, bleed. He eats, he drinks, he has a quite decent place to live in and an adoring girl and good friends among the poets, the scientists, the intellectuals. Compared to the last time we saw him he seems to have cast off his cares about government disapproval, not because it is no longer serious to him but because he has, perhaps, made his peace with the life he must lead—he will paint what is inside his spirit, and enjoy his food and his girl, and tomorrow will be what tomorrow will be. The perfect idiocy of artistic repression was never so vivid as in that room and in the laughing face of that Russian painter who could hardly bear to waste time by going to sleep at night. His blasting energy is

there even in the way he chomps his herring is a challenge in this nearly bare room. A ghastly thought: in the West, where even art is allowed, the artists feel unneeded. I see a supercargo. Here, the repression is a matter of importance, otherwise why would government bother policing it? In which setting is it closer to reality?

We fly out. What a relief, like finally getting out of a six-thousand-mile-wide country full of men. They are, you know, a lot like the Irish—the Irish are just a little bit, blasted. You know what's going to come out of them. Low, the clouds are closing over the plain armies, the white birches bare, woman-like with tender skins, shivering in the snow. Soon, and the neon signs brightening the blazing shop windows full of beautiful things. Plenty. . . . and the blacks and the hoisting strange flags on the statues, the magazines announcing revolution in five-colored cities on fire beside the green golf courses, bombs dropping on one Vietnam than on the earth in World War II, stereophonic sound of new U.S. cars. Somewhere in Moscow there is standing in a hallway, wondering if he is home, and the Uzbeks are rebuilding after an earthquake, Yevtushenko is floating down the Siberian river on a raft, Solzhenitsyn's books passed around in typescript, and in Chicago Allen Ginsberg will be humming his "O-m-m-m" to the enraged and astounded cop plane's compass steadily hangs on the "Way." Thank God. But which way is man? Anywhere.

Possibly we are over Vitebsk now, St. Petersburg, Minsk, the old invasion path paved with footprints, lion pairs of eyes violently closed; now Poland, Treblinka, Auschwitz, Berlin—the spinning should have splashed the sky bloody red but everything is still so innocently blue under the dunning of propellers reassures, as though dutiful precision cannot have come from a place altogether wedded to death. And indeed there are two Chinese across the aisle studying some book and perfectly at ease, despite the murder in the streets between Moscow and Peking. Is there still, beneath the polemics and the threats, an unadmitted commerce of a human kind? Or is there truly no corner of the sky to blow away the fumes of fear we all breathe now, this terrible thing each other that will finally murder us all?

Circling Warsaw and trying for a moment through the fog-wetted windows, the cabin so quiet and orderly, the thought, for some reason, of *The Seagull*. And Chekhov spitting blood from the loneliness of Yalta, and writing those minimalist yet ultimate lines for Nina, the betrayed, suffering girl—" . . . to endure. To be able to bear one's fate and have faith. I have faith. I'm not afraid of death. How terrible that seventy years later, seventy years of the most astonishing acquisition of knowledge in man's history, it is so very much harder to write these lines without fatuousness on this planet

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The Question is WHAT KIND OF ARMY?

Our present draft is a monstrous system. But before we give it up for a professional army, we had better examine the problem again because the wrong decision, the writer argues, can destroy us.

Early this year Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, along with eight of his colleagues in the Senate, put in a bill to end military conscription and convert our armed forces into an entirely voluntary organization. Arguing for his bill, Hatfield said that the draft "denies individual liberty." He admitted that "each man has a moral obligation to serve his country," but went on to declare that he must also have "the freedom to accept his responsibility and the right to determine the form his service will take."

President Nixon made an end to the draft a part of his campaign pitch. There are powerful supporters of this position at all points of the political spectrum. And even though public opinion polls still show a two-to-one public preference for the draft over a voluntary system, there seems to be a strong set toward ending selective service.

Regardless of the fate of this particular bill, it is clear that in offering it Hatfield and his co-sponsors were reflecting a growing body of opinion in this country. Fundamentally, the sentiment against a conscript army stems from the deep national discontent with the Vietnam war and the accompanying despair about the possibility of ever regaining civilian control over the military. But in looking forward to the day when our armed forces will be manned only by those who wish to serve, such supporters of peace and individual conscience as SANE and the American Civil Liberties Union find themselves in an unlikely coalition with Barry Goldwater and William Buckley and their followers. These latter, to be sure, have their own anti-statist motives for opposing the draft, and they are joined in this, for entirely other reasons, by the most vocal members of the present student generation. And even Lyndon Johnson, in the very message to Congress of March 1967 in which he asked for an extension of the draft law, noted that "...the spirit of volunteer service in socially useful enterprise will, we hope, continue to grow until that good day

when all service will be voluntary, when all people can and will choose the kind of service fitted to their own needs and the nation's." That he abandoned that piety and notably failed to support the excellent draft reforms proposed by the Burke Marshall Commission, which he himself appointed.) Whatever the motive for it, however, it does seem clear that American society is increasingly tempted to sever the military from the country.

Moreover, such an impulse—though to the mind nowadays it may come as a surprise—is quite keeping with America's historic attitude toward the problem of defending itself. Conscription is a measure adopted by this society in any serious way only with World Wars I and II; it was only dabbled in during the Civil War; and the practice of peacetime conscription was introduced through a series of laws beginning as late as 1948.

Traditionally Americans—like the British—resisted the idea of a standing army, regarding it as one of the more undesirable customs of the World monarchies and autocracies and a threat to basic liberties. Before the draft of World War I, which brought nearly 3,000,000 men to the colors, our system of mobilization had been at best a makeshift work. The Revolution, for instance, was not fought by three-month volunteers, who kept leaving for home to plant or harvest their crops, often when Washington needed them most. The peacetime draft instituted during the Civil War produced bounty-jumpers, exemption-buyers, and draft-dodgers more victims than effective soldiers.

Between wars, we reverted to a small Reserve Army and Marine Corps, which shifted from its mission of guarding the frontier against Indians to that of holding the few overseas bastions of half-hearted neo-imperialism. Somewhere in the picture were the Reserves, formidable both on paper and in the lobbies of Congress but generally absent from the field when they were needed. Americans tend to forget that our real protection, from our

Blair Clark, Senator Eugene McCarthy's national campaign manager in 1965, served for five years in the army in World War II. He has been a CBS correspondent and General Manager and Vice-President of CBS News.

ation up to the first world war, was the power in Europe. We spent much time energy condemning that realistic ar-of power politics but that, plus Admiral leet in being," kept the world's quarrels ur shores while we developed our own ent. This was what our famous "isola-as all about.

orld War I, we happily returned to our , scrubby, and ill-equipped army of reg-id the same after World War II, in record antling the armed forces which had 13,000,000 men. Once more we allowed ps to rust in their harbors, our planes isolute and fall apart on a hundred air-our army to be largely manned by the educational dregs of the population (one ted that he considered himself lucky if a handful of men in an infantry battalion school diploma).

—only two brief years after the cessation es—the world was confronted with the in Greece, followed shortly by the Com-up in Czechoslovakia, and then came the ckade; the Cold War was on. And the ates, publicly pledged to the defense of urope and the Mediterranean, boasted an ound force of only 631,000 men. Against ound, and with the broad aim of "stop-munism," we hastily reinstituted the etimes disingenuously using the egalitar-e "universal military service." We have ve service ever since, of course, and mil-en have been pressed into service through ing—and highly inequitable—devices: serve our general purposes in the Cold r more particular ones in Korea and now n. Nearly everything said by its growing itics about the selective service system is criminates against the poor and in favor t; it makes it twice as likely that a "qual-ck man will be inducted as his white rt; it permits wildly different standards t board to draft board and from region (there is not a single black member of a rd in Mississippi, for instance); and it years of painful uncertainty for millions men between the ages of 19 and 26.

ally, though, the arguments of the pro-f a volunteer armed force do not concen-é desperate unfairness of the draft as it is tituted; they are put forward rather on n and constitutional grounds. If, these s seem implicitly to say, we had a profes-r that is what is really meant by "volun-ree, properly paid, it would be infinitely cult to expand such a force. It would take onal action and it would thus seriously e furtherance of "Presidential"—i.e., un-and therefore unconstitutional—wars. , the Pentagon would be further checked, it desired a sudden and rapid expansion med forces, by the need to apply to a nscious Congress for the enormous sums

with which to pay for it. Explicitly, the voluntarists claim that conscripts can be viewed as victims of "involuntary servitude," prohibited by the 13th Amendment to the Constitution.

If the arguments for a volunteer army have all the apparent virtue of being based on principle, those offered by defenders of a draft system have thus far remained largely practical. They say that we could simply never, when the need arose—and not even if pay scales in the army were competitive with those of, say, computer programmers—recruit a volunteer force of 2½ million men. (An army private now makes about \$100 a month.) A number of sociological studies, employing the most sophisticated kind of statistical measurements and couched in the most arcane rhetoric of that field, have been carried out to prove the point. At any imaginable rate of pay and level of barracks luxury, these studies claim, the military life is so repellent to most Americans that a voluntary system could not in all likelihood attract more than a mere two million career soldiers, and perhaps far fewer. (The costs of an all-volunteer system are as cloudy as anything in the whole debate; when he was Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara seemed unable to decide whether such a force would cost four or twenty billion dollars a year more than the present setup.)

What in fact is the current situation with respect to the makeup of our armed forces?

1) The United States now maintains the largest military force in the world. Our 3,500,000 men in arms number slightly more than the Russians and nearly one million more than the Chinese. This total includes an 800,000 increase since Vietnam: the working assumption of our military and political leaders is that a proper post-Vietnam level would be between 2.4 and 2.7 million.

2) About two-thirds of the present force is made up of volunteers, and the balance by draftees. This figure, however, is somewhat misleading: nearly half the volunteers are believed to be draft-motivated, that is, men who would not have enlisted if they had not felt the pressure of the draft. As a result, a very high proportion of the volunteers are short-term or single-enlistment men.

3) As for the officers, more than 80 per cent of the army's junior officers are taken annually from among the civilian population. This source of manpower, too, is generally believed to flow from the threat of the draft and would admittedly dry up without the motivating power of Selective Service. (Given that 80 per cent of junior officers from ROTC and other non-professional sources, student militants opposing ROTC on the campuses might do well to think of the wider implications of their actions. West Point graduated 800 second lieutenants this year. How would it be if ROTC went out of business and the civilian input to the officer corps dried up, forcing the army to set up ten or more new professional academies?)

Little wonder, then, that the Pentagon, and that

institution's compliant allies in Congress and elsewhere, should insist on the continued need for recruitment by conscription. And little wonder, too, that, on the other side, the notion of substituting a professional army for a conscripted one should seem a blow not only against the growing power of the military establishment but against the possibility of future ugly military adventures as well. Thus for many people, perhaps particularly for the best-intentioned liberals, the choice would appear to be quite simple: to support the continuation of the draft puts one in rather unpleasant company, made infinitely more distasteful by the spectacle of Vietnam; whereas the idea of a voluntary army appears to be based on such desirable grounds as the defense of individual liberty and controls on the freedom of the military.

The matter, however, turns out to be far from that simple. If there were no Vietnam, and so no national anguish over Vietnam, the weakness in the logic and historical perception of the voluntarists would perhaps expose itself to the liberal community more clearly. (We are omitting here any discussion of the more fundamental question—which is, of course, what the proper goals of this country should be in the world and how the people should set and control them.)

We start out with the proposition that the United States will continue to maintain a large military force. The era of conventional warfare—and of the possibility of conventional warfare—is not even close to its end. Nor, in this age of ultimate weapons and nuclear stalemate, can this fact seem so horrifying as it would have, say, at the end of World War I. In any case, despite (or perhaps because of) our nearly unimaginable technological revolution in the means of warfare, we remain in the age of “the nation in arms” that began with Napoleon: the age in which war extends its effects to the whole populace and all are hopelessly involved. (It can be argued, in fact, that guerilla warfare with strong mass political motivation is the truly “modern” way of fighting—not the “unthinkable” bomb.) The question, then, is how to mobilize that portion of the citizenry needed to meet the military requirements of the society.

And the answer of history, to be found down through the ages, is that a free people risks its liberties when it surrenders to professional soldiers the right and duty to protect itself. “The citizens of a free state ought to consist of those only who bear arms,” Aristotle wrote twenty-three centuries ago when democracy was still a lively idea in the mind of Greece. The bloody history of the world since then reveals the closest connection between the extent of citizen participation in the military affairs of any community and the degree of political liberty enjoyed by that community. Mercenaries and despots have always been staunch allies.

To bring the case forward to our own time and our own condition, a volunteer armed force of two to three million men would be totally disconnected

and isolated from the rest of society. It would be purely professional, that is to say, military. The experience of all past societies has been that a military caste, when a sign of its development, has created for itself its own idiosyncratic politics. Even the isolation from society that has affected our own military, because of the necessities of present-day technology, has brought the civilian population a great feeling of desecration, exercising control over the military-industrial complex.

What, for instance, might have been the result of 1968 without the driving force of all the middle-class Americans worrying that their sons would have to serve in Vietnam? Would McCarthy have been able to mobilize any effective support? Would Robert Kennedy have been tempted to violate the idea of political protocol, take the great risk of entering the race? Would the incumbent have quit and his heir been defeated?

Suppose the Vietnam war were being fought by professionals—men working at warmaking, who, like all other professionals, do their jobs, remote legions in a foreign country resenting the indifference of the people to whom they had been sent to protect on those endless frontiers. This is what happened, finally, to the Roman legions in Spain, Gaul, and along the Danube, until their leaders, with the legions following, took over the state. It was what happened to the Mameluke professionals of the Mesopotamian empire in the Middle Ages, whose leaders, who were which the home society did not care enough to allow themselves to defend and so lost to the mercenaries. And it was what happened in the 1950s to the French army which first lost Indochina with an all-professional army and later, in Algeria, would have fallen to a coup by the generals but for the fact that the army contained conscripts and the citizens' soldiers would support only that general who was more statesman than soldier, de Gaulle.

As for the question of the individual rights of those conscripted into service, here, too, the voluntarists suffer a certain failure of logic. They do not refer to the problem of the rights of individuals to claim conscientious objection. This is a serious problem, and one that our laws and the Selective Service System treat in a scandalous way. But those who maintain that the draftee is a victim of voluntary servitude, while they imagine themselves to be invoking constitutional principle, are only expressing their hatred for the Vietnam war. The concept of the constitutionality of compulsory service applies either to all conditions of war or to none. It cannot be, for instance, that there was no violation of the Constitution in drafting men to defend the United States against Hitler and that there is such a violation in drafting them in other circumstances. The Constitution, or any other viable system of principle and law, may not make distinctions of this kind; they belong to the realm of the legal, not the legal, process.

Another related argument against the draft is that it is inherently unfair because it represents a hidden tax on the draftee, who must “wo-

at a lower wage than his civilian counter-
The argument is particularly appealing to
figures like Professor Milton Friedman of
University of Chicago, a laissez-faire economist.
It comes out, of course, is the idea of two
of personal sacrifice for the general welfare:
which would hardly be questioned—par-
ticularly at this time, when young Americans are
giving so much as a sense of purpose—
service were equitably distributed through-
out society. As things stand, it most definitely
is not equitably—and the point cannot be em-
phasized enough—does not under present conditions
work universally.” It cannot. The manpower pool
between the ages of 19 and 26 in this
country comprises roughly 13,000,000. (If you add
over to this pool, as Margaret Mead
the number is, of course, doubled.) Nor
the other forms of youth mobilization
have been proposed—VISTA, Peace Corps,
corps, CCC-like projects, etc.—make uni-
versally a feasible idea. Americans, for what-
ever reasons, traditional, spiritual, superstitious,
or from the idea of nationally mobilizing all
youth. Liberals have come to fear such giant
initiatives as a threat to individualism, as do con-
servatives, for their own reasons.

What must be found, however, is a way
of dealing with those who must serve that will be fair.
We must not sink have flowed into the discussion of
the question without producing much public en-
thusiasm. Central to the problem is the propor-
tion of blacks in the armed forces, conscripted or
not. It has been said that a volunteer army
would be heavily black, or on the other hand, that
a heavily paid voluntary force the numbers of
blacks would be equal to their proportion of the
population as a whole. And following on this there
have been unleashed some of the most brutally pat-
ent and defeatist rhetoric of a period which
has produced much of this commodity. The fact is
that, presently, blacks in the armed forces are al-
most exactly in proportion to their numbers of the
population, about 11 per cent. The current impres-
sion, the contrary stems from the shocking fact
that the black death rate in Vietnam has been as
high as twice their proportion in the army.

Even if purely professional armies have always at-
tended to the disadvantaged, it is reasonable to sup-
pose that a voluntary service system would indeed
draw a disproportionate number of blacks—
I guess would be about one-third. To find in-
formation on the current state of our society
and of solution to the problems of black dig-
nity and equality reveals a callous complacency
and accepts defeat for the idea of justice for all.
To be said, “In a foxhole, every man is a
Christian”; substitute “white” for “Christian” and
the argument comes out even more ignoble.)

The present draft is truly a monstrous system.
If we are to reform it we have moved with glacial slow-
ness. There are years of debate behind Mr. Nixon’s
decision in May to institute a lottery and early in-
tended to limit the period of uncertainty.

SOURS OF THE HILLS

by Gary Snyder

barbed seeds in double ranks
sprung for sending off;

half-moon hairy seeds in the hair of the wrist

majestic fluff
sails. . . . rayed and spined—up hill at eye level
hardly a breeze;

amber fruit with veins
on a bending stem
size of an infant pea,

plumes wave.
seeds spill.

blueblack berry on a bush turned purple:
deep sour, dark tart, sharp
in the back of the mouth.

in the hair and from head to foot
stuck with seeds—burrs—
next summer’s mountain weeds—

a strolling through vines and grasses:

into the wild sour.

Kyoto / October

That it has been next to impossible to restore a
little equity to Selective Service, however, does not
mean that such a thing could not be done if there
were sufficient will to do it. The draft is after all
not a creation of nature but of men, and political
men at that. Senator Edward M. Kennedy has con-
spicuously fought for sensible draft reform. Un-
fortunately, the pressure that could be mustered to
reform the draft is being partly dissipated by the
other pressure, for its quick and wholesale aban-
donment.

If the citizens of the United States were ever
to surrender their right, and their obligation, to
serve in defense of their own society—if they were
to turn this responsibility entirely over to profes-
sionals—far from having disposed of a monster,
they will have created a much greater monster, and
an uncontrollable one. A professional military force
could take this country headlong down the road of
endless military adventures and, finally, destroy the
democratic fabric of this society.

ALCOHOL TRIPPING

The author of this story has been awarded a \$3,000 Creative Writing Fellowship by the Book of the Month Club, Inc. The story was one of two entered in the program by Mr. Mitchell. He was selected by a board of judges composed of William Styron, Louis Kronenberger, and Ralph Ellison.

Yellow afternoon, hot and Chay tired of it. Also of traffic doing seventy on the freeway below, of no cars at all on the Ukiah entrance ramp. Where they'd stood now for an hour; Chay spreading herself prone across the crabgrass, head on the sleeping bag. Soon they'd be hitching on the freeway, which was a bust—their ride would have to come before the cops did. Meanwhile, Gary walking to the vineyard from which the interchange had been carved, reaching through barbed wire to tear out a bunch of grapes. Half-ripe.

Too bad, yawned Chay, it's not a bottle of wine. But trying a couple of them anyway. They're full of seeds.

So they'll ferment in your stomach, maybe. Why you want to get drunk on a day like this? Sunshine's a high, and you know booze is a downer.

Because I'm sick of smoking, Gary. We smoke every day now, it's a drag. Honestly, I—

Let's don't hassle, he shrugged. I guess we try our luck on the freeway, see what happens. Helping her up, walking the curved ramp until it merged with the southbound lanes. And the minute they displayed themselves on this shoulder a pink Cadillac, maybe eight years old, honked at them from the passing lane: it kept moving, though, and no other friendly gestures. Until fifteen minutes later, the same car squealing to stop behind them, blaring the horn again. Running to it.

A convertible, the car's back seat was filled with vacation gear spilling from under a mildewy tarp; the driver told them to climb in front—four of them in the front seat—next to his wife. It's hard opening that door, yank it good and hard he added. So muscles strained against the doorlatch, Gary sized up the host: bare torso, just beginning to flab beneath hairy camouflage. Still it was impressive, maybe six years ago at eighteen it'd been magnificent. Thick, tough neck to do a wrestler proud, it even seemed his round head tapered from the shoulders up. Brown hair combed straight to the forehead, curling neatly to a halt: powerful jaw, chin. Gary's best efforts on the door proved insufficient, so grinning brawn the driver reached one arm to give the required push. Coughing out embarrassment, Gary let Chay in beside the pretty wife, slammed it shut with all his strength. A close fit there, tight but friendly.

I'm Jack, began the driver, gunning it onto the freeway. We passed before but we couldn't decide

if you were hippies. Besides, we couldn't. I don't want no hippies—those guys are a bust. Up on pills and shit, running around busting other's asses. I don't want my ass busted. The day you read in the Santa Rosa paper—the Santa Rosa, this is my wife Lynn—you read somebody else got his ass busted.

Yes, I know, offered Gary. We try to be hip and half straight, then we get rides of all kinds. But we aren't hippies; and I could never take that haircut. My name's Gary. And this is Chay. Like some grapes? we picked them right off the vine back there. Handing the bunch to Lynn, giving her a good look. More than pretty—a complete replica of the long blonde style foreigners call the California Woman. Least touch of azure shadow of sunburn beneath the eyes highlighted the features; none of the features was indelicate or irreverent. Flamboyant orange hat, half-blouse breaking at the neck, white tassels below full breasts lent a kitsch school-queen quality. Then tapered white stockings, woven high-heeled slippers. The whole package, five foot six, hundred five pounds; no wasted flesh. She refused the grapes politely.

Shit man, laughed Jack, you don't want the grapes. You want to *drink* them. Myself, I want beer. You want a beer?

Sure.

O.K., then get them grapes out of her hands, tossed them over his head and they splatted on the hind on the shoulder. Anybody see me do that, he demanded. Course not. O.K., Lynn, we need beers up here. Unless you want a beer? turning to Chay.

Lynn rummaged beneath the tarp, backwiggled the seat to expose the other curves. Turning to Jack with the beers, distributing them. You don't want a beer, she told Chay, we'll stop down the road for some *real* juice. Vodka and orange juice, that's more fun than beer. You like screwdrivers?

Wow, said Chay, I don't know. I never had a screwdriver. But I know I hate beer.

That's right, good. You boys drink your own. We'll do things our way. Honey, can't you wait a minute? It takes me so goddam much to get a buzz anymore. I must be turning into a sieve. I drank rum yesterday, rum from nine in the morning to eleven at night. And I still wasn't really drunk.

Lynn, you were so drunk!

Only for half an hour. We had these daiquiris

Don Mitchell, twenty-one, wrote this story on a grant from Swarthmore College, where he graduated this June. He is now living in San Francisco.

me seventeen daiquiris to get drunk. them right up to sixteen, then on seven-count so I know I'm drunk. I never get beer, all I do is piss and piss. You have hard stuff or nothing happens. Nothing goddamn sieve. Honey, can't we stop?

finish my beer, Lynn. A mile ahead the generated to a two-lane hassle, Sunday ogling to breathe in its polluted exhaust. r tasting cold, even nutritious—well, he en all day, discounting the dry loaf at Neither Lynn's airy giggles, nor Jack's shit would cut the noxious atmosphere beer; Gary feeling already, irreversibly pping.

I your beer. Well, finish it quick.

ou camping? asked Chay. Turning to push charcoal back under the tarp.

ghed Jack. My cousin's got a house in tains. The whole weekend, fishing and and drinking.

so many damn relatives, explained Lynn. llowed up, they were sleeping on the floor hing. He's got seven brothers and sisters, ve one has five or seven kids. And his ot six brothers. They're all intermarried hi But they have some great parties, she drossing her leg toward Gary.

ekend, Jack announced lighting two Marl- giving one to Lynn, this weekend was t weekend we've had without the kids in three ee years! So Gary, don't you ever shit get ear? Wait a minute, are you married? n't worry, he laughed nervously.

on't get married. What I mean is, don't le girl pregnant. I know, because that's I did. And there hasn't been a minute's e. Not a—

Lynn broke in, you know they have the hese kids today. They didn't have that were going together. All these girls are l now.

you on the pill? Jack turning on Chay, r it out.

e answered evenly. But the candor reeling ead—nothing here could seem prying or Impossible to hide among these baking y, shadeless slices of road. Lynn crowing, I mean? They're all on the pill nowadays. good for you, Jack extended his hand. I ou, then. I respect you both.

s, they chorused, both shaking the hand. mention it. You two hitchhike a lot?

said Chay, we sure have this summer. I counted up last week, and it was two miles. Then we're hitching back to Phila- a couple weeks.

elphia Pennsylvania? asked Lynn.

hay laughing, I know it sounds far. But we llege there. And wow, it starts in three he summer's gone so fast.

, said Jack, I wish you luck getting back. ked a lot, when I was younger and single. t all kinds of people, don't you?

Oh wow, Chay nodding her head, that's just why we do it. Even you people—we'd never have met you if we weren't hitching. It's really beautiful, that and it's cheap to travel around, see the country.

I know. I used to get rides with truckdrivers, mostly. There are some strange bastards driving trucks, too.

Most of them are hopped up on pills themselves, Gary suggested. At least the ones we met. One time we—

Well, I don't know about *that*, interrupted Jack. But I never met one that wasn't queer, at least a little bit queer. Once I was coming back from San Diego. In this guy's truck, and he says to me, do you mind if I just relax a bit? I says go ahead, you're the driver. So he zips down his fly and hangs his dong out over the steering wheel. I mean, he thought it was comfortable.

Honey, you know the dirtiest stories! You are the dirtiest bastard—hey, can we stop here?

Jack hit the brakes and vaulted the door, disappeared briefly into a package store. Returning with a paper bag—six-pack of beer, pint of vodka, quart of orange juice, and a dozen plastic cups. Drink away, he commanded, handing Lynn the bag.

What'd you only get, a pint? Honey, a pint won't get us *started* today. We're going to have a *par-ty*! No halfway drunks allowed.

Well, you drink this and I'll get you some more, hear? What makes you think Chay here's the last of the big drinkers like you are? She may take three swigs and pass out, like any normal woman. You kill this bottle, I'll get more. And while I'm thinking about it, how far are you kids going? He pulled onto the road again.

Berkeley.

Christ, all the way to Berkeley? We're just going down Santa Rosa.

Honey, do we have to go right home? The sitter's not in a hurry, she'll get her money. Couldn't we just drive around and have fun, all four of us? Couldn't we?

It's O.K. with me, Jack shrugged. O.K. with you? turning to Gary, who turned to Chay. Uncertain eyes, which meant yes. Neither would veto.

Sure, Gary nodded, whatever you want to do.

Oh, goody! laughed Lynn, I knew you would. Handing Chay her drink, then digging in the icebox to store the beer. Gary gaped, incredible piece of ass bouncing next to Chay on the seat. Turning back with two fresh ones.

Zip-pop-top-flop! sang Jack, pulling the ring, cold beer in cans. Now what were we talking about before? Oh, truckdrivers. Like I said, they're all queer because they been on the road so long, never see their wives. But some of them are just in it for the money. One time this guy picked me up and he had a two-foot dong! I mean it hung past his knees, even without the hard-on.

Two feet? repeated Gary. Jesus.

No shit, you may laugh but he was just a freak

Don Mitchell
ALCOHOL
TRIPPING

of nature. Like a three-legged horse, or a bearded lady. But he used that dong, you know to some rich fairy that's an all-day sucker. And he sold it for fifty, sixty bucks a night. Wait a minute, how did we get on this subject? What a conversation!

You big bastard, Lynn giggled, you just like telling your filthy stories. Let's play the radio, can't we?

We can't. The antenna won't go up, watch this. The antenna was power-controlled from the dashboard, but turning the switch shot the rod up, out of its socket in the fender. Still attached by black wires, the antenna now hung limp over the side; Jack made Lynn handle the wheel while he leaned out, shoved it back in the hole. Now the radio worked, but only at full volume—music blaring from warped speakers, trailing away with the car's wake.

There, honey. You got it.

Maybe it works now, but in a minute it'll fall over. Want a Marlboro? he offered. You're in Marlboro country. No, wait a minute. You're not in Marlboro country. Take one anyway. Laughing, everyone taking a cigarette and lighting up from the match cupped in Jack's hand. Lynn pouring her fourth screwdriver.

These things taste better and better, she gulped. Shit, we're all going to get drunk and have a good time. My hat's going to blow off, it's so windy—raising a hand to secure it. Armpits freshly shaved.

This hat? Jack flipped it off her head, let it float away with the music.

Hey! You big bastard, I like that hat!

You mean you *liked* it. Never see it again.

Then buy me a new one, you big baby. You have to buy me a new one. You know you never grew up? kissing hotly his neck, ear, cheek. His reward. Honey, can we go swimming? I want to wear my bikini, how far is that place on the Russian River?

Christ Lynn, swimming? Thirty, maybe forty miles, he shrugged. You kids want to go swimming?

Oh, wow yes! predictable Chay. Wow, swimming!

Won't it be cold after dark? suggested Gary.

Hell no, giggled Lynn, we're going to be so drunk you won't feel the water. You won't feel anything, I promise you won't. You got bathing suits? Good. Honey, can I have another cigarette? Or just a light, this thing went out. I really smoke too much, I should take up marijuana instead.

Marijuana, Lynn? Jack lit a fresh Marlboro from his own, handed it to her. Shit, you want to get your ass busted?

Lynn shaking her head quickly, stopping her ears. Nobody wants to bust my ass, Jack. You just think they do. Whenever guys are around and we're just having fun, being friendly, you think they want to bust my ass. You get so jealous over nothing, I don't—

Lynn, you shut up! Just shut up!

She may have wanted to hear it; anyway, she quieted down. Let's just be happy now, can we? Can we just be happy this afternoon?

Wow, Chay nodding, I think we can we can. I'm happy right now.

Me too, belched Gary. But the afternoon stopped holding an end in sight. Smiling, dox smile—like defining afternoon in terms of dusk, dark. Like looking for the other end of an open-ended experience. Beer, beer, beer again.

All right, come on now and let's go, coached Lynn. A real pep talk, you need vodka, Chay? Here. Honey, drive slow and I'm pouring.

Slow like this? he chuckled—swerving through a sports car, cutting in with inches to spare, outblaring the other horns.

Honey, Lynn giggling again, now look at this mess. My legs are all sticky with orange juice thighs, I mean.

Well, they'll be sticky with something else soon. So you got a head start.

Jack, you bastard! You dirty bastard! I thought you wanted to have fun, Lynn. All of us having fun together, you said that. We've got even numbers here, and we all know the score.

Honey, if—

Here's the score, in case anyone forgot or forget. Now—pointing to the girls—you've got a thing and she's got a thing. And I've got a thing and he's got a dong. Although I'm not sure about that haircut.

I've got a dong, agreed Gary. Hysterically.

Good, Jack continued. And a dong goes with a thing, right? So we're all set up.

Wait honey, I just thought of something. Lynn looking mad, cute. These kids here believe in love. But we don't believe in free love, do we? I mean, we got married and all.

Jack roaring. Well, we *used* to believe in free love. But it cost three hundred dollars when we had some!

I know, Lynn jumping to steal his next breath. I know all about it, nine hundred dollars for free love. Just because they didn't have the pill control.

Well, you shit got pregnant every time you had some. Christ Lynn, every single time.

Yes I did, you big bastard! And I'll get pregnant this time, too—wait and see if I don't get suspended now between giggles and rage. I've gotten my pill two days now! You know you got me drinking and I forget my pill.

Wow, Lynn, Chay advised solemnly. You shouldn't forget your pill that way. They don't work unless—

Lynn, you shit just take it today, will you? Just take all three of them today! Nine hundred dollars for three goddamn kids! Three goddamn kids and—

You big bastard, you better shut up or you're going to have four of them! You know I've got my pill now two days in a row, grimacing, trying to finish her drink. And I'll forget it today, if I just get drunk enough!

Lynn, I'm going to shove those pills right up your ass, so help me. Right up your goddamn

I need another beer. You need a beer, Gary? This can out.

I'll take another. What's this, three? four. It's my sixth. Who cares? I don't want to make sure they're keeping cold.

I'm sitting right on the goddamn ice, Jack. You need more juice, Chay?

Well, thanks. This is—I haven't been drunk yet, it's great. It's—wow! Lynn? Lynn, tell me about your kids. How old are they? I want to know their ages.

Three, and two laughed Lynn, pouring the beer when they got the pill out. Jack pretends he doesn't care, but they're really little darlings. He says, Two boys and a—no, what am I saying? and a boy.

You must keep pretty busy.

I do. Honey, drive slower. Please? If I stop you again they'll really throw the book at me. I wear to god, bragging to Chay, last week I lost my license. He can't have it back until next year.

Well, Lynn, will you? Jack tried to mimic her. Think I don't know? Well, watch this: I drove onto a gravel parkout, putting the car into dry skids across the stones.

Get out, honey!

That is fun. You wanted to have fun, Lynn. It's safe, too. Nothing—

Well, I'm getting dizzy. I'm going to—

Don't get dizzy. Ask your friend Gary, he knows how to skid on gravel. Don't you, Gary?

Jack mumbled his weak assent, eyes closed, leaning on his Levi's. Perfectly safe, yes. Except the tires, maybe, the tires and no shade. If the sun were shade he might get more into this thing.

He'd stay colder longer in his hand, he'd get further. Down into it. And the tires—he saw them of hot, rubbery air. Dark inside, too, Jesus.

He was sinking his way down, Jesus. Opening eyes, he saw the car straighten back on the highway, pick up speed. The clock on the dash said four-thirty. He needed gas, soon. Lynn and Chay still holding their breaths from the skidding, laughing out of the car. I should say, fill it with oil and check the tires. It's how this pig car runs.

He needed more juice, too, Lynn informed him. He held the bottle to show a bare inch of vodka. Well, up in Santa Rosa, honey, get gas and juice at the same time. Then we'll go swimming. But get the juice first.

He hasn't killed this one yet, Jack protested. I see you kill it.

Well, schmell it! she pouted, suddenly raising the bottle to her lips. Gulping it straight, then chucking the empty bottle at a telephone pole. I killed it, Jack. Now you have to get more.

Right. Turning off for gas just inside Santa Rosa, and while a greasy kid in dungarees was in the car the girls used the john. Jack and Chay were leaving across the street to the liquor store; for vodka and two quarts orange juice. Then

two packs Marlboros. Paying quickly with a ten, Jack shoved the bag at Gary, led him out the door. Dreamy scenes: pissing in the john for seventy seconds, some kind of record. Four dollars left in Jack's wallet after paying the greaser, tossing him a beer. Waiting for the girls, asking Jack to open the door for him.

Jesus, you weakling. Here—it sprung open, must be a trick to it. What are you, in college?

Yes. Back East.

What you study there?

Philosophy.

Philosophy? Christ almighty, what the hell you doing out here? You should be holed up on your ass in some library!

We wanted to hitch around, see the country, Gary offered weakly. But I know what you mean. About the philosophy, it's pretty dry. Sometimes I even wonder why I study it. Wishing the girls would come out soon.

You know what I mean? Jack raised his voice, mocking laughter. You know what I mean? I'll tell you what you do—you get four mouths to feed besides your own, you get yourself a sweaty job in a goddamn lumber mill. Five days a week, so all you want to do is come home and drink yourself into bed and screw yourself to sleep. You do that, then come tell me you know what I mean.

I'm sorry. Jesus, I'm sorry.

Forget it, kid. Here come the girls. You want another beer? We got three left.

O.K., Gary feeling he deserved one. You get two, I'll take one.

Don't do me any favors, kid.

No, seriously. I'm drunk already.

You sure are. On four beers, right? Have another. The girls now getting in.

Oh, honey! You did get us a fifth! I bet Chay you wouldn't.

Well, you lose. And you know what's left from that hundred dollars? Just four goddamn—



BRUNO CIVITICO

Who the hell cares? Lynn opening her bottle. Care in the morning, not now. I want to go swimming now. And if he'd had good tires, Jack would have laid a patch leaving the pumps while the greaser waved, beer in hand. Santa Rosa. Jack beat his way, trial and error, to a rural route west toward the coast and paralleling the Russian River; scarcely another car on the road. Now, announced Lynn, we're all going to have a good time! We're going to have a *par-ty*!

Wow, wow! sang Chay. We're already having one! This is so fantastic!

You ever smoke marijuana, Chay? Lynn asked suddenly. I mean is it true, you get high on it? Just by smoking?

Wow, yes! But it's not like getting drunk, it's just not the same. Wow, I love this vodka! That's what I want. You know who makes vodka? Russians. Russians make it, and we're going to the Russian River—that's a coincidence. No, vodka has it all over grass.

I don't care, pouted Lynn pouring another, I'm sick and tired of getting drunk. I read where marijuana's cheaper than alcohol, too.

It's cheaper, confirmed Gary. No hangovers, either.

Hear that, Jack? No hangovers! And I wouldn't get lung cancer, like I will from all these cigarettes. Would I?

Christ Lynn, all you'd get is the cops tearing down your door! Throwing you in jail, and a pack of hippies for friends. All hopped up on pills and busting—

No, Jack. I just want to try it once. Just to see.

Well, you try anything once and you're hooked. You're even hooked on aspirin, Lynn. You're probably even hooked on vitamins. Try that dope shit once, and I'll bust your ass myself!

All right, honey, all right. I was just talking. Hey, let's stop and dance. Can't we, Jack? I like this record. Oh god, I *love* this record! she snapped her fingers, honey *stop*. So he stopped—on the pavement since there was no shoulder—and all four piled onto the opposite lane. Throbbing without partners in an obscene circle, and somehow no cars passed for two minutes; at least, Gary thought dimly, they were doing something together. All four and happy.

Driving again, they polished off the last beer—sharing it. Lynn protested against the men usurping her vodka, Jack you know you can't hold hard liquor. Every time I tell you to stick to your beer, but you want my booze. That's when the trouble starts, every time. You wait till a bar comes, buy some lousy beer. Honestly, Jack—

With four dollars I'm buying beer? That's all we got left, Lynn! Four dollars, and the sitter's going to want something—she's only been there since Friday. Come on Lynn, you've shit got a whole fifth there. You can't drink all that. Wait a minute, you could drink it all. But I'm not going to let you, hear?

What do you think, Chay? a conference of whippers. O.K., Chay says to share it. Russian vodka, Russian River. Chay nodding, yes, she'd said that.

But just remember, Jack. Just remember

I hear you, Lynn. I heard you the first time. Now just pour Gary and me some drinks. Two apiece; later they held another drink each. This time in couples. Reverse couples, and that was Jack's idea. Getting back with Chay not talking to Lynn and Gary on the right; drinking a little and Gary knowing Chay must pass on a little while, meanwhile little games to play. Like how long you get here? and here? Well. She was experienced.

Soon after seven, August dusky dark, cooler. Stiffer mixes nearing the level of a turnoff through trees. Sandy road on a clay clearing where Jack stopped and pointed one hundred yards to the left bank. O.K., he announced, everybody get ready. Everybody. The ladies' bathhouse and hole is thirty paces into those woods, and the bathhouse and pisshole's behind the car.

All right, agreed Lynn grabbing the bottle.

And no drinks in the ladies' bathhouse. Jack interrupted. Snatching the vodka neatly from her hand; Lynn drunk, defiant.

Oh, no! Chay taking up Lynn's fight. You have to have one here. Before we change, we have to have one here.

Hell, we may as well *change* in the men's house. Lynn leaning into her left hip, pulling blouse over her head. Pale pink and lacquered underneath.

Shit you will! Jack threw a towel at her. Shit you will! There's laws against that. Besides we men have morals. Ever hear of morals, Lynn? Shit you did! Now drink up, and get the hell out.

Jack, you—all right! She threw her drink and picked her suit from the back, and led Chay into the woods. Jack dripping screwdriver, licking his lips.

Now I'm going to open this goddamn thing I promised Gary. Staggering all his weight onto finding muscles he hadn't known about. (Crying noises. But when the door finally sprung him off balance, pinned him beneath it on the floor. Jack naked and roaring.

You screwball! It's about time you got the hell out of you screwball. You know there's more muscle in my right arm than in your whole body? You know that?

Probably true, conceded Gary, rolling on the floor under. Then pulling off his pants. Anyway, I don't have to prove it to me. I'll take your word.

I guess you will, screwball. More to drink? Or is the almighty, is that all the dong you got? You know with that thing?

Gary panicked into coherence. No, reminding Toni had examined it and been pleased. I wouldn't let Jack knock his dong. Yes, I fuck it. And it does the job.

Ha! You show that to Lynn, she'll bust it. Laughing! And I'll bust *your* ass—just remember

n you looking at her, kid. Now where's

e shrugged, I don't know. Use any cup.
aste my cups, hear? This is the last cup

that case, I'll mark it—scratching a G
ttom with his nail. The games getting
nsults uninhibited; he took a big swig.
t under his tongue it turned hot, white
asteless cold. Swallowing the new brew,
er saliva. Drunk on his own juices, think-
ay down. Into it. Pulling on the old jock
elastics.

I me the truth, you lying bastard: are you
ollege?

was.

ing bastard, I don't believe you've said
true yet. But let me tell you this: if you
ect you. Because I didn't have the brains
ollege. I didn't even have the brains to
h grade. Shit, I haven't got the brains to
ttle of beer. No, wait a minute. I *do* have
for that. But look, you son of a bitch, you
r years in college. Four years, and you can
ight off that pays five, six dollars an hour.
on you're making fifteen, twenty thousand
nd that buys a lot of this juice, you son of
And it don't matter if you get A's or
failing, it don't matter as long as you get
oma. Me, all I get is a three-dollar an
And I got four people to spend it besides

eaning against the car, trying to sort it out.
nk he could see Jack and he were enemies.
emies that shouldn't have met, that should
et. Gary out of his proper cliché and about
is ass busted. Over this crazy changing
scene? Well, not him. No sex was worth
le; belching, he knew it for sure. Not
And Chay? Jack could have her. No jus-
it didn't matter. Only his ass mattered.
p it intact. Look Jack, I don't know—
up, here come the girls. Just remember
nn, or—

on, let's go swimming! Chay running up,
so drunk I can't stand. Hold me up, Jack!

—
nk first, then we'll swim, Lynn taking bot-
and. Gary blinked, and the scene had
again with Chay looking drab, even vir-
her red white and blue suit. With a skirt,
a skirt on it! Ridiculous thing. And the
ion, barely wearing her yellow bikini at
have shaved the groin, it hung so far off

tingling just to look but afraid to touch,
right off. It had to fall right off. Revealing
groin, huge dripping lips and—and he was
l. Jesus, tossing off the round and starting
iver. Walking to Lynn's own rhythm, twitch
y.

ahead now on Jack's shoulders, plunging
Chay, who'd never question a man's in-
till he got inside; then maybe look up to

WILLOWWARE CUP

by James Merrill

Mass hysteria, wave after breaking wave
Blueblooded Cantonese upon these shores

Left the gene pool Lux-opaque and smoking
With dimestore mutants. One turned up today.

Plum in bloom, pagoda, blue birds, plume of willow—
Almost the replica of a prewar pattern—

The same boat bearing the gnat-sized lovers away,
The old bridge now bent double where her father signals

Feebly, as from flypaper, minding less and less.
Two smaller retainers with lanterns light him home.

Is that a scroll he carries? He must by now be immensely
Wise, and have given up earthly attachments, and all that.

Soon, of the May mornings, rising in mist, he will ask
Only to blend—like ink in flesh, blue anchor

Needled upon drunkenness while its destroyer
Full steam departs, the stigma throbbing, intricate—

Only to blend into a crazing texture.
You are far away. The leaves tell what they tell.

But this lone, chipped vessel, if it fills,
Fills for you with something warm and clear.

Around its inner horizon the old odd designs
Crowd as before, and seem to concentrate on you.

It represents, I fancy, a version of heaven
In its day more trouble to mend than to replace:

Steep roofs aslant, minutely tiled;
Tilted honeycombs, thunderhead blue.

say wow, what are you doing? That picture amused
him, so cannonballing the muddy water with a
smile. And Lynn was right—he was too far gone to
feel temperatures. Twenty yards across but the river
ran swift, deep: making for the opposite bank but
the good water swept them downstream. Stronger
than any of them yet gentle, communal; they
splashed, attacked each other underwater, lost col-
lective balance on the slippery bottom. Then soft
hands around *his* groin, but Chay somewhere up-
stream. Blonde Lynn rising for air, giggles and why
not, honey? Because of my ass, he murmured. No
one wants his ass busted, none of us. Climbing out
shivering.

Back at the car they threw jackets, sweaters over
their suits. Drinking less, dancing more on the sand
until the news came on the radio. Can't dance to the
news, sighed Gary; Chay tried anyway. Lynn de-

manding they find some action, find a bar, find more people more fun more *par-ty*! So into the car again.

Jack didn't care. Later now, Gary wasn't sure how fast but the road was narrow, pitted with holes. All bare legs flanking electrically—Jack's right to Chay's left, Chay's right to Gary's left, Gary's right to Lynn's right crossed nicely over her left—a fuzzy dream. Lynn egging him on while Chay gargled vodka, and Jack telling a story. About the truck-driver who wanted to suck off in San Jose. How he went so far with the bastard. Then knocked him in the jaw, tied his hands to his hot dong with baling wire and split for the bus depot. That was the last time Jack had hitchhiked.

Honey, Lynn yelled across to him, slow down! Please? You know you can't handle my hard—

Lynn, shut up, I—

Chay screaming tears as the car left the road momentarily, uprooted three guard-rail posts without stopping. I knew this would happen, I knew—

Stop, you big bastard! Stop the car! Lynn shouting until he stopped. Then talking very fast, about if the cops and stick to your beer and is the car O.K.?

Come on, Gary. We better look at the goddamn bumper. Climbing over the door, kneeling with Jack by the front right fender but it was hard to see. No big dents, at any rate. Gary wanting to squirm, wanting to be somewhere else while Jack wheezed and spat on the tire. Rough whispers, Christ almighty I'll bust your ass in two. You lay one hand on Lynn, one hand and—

Man, Gary shook his head from far away. I'm not going to touch your wife. You think I'm crazy? But I'll tell you she's asking for it. I just *sit* there, and she—

Shut up, you lying bastard! I'm watching *you*, not Lynn. You remember that, hear?

Back in the car a slower drive, ten minutes to the Hacienda Tavern. Glowing in cool neons, and Lynn insisted they join the *par-ty*! which could be heard for half a mile. She ran in as soon as Jack stopped: the others taking time to cover their legs. Inside, a living cartoon—happy local crowd doing its happy local thing, fat women and fleshy men and beer across the floor in a sticky flood. Chay lost somewhere but Lynn surrounded by fifteen men. Circled tight in shirt-sleeves, watching her dance with the one who'd grabbed her first: a short laughing man, dark slacks tapered so slightly and over-the-calf socks. Small-time something in these sticks, but fighting his way through the press was jealous Jack. Chay lost somewhere, people throwing bottles and everywhere the green neons.

Standing on a chair, one stinking woman with black hair and sprawling breasts. In charge, somehow, shouting over all their heads. Who are these creeps? Get these creeps out of here!

Into the pool! roared another, then many. Throw

them in the pool! Longhair first. Comber hair. Gary stumbling toward the door, her arms reached from behind, shoved him to the floor. And sure enough a pool around Jack's swimming pool in green neon as he tried to explain the sweater cost thirty dollars the watch cost thirty dollars he take them off? Ouch in the stomach then splash without air and patient seconds on the surface.

A decent perspective, at least, on the second splash angrier, thrashing—Jack only of his captors in with him. Swinging nine feet and nine up: next Chay asking directions to Russia and that was hardly a ripple. Fourth accompanied by laughing and laying out. So six heads bobbing in neon water, while last, the biggest, the most surreal splash. A whole horse was chased into the pool, and them—blindfolded and kicking wildly—raked back by the stinking woman, sprawling.

The pool emptied quickly. Gary'd taken a blow across his right shoulder, but it seemed to ease from the pain. Running to the car where Lynn was already sitting, dazed, and unable to speak. The knot of people gravitated from the pool towards them. Jack fighting for Lynn and hollering from the lip, insults back and forth about who the real creeps were. Terrified Gary holding Chay, someone pissed on the car: then Jack shouldered across the seat, followed her in and flopped over. I'm coming back with my boys! He yelled up.

Get out of here and stay out, you creeps! goddamn creeps! and pulling away Gary's hair from the faces for the first time. Adult neons past their prime, and afraid to admit it. Under hollowing eyes, receding hairlines, and then them.

Back on the road, Lynn pissed to hell. You bastard, do you know you're a dirty bastard? screamed dripping wet. Every time we stop for some fun, good fun with friendly people, you're crazy like this. You pick a fight and wreck it. You dirty bastard. Anytime I—

Shut up, Lynn! driving very fast somewhere finally dark out. Christ almighty Lynn, you're friendly people all want one thing, just one thing, and that's a piece of your goddamn ass.

Jack, you're the dirtiest, stupidest, juiciest dirty bastard I ever met. She began to cry, sweat over cheeks dripping chlorine neon, though she was good people. Friendly people. I know, I was talking to them. Were you talking to them? No, you always got to be the he-man, the big jealous man. You always have to

He hit her twice, hard back of his hand across her mouth and she fell across Gary and Chay, sobbing into their laps, then quiet until Jack was heaving his stomach over the side. Lynn sat down, telling him again to stop the car. You can't drive this way, Jack *stop*. Braking.

Gary? Jack spoke strangely with the blood and vomit mixing on his chin, Gary you drive to Santa Rosa, hear?

umbled Gary without thinking, up over then getting in behind the wheel. Just on this road, right?

axed Lynn squeezing next to him. It's thirty miles. You can drive slow, you don't slow off like—

You shit—

one of this would happen if you'd stick usy beer. None of this! You can't handle er, Jack. And you *know* it, every time you stopped talking when he passed out.

at it in gear, eased down the black road.aking wet in all their clothes; he stayed shivers for a while, then slipped into gentle It was the white lines doing it, they flicked windshield to the rear-view mirror in a preordained rhythm. So he couldn't be ut he was, the speedometer showing an

ing Marlboros to sense passing time. Be-whole trip seemed maybe thirty seconds'

. Voices around him: Chay consoling ut Jack. He wants to be a man, he has to ing it. Reminds me of my little brother, vodka please. Lynn pouting, still chug-y. He never grew up. But he can screw, I

god Chay, he'll wake up and want to screw. both, I swear it to god, at the same time. w. And don't laugh, it'll be good. There's match him at that. Really, nobody.

r cigarette, chain-smoking because all the vere gone. Dead pain in his right shoulder, all be happy and *par-ty*! Get the radio pushed the antenna button and the chrome eated its anti-phallic act. He let it hang.

ing now about marijuana, could we get efore Jack comes to. Maybe go into bars, bars and you'd find some hippies. Real ith dope, I only want to try the stuff once. es in bars anymore, giggled Chay. They ow what the Russians are into. either. k Russians! No marijuana, we had some r but we smoked it.

sinking deeper, lighting the next chunk of o country. A strange taste as Jack stirred red to sandwich himself between the girls. nd windy cold driving, chilly vineyards nd Chay's muffled wows. Could he look?

k with a finger in Chay, whole goddamn fist Clock reading twelve-fifteen time for bed bed. He was losing his mind. Chay killing e this time, schmilling it over the side by-sians. Muffled wows around the quiet trio, l hanging on the lines. Then a widening of ellow freeway lights ahead. Braking down worked his hands free, shaking Jack's slip-id, no sex was worth that hassle.

said Chay, it's been fantastic! Wow, we— re had a time, laughed Lynn. We had a real of us tonight! Kissing him goodbye which ve been nice, but he couldn't tell. Couldn't /hispering some other time, yes? And bring arijuana.

another time. Jack? Have a nice life Jack.

You too, you son of a bitch. Laughing now, all of them laughing because it was over. Don't get your ass busted from here to the library! Sure you'll get a ride now?

South anywhere south, we'll be fine. Got all the stuff, Chay?

Wow, I think—who cares? We got the sleeping bag, what else was there? I can't think about it. Bye Lynn—wow, don't forget your pill tonight. Remind her, Jack. Yes. Kissing goodbye. Yes. Moving away, the antenna jangling against the fender while Jack lost his pink Cadillac in the northbound tail-lights. Gary, Chay back on the ramps and alone together.

Jesus, Gary began to Chay. Jesus F. Christ. You all right, you little dick-tease? Just coming down off the white lines.

I'm fine, she said uncertainly, except—I need you Gary. Inside, now. Could you do it? Looping an arm around his neck.

Oh fuck, Chay. After what I just—what I thought I just saw, after—look, I'm drunk as a—

Please?

Leave me alone, will you? Wasted. I'm wasted. I'm dreaming, I'm—look, it's not *my* fault you're all hot to go. Now is it?

That's just the point, shithead. You shithead.

Shut up! trying to handle her as Jack would, but the voice lacking something. Let's just get a god-damn ride, O.K.? Talk in the morning. Sorting out the ramps, walking to the southbound entrance and shivering there without words. Maybe another hour, before an ancient black sedan pulled off the feeder road—and spilled out four hippies who ran to them. Familiar strangers in funny clothes, eager to love on principle.

Wow, where are you going?

Berkeley answered Chay, teeth chattering.

Berkeley, wow! Berkeley! Wow, this time of night? The man onto you?

No, she giggled. It's just our thing. Wow, these Russians brought us vod—

Good luck, that's a groove. We've got a pad down the road, if you want to warm up or crash, or—no? Then wait here. Retreating to their car.

Damn hippies, spat Gary. Trying to find the irony, oh yes. Santa Rosa hippies. Running around busting each other's asses, every day you read in the Santa Rosa paper, you read—

Shut up! Chay kissed him. The hippies returning now.

Sorry, said their spokesman, we can't, uh, do your thing here with you. But like, nobody should be out here without some grass, right?

Wow! said Chay. Oh wow, wow! The Russians took away their—

Jesus, said Gary, thanks a lot. Just what I needed.

Right. So here's a couple of joints to make your trip. Maintain, O.K.?

The sedan coughed to a start, drifting into darkness while Chay lit up the first of them. Smoking in silence, righteous. Wow Gary, I don't believe this! It never stops, I mean wow! I don't believe this.

I don't either. Let's go to sleep, O.K.? Because there were some trees alongside the freeway.

GOODBYE, DOLLY!

A reminiscence of the New York Post

I have popular taste myself. I generally feel the way a majority of people feel. Crime sells better than housing, say. I'm interested in gossip. I enjoy reading Doris Lilly, Earl Wilson, and Leonard Lyons.
—Mrs. Dorothy Schiff*

The most exhilarating week I spent in college came in my sophomore year, in 1958, when we made the April Fool's Day edition of the Hunter College *Arrow* into a parody of the New York *Post*. The *Post* had been, in Jerry Tallmer's perfect image, my warm, humanitarian, Jewish mother all through high school and college. The indignant editorials tasted like chicken broth. Max Lerner moralized like a reform rabbi. And all the sentimental girl reporters reminded me of Marjorie Morningstar.

Whatever Herbert Lehman or David Ben-Gurion said was big news. Each new President of the United Jewish Appeal was the subject of a long profile. There were gossipy "inside stories" about Jewish celebrities, from Bess Myerson to Einstein. Columnists like Milton Gross, Leonard Lyons, Sidney Skolsky, Max Lerner, and Dr. Rose Franzblau gave the paper an unmistakable urban Jewish flavor. Even the regular letter writers—Allen Klein and Martin Wolfson—were Jewish. Even the biggest ads were Jewish—Klein's and Abraham & Straus.

I devoured the paper every day. I learned to hate Joe McCarthy and revere Eleanor Roosevelt. I learned that rapists and reform Democrats played a larger role in the affairs of the world than the *Times* let on. And I learned from Jimmy Cannon that sportswriting could be both cynical and lyrical, and from Murray Kempton that political analysis could call on Freud, Sartre, and even Yeats. Would the editor and the publisher disagree again over whom to endorse for Governor? Would Sugar Ray forgive Jimmy Cannon for telling him to retire? Would a week pass without the word "dreary" appearing in an editorial? Would the paper ever hire a proofreader who didn't derive perverse pleasure from typos and dropped lines? My first published words were a letter to the *Post* that said, "I read your paper every single day. Why can't your proofreaders do the same?"

So when the staff of the Hunter *Arrow* put together its *Post* parody, I submitted three appro-

priately sophomoric satires. Pop therapist r. Franzblau: "Dear Madam: Certainly your 5-year-old can sleep with a rooster—if he loves." A my two super-heroes—Hemingway-esque Jim Cannon: "You're God. Most people don't believe in you anymore. Sometimes, late at night, I doubt your own existence. But you're a god. You keep going against the tide, and you don't care much. You're God, and tonight you try a chicken at St. Nicholas Arena. . . ."

And mandarin, victim-oriented Murray Kempton: "Henry James would have understood Jimmy Hoffa. The liberals, because they belong to the middle class, and want to flee it, don't believe in tapping. But I prefer pariahs who accept their fate because they all have the surly dignity of Maglie. . . ."

The publication of the parody paper marked the zenith of my infatuation with the Jewish *Post*. A few weeks later Jimmy Cannon departed brazenly and went to Hearst's *Journal-American*. That should have been my equivalent of the Stalin pact. But it wasn't. I remained loyal to the *Post* even though they fired me after a tangle in 1964, and even though Kempton and Jay Wechsler both wrote columns in the *Post* last year attacking me for supporting Robert Kennedy rather than Eugene McCarthy. But what is a Jewish *Post* for, except to kvetch a little?

I did not leave my Jewish Momma's house in fact, until February of 1969, when one morning the *New York Times* reported that Kempton, Breslin, and Jules Feiffer were all leaving the *Post*. It was a pogrom! Even Breslin, the genius, the gadgoy, was going! It was as if my Jewish mother suddenly dyed her gray hair blonde, dropped her Liberal party registration, and run off to Los Angeles with the vice president of Lord & Taylor. But I was liberated enough to try and write about it now that, in plump middle age, she had decided to assimilate into Richard Nixon's weatherless America.

Voice of the vanguard

The New York *Post* is the oldest newspaper in the United States still published today, founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton and began with a circulation of 600 in a city of

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*As quoted by Geoffrey Hellman in a *New Yorker* profile.

the first century of its existence, the *Post* was the voice of vanguard populism. The poet, William Bryant, was editor from 1829 to 1832 and aligned the publication with Andrew Jackson. Bryant became its editor in 1832 and ignited the presidential campaign that led to the creation of Central Park.

In 1863 the *Post* became the property of Cyrus Hall, who converted it into a staid organ for conservatism and upper-class fashion. Maverick J. David Stern took it over in 1892 and returned it to its earthy liberal roots. And in 1939, the paper badly in debt and losing money, Mrs. George Backer bought it. Mr. Backer, a liberal Democratic politician, became president, and his wife, the former Dorothy Backer, came vice president and treasurer.

The Backers lost \$800,000 the first year, and another \$100,000 the next. So in 1942 Mrs. Backer concluded the paper should be converted to a tabloid, and made less ideological. Her husband agreed, and they were divorced. Mrs. Backer took over control of the paper, and the next year married her executive editor, Ted Thackrey, the *Post* went into the black. But in 1948 Mrs. Backer supported Tom Dewey for President, and Thackrey backed Henry Wallace. The

Post, in the final week of the campaign, dramatically endorsed Dewey. In 1949 Mrs. Schiff divorced her third husband, and became the publisher of the *New York Post*.

From about 1954 to 1961 the *Post* was probably the most exciting daily tabloid in the country. It was staffed by good young writers. It won prizes for its investigative reporting. Its editorial politics were at the cutting edge of Cold War liberalism during a bland, conservative time. And James Wechsler, as editor, gave the paper both sex and spirit, while keeping it strongly anti-Communist.

Al Aronowitz was the first daily journalist to explore the saintly lunacy of the Beat underground. Bill Haddad and Joe Kahn raked muck about master pol Carmine DeSapio and master builder Robert Moses, and won the George Polk and Heywood Brown Awards. Joe Barry covered the anti-colonial war in Algeria with sensitivity and insight. Pete Hamill, then a brash kid off the docks, had the raunchy rhythm of the streets in his typewriter. Murray Kempton and Ted Poston went South and sent back prose poems about Dr. King's first generation of marching children. William V. Shannon and Robert Spivack wrote needling, original copy out of the Washington of Eisenhower, Dulles, and Senator Joseph McCarthy. Gene Grove and Normand Poirier, working on night rewrite, would

"The *Post*... was the avant-garde paper for young people... in the late Fifties."



ROBERT GILBERG

Jack Newfield
GOODBYE,
DOLLY

make enterprising phone calls to update yesterday's news. Dave Gelman and Gael Gree were feature writers of considerable imagination. And there were frequent six- and twelve-part series, written by teams of reporters, challenging sacred cows like the FBI, Walter Winchell, and Joe McCarthy.

"There was a great sense of family on the *Post* in the late Fifties," Al Aronowitz says. "We were all Jewish, liberal police reporters. We were all friends. We visited each other's homes. We drank together. We were into each other's heads. . . . The *Post* in those days had the craziness of a family. It was a lot of fun. We used to play football in the city room with a rolled up newspaper. Paul Sann [now executive editor] played pranks like answering the switchboard. . . . The *Post* was the only paper I wanted to work for. It was the avant-garde paper for young people in those days."

Bill Haddad shares the same nostalgic feelings. "There was a great pride in working for the *Post* in the late Fifties," he says. "We were the best paper in town. The other six papers were afraid of us. We were there because we respected Wechsler. He was down in the city room all the time, working with writers, coming up with new ideas. And he backed you up in any showdown. He was never frightened by any threat of a libel suit. And when they dumped Wechsler, they killed it."

The bureaucratic intrigues and conspiracies of the *Post* are at least as Byzantine as the Vatican's or the State Department's. So there is no definitive chronicle of James Wechsler's sudden fall from grace in 1961. But there is a consensus oral history of the event that almost everyone on the paper at the time subscribes to. And that is that the *Post*'s publisher, Dolly Schiff, was disturbed both at a drop in circulation below 300,000 (the lowest of the city's seven dailies) and by the image of the *Post* as too pro-Negro, which, she felt, deterred the classier department stores from advertising.

So in an overnight coup, probably encouraged by Wechsler's old-fashioned nonpolitical rivals in the city room, Mrs. Schiff demoted Wechsler to columnist and editor of the editorial page, ending his influence on news coverage, detailed series, and hiring policies. Mrs. Schiff gave herself the title of editor-in-chief, while day-to-day control of the paper passed to Paul Sann, a contradictory character straight out of *Front Page*—sentimental about the 1930s tough-guy school of journalism. Sann came to power on a platform of "neutral journalism," in an effort to get the *Post* out of the red. Almost immediately the crusading exposés vanished from the paper. Out-of-town stringers were cut from the staff. Coverage of civil-rights activity gradually declined. And reporters like Ted Poston and Joe Kahn, who were closely identified with the Wechsler regime, began to receive make-work assignments of little significance that often never got into the paper.

Then came the 114-day printers' strike of 1962-63, which killed off the *Daily Mirror*. Under normal circumstances that strike should have closed down the *Post*, the most vulnerable of the city's papers.

But Mrs. Schiff resigned from the I. Association in the middle of the strike, making separate peace with the union, and the *Post* was the only daily to publish as the strike dragged on. This brilliant stroke of class treason gained Mrs. Schiff about 50,000 new readers. Next came the 140-day newspaper strike of 1965 which forced the *Herald Tribune*, *World-Telegram and Sun*, and *Journal-American* to merge into a hybrid with no permanent identity crisis called the *World Journal Tribune*. When the sickly "widget" folded in 1967, the *Post*, incredibly, became the city's afternoon newspaper publishing in New York, with more than double its anemic 1960 circulation and no competition. But during the same period, commercial and entertainment values became shrinking in the city room, at the expense of literary and political values. And the editorials had gone from chicken broth to oatmeal mush.

One reason the *Post* defeated the *World Journal Tribune* in its hand-to-hand competition was logistics. The "widget" was never able to get a full run of its last Wall Street edition to the downtown newsstands before the commuters left work. The veteran *Post* truck drivers knew the narrow, one-way streets downtown, and managed to get the last edition to the stands in time. The "widget," meanwhile, inevitably had to dump thousands of copies of its last edition. Nevertheless, during 1967, three separate publishing institutions—Time-Life, Inc. and New York *Daily News* and the *New York Times*—all explored the possibility of going into competition with the *Post*, and independently decided in the negative. It was a crucial series of decisions that preserved the *Post* from the pressures of competition.

A Time, Inc. executive, who insists on anonymity, says, "Look, the *Post* is a terrible paper we don't know that. It is not connected with the political life. It is removed from all the new and inventive things in the culture. It has no character or personality and what charm it does have is left over from another era. . . .

"We got interested in entering the afternoon field before the *World Journal* folded. The *Post* has had a long-standing appetite to get into afternoon journalism. We set up a research group of four or six executives, and they worked full-time for three months exploring the possibility of starting an afternoon paper in New York. Our idea was a long-term project and was independent of what the *Times* and *News* were doing. But we finally decided against it for a variety of reasons. The unions were not very cooperative. Technology and distribution would be a problem. The city was here in the morning, and finding a good site would be difficult."

Executives at the *Times*, meanwhile, also decided not to start an afternoon paper for a number of different reasons. The first was that of a stylistic and staff relationship with the competing morning *Times*, while sharing the same corporate ownership. A second reason was financial. The *Times* was not willing to risk so much capital

where a new strike could prove fatal. Two experimental dummies of the paper failed to create a distinctive character approach to journalism. It was still too the good, gray lady of the morning.

What comes out of the grab bag

In 1964, in mid-passage of the *Post*'s conversion from Jewish Mother to Establishment had a three months' tryout there as a night and nightside rewrite man. Largely on the basis of that experience, supplemented by interviews with past and present members of the *Post*, I offer three theories to explain the paper's condition, a condition shared by many American dailies though none is in such a particularly strong position as the only afternoon paper in the nation's principal city:

Candy Store Syndrome: Most people who have worked for the *Post* call it—with some irony—a “candy store” because of its general pleasantness, because of its grab-bag quality, because of its lingering Jewishness, and because it is unprofessional and cheap.

The first thing that strikes any visitor to the cramped, grubby quality of the second-floor city room. In the summer, when I worked there, it is unbearably hot; the paper is not aired. The city room is filled with dust, dirt, and fruit flies, since the *Post* is located right at the busy docks of West Street. There are only a few fans around the city desk, and there are endless debates over which way they should face. The chairs are steel-backed and uncomfortable, like bar stools. Many of the typewriters are old and decrepit. The men's room reeks of urine; many of the toilets are backed up; and the sanitary towels is often used up by the day. The entire nightside staff dries its inky fingers on the same soiled stretch of cloth. This grubbiness long ago was absorbed into the pores of the paper, and into the psyche of its writers. “That city room is an outhouse,” Jimmy Breslin says. “You can get black lung just by working on the rewrite desk for a week. They don't pass a law against the joint.”

The absence of pride or professionalism is a major element in the paper's decline. Usually the first three—rewrite men sit in the *Post*'s city room night after night, rewriting, virtually retyping stories lifted not only from the *Times*, but also from the often well-written *Daily News*. When a story is at the *Post*, a copyboy was sent to Times every night at about one o'clock to pick up the final edition of the *News*. Almost every hard news copy in the *Post*'s first edition comes off the presses at 9:00 A.M., is generated either in this parasitic fashion, or else by a simply editing copy that comes in over the teletype machines. There is no original reporting after midnight, since the *Post* has no one in the city room for news. But the passivity ex-

tends even into the city room. One night, when I wanted to telephone Bill Veeck for his reaction to the purchase of the Yankees by CBS, night city editor Bob Friedman told me, “We don't do that anymore. Just rewrite the *Times*. And ask the morgue to send down the clips.”

On the night of the bloody ghetto riot in Philadelphia, I was handed the *Times*, *News*, *Tribune*, and wire-service copy, and told to “do two and a half books,” meaning about nine, one- or two-sentence paragraphs. Since I was not in Philadelphia, there was no revealing detail in the story, no feeling, no sense of specific place, only the number arrested, the estimated property damage, and a few predictable quotes from the “leaders” of the city and the civil-rights organizations. It was a little like making an egg cream. But the story became the lead on page five the next morning.

It is the same defeated attitude that accounts for the legendary number of typos and dropped lines in the *Post*. No one cares as long as they are not blamed. A *Post* copyboy, Ray Schultz, captured this burnt-out mood in a marvelous little memoir he wrote for the now dead New York *Free Press* (January 9, 1969):

Many people consider the Post to be the sloppiest of New York's daily papers, and they say sadly, it is not the sloppiness of adventure or overconfidence, it is the sloppiness of exhaustion, of a race horse faltering, of a fighter unable to exploit the openings. . . . On October 15th, when the wrong dateline, October 11th, was printed on page three, the men on the copy desk shrugged their shoulders and said, “I'm covered” to each other. It was the same reaction they gave when they put the wrong name of one of the Supremes on page one. “I'm covered.”

Jules Feiffer was paid \$20 per cartoon strip. Pete Hamill received \$75 per column. Larry Merchant is paid \$250 a week for four sports columns.* To save money, the *Post* did not send anyone on the charter flight to Dallas on the Friday afternoon John Kennedy was assassinated. The *Post* did not even assign a reporter to travel regularly with the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns last spring, although almost all their readers were turned-on by the two anti-war candidacies. And according to Jimmy Breslin, the reason his popular column was secreted away on page sixteen every day was that the *Post* could charge special rates to advertisers for appearing on that inside page with him.

The Front Page Syndrome: The editors who put out the *Post* each day are all products of the Ben Hecht-1930s-*Front Page* era of journalism. Executive editor Paul Sann is a high-school dropout who went to work for the *Post* thirty-eight years ago as a copyboy. The managing editor is Stan Opatowsky, whose values were shaped by his seasons with United Press and the Marines. “Opatowsky has a drill sergeant's approach to journalism,” a former

*The top reporters on the New York Times earn between \$100 and \$500 a week.

“That city room is an outhouse. You can get black lung just by working on the rewrite desk for a week.”

—Jimmy Breslin

Jack Newfield
GOODBYE,
DOLLY

staff writer has complained. "All he's interested in is speed and good form. He just isn't interested in good writing." City editor Johnny Bott and sports editor Ike Gellis are both well into their fifties, and long ago stopped fighting the system at the *Post*. And the rigid seniority system protects them all.

As products of the Depression, all these editors share an anti-intellectual, pro-tabloid bias. Most of them never went to college, and began working in "the business" for \$12 or \$15 a week. They resent the younger, college-educated reporters. They believe the *Post* should be geared to the lowest-common-denominator readership of the Bronx. And, above all, they believe in the sacred inverted-pyramid formula of journalism. Who, what, when, why in the lead. Then short, factual paragraphs that can be cut from the bottom with a meat cleaver. Longer pieces with a personal point of view, which have become something of a trend in our better papers, are *verboten*. Imaginative use of language is more often punished rather than rewarded. Bang It Out Quick is the motto of the desk, and almost no news story runs more than five hundred words. Reporters are not assigned to beats they have special feelings about. Attempts at unconventional approaches to stories inevitably get aborted by the mechanistic editors.

Pete Hamill recalls: "In 1963, when I was a reporter, I was sent to cover the last execution at Sing Sing. It really got to me. It was an Irish kid who grew up in Chelsea. So I came back to the city room and wrote a piece telling exactly how it was, with the urine running down the guy's pants leg as the electricity shot through his body. But Bob Friedman made me rewrite the whole thing. He just wanted a nice, straight news lead. Who died, what time, how many minutes. That's when I decided to quit the first time."

This is an era in which the journalistic form is exploding. What William Burroughs did to the novel, and what Bob Dylan did to the popular song, Norman Mailer has done to journalism. The best young writers want to escape the prison of "two and a half books" and follow their instincts. But the *Front Page* generation at the *Post* is oblivious to this energy.

The *Front Page* types also impose an outdated puritanism on the prose of their writers. When Larry Merchant heard Norman Mailer say of the late Robert Kennedy, "He was a rich kid who gave a shit," it came out in the *Post* as a "rich kid who gave a damn," making Mailer sound like a shill for the Urban Coalition. And when I was on the *Post*, the copy desk changed "half-naked kids" to "half-dressed kids" in a feature I did on Bedford-Stuyvesant.

During the 1950s, the *Post* was a writers' newspaper. Irony, realism, original form, and creative use of language were encouraged. There was space to compose longer, personal stories. Individual styles were appreciated by the editors. Younger reporters were coached and encouraged by the veterans. But today the *Post* is an editors' paper. No reporter has an individual style. The news stories

are all the same, each conforming to the formula. And this trend seems to be what Schiff desires; she recently told a friend don't want any stars on the *Post*. After they get bigger than the paper." Perhaps the damning thing about the *Post*, in hard, professional terms, has been its failure to develop, in any young writer of distinction. Pete Hamill was probably the last one, and he was hired under the Sann-Schiff regime, the *Post* has not developed a single younger journalist of the quality of Royko of the *Chicago Daily News*, or Tompkins of the *New York Times*, or Nicholas von Hoffman of the *Washington Post*. In the last five years, every reporter who has been one notch above the formula robot, has quit. Leonard Koppett left the *Times*. Bernard Lefkowitz quit to go to Columbia University and write a book. Gerald Nalewsky went to the *Oakland Tribune*. Nora Ephron went free-lance.

A textbook case of the *Post's* pettiness was the way it responded to the Norman Mailer-Breslin mayoral campaign in New York City last spring. The *Boston Globe* broke the story on April 10th. The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* ran long feature stories on it. Papers in London, Tokyo, and Toronto published stories. *Time* and *Newsweek* reported on it. But until the end of the month, the *Post* blacked it out of its news columns, giving Norman Frank and Vito Battista greater space.

One night at 2:00 A.M., *Post* reporter Jack Levin telephoned me to interview me about the campaign, since I was Breslin's press secretary. A few days later he called Gloria Steinem and Peter Markowitz, other organizers of this effort at citizen politics. The next morning no story appeared in the *Post*. When I called a friendly reporter there to ask for an explanation, he said, after getting a pledge of anonymity, "Sann killed the story when he called it seven. He resents Breslin for quitting, and he doesn't want to give him any free publicity. Levin was dummied and in type, and Sann just killed it because of a grudge." A few days later, Howard, a young *Post* reporter, asked the campaign if she could do a feature on Mailer and Breslin campaigning in the city's Reform Democratic Party. But she was informed by an editor that Sann had ordered a blackout on Breslin.

On May 5th, Mailer and Breslin held a joint press conference of their campaign. Both were at the services, the *Times*, NBC television, and many radio stations assigned reporters to cover it. The *Post* boycott was still going strong. The next day, May 6th, Mailer conducted a press conference on the occasion of his winning the Pulitzer Prize and attacked the press for "not giving me a fair shake." He itemized complaints against the *New York News*, *Village Voice*, and *Post*. The conference was attended by a hip, young *Post* reporter, John Bedien. When he got back to the city room, he was told by city editor Johnny Bott not to write a story but rather a memo for the publisher on evening

l said. After reading the memo, Mrs. red no story printed on Mailer's charges unfairness, although the next day, the *ews*, and *Voice* all published Mailer's marks.

h-22 Syndrome: Dorothy Schiff, at till a womanly woman, runs the *Post* with impersonal authority. She has fired two to the publisher, one editor, one man- or, and countless columnists in the last s. She keeps her aging incumbent edi- ar of their jobs, and trying hard to her whims, with a legendary flood of os, typed on yellow onionskin paper. as Jackie Onassis' picture in the paper is in the last nine days? Why was this tory of Passover not as interesting as a? I want Golda Meir to be this week's n the News Saturday feature. Let's do an e with Philip Roth's mother. Mrs. Schiff, s preoccupied, often quite imaginatively, a and gossip. Thus, she pays almost no to the essentials of the paper, and often interfere in its political direction. As the staff is never sure who has made a decision—Dolly? Sann? A copyboy? Or logic is behind that decision, or whether ecision can be appealed.

“After all, she does own it...”

d Schecter, who spent twenty years at the from copyboy to columnist, puts the blame ublisher. “The root of the problem,” he hat Dolly really doesn't know that Murray writes better than Earl Wilson. Her own ie gossip column. That is the level of her 7, and that gets communicated to the rest per. After all, she does own it.”

nowitz, however, who quit the *Post* during -63 strike, still defends his old family nes the business of daily journalism. ing Dolly has done,” he says, “has been ely right. She was right to dump Wechsler. kept it alive, and she deserves credit for here wasn't a *Post* at all, then you would e what it is. If all you had was the *American*, then you would miss the *Post*. lasted them all. She's infallible. The prob- e daily newspaper business itself. It can't with television and magazines. Newspapers the salaries that guys like Breslin and are worth. There's not enough room for a really stretch out. There's not enough time Daily journalism just has its own set of pace, time, and economic limitations.”

riends, victims, and rivals all admit Hall Backer Thackrey Sonneborn Schiff is ble woman. She has outlasted four hus- lus Hearst, Whitney, and Scripps-Howard e the sole owner of the biggest afternoon er in the land. Kings, bankers, and Presi- art her whims. She is almost certainly one

of the five most powerful women in New York City. “These editors...

Mrs. Schiff's parents both died in the early 1930s, bequeathing her an estate worth millions while she was still in her twenties. She was raised as a Republican, Roosevelt made her a Democrat, and in 1938, she ran as a delegate to the state constitutional convention, but lost to Robert Moses.

When people who know her socially are asked to describe her, the same narrow litany of adjectives is invoked: intuitive, eccentric, feminine, shrewd. Blair Clark, Eugene McCarthy's 1968 campaign manager, who was associate publisher at the *Post* for nine months in 1965-66, says, “Dolly is an inspired amateur. Her time is taken up with the business side of the paper, and she tries to edit it with one hand. So it's very haphazard and un-professional.... The basic problem there is that her formative experience was the brutal competitive situation the *Post* used to be in. She's so used to the economic squeeze that she doesn't know how to use the elbow room she has now. She doesn't know how to make it a class newspaper, or how to compete with television. She has no idea of expanding now that the *Post* is a monopoly, because she made the paper a success by cutting corners.”

Part of the *Catch-22* feeling at the *Post* comes from Dolly's Olympian aloofness, coupled with her absolute power, which is focused on trivia. Mrs. Schiff rarely appears in the city room, choosing to communicate with her editors almost exclusively by memo. Most staff members have never met her, even those with ten and fifteen years' service at the *Post*. It took Schecter twenty years to meet her, and Vic Ziegel is now in his tenth year on the paper without ever being introduced. Dave Gelman was on the *Post* for nineteen years until he first met her. The occasion was Gelman's request for a leave of absence, which was denied. So he quit. Pete Hamill, in the company of Robert Kennedy, one night in June of 1966, arrived at Mrs. Schiff's apartment, only to be asked by the publisher, “And who are you, young man?”

“I'm one of your columnists,” explained Hamill.

Also contributing to this mood is the way departing executives and columnists are treated. As in Stalin's Russia, they just vanish from the paper without explanation, and become non-persons. When Schecter's column was dropped, not one word of farewell or explanation appeared in the *Post*. The same is true when Hamill gave up his popular column in 1966. When Blair Clark ceased to be the associate publisher, his name just vanished from the masthead one day without a trace. Although the *Times* printed a lengthy news story about Breslin, Kempton, and Feiffer leaving, not one word appeared in the *Post*.

I met Mrs. Schiff just once, four years ago. At that time, only nine months after I was rejected as a night rewrite man, she invited me up to her pent-house office, and suggested I write a daily column in the *Post*. It was at this point I started to feel like Yossarian.

My meeting with Mrs. Schiff, I have subsequently discovered, was quite typical. She began by asking

believe the *Post* should be geared to the lowest-common-denominator readership of the Bronx.”

me bluntly if I was a Communist. When I assured her I wasn't, she mixed me a strong drink, kittenishly curled up on a sofa, and free-associated for thirty charming minutes about her summers at Palm Beach with the Kennedys. Then she offered me the column, "four times a week, financial details to be arranged later."

After thinking it over for three weeks, I wrote Mrs. Schiff a respectful note, explaining that I felt no one could be programmed to write at a predetermined rhythm, for a predetermined space, suggesting that the traditional concept of the daily column was obsolete. I added that I felt the *Voice* was more congenial to the longer advocacy reportage I was interested in doing.

Mrs. Schiff never answered my letter. When I called a friendly columnist at the *Post*, he told me that he had heard that the publisher had changed her mind, and decided to withdraw the offer to me. Had I been rejected again? Or had I the honor of refusing a column at the *New York Post*? I didn't know. But I felt very empathetic with Yossarian's attempts to relate to the remote colonels in the Pentagon.

The archetypal *Post* feature has become an interview with the distraught mother of a mass murderer, or with the sobbing wife of a miner trapped in a mine disaster. Over the years, *Post* reporters have been forced to transform personal sorrow into macabre inquisitions for a readership conditioned to titillation. No victim's privacy is respected. However, when I tried to see the three top executives at the *Post* for this piece, all three flatly refused to grant me interviews.

James Wechsler said, "I'd rather not...I might get into trouble." Paul Sann explained, "I have a policy of never giving interviews about the *Post*." And two days after I requested an audience with Mrs. Schiff, I received a registered letter turning me down. Mrs. Schiff's letter referred to an article I had written for the August 4, 1966, issue of the *Voice*, whose facts, she complained, I had neglected to check before publication. Her missive concluded: "...I cannot have any confidence in your objectivity or fairness as a reporter on matters relating to the *Post*..." I found the thought that Mrs. Schiff had a three-year-old clipping of mine from the *Voice* in her private files chilling and suggestive.

Mr. Newfield's article on the New York Post is one of a series that Harper's has been publishing over the past year on the American communications apparatus. Previous reports were...

Robert MacNeil

"The News on TV and How It Is Unmade" (October 1968)

Martin Mayer

"The Lady As Publisher" (December 1968)

Gay Talese

"The New York Times" (January-February 1969)

Nicholas Johnson

"What You Can Do to Improve TV" (February 1969)

Richard Pollak

"Time: After Luce" (July 1969)

The *Post* makes enormous profits today. Kempton's departure, it publishes no columnists of distinction, and very few younalists of promise. (Exceptions are sports Larry Merchant and Vic Ziegel, and reporter Gross and Tim Lee. Of the older reporters Dudar is the best, as her coverage of the Sirhan trial proved again.)

The *Post* today has a circulation of over 700,000 but it doesn't go home. Many readers read it on the brief subway ride home from work and then leave it behind on their seats for the way scavengers. The paper has become lost in an elevator, present but not heard by its audience. It is currently investing more than a million in a new plant, and new color presses in renovating the old *Journal* building on South Street. But it has even lost its subscription to the AP local wire.

Cannon. Hamill. Breslin. Shannon. Felt. Kempton are all gone now. In their place are syndicated columnists like Drew Pearson and Novak, William F. Buckley, and Clay Aiken. Gone are street-smart stylists like Frank Grove, Poirier, Gelman, and Gree, replaced by homogenized wire-service copy, and the "book" stories lifted out of the *Times* and the *Post*. There are no more prize-winning exposés, no investigative reporters or specialists on the city. The *Post* has no pop culture critic in the city, is the capital of pop culture. New York has 700,000 Puerto Ricans, but the *Post* has no Spanish-speaking reporter—Tim Lee—and no one is assigned to cover stories in the *barrio*. There is no reporter based in Queens or the Bronx, much less a man in Saigon. It has no White House bureau.

Despite its monopoly, despite its profits, despite its soon-to-be-completed new plant, the *Post* is an institution going through a slow internal erosion of its moral authority. It could be a newspaper that was a singular force for reform and renewal in a decaying city. The city's activist high-school college students don't identify with the *Post*, much more, preferring the underground papers' radical linear extensions of man like records and the Young committed writers no longer ache to write for the *Post*. Instead they send their long, non-representative first-person pieces on the city off to *The Village Voice* or *New York* magazine. The new, rapidly growing class of college-educated professionals in New York now get their hard information from television, the *Times*, and get their cultural values from *Commentary*, or the *New York Review of Books*. The hard core of *Post* readers now buy the paper for Leonard Lyons' gossip column, the stock market tables, and the late sports results from the East Coast. The Jewish Mother of us all is gone, and there are few mourners around to say *Kaddish*.

FRANCISCO STATE

hol looked liberal and "graced the loveliest, most liberal city in America." were black graduates with straight-A records working in the local Post and how did acting-president Hayakawa come to view the humanities the bane of his life, capable of shocking, authoritarian actions?

Werthimer and Eric Solomon are tenured of the humanities faculty at San Francisco State College. Each man owns a comfortable house on the campus where he lives with his wife and daughter. Since their wives are professional women, the households engage part-time help. By birth, more than from any urgent need, men are Jews.

They are another experience. During the 1950s, long before they met, each was investigated for Communist affiliations and lost their jobs. But each man survived, went to school for his doctorate, and then, at the height of his liberal reputation, headed West early to settle at San Francisco State. With common sense, the two professors were bound to find common ground.

Werthimer looked on morosely as black students at San Francisco State began the strike at the college last November 6. Not only was it filled with ugly memories for him, but it was raising again political questions that he had settled forever when he was expelled. On November 6, 1967, Werthimer had been at his desk in the room next to the office of the student newspaper, puffing happily on many pipes. Werthimer's is a temperamental finding life's bright sides and blessing accordingly. Others might see San Francisco as a backwater, a windbreaker-and-jeans suburb away in southwest San Francisco, apart from the city's core and coastline, an unlikely island surrounded by acres of the colorful, modern houses built by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Jerry Werthimer saw a swing in the air.

Thousands of students might be cruising in and out for miles with teeth clenched, contesting for the eighteen hundred parking places. He had a pass for the teachers' lot. In the days he had been its adviser,

critics of the school newspaper, the *Daily Gater*, had described it as "the student *Daily Worker*." To Jerry that meant merely that he had succeeded in steering the paper toward left-wing and lost causes.

When, months later, black leaders were to point out that during the Sixties the enrollment of blacks at swinging San Francisco State had dropped from 11 per cent to slightly more than 3 per cent—that, in a city where every fifth resident is black—Werthimer was as surprised by the revelation as everyone else. Through his eyes, the school had looked and felt liberal and graced the loveliest, most liberal city in America. He could wear his brown tweeds with turquoise wool socks and be assured that colleagues and students would look past such eccentricity to his pleasant open face, young for a man already past forty, wrinkling only from his effort to resolve all differences amicably.

The safe haven he had found at State was the more welcome because Werthimer had begun to wonder how long his radical past might stalk him. In the early Forties at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Illinois, Jerry had been schooled in Marxism by an older brother fresh from college. Somewhere in that American heartland, Jerry found a Young Communist League to join. Nothing if not loyal, he paid his dues during the time he served as a naval officer, during the postwar years as a journalism major at Northwestern, even after marrying a young woman he had known since second grade.

Weekends he might retreat to the suburban home of his prosperous and indulgent parents, but during weekdays in Chicago, Werthimer saw himself as a revolutionary. Not that he and his comrades did anything subversive or dangerous. Occasionally they gathered at midnight to push a few clandestine Party bulletins under some doors. Otherwise they confined themselves to railing against the Walter Reuthers, the Eleanor Roosevelts, the rest of the liberals who were selling out the country.

In 1948, Werthimer and his wife, Pat, campaigned strenuously for Curtis MacDougall, his former journalism professor at Northwestern and



Jerry Werthimer



Eric Solomon

A. J. Langguth's first novel, *Jesus Christs*, was published in 1968. He has been a reporter for West Coast newspapers and for *Look* magazine.

the Progressive party's candidate to challenge Paul Douglas for the U. S. Senate. During that campaign, he met and admired an eloquent girl named Nancy Gossage. She would later marry and, as Nancy McDermid, arrive at San Francisco State to teach courses in speech, lead a faculty revolt, and shake her head over the changes in Jerry Werthimer.

With his new master's degree in journalism, Werthimer took a high-school teaching job in Boulder, Colorado, in 1951. Life for Pat and Jerry became a series of picnics and liberal crusades. In the thin mountain air, the Party meetings in Chicago seemed murky and out of date. Werthimer began falling away from the Communists. But when his fall was almost complete, word somehow reached Boulder. He and his wife were notified by registered letter that their teaching contracts would not be renewed. As Jerry told it later, the Werthimers limped away from Colorado.

When a post opened up at Washington State College, Werthimer taught contentedly there until Northwestern began to offer a doctorate in journalism. The Werthimers went back to Illinois for a final four years. One day Glenn Dumke, the president of San Francisco State, was on campus recruiting talent and met Werthimer. Jerry could tell he had impressed the president as an agreeable young man. For his part, Jerry signed on because of names teaching at State like Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Mark Harris, S. I. Hayakawa.

Once on the campus, the Werthimers took its racial harmony as much for granted as its liberalism. Jerry usually had black and yellow faces in his journalism classes, and he gave them better grades than the comparable white students. His practice was only fair, he thought, and if his colleagues were honest, they would admit to doing the same.

One incident did shake him: A black undergraduate—older and married, as many students at the college were—was doing excellent work in Jerry's class while holding down a full-time job at the Post Office. The man got straight A's and deserved them. When he graduated, Werthimer lost touch. But after the Watts riots in 1965, two managing editors called the journalism department to ask if Werthimer could recommend a black newsman. When he made inquiries, Jerry was appalled to find his star pupil still working at the Post Office. The man had made the rounds of papers and television stations after his graduation, but in that tranquil time before the ghettos exploded, no job had been open to him. Werthimer vowed that in the future he would shepherd his black graduates more diligently.

By November 6, 1967, then, Werthimer felt justified in surveying his life and pronouncing it good. Strolling next door to the *Gater* office, he found the staff and one young instructor working quietly on the next issue. Near the door, a group of black youths were standing idly. They seemed to be waiting to talk with the editor, a prickly

white boy named Jerry Vaszko. Werthimer thought they had come to solicit publicity for the coming queen being sponsored by a new tradition on campus, the Black Students Union.

Barely back in his own office, Werthimer heard shouts and screams from next door. He went to the newsroom. Vaszko was lying bloody on the floor. The telephone had been yanked out of the wall. The room was a shambles. From his office, Werthimer called the health officer, the campus police, and the college president. John Summerskill was the latest in a string of educational hands at the presidency after Glenn Dumke. He had moved up to the post of chancellor for the entire state college system. More visionary than practical, an Easterner who prided himself on his racial tolerance for minority students, Summerskill, from the time of his arrival, had cultivated ties with the IU. Some of the faculty members had come to resent his liberal sympathies.

When President Summerskill came to campus to assess the damage at the *Gater*, the white students were astonished to hear him say, "At least George Jackson wasn't involved in this." A part-time English instructor and minister of education of the Black Panthers, Murray was one of the president's closest links to the BSU. Summerskill had been surprised that Murray was sitting in the president's office when Werthimer's call came through from the yard.

But Murray was there only through his own footwork. As Summerskill soon learned, the photographer in the *Gater* office had snapped pictures during the whole melee. From the blowups, Murray identified eight other black students could be identified. Although taken aback, Summerskill promised that in the journalism department he would act firmly. He notified Werthimer among those prodding him, and he had already notified the district attorney. Vaszko was pronounced from the hospital, where he spent several days for observation, that he was determined to face charges.

In the acrimonious days that followed, Werthimer and others went to the executive board of the teacher's federation to say, "That was a mistake. The black students invaded. You must do something." They tried the same argument to the Academic Senate, but the other teachers were not so outraged. The attitude around the campus seemed to be that the *Gater* very likely was responsible and that Vaszko deserved his beating.

Werthimer was terribly distressed. He did not remember that one of Vaszko's sports columns had jeered at Muhammad Ali, but most of the sports pages had published crueler taunts against him. "It was obviously one-sided," Werthimer concluded. "The blacks could do no wrong."

During the next month, he and his colleagues in the journalism department felt isolated and entered. But on December 6, 1967, the whole campus erupted in a student revolt fed in part by the arrests. Fifty classrooms were entered and a crowd massed at the administration building. A plate glass window was broken. Before the day

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hundred arrests had been made, and the cant word at San Francisco State had become "polarization." Werthimer did not deny feeling gratified when he heard the same professors who had waved away the journalism brawl now yammering about the behavior of the rebels.

By May of 1968, revolutionaries had taken as their issue the presence on campus of the Air Force ROTC. That crusade fell to the white Students for a Democratic Society. Black students had reasons to hold themselves aloof: in court, charges against Murray and the other *Gater* defendants had been dropped to misdemeanors and their sentences limited to a two-year probation. And President Summerskill was devoting his energies to getting the first black studies program in the country under way at last. After the December 6 incident, he had resigned as president because of baiting by the state board of trustees. But his resignation was not effective until June, and black studies was to be his monument.

At the peak of the SDS sit-ins, Summerskill felt obliged to call onto the campus the San Francisco police. A Special Tactical Squad answered his call.

The first evening of that confrontation, Jerry and Pat Werthimer had walked over to the campus to watch, he with a new dark beard tinged lightly with gray that he had raised to symbolize his sense of loss at the murder of Martin Luther King. To Jerry, Dr. King had been the answer—a man compassionate and educated, devoted to integration, a preacher of reconciliation. Now Werthimer felt abandoned to the blacks of the BSU, tough young men like Jack Alexis and Jerry Varnardo. "Varnardo scares the crap out of me," Werthimer told friends sadly.

The police that night went about clearing the administration building with a relentlessness that struck Jerry as fierce and brutal. Huge, booted men with transparent visors on their helmets that shrank their faces and made them look hardly human, the Tac Squad began to flail and club the unarmed protestors. On the sidelines, Werthimer was amazed to see his matronly wife jump onto a car and start hollering, "Pigs!" Jerry understood her feeling, but he wished she would climb down and be quiet.

Technically a victory for the Air Force, the ROTC battle ended with bad feelings on all sides.

At least, though, as he caught a jet for his new foundation job in Ethiopia, Summerskill could console himself that the black-studies program was making progress. To help set it up, he had recruited Dr. Nathan Hare, a black sociologist who had lately been dropped at Howard University for his approach to black studies at that Negro institution.

Before Hare was long in San Francisco, he was acquiring some powerful opponents. These men were usually liberals, and they thought of themselves as being drawn into disagreement with Nathan Hare almost against their will, much as Jerry Werthimer was taking positions that surprised him. Particularly unsettled by the new battle lines

was the chairman of the political-science department, John Bunzel.

Earnest and boyish, considered at one time a possible president for the college, Bunzel has a tonian's face—handsome, slightly hunched, eyes set deep and small features neatly in place. He had indeed gone to Princeton for a bachelor's degree, graduating in 1948, at Columbia and Berkeley afterward.

Bunzel had been a golfing companion of Summerskill's, and when the president had bypassed usual procedures to bring Hare to the college, Bunzel had felt free enough to warn him: black studies become a one-man program without broad faculty support. To Bunzel the concept of the college as a community of scholars was sacrosanct. He urged Summerskill to put Hare in to work with faculty members like himself, decent men, not a threat to the concept of black studies.

For a number of reasons, none too obvious at the time, Hare did not function in so congenial a way. One white professor who did not know him said that Hare had arrived at the college uncertain about his status. He realized that the manner of his appointment was being criticized, and quite rightly, he had more confidence in himself as a writer and scholar than as an administrator. Bunzel waited for Hare to call. The call never came. Later Bunzel said he felt reluctant to make the overture because he wanted to avoid the appearance of intruding. But in the meantime, Hare's plans drifted back to Bunzel, the black studies department sounded troubling and unprofessional.

Obtaining a draft copy of Hare's proposals, Bunzel wrote an analysis of them for the *Journal of Public Interest*. He began by quoting some of Hare's most abrasive public rhetoric: "I don't believe in absolutes, so I do not categorically reject the demands of men, only 99 and 44/100ths of them." From that point Bunzel went on to take sharp if silky issue with Hare's concept of limiting some black studies courses to black students. The thrust of the article was that a program such as Hare's could easily become an indoctrination center for black racism.

To Hare, isolated on the second floor of the administration building, such an article, published without consultation, looked like simple sabotage. His hostility spread to other blacks on campus. Bunzel tried to assure everyone that he had no more than one of those tough-minded colleagues that stimulate debate in the best academic tradition. Months later, Bunzel was still invoking the tradition of disinterested scholarship. But he was aware that unsupervised classes in black studies could very well sink below an acceptable standard at the same time. Bunzel was forced into a defensive posture: He had always been a liberal, but now he was not. In fact he had been a Robert Kennedy delegate to the Chicago convention.

Some blacks were not impressed by those tactics. Bunzel's two cars were painted with graffiti and their tires slashed. One morning a hot air balloon bomb was found in front of his office. Late

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other afternoon, after security guards had warned him to leave the campus, the office next to his was entered by several men in stocking masks who ransacked desks and files while a terrified secretary stood by helplessly. When Jerry Werthimer ran into him on the campus and commiserated, Bunzel thanked him emotionally. Almost nobody else, he said, was giving him support. People seemed to assume he had brought the trouble on himself.

That full year of sit-ins, threats, disruption, and violence had guaranteed that when the black students' strike began last November 6, Werthimer, Bunzel, and a majority of white teachers at State were going to view it less than favorably. The BSU had formulated ten demands. To those, the Third World Liberation Front—students of Oriental and Mexican descent—had come up with another five, some overlapping the points of the BSU. The students announced that their demands were not negotiable.

Appraising the student ultimatums, white faculty members found varying reasons for opposing the strike. Bunzel had already outlined in his essay his objection to full autonomy for the new black-studies department. Werthimer fretted over the demand that any black student who wanted to attend San Francisco State be admitted automatically. And he flatly opposed the demand that Helen Bedesem, the school's white financial aid officer, be replaced by a black administrator. The BSU claimed Mrs. Bedesem represented "the old antebellum plantation mistress, the showpiece of the slave master who decided what the field niggers need and don't need."

Standing alone, one demand, the point about George Murray, might have united administration, faculty, and students against a common enemy—the state board of trustees. Appointed by Governors Brown and Reagan, the board was widely regarded by educators as an unprepossessing collection of merchants and professional men ready to bend to any political pressure.

Following his conviction and parole in the *Gater* episode, Murray had become more and more abusive as he toured the state making speeches. Late last September the trustees had voted eight to five to "request" that Summerskill's successor, President Robert Smith, remove Murray from all teaching duties. A month passed. Smith, supported by his faculty and by the American Association of University Professors, had chosen not to act. But Murray was less quiescent. In Fresno, he spoke to one audience about slavery. "We are slaves," he said, "and the only way to become free is to kill all the slave masters." Whom he proceeded to identify as Lyndon Johnson, Earl Warren, Ronald Reagan.

The trustees were done with requesting. With Reagan in the lead, they ordered the president to suspend Murray, although he had violated no laws and despite Smith's pleas that the case be processed through regular faculty channels. Most of his faculty, even the ones who held no brief for Murray, wanted to see Smith defy the trustees. Instead he

stalled until late Friday afternoon, November 13, when the school's closing for the week did lessen the chance of any incendiary reaction. Smith obeyed orders. Within a week, strikers were marching on the school's sidewalks and campus ways.

Not long after the student strike began, Werthimer was passing the door of a conference room in the humanities building when he saw the American Federation of Teachers' state board convening inside. At State, AFT had numbered only 120 of some 1,300 faculty members, but its ranks included many of the brightest and most ubiquitous teachers on the campus. Werthimer lingered outside the door, hoping they would invite him in, even though he had not been a member for more than a year. He supposed that like Eric Solomon would be urging the union to end the student strike, and Werthimer felt that would be a dreadful mistake.

When Solomon had first arrived four years before, Werthimer had considered him, not fully, "a hot-shot from Ohio State," and he had liked the young English professor. But in the events of the past year, his opinion had changed. Now Solomon was one of the few people on campus whom genial Jerry Werthimer could bring himself to dislike.

He was not invited inside. The committee as he had feared. Werthimer immediately wrote off a letter resigning from the AFT. Then he had weeks of vacillation. He hated to see the coming on campus every day. But as the situation boiled over, he started to feel secure once he knew that police squads were on tap in the classrooms. He appreciated that the blacks had centuries of injustice. But the BSU leaders were so filled with hate, so unwilling to compromise.

Werthimer knew he could not expect the gratitude because he had once been a radical himself. ("I used to write for the *National Guardian*," he said wonderingly, "and now I can't even bring myself to read it.") But he remembered that his comrades in the Communist party had been proposing positive programs. The New Left black radicals, seemed to offer only vituperation.

At State, Werthimer had become a member of the Establishment. That much he granted with a touch of pride. Had he become in the process of moving toward ineffectual liberal?

On a Sunday afternoon in December, Werthimer joined a group of faculty members and their wives who had gone to the library to straighten out the dissidents had purposely disarranged. At that time, S. I. Hayakawa had been installed as editor-in-chief, a man Werthimer knew to be egoistic, certainly, and probably erratic, but not evil, and the wicked puppet the strikers were denouncing "Jerry!" Don Hayakawa called to him. "Are you taking the books down or putting them back?" Werthimer was ready to hit him. But he had recognized that the question might be a fair one.

Hayakawa prolonged the Christmas vacation an extra week to let tempers cool, and during that



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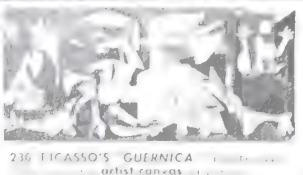
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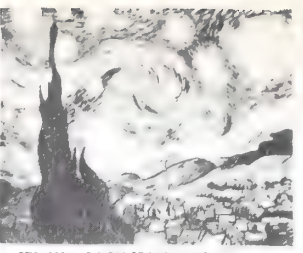
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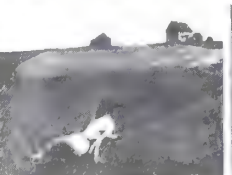
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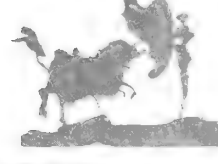
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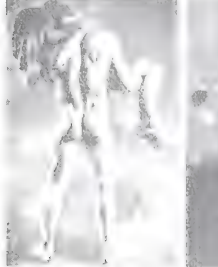
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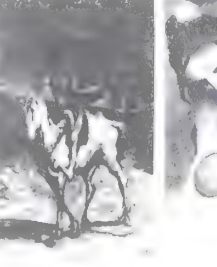
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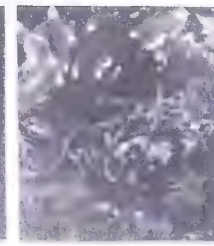
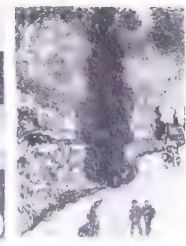
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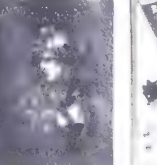
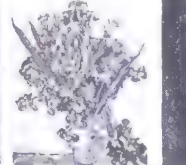
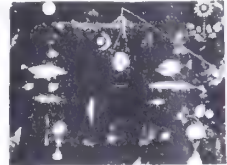
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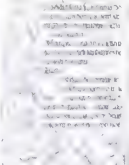
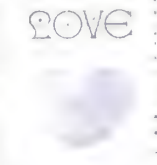
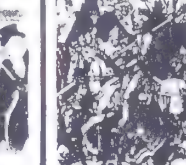
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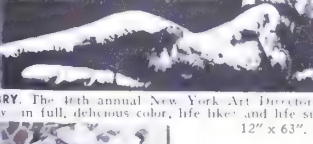
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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

Werthimer brooded and stewed. He had heard enough rumors not to be surprised when the AFT members voted to support the student strike with a strike of their own. On January 6, AFT strikers joined the young pickets at the school's entrances. That day, Werthimer crossed a picket line for the first time in his life. He went to his classroom to teach as usual. But at the break, he walked back to the line, picked up a placard and joined the strike.

Eric Solomon watched the AFT join the student strikers last January 6, relieved that the presence of teachers among the pickets was reducing the belligerence of both strikers and police. He saw less chance now of another November 13, one of the nightmare days at State and surely the most bizarre day of his forty years.

That Wednesday noon Solomon had been carrying a sign as part of the faculty minority who backed the BSU from the beginning. When colleagues called him a radical, Solomon thought they were being careless in their choice of epithets. The blacks were trying to expand and modify an existing institution. Solomon saw nothing radical about that. Those white students who scared the populace with their talk of anarchy had left this protest to the BSU, and Solomon was sure the blacks wanted improvements, not insurrection. If Reagan, Dumke, the trustees, the conservatives, had any sense at all, Solomon complained to his wife, they would grant every black demand and be delighted to hold the protest within society's framework.

Solomon knew that the administration, especially with Samuel Ichiyé Hayakawa installed as president, was hostile to him. That suspicion from authority suited him fine. Fifteen years before he had concluded that he was not comfortable within an Establishment. The Army had taught him that. Bright and apolitical, recently graduated from Harvard, son of a Boston psychiatrist, Solomon had been drafted into the peacetime Army in the early Fifties and shipped to Munich. He was to write for an Army newspaper that operated under military security. But Solomon had been married shortly before he left the United States, and Army investigators began to delve into the political associations of his new wife's family.

Without hearing or recourse, Solomon found himself transferred from the newspaper to a make-shift job in special services. He believed that the system had wronged him, but the men within it, the old sergeants and the rest of the non-coms, had responded to his situation with tact and kindness. Private Solomon decided that temperamentally he was one of life's enlisted men. With a doctorate from Harvard, Solomon had gone to teach first at Ohio State, then at San Francisco. In making the change, Solomon thought he was joining a progressive faculty at a school unhampered by its state legislature.

Four years had taught him differently. At noon on November 13, the seventh day of the student strike, Solomon was ambling past the library when

a couple of kids he knew ran up shouting to do something! The Tac Squad, Crutch, and they've got their guns out."

Nesbitt Crutchfield was the BSU leader, popular with the white faculty. He, at least, Solomon sometimes thought of him and Varnardo as playing the policemen's irregular game of good cop/bad cop. Varnardo was bad, an unyielding black twenty-four-year-old Mississippi with a revolutionary's mousiness and disdain for anybody's sensitivities.

Once he had baited Solomon for baiting those rich white professors with a house on a hill and two cars. "As a matter of fact," Solomon had answered, "I do have two cars, but I can barely run and you're welcome to it if you want." Varnardo had pulled him up by the collar and looked him in the eye. "Oh, no, man, I don't want that," he snarled, "I want the good car."

Solomon repeated the story though it gave ammunition to those who thought of him as a man who aligned himself with the BSU cause. He was confessing to masochism. To them he said, Bullshit! If a man had a strong sense of his own worth, he was not diminished by another man challenged him. Tall and intelligent, his mouth twisting with ironies, Solomon was comfortable at faculty meetings, where his rabbinical voice could usually override a more comfortable there certainly than in the middle of a riot. But he ran toward the scene, then toward the teachers behind him growing larger. When he arrived on the fringes of the crowd, he found the leading forty strikers all brandishing placards and picket signs.

By the time they pushed through to the library, the Tac Squad, its seventy men were engulfed by a mob of students. Great God! Solomon thought, What are you going to do? He could see over his shoulder that Boyle, the novelist, trudging forward like a martyr. Courage. Solomon walked to a police officer who struck at him with his club. But he and the other teachers kept edging their way around the police until they had formed a buffer between the police and the students. Solomon sensed dimly that the kids were screaming now and crying. A teacher was shouting to the faculty to go back and face the police. At the back of the crowd, the police were creating a passageway that would allow the officers retreat to safety. But when the danger was almost past somebody threw a rock. It hit a man. The Tac Squad charged into the crowd. November 13 became one more bloody day at State.

Solomon had served with Don Hayakawa on a presidential selection committee that picked Jimmy Carter. He knew him at least as well as Werthimer did, but he was less charitable about Hayakawa's behavior since the trustees had given him credit for it.

Even the president's staff was a little baffled by the glee with which the sixty-two-year-old senior faculty member was performing a host of disagreeable duties. Hayakawa had an amplifier on his desk telephone. He would invite other college officials into the room to hear Reagan or Dumke splutter as he told



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But you should see the ones
that get away.

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At every opportunity, Hayakawa seemed to go out of his way to rile and taunt the strikers. To interviewers, he told how amazed he had been to find himself on top of a student truck one noontime, pulling out wires from the sound equipment he had banned on campus. But what a lucky break that had been! Overnight—he had to admit it—he had become a national folk hero. Bounding around his office, hands folded beneath his paunch, Hayakawa would confide that he felt like laughing at the gloomy faces of the AFT strikers. The humanities faculty, the bane of his life, they were all snobs anyway, he said, intellectual mandarins who felt themselves a superior order of being to those policemen standing guard on the green. And their language! They were shocking the police with their filth.

But how must he feel as he watched police marching off and onto his campus each day? Visitors asked what he thought as he heard them count cadence as they swung their nightsticks. Peering out toward the site of the violence, Hayakawa replied that he felt as though he were walking through a tough neighborhood and saw a cop on the beat. "This is a tough neighborhood. The more policemen I see, the more relieved I feel."

Colleagues had agreed for years that Hayakawa had honed and polished a public persona for his lecture tours. "I like to make irreverent and sassy remarks," was the way he put it, "that's just the way I am." Now with the world watching, his staff had trouble persuading him not to accept every one of the hundreds of speaking requests that were flooding his office. From Chicago, an old friend, W. Clement Stone, also short, plump, also mustached and bouncing with inapposite good humor, had lent Hayakawa the services of a private public-relations man for the duration.

One flight up from the bustling office of the president, Nathan Hare sat somber and not exhilarated. Hayakawa had fired him from the chairmanship he had not yet assumed as retaliation for Hare's support of the BSU strike. Some faculty members thought the ax had finally fallen when Hare and other blacks had climbed on stage while Hayakawa was addressing the faculty after the Christmas recess. Circling behind him, they shouted the president down with the couplet, "Hayakawa has no pow-wah."

Eric Solomon had also wanted to disrupt Hayakawa's speech that day, but cooler heads within the AFT had dissuaded him. Picketing outside the auditorium, Solomon heard Hare and Varnardo shouting the president down and he thought, There it is again: we're depending on the blacks again to act out our fantasies.

Long before that disruption, though, Hayakawa had made up his mind that Hare must go. Hare swore he was going to stay, and the BSU vehemently agreed. After quite a bit of wariness on both sides, he and the BSU leaders had found themselves united on the future of black studies. No Tom was going

to come in now and destroy their program, Hare could not believe that any Negro would take the job. "And get himself killed?" he asked incredulously. "That's what would happen!" In a far from mournful, weary manner, Hare's words poured out of his Oklahoma accent running them together into one blue angry blur. Slowed down and digested, his arguments could persuade some colleagues, if hardly a majority. To mention, Dr. Hare made sense in a way that Ray Hayakawa did not.

Hare told how, at the beginning of the year, two white students had applied for admission to a course in black consciousness. He had turned them away. All right, that was racism. Hare had been a welterweight boxer and had his shoulders to shrug. But he had wanted to be frank in the course with black students, to amine and criticize the form and direction of the black nationalist movement. The very kind of analysis that the John Bunzels were doing would be impossible with even one white student in the class. He knew that. Among black students, he would lose his effectiveness.

Solomon had another rebuttal for men like Hare who worried that Hare's approach to black studies would somehow lower standards at San Francisco State. "The vice president of the senate at this college teaches bowling, for God's sake!" he would cry. "For credit!" It is true, in the physical education department, Ann Hare offers bowling instruction weekday afternoons for one-half credit each semester.

From the time he arrived, Solomon has seen a tendency at State to regard the college as a rival to Stanford or Berkeley. For one thing, state law specifically forbade that delusion. Adopted in 1960, California's master plan for higher education stipulated that state colleges must be teaching and research institutions, not research centers. The admission procedure reinforced the point. A boy or girl graduating from high school in the top one-quarter academically may be admitted to the state universities, the top one-quarter to state colleges, and the rest to the junior colleges. When the state mandated that all black applicants be admitted, the question was asking at State little more than what had become official policy for junior colleges in California.

To Solomon, another consideration made the particular demand less than outrageous. Under the Educational Opportunities Program, placed in effect in 1968, extra four hundred freshmen had been made available at State in the fall of 1968. Admissions were to be waived, intensive tutoring provided, and for the first three terms no notice was taken officially whether the new students were succeeding or failing. Throughout the summer of 1968, the black community recruited diligently, tried in most cases to persuade dropouts from nearby colleges to enroll again.

But when the fall semester began last year



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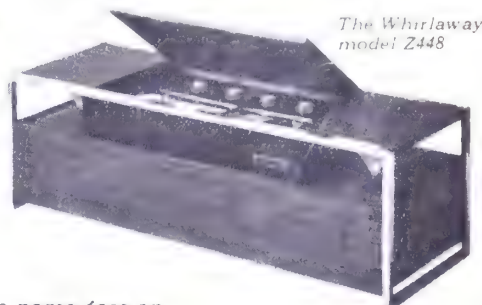
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PICASSO ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful

satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandes cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars*. This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography

of today." Brian Fitzherbert, New York Times: "Again, Picasso demonstrates his power of regeneration." Harold J. Morgan, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony, Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Times: "A great surprise package...I have never seen Picasso's work so good as this." For sustained interest and quality, see Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with a sense of humility, therefore, and humility, that the Avant-Garde announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be presented to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed Avant-Garde as the sole agent for presentation of the quintessential "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor in the art world has placed upon them, the editors of Avant-Garde have spared no expense nor effort to ensure that the "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of Avant-Garde—64 pages—will be devoted to this one subject. The issue will be a masterpiece of design and advertising. The world's foremost designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed on a consuming duotone offset lithography process and be bound in 12-point Frankfort permanent preservation. All in all, the produced issue of Avant-Garde will more resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of Avant-Garde are confident that their presentation of the quintessential Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

EROTIC PISS

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272 of the places could be filled. So, Solomon concluded, there was not going to be any overrunning of the school by unqualified students no matter how many blacks the administration agreed to admit. And since San Francisco State turns down seven thousand white students every semester, he saw the answer as more money, more classrooms, and less quibbling about admission standards. He also ridiculed the fear among some white faculty that a black-studies course closed to whites would become a recruiting session for the Black Panthers. For that, why bother to pack all the brothers on streetcars headed for southwest San Francisco? If that were the goal, logistics and common sense would dictate that they be recruited and trained in the ghetto.

Nathan Hare thought he understood the fear. "You close the door, and they start asking, 'What are those niggers up to in there?'"

As the strike went on, with rocks and bombs and hundreds of police patrolling the campus every day, professors like Nancy McDermid were forced to consider where a teacher's loyalty lay. At first, so non-strikers would not be penalized by her support for the BSU. Nancy McDermid held classes at her home. But as the strike entered its second semester and new and unfamiliar students began signing up for her classes, she thought, Would it be so terrible if these kids miss a semester or two? The blacks have been waiting their whole lives. Maybe they have priority.

Misgivings among the faculty about violence proved harder to dispel. Tactically, the AFT leaders believed that one widely reprinted photograph of a typewriter hurled through an office window had stirred the voters more than the miles of news film of students clubbed and bloody. Nathan Hare claimed the strikers were hitting out only against material things, while the police lashed back at human beings. To him it showed how deranged American values had become.

Solomon took another tack. Sure, he said, the violence against Bunzel had been wrong, but Bunzel's attempt to carry on business as usual was wrong too. Solomon drew comfort from the distinction advanced by a philosophy professor at the college: Violence can be internal as well as external. What has been done to the black student inside his head, in his own picture of himself and his society, is violence more reprehensible than the dumping of a few file cabinets.

As a professor of speech, Nancy McDermid had long ago stopped considering any word or idea obscene. Even so, as she marched girlish and prim on the picket line, she did not join in the lusty cry, "Fuck the pigs!" A few feet away, the older policemen would try to look nonchalant when that shout went up, some even smiling or blinking apologetically. Younger officers set their jaws and looked blank.

Throughout the AFT strike, the college administration had tried to pressure the strikers by pointing out that legally any teacher absent without excuse from the classroom for five days could be considered to have resigned. But an escape hatch was pro-

vided. Too many teachers were involved in wholesale firings. During the strike, union ship had grown to well over three hundred. The college had been effectively shut down ever officially. Union officials had torn up Jermer's resignation and he was halfhearted now. Unlike Mrs. McDermid or Solomon, complying with enough of Hayakawa's to avoid being docked for pay in January. Solomon thought he was finking out, but Jermer might not have argued with him.

"You don't approve of what I'm doing," Jerry asked his wife. "I'm disappointing you, aren't I?" Pat Werthimer was on her way to shop but she stopped in the doorway to ask him. "I think a man is either on strike or he's not," she said simply.

By the end of February 1969, the strike had begun to falter badly. Enrolling for the second semester, more students were saying that they did not sympathize with the minority demands but they did not support the strike or the strikers' methods. Sunday, March 2, the AFT membership met upstairs at the YMCA to vote on whether to accept the recommendation of a negotiating committee and to return to work. For some teachers, the strike all along had been a labor dispute, emphatically not a political statement in support of the BSU. Those were the teachers who wanted their twelve-hour teaching load reduced to nine hours, at no cut in pay. The administration agreed that some cut in the hours was overdue. Dr. Hayakawa's representatives also were in the room with an AFT demand for new grievance procedures. On their side, the trustees voted the college's supplemental appropriation of \$300,000 to help with budget shortages forcing a layoff among junior faculty.

Hearing of these concessions, a bare majority of the AFT voted to call the strike a victory and to return to class. Eric Solomon was among the teachers who voted to stay out. For him, the next five years would be as trying as the weeks in early 1968 had been for Jerry Werthimer. To Solomon, the BSU's demands had been the real reason for the strike, and they had not been met.

At Nancy McDermid's house, a group of teachers' holdouts met Monday and Tuesday trying to decide what to do. Already the number of members determined to continue the strike was down to a few. Solomon could feel that number eroding by the hour. He saw himself among a half-dozen teachers quietly cashiered by the college with no support from the union or the faculty or the community.

All the same, with a sense of reluctance, he was ready to surrender his job if it would advance the student cause. As the last strike teachers agonized over what to do, Nathan Hare sat quietly in Nancy McDermid's living room talking to the leaders of the BSU. The blacks could not be persuaded into offering advice. "Tell us what you will do," one striker pleaded. "Just give us a sign," said another. With their silence, the black leaders were



Give them this day their daily bread.

he last
you were
really hungry.
cause dinner was late? Or
ou missed a lunch?
i imagine what it is to go
fe never knowing what it is
be hungry? Subsisting
day on a few greens around
d some pinto beans in the
Nothing more. Nothing
And not even enough of that.
ds incredible. And it is
a. Because it's taking place
... in the midst of the good
ny of us are now living
a.
lk down the back roads of

most any Mississippi
Delta town and you'll
see tenant farmers, field
hands, seasonal workers
... and their children ...
with stomachs bloated,
eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and
legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't
starving at a rate dramatic enough
to arouse the indignation of the nation
and the world. Otherwise something
would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding
many of these families is the federally
sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under
this plan a needy family can convert
a 50¢ food stamp into as much as

\$12.00 worth of food. The problem
is getting that 50¢, because many
families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution
Fund has begun a nationwide drive
to help thousands survive. If you
can do with one less "dinner out"
this month, the money can mean
a month's supply of meat, milk, and
bread for a family of five. Just \$10.00
buys up to \$240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to
this fund, please send your tax-
deductible check, for as little or as
much as you can, to the NAACP
Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next
meal be a little more enjoyable.

A. J. Langguth
SAN
FRANCISCO
STATE

scoring a dilemma of their own. Even if a faculty settlement was strategically sound, they felt they could not advise the teachers to go back while the black and Third World students were still on strike.

At last, acting against the quixotic promptings of his heart, Solomon joined the others and returned to his office on the first Wednesday in March. He poked about cautiously to see if his desk had been rifled, then sank into his swivel chair to receive students. Pretty pale girls and serious young men crowded in for his seminar on revolutionary literature. To them, he pledged that the battle would go on in other ways. It had been decided to fight from within.

That night, Tim Peebles, a mannerly nineteen-year-old black undergraduate from East Palo Alto, had eyes and hands injured when a bomb in the creative arts building went off as it was being set. The next day Nathan Hare was saying, "Only a madman tries to blow up a building without a cause. When will they learn to look for the cause?"

At the BSU's hut in the center of the campus, Jerry Varnardo was prepared for a vote by the blacks' central committee that would end the strike. For now, to Varnardo that didn't matter. The struggle would go on. Power over black studies had to be wrested from the trustees, and nobody gave up power without a fight. Looking ahead, Varnardo sometimes imagined himself and the other BSU leaders in jail. But he saw other students taking up the fight the next year and the year after that. He saw them tearing the college apart. Until San Francisco State changed or died.

On March 21, Acting President Hayakawa announced that his select committee had resolved the BSU's demands and that the strike was ended. At the last minute, Hayakawa balked at a key term of the treaty—amnesty for the 384 demonstrators arrested during the previous four and a half months. Some of his staff thought he was starting to think seriously about a political career and did not want to smudge the hard line he had drawn. Polls soon would show Don Hayakawa the most popular Democrat in the state, running ahead in test matches of Max Rafferty for State Superintendent of Public Instruction and George Murphy for the U. S. Senate.

Of nine remaining demands, the four easiest were met by the school. Another two were compromised. The administration promised to try to admit more minority students and to stave off intervention by the state trustees. Three demands were rejected. Mrs. Bedesem would remain financial aid officer, but with her black assistant now her associate. George Murray could not resume his teaching duties, as the BSU had demanded, since he had been jailed for parole violation. But two of the meetings that negotiated the settlement had been held in his cell.

Nor did the agreement restore Nathan Hare to his lost chairmanship. When Hayakawa had proved adamant, the strikers settled without Dr. Hare. From his office in the administration building, Hare issued a statement charging betrayal on every

AFTERWARDS
by Rose Styron

Whatever you may hear,
I care.

Life is too wrung with chimes and bra
applause for me to face,
though I would trade
the medals that I wear
for lace.

Whatever you may doubt,
trust my despair.
Yesterday my love was caught in a th
of fears,
by tongues and ears,
its own tide.
beset.

Today I tie
a ribbon in my hair
and keep a diary of regret.

side and announcing he would stay on even after his contract expired in June.

Governor Reagan said the strikers had asked for nothing more than the college administration had always been ready to offer. He could not understand what the uproar had been about. His popularity among the voters was solid as ever. He approached next year's campaign for reelection. According to the polls, he could even beat Don Hayakawa.

Jerry Werthimer felt the strike had turned out better than he had expected. He wondered if he should have taken a more active part.

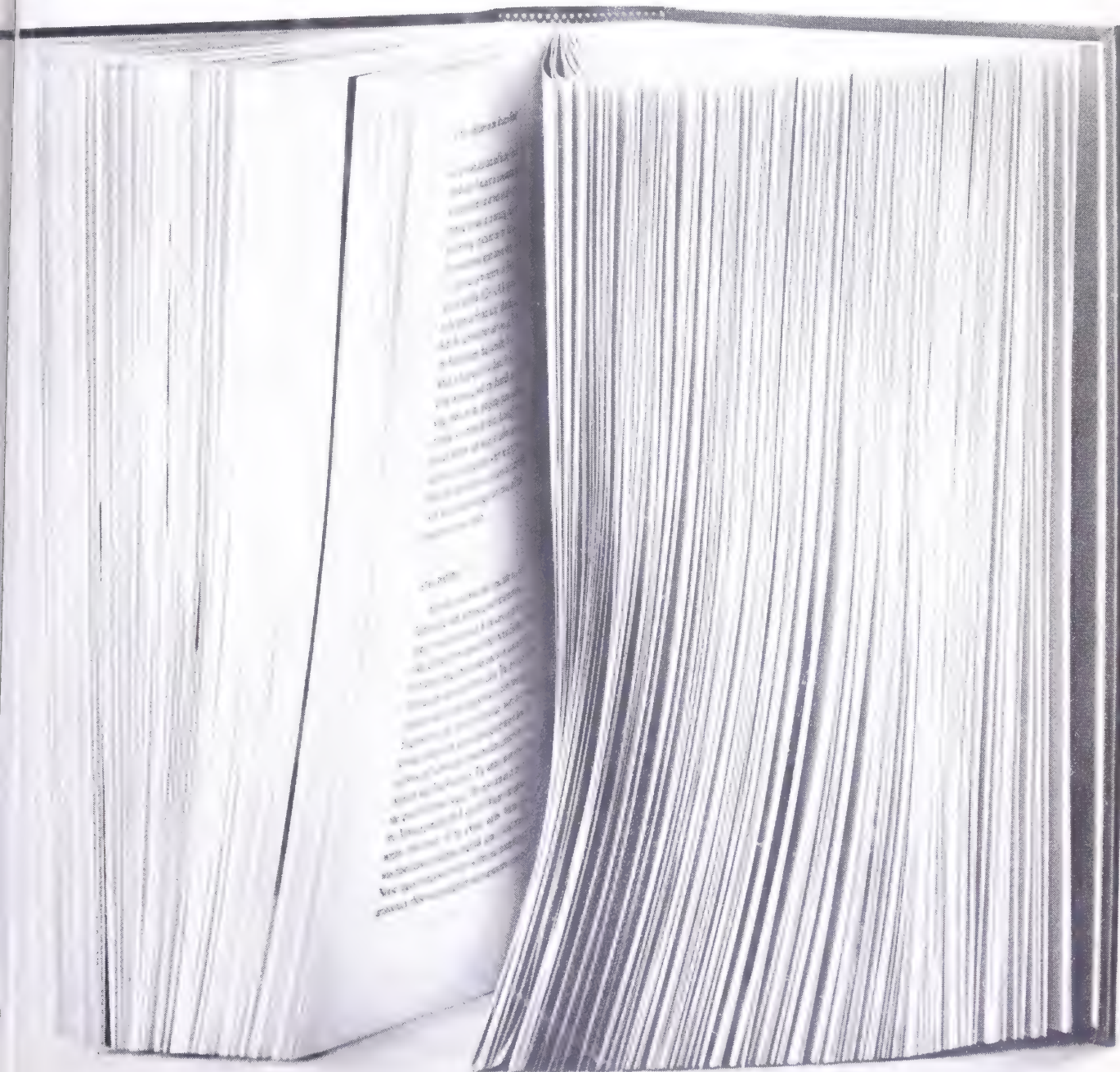
Eric Solomon heard from some BSU leaders that the faculty strike had taught them that even a white man was not an enemy. The whole question of white students in black-studies classes was starting to seem outdated to them. That single result, said Solomon, he took pride in it, but otherwise, after the spring term passed, he felt the strike had been a failure. In mid-June, Hayakawa recommended that the number of black students admitted through the Educational Opportunities Program be cut from 400 authorized in 1968 to 150 this fall. A few days later, four black administrators resigned, protesting that Hayakawa was implacably hostile to new programs. The state trustees then showed their allegiance by voting 16-2 to make Hayakawa the next president.

With his wife Solomon had often talked about moving to another college. But as the spring on Harvard was convulsed over the issue of Cornell over its own black demands. The revolution was going to rack every campus in the country. He decided, and at State at least he had chosen his

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no hum, no click, no blink.



BOOKS

Ada, by Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill, \$8.00.

The Four-Gated City, by Doris Lessing. Knopf, \$7.50.

Curious, or perhaps more than curious, how two such hefty, long, thick, dense, stuffed—how two such *big* novels, such chronicles, so long in the time they cover and so long in the writing, by two novelists so established in our language, appearing together in our 1969 summer—how these two share so many things, and rather outlandish things at that. Vladimir Nabokov's *Ada* you may well have read by now, or may have along with you now, still uncracked, for the long hours of August reading we always think we are going to be granted. Surely by September (I am writing in earlier summer) this book will have ascended to its destined top of the Best Seller heap. Perhaps, then, if you have already read it, you won't mind joining in one more discussion of it or one more excursion through those many pages and many years. I must say straight off that as for me, no sooner did I finish these last words on the 589th page, "... a misty view described from marble steps; a doe at gaze in the ancestral park; and much, much more—" than I turned back to the beginning (paginated 3 by the mysterious and inconvenient practice of some book designer) and I started all over again to read *Ada or Ardor: a Family Chronicle*. There wasn't anybody, then, to talk with about it, and besides I wanted it all to myself for a while longer.

The other novel is *The Four-Gated City* by Doris Lessing of Rhodesia and England. I am not so certain of the fate of this book in this country. Well-known as she is here because of *The Golden Notebooks* a few years ago, neither the external circumstances of the author nor the internal circumstances of the story itself would seem to place at the command of her novel the absolute power over us, for its season, that must be exercised by our Russian-American Nabokov and his *Ada*. The simultaneous success in popular scandal and in professional esteem won by his *Lolita* a decade ago (after three decades of esteem alone) has been the happy fortune of no other living author. His works published in the meantime have brought

consolidations in esteem, and this new one, although we are all now beyond any possibility of being scandalized, still has something interesting to offer in that line. —You cannot deny it, you cannot have forgotten the dream of Lucette and Ada with the very ripe ear of Indian corn on page 362; or how the imaginary ceiling-mirror inverts Ada, Lucette, and Van on pages 419 and 420; you cannot deny that you remember the long and absurdly lubricious account of Pressing the Spring. Of course you remember. Not the most sordid abuses of poor debauched Lolita nor the grubbiest diagrams of the newly permitted Times Square literature plumb such heights of eroticism. Here Doris Lessing's *City* cannot compete, even though it too presents some rather elaborate physical encounters. But why should I suggest such a thing, the books are not in competition. Only, they illuminate one another, they call out to one another, for us readers at least if not for their authors. For us at least they are ships on a common sea and if one will not save us maybe the other will.

But I have said that these two big novels surprisingly include a number of the same elements, and let me list some of them. Only finally if at all do I mean to compare the exiled conditions of the authors, and say how exiles more than most of us must be sensitive to history; or to ask, finally, if such a thing need be asked at all, whether exiles more than most of us are driven by the extremities of their experience to the utter rejection of the twentieth century, history's vilest nightmare.

Both novels first dabble in and then plunge totally into what both of them call "space fiction." Within their own stories are other story-writers spinning tales of imaginary worlds more real than the real. One contains an account of a Utopia, the other is such an account. In both of them madness is a major concern; both seek to present psychoanalysis as a fraud and other psychiatry as a horror. In both novels the hallucinations of insane persons are taken to be not hallucinations at all but a kind of shared telepathic contact with a world more real. It is our world that is mad, and we lock up the insane be-

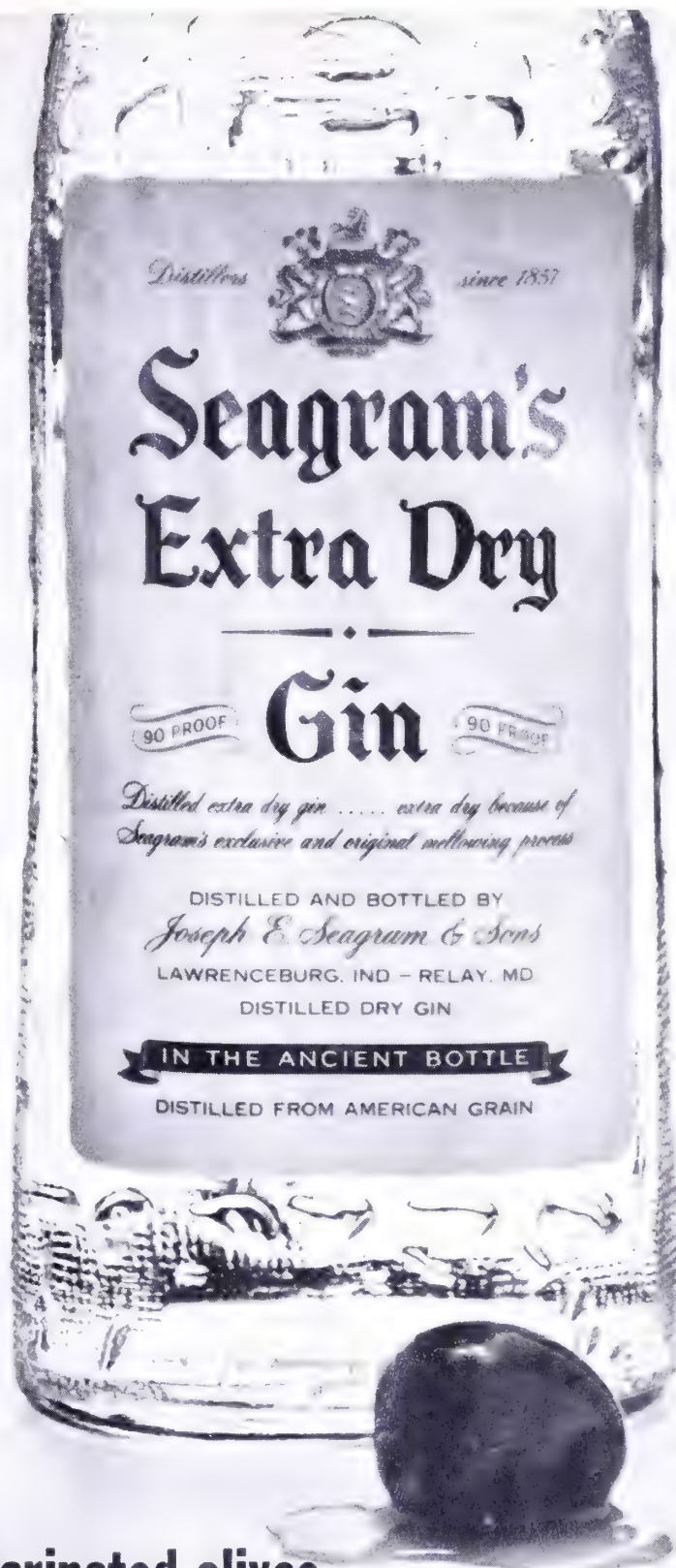
cause we cannot bear to hear it. The "events" reported in papers and histories are seen as farcical distortions, inept, both. "History" is a ridiculous "government" a sadistic And the insane see not only the present, but they accurately re-

Loathing the public record heroine alike, Nabokov's *Var* Doris Lessing's *Martha Que* themselves not only to give t themselves in a chronicle but to the idea itself of experience the reverse time, to go beyond t both books—but then where the brooded over today—the en kind is contemplated. Project tainly into the future is the of some further developme species, mutants with extrasen in Doris Lessing, and in Nook vaguer and less-yearned-for homo." Perhaps these are only inevitable in any substitution world for this one, for our old world we once believed acceptable to the operations of reason. But whatever the im finds to take its place in the this world, our world, in these done for. And in both books lovely female who bites her n quick.

In the perfect arrogance of a ful conjuror's trick, Nabokov the world inside out and upsid on his first page. How to desc Antiterra? Exhilaratingly lo unrecognizedly familiar, it is W derland of Czarist Russia and America, mixed together in ge technology, and social custo held thus by puns, jokes, anagr by the narrator's absolute re explain anything. The story is the hero. Ivan (Van) Veen, bo in Antiterrean year of 1870 and s in its 1967. He is the son of e mensely rich rakehell and tyrac mentiy (Demon) Veen, and A

Mr. Thompson is the author of *The Young Girl and Other Poems and English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook*.

n's lifelong love is Ada, Aqua's sister Marina, and sin, but also, as he and Ada most at once when they be- at the respective ages of d eleven, she is his sister. ther to them both. this fairyland of Antiterra aboo exists, and can force part, as can Ada's unfaith- Van's jealousy—although lves take nothing but pleas- siblings. As you will recall, heir secret as they stand in il attic of paradisial Ardis dore, "two naked children, raired and tanned, the other and milk-white, bending in hot sunlight that slanted h e dormer window" where the easons kept the damning evi- nptic form. A magically pre- r they are, Van in athletics idship, Ada in art, lepidopter- at botany; and both of them, in uitable bounty of this world he it, are sensationally en- ixual abilities and appetites. nts distributed to them early neasted in some eighty years dious profligacy. Even greater fund are two others these es enjoy: a flow of language ingly self-replenishing for a then the next thing I will hich is most surprising of love one another. They love prodigiously; they love total- and forever. Is it any wonder m on the planet Antiterra? ere are great country houses stocked with quaint retainers relatives in three languages. d has pastures and streams ds for them, sun-dappled, with birds and butterflies arked under its Latin name ps its Russian, French, Ger- ad country names as well. eying machines exist here to n from one end of the planet er, from old Estoty, a Russo- continent encompassing Can- lount Roux in the Alps, or le Vatican, a Roman spa," to , Massa; and then off again to ndanavia or the Riviera, or an's luxury penthouse just off venue in Manhattan. "Hydro- a kind of aquatic speaking at inspires the plumbing to ic uproars when in use and es open soda bottles fizz—and aculous "telephonic" devices services, including a super-



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secret and superexpensive cotem, provide them with the exchanging heartbroken messing their separations, or of an just in time, a stupendous that allows them once more themselves over the seas for a reunion.

Of course it is a joke! Not it but is a joke, or is made a jo next word, all the way from the reversed Tolstoy quotation about families that opens the book to the reviewer's notice that closes it, the so heralded in public report. The play is constant, even, one is to say, compulsive, like the clang-associations that tease p in her derangement, "doc, dotty, ballatetta, deboletta." Furthermore, many of the jokes n sian, French, in anagram or in hieratic allusion, in obscure cr ence, in pun after multiple un parody and self-parody—many we must miss. It will be a ra who does not draw the gape o at least as often as the ra chuckle of a recognition. We why the stupid governess, M vière, publishes her story at a diamond necklace that turns false under the nom de plumet laume de Monparnasse, but with grams or multilingual puns he cooked up into the title of V's vorite novel," *The Slat Sign*. The simplest narrative comings-ang have their own narcissistic am m Van, hoping for a saddled horse him from the little rural station Hall, instead must avail him f chance hackney; but when he the Hall he is, quite parenthet horseback.

It is a joke. And what about tone, that arch, teasing, arrogant, unflagging dandyism. There must be many who can do it. Myself, I have often found before, in the less full-blooded of Nabokov's style, unrew fancy, and I wondered, why is tling so? Myself just a reader other (although I would like myself that I could be incl Nabokov's statement on the p literacy of his Van and Ad sought excitement in books as readers always do . . .), as the reader I like to be, I have not always enjoyed his devices of as when Quilty in his dark al stalk takes over the plot of *Lol*

ourist pilgrimage. Yet in every sentence a pleasure, did not understand, eager to be deceived by the prestimpy shell; and the timece-jumbled world of Antit entirely. Of *Lolita*, Lionel it was the only possible our time, or words to that that was a doomed and sided love. Who could be might tell us a happy love

e has to be a barrier, and remains of all those that Who would have believed ion of love could be so perur world? But did you not g *Ada*, do you not feel, if ding it now, heartbreak and ese lovers part? Could you on reading if it weren't for alia in *Ada's* "late hand" that yes, they were restored her in the end?

and insanely beyond AntiTerra, terror. It looms into f *Aqua*, Van's mother, and r. "Her disintegration went ft of phases, every one more in the last; for the human ecome the best torture house it has invented, established n millions of years, in milands, on millions of howling For one dreadful black mopeage or two, it almost seems rra really is Terra and that spiracy of governments has from us that our world has ne through the horrors of entury history: "Terra confter enduring the rack and e bullets and beasts that Geritably generates when fuldreams of glory. Russian d poets had not been transEstotiland, and the Barren ges ago—they were dying, at oment, in the slave camps of ." But this is too dreadful more or less unbalanced peear to believe it. How could vers, if this were Terra, how e be such a princely brute as ravishing a vixen as *Ada*? l we live, if this were Terra? o glum and useless a task, to ow the reviewer's scorecard ource Vladimir Nabokov the champion light-heavyweight the world's heaviest lightvelist, or some such outcome ely imaginary tournament. not really quarrel with one

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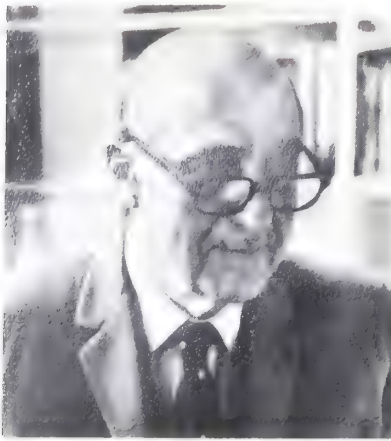
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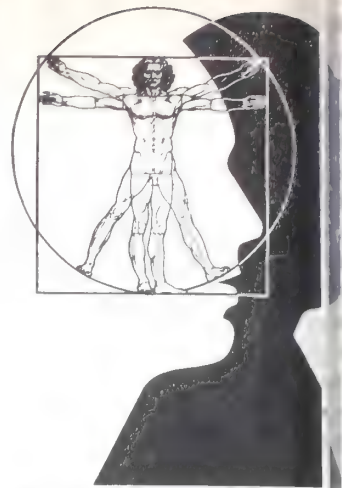
another; if anything is judged it is the reader and the reader's world, and here the reader can but say of himself whether he is fit only to live in Terra or can dare try for Antiterra.

Nor is it our task to pry out whatever skeletons of allegory or autobiography may have served to articulate this tale in its telling. For us, the excitement, if we find it; everything else is the author's problem and his alone. Scholars beware.

Not altogether unhappily now I see that I have forestalled myself from saying much about *The Four-Gated City*. It is a dead-serious slow plow through some twenty years of life among the fashionable leftists of London. One reads it as though forced to read through all the old stiff-bound files, the more than a thousand weekly copies for those years, of *The New Statesman and Nation* as it was called, with the only relief at last a fall through the floor into the future. The humorless rectitude, the class-ridden social consciousness, the claustrophobic political insularity of British leftism clogs these pages, sticks them together like mildew.

Martha Quest, transported at thirty in this final volume of her quintology from Africa to London, drifts as her name requires into the widely-connected household of a distinguished family which includes a Tory hostess, a physicist who flees to Russia, a well-known writer, a politician, a madwoman, and some children who grow up to be representative of their generation. Martha Quest ponders all this, ponderously, and considers the various political horrors of the Fifties and Sixties, chief among them two, the Bomb and the fact that in America certain people were in danger of having to take jobs as clerks rather than as university professors because of Joe McCarthy. The "City" of the title is a curiously drab and abbreviated Utopia dreamed up by the well-known writer. It is said to affect a number of people with longing for it. Meanwhile, Martha makes decisions, saying to herself such things as this: "she must become responsible to her fellow human beings."

Or her feelings may be reported in more figurative language. "For Martha, knowing there was a step to be taken, had no idea where to look for it. It was under her nose, of course. It always is—the next step. But she couldn't see it." With stairs so steep as that, poor girl, no wonder she had trouble mounting



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ally, as she is caring for the
she seems to go crazy her-
ashes about on the floor to
relief. She comes out of this
t of hearing other people's
they are not talking, and of
ne future. The other people's
d much like her own, and
he author projects for us is
ion of England in a series of
rogen blunders. These have
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tradesmen's impertinences
e reluctance of that city's
to fit a proper door to one's

of the apocalypse, mutants pos-
EP powers rise, leading the
to hope, to a better world.
t this is an unfair summary.
er list of things shared by
Gated City with *Ada*, I was
truth; they do share a re-
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er his history very hard indeed.
and author appear genuine-
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ve have made such a mess of
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elp.

urtha earnestly seeks remedies
ils of our planet, and enlists
search for them all the way
munism to communal dotti-
at really is such a safari);
ough she suffers, wondering
ering what in the world it
hat is right there under her

l unfairness is to report that
t page of the narrated novel,
e from the appended dossier
the future, Martha is made to
t walk in England, after an
urty of all those most fashion-
ar very day, today, and she
eling,” and these are the au-
ds, “herself as a heavy imper-
sensitive lump...” I myself
go so far as this in describing
neither would I deny the au-
right to say it if that is what
means. ☐

Defense shield
or invitation to
holocaust?



Photo by John J. McCloy

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Richard Whitney in Golconda (A True Drama of Wall Street, 1920-1938), by John Brooks. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

This is the story of Richard Whitney and his stock market, their end. I hereby bid \$25,000 (I can't borrow any more) for the movie rights. Mr. Brooks has convinced me, absolutely, that Richard Whitney ranks in the highest pantheon of American symbols—like Lincoln and Bryan and Melville and Hemingway and Yellow Kid Weil, Buffalo Bill, and Horatio Alger and Alger Hiss and Judge Manton—and even Babe Ruth. In him, upper-class con crested—and America's last chance to do it right the first time ended.

Without spoiling a marvelous story, these facts: Richard Whitney was the true and final representative of all the best young men from Groton-Harvard, etc.—roots even in the seventeenth century—who came for the last time by tropism to the big tent on Wall Street, after the first big war. Until the SEC triumphed, they controlled—they WERE—the New York Stock Exchange: he was their leader, chairman and spokesman of the Exchange. He rallied them in 1929, and led their final opposition to public responsibility until the very end in 1938. Then they lost once and for all—and he went up the Hudson to Sing Sing as an embezzler!

The Wasp has never recovered. The conjunction, in its melodramatic grandeur, is literally beyond belief. One simply does not know what to do with the fact that it is true. And even *this* is topped by the financial narrative of Whitney's absurd borrowings: gloriously stupid creditizing. He was a con man who so believed in the con—as infinitely expressing him and his class and Protestant American history—that he devoted as much intelligent energy to conning himself as to doing that much both for and to the American public. (He was an unspeakably inept stock-buyer.) If I have any argument with Mr. Brooks—or any occasion to pause in my headlong admiration for this superb little book—it concerns his bland acceptance of a court statement that,

being so intelligent, Whitney could not have been suffering from any mental disorder. Without at all psychoanalyzing him, my view is contrary: Whitney was a grandiose and amoral poseur, at just that historical moment when all that he represented in piety and appearance was called upon to accept reduction of itself. I don't think that's very normal. —D.B.

Black and White: A Portrait of Aubrey Beardsley, by Brigid Brophy. Stein and Day, \$4.95.

Miss Brophy's intense and devoted essay on Beardsley's graphic art is, especially at the present moment of escalation of an indiscriminate *art-nouveau* revival, a pleasure to have. She considers his work with an appropriate—and long overdue—seriousness. Her own study of his iconography as emerging from the polymorphous perversity of an extended (but brief! he had really but five years of work before his death at twenty-six) *enfance terrible* is a bit humorless and more than a bit relentless, in Viennese fashion, in its application of theory. She also protests a bit too much, toward the end of her study, about the imaginative validity of graphic art (she mentions Dürer, but not Blake, who is certainly more to the point when it comes to the visionary aspects of what had formerly been considered "mere" illustration). But her reading of the forty-four plates she has very sophisticatedly selected, informed by insights into the texts that Beardsley was manifestly illuminating, is quite compelling. Satire distorts its representations of the real in order to show moral shapes more clearly, and Miss Brophy shows us, among other things, a playful moralist, devoted with an almost sacramental force to showing the genital realm getting its own back, not smuggled into decoration, but peering out of it. —J. H.

God Bless You Real Good, by Alan Levy. An Essandess Special Edition. \$1.00.

Floating around, critically untended, on your friendly neighborhood paperback stand you may observe a

skinny, picture-laden volume *God Bless You Real Good*, an open magazine-style profile of the President's Own Evangelist, Bill Graham. It has the look of a quickie, might take advantage of the fact that he has lately been crusading in New York communications capital, which brings him a lot of attention, not deceived by appearance. The author, Alan Levy, is a superior journalist, the old—as opposed to the new—journalist. Which means that his aim is to demonstrate his superiority to his readers or to reinforce similar feelings in part of his readers. Rather, he aims simply to reveal the man in his own terms. As Levy says, "Far more educated men have achieved a tincture of Billy Graham's renown, and in six months, decomposed in the pictures of themselves." Levy thinks this makes us think—it is to his discredit that, after more than twenty years of prominence, "he remains and blood," only rarely, and thus touchingly, "blurring" into separate

Quite clearly, Levy never finds self joining the parade of covering the end of a Graham sermon. He takes a cool eye on the computerized billion-dollar mechanism that supports him, but he has had the grace to let himself like his subject as a man as a symbol, remembering that religion has, in the past, been a useful force for the portraitist and the journalist. One it is foolish to let fall in the gutter because fashion now dictates a different in these matters.

Birds, Beasts, and Relatives, by Gerald Durrell. Viking, \$5.95.

Gerald Durrell's *Birds, Beasts, and Relatives* is the sort of book I find intending to read. Like so many unorganized citizens, I feel a great, vague, great, vague envy for those who can get in touch with the natural world through it with ease and knowledge. On the other hand, urban people are busy people, and they have not enough time to keep up with the pressing stuff—social science and criticism, for instance. So the writers are permanently lodged down my list of intellectual priorities.

as Mr. Durrell's charming thought home to me, a misnomer it is apparently very dear book of his—*My Family Animals*—a reminiscence of good years he spent with his aging brother, the novelist (Durrell) on the Greek island before World War II. He is almost Mitfordian in their and he uses them (and the local characters who are in their orbit) as counterpoints in order he continually discloses course of exploring and serving the island's natural agreeable comic tension is (forever, he reveals, with untentious good humor, how sibility was formed by this default, he became the in-between his family (all of preoccupied with other matters, their environment—answering ons, calming their frets and generally attempting to create sense of harmony with the exotic world they had chosen. Quite clearly, Mr. Durrell's as a writer about nature is than an elaboration, on a se, for a bigger audience, of e are privileged to see him n the sun-splashed boyhood fully revealed here. Really, no nicer reading experiences available.

—R.S.

g.w. Essays and Reports
ation in America, by Ben-
Mott. Dutton, \$5.95.

esting collection of essays on
pects of the American scene.
e more engaging are a demo-
cLuhan and McLuhanism, an
n of rock music which is
few credible utterances pub-
his subject, and a fascinating
f the current obsession with
improvement (the "Supergrow"
e) which demonstrates once
much there is to be learned
erica from a careful reading
self-improvement ads in the
apers. There are also a number
at pieces on the joys and rig-
ching, though elsewhere the
kes great pains to maintain
ed ironic stance toward him-
ember-of-the-academy—talking
ne trad" when he means the
"the pros" when he means
essors," etc. etc. One wishes
ould dispense with these and

a number of other rhetorical mannerisms; they serve only to distract from what one of our more intelligent and subtle critics is trying to say. —M. M.

Fiction

Pairing Off, by Julian Moynahan. Morrow, \$5.95.

It can surely be no injustice to this brisk but far from perfunctory novel to locate its style in a new region of the mid-Atlantic, somewhere between Kingsley Amis and J. P. Donleavy. Its hero, Myles McCormick, a Bostonian librarian, survives some bouts of intra-library politics both hilarious and grim, a fundamental moral reproach in the death from cancer of someone he feels he should have loved, and a reconstruction of his ego presided over by a refreshingly grown-up heroine and an elusive version of Dionysus. Mr. Moynahan's sub-academic, sub-commercial and sub-visionary world, as well as the almost lyrical way in which moral commitment seems to demand social irresponsibilities, at least as gestures, suggest recent British comic fiction. But the humanizing, and Americanizing, role of a psychoanalytic past, as well as the particular vision of Boston Mr. Moynahan makes us respond to are both his own.

—J. H.

Seventeen Lost Stories by W. Somerset Maugham. Compiled and with an Introduction by Craig V. Showalter. Doubleday, \$5.95.

The title is slightly shady, suggesting as it does the discovery of a hitherto buried cache of manuscripts. Actually, as the introduction goes on to say, the volume consists of a number of early stories which Maugham published here and there at the very beginning of his career. He later reworked three of these tales extensively and included them in a collection which appeared in 1920, but would have nothing to do with the others—considering them products of his apprentice years, "best forgotten."

Confirmed Maugham addicts will no doubt disagree, and even more casual guest-room browsers will find sufficient traces of the author's narrative mastery to keep them reading. But by and large the volume does not do justice to a great storyteller. One can imagine that famously reticent and fastidious craftsman extremely wintry about this posthumous defiance of his judgment.—M.M.

Sarah Gainham's new novel in her thrilling trilogy which began with the best-selling NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY



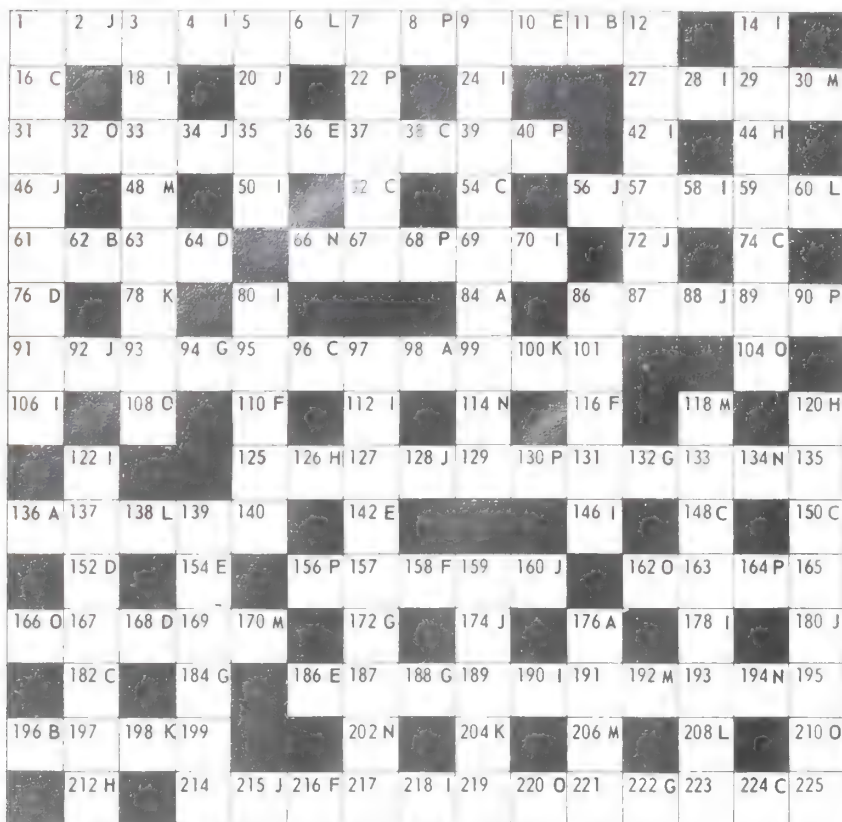
A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

In 1967, Sarah Gainham's dazzling novel of theatrical life in wartime Vienna, *Night Falls On the City*, was a coast-to-coast best seller for four straight months . . . hailed by the critics as "a grand novel in the Tolstoyan tradition" (*Saturday Review Syndicate*), "profoundly gripping" (*New York Times Book Review*), "marvelously vivid" (*Book-of-the-Month Club News*), "an impressive and engrossing work" (*Dallas News*), "a novel that will live when much of the writing of our time is forgotten" (*Detroit News*).

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- The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

- Event of 1967 the Acrostician would perhaps rather forget. (3,3,3,3)
- Small case for a tie you hear.
- Has Rome no star like this star-gazer?
- Prices drop a point and become token money.
- The first man in Hyderabad amusement parks.
- Suit for gardening.
- Fabler who strikes a pose.
- Grab a toy car to lug the grip. (2,5,1,3)
- One may set out for these when departing in a hurry! (4,7)
- A note of heavenly forgiveness.
- The stoop in the township orchestra.
- This name has its ups and downs.
- Does the señor roar in his sleep?
- She may be intelligent or fashionable. (5,5)
- Philosopher of Greece and a dozen other places.
- Tip of the sword in a duel or essence of an argument. (5,2,5)

DOWN

- Alice found it mad to treat pay so. (3,5)
- Charm of a place to come in.
- The metal can be black in France.
- Prod with nothing and sag.
- Give up an eighth or something, at any rate. (5,1,3)
- Save when secure.
- The listener may be found when we applaud it, ordinarily.
- The firebox sounds wonderful.
- Bridge or poker, for example. (1,4)
- But an Oriental isn't a coward! (6,3)
- Make appointments for particular moments. (3,5)
- Take a neck, so, as one demands a single time. (4,4)
- Swaggered a caper in North Dakota.
- The girl at the drive-in may be in the running for an Oscar, hopefully. (3,3)
- The CIA surrounds the ancient city and goes into council.
- More than once in Mainz, Weimar, and Ulm.

Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 14 in the October issue.
For solution to last month's puzzle, consult Table of Contents.

- A 136 84 176 98 A strip near a physician's land.
- B 11 62 196 A hand cutting to
- C 38 52 182 150 74 224 96 1 54 Kind of soup. (4,6)
- D 152 64 168 76 "Nunc scio" Virgil, "Eclogue IV."
- E 142 154 10 36 186 "Our E lane a garden that is full of stately ewes; borders, beds and shrubberies an avenues..." Kipling, "The Glo Garden."
- F 110 158 216 116 An elaborate mek for a single voice.
- G 132 94 222 184 188 172 port Turkish official.
- H 212 120 44 126 Movement n flourishing from about 1916 to abv 192
- I 70 80 106 122 218 24 14 3 50 190 112 58 146 4 28 4 Pri pal concerns of the Acrostician. (8
- J 128 215 180 46 20 72 88 92 174 34 56 Times of traffi Ven in downtown Chicago. (4,4,5)
- K 78 100 204 198 New Testan known for a widow.
- L 138 60 208 6 The highest po
- M 118 192 30 48 170 206 An ver reception.
- N 66 202 134 194 114 Wife of / ah
- O 108 32 210 162 104 220 companies protectively.
- P 22 130 90 8 156 68 164 4 V one might do to trousers on a fenc

October 1969 75 cents

Harper's

Magazine

"I was arrested on April 13, 1968. Security Director *Koletis* with Deputy Director *Pechinakis* had me beaten on the soles of my feet, my hands were wrung and I was kicked on the back while hung from the feet.

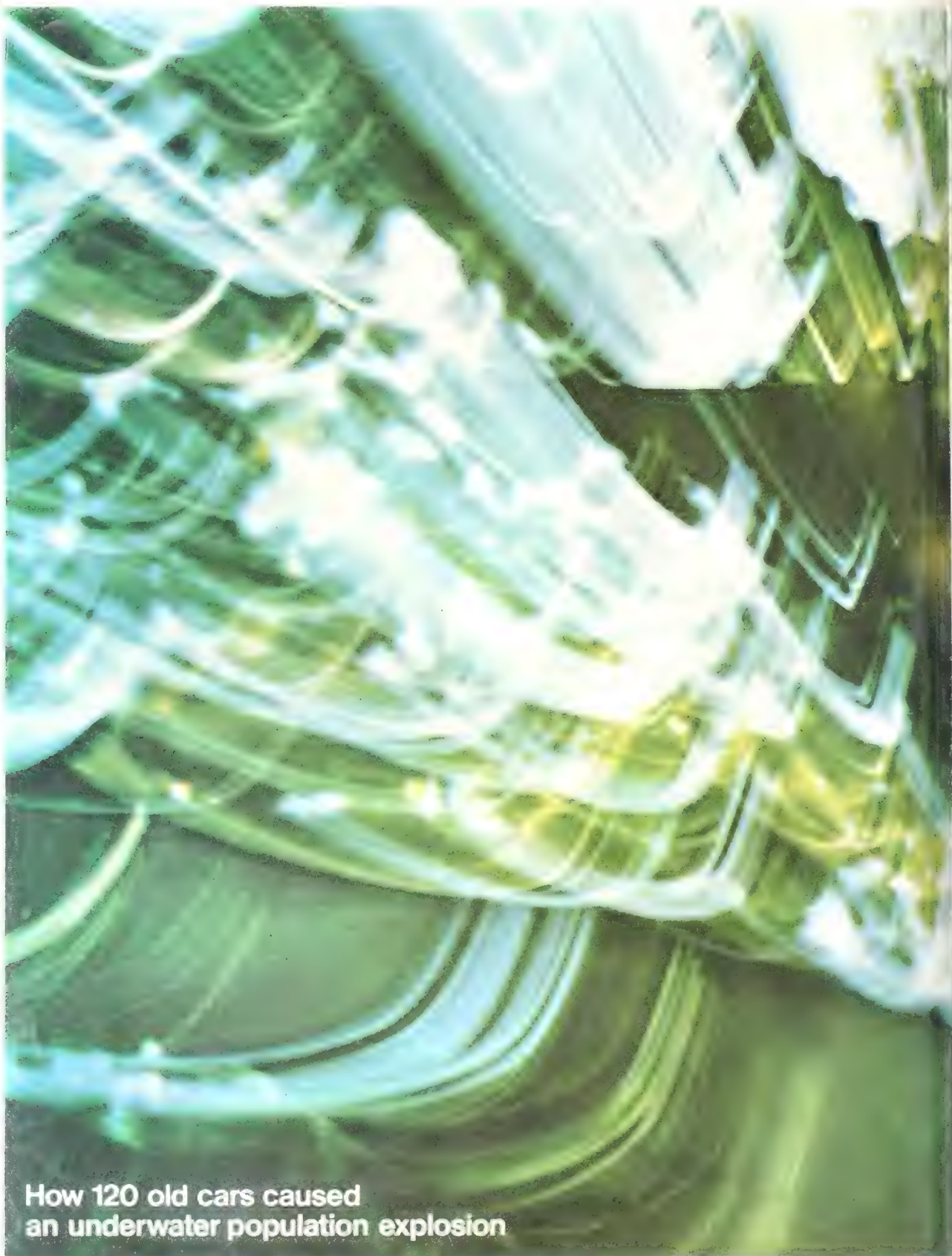
My hands were twisted, my hair pulled and my head was smashed on the floor. I was tortured again by punching by Police Officer *Kalyvas*. On April 16 *Christakis* and *Kalyvas* crushed my genitals."

—*Stamatakis Nikiforos*

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Like a number of fine editors, our managing editor Robert Kotlowitz is an accomplished writer. In the 1920s H. L. Mencken, also from Baltimore, wrote in *The Smart Set*, that recklessly mischievous New York journal, of his fellow editor George Jean Nathan:

He dislikes women over twenty-one, actors, cold weather, mayonnaise dressing, people who are always happy, hard chairs, invitations to dinner, invitations to serve on committees in however worthy a cause, railroad trips, public restaurants, rye whiskey, chicken, daylight, men who do not wear waistcoats, the sight of a woman eating, the sound of a woman singing, small napkins, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Tagore, Dickens, Bataille, fried oysters, German soubrettes . . . tradesmen, poets, married women who think of leaving their husbands, professional anarchists of all kinds, ventilation, professional music lovers, men who tell how much money they have made, men who affect sudden friendships and call him Georgie, women who affect sudden friendships and then

call him Mr. Nathan, writing letters, receiving letters, talking over the telephone, and wearing a hat.

Our fellow editor Kotlowitz dislikes some of these things, especially talking over the telephone, rye whiskey, and the sight of a woman eating, but he likes the Upper West Side after the garbage is collected, dry martinis in the Empire Chinese Restaurant, hate mail, lunar modules, literary agents who are soft touches, *Hair*, Igor Stravinsky, piano playing, his dog Claude, his wife Billie from Baltimore, his offspring Alex (who is fourteen and likes girls) and Daniel (who is twelve and a big spender), Fire Island after dark, and trips to France.

He made just such a trip this June to gather material on the 25th Anniversary of D-Day (See "Taps at Utah Beach," page 104) and to this assignment he brought his own experience as a young foot soldier. He was drafted in the summer of 1943, like a couple of hundred thousand other college kids. He took infantry basic training at Fort Benning, a tough, chigger-polluted camp with old tar-paper CCC shacks. Eventually he

landed in the 26th infantry division at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. The final touches were put on all to make sure they could shoot a M-1, throw a hand grenade, and twenty-five miles overnight without stopping. "The last," as Bob remembered it, "was the worst, an almost harrowing experience by three o'clock morning, when blistered shoulders no longer could bear to carry rifles when water ran out, and the mud dragging sand of the Carolina coast side filled our shoes like lead weights."

The division went overseas in the summer of '44, too late for D-Day, and went into combat in Alsace. "I distinguished myself either through courage or dedication; I was scared to death the whole time. My platoon was among the first in one of those ridiculous, wasteful engagements that litter the landscape after war and benefit no one but the enemy. I was one of only a few who survived. These men from the 4th division returned to the beaches I shared, alive, but their D-Day battle was as ridiculous nor wasteful."

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LETTERS

Bundy and the record

May I as a subscriber report that I found David Halberstam's article ["The Very Expensive Education of McGeorge Bundy," July] singularly repulsive. . . . The article might have been accurately named the unsuccessful attempt at the character assassination of McGeorge Bundy. . . .

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Big Sur, Calif.

David Halberstam has written a fine piece, not so much because it deals with Bundy as an individual but as a representative of the elitist "liberals" who have dominated national policy for decades. I'm still trying to figure out how men of such extraordinary, even awesome intelligence, with such access to information, can make such profoundly stupid decisions. . . .

The ultimate irony, of course, is the reward for such men as Bundy and McNamara. When they should have been hooted out of public life in disgrace, they are instead installed in positions of great honor doing the very kind of good works that their previous records should have disqualified them for for all time.

RICHARD J. WALTON
West Redding, Conn.

Since I never was engaged in seeking out possible candidates after Robert Kennedy's death; since I never made the statement attributed to me; and since I do not in fact hold the view there expressed, I can only wonder about the authenticity of the many "blind" quotations which Mr. David Halberstam strings together to create his verbal cartoon of McGeorge Bundy.

I have no doubt at all that the technique of blind quotations without attribution is a very low form of journalistic deception; conveying a sham authenticity when the reader has absolutely no way of assessing the source, be he a wise and noble observer or a sourgrapes, sniping blackmailer.

While I happily have not been exposed to the obvious risk of Mr. Halberstam's acquaintance, I have been an intermittent reader of *Harper's* and only hope that its "new look" will rise above

the techniques used in this article to clothe caricature in seeming authenticity.

KINGMAN BREWSTER
New Haven, Conn.

DAVID HALBERSTAM REPLIES:

Since it is obviously Mr. Brewster's memory (and not his honesty or integrity) which needs refreshing, let me help him. Shortly after the assassination of Robert Kennedy, he called a high official in the McCarthy campaign and suggested a blue-chip Establishment committee which would come out for either McCarthy or Rockefeller. The McCarthy official said it sounded like a good idea and he could see no objection at all. Then Brewster said he had talked to one other person, a comparable aide in the Rockefeller campaign, J. Irwin Miller, and that Miller was also sympathetic to the idea. It was at this point that Brewster asked the McCarthy aide for names and the McCarthy man suggested "your friend, Mac Bundy" and Brewster said that Bundy would spend the rest of his life living down Vietnam. If Mr. Brewster wants to deny all this that is fine with me but I must say that after getting this kind of denial over the years from sheriffs, police chiefs, and water commissioners it is somewhat reassuring to see the President of Yale University behave in the same way.

Now on the other and far more important point that bothers Mr. Brewster and some other friends of Mr. Bundy, I am sure that Mr. Brewster and others don't worry about blind quotes when it suits their purpose. Almost all American reporting of any value from most parts of the world—particularly the Communist areas—comes in the form of blind quotes. Would Mr. Brewster really tell his Yale students that the war in Vietnam must be going very well, indeed,

must be won, because for several all the quotes where the individual and high officials—have been enough to use their names, he uniformly optimistic, whereas stories, the pessimistic ones, consistently and without exception ones dependent upon blind. Does he really believe one can have any insight at all about that situation in Washington without using quotes—for the exact same reason that we should have a moral code trying to discover what went wrong until, say, 1990 when all the papers will have written their fine memoirs it will even be safe to attach one's to dissenting opinions? The requirements in a case where a reporter blind quotes are simpler ones—the reputation of the reporter and the seriousness of the material. Perhaps Brewster does not think this is a fair treatment; that too is his business.

Who is forgotten

I read Peter Schrag's piece "Forgotten American," August 1990, a vacation break from research. In a book I am writing about the forgotten amendment—the Fourteenth. The amendment was specifically designed to provide for four million new black Americans the same rights of liberty, property, and the equal protection of the laws then enjoyed by the white majority—Mr. Schrag's forgotten Americans."

For the rest of that century away into this one those forgotten Americans murdered, burned, beat, mutilated black people who took the Fourteenth Amendment seriously.

The real forgotten Americans are the same as back in 1868. And yet when a black man finally stands up and acts in the good old aggressive Irish-American tradition of the Irish and others are asked to weep for the Italian driver or the Polish plumber or the Jewish schoolteacher.

Despite Mr. Schrag's eloquence the fact is the so-called "forgotten American" has had it all his life for a century. If he now turns

CORRECTION

The name of Gael Greene was misspelled in the article by Jack Newfield on the New York *Post* in the September issue of *Harper's*. We apologize to Miss Greene and Mr. Newfield. The Editors

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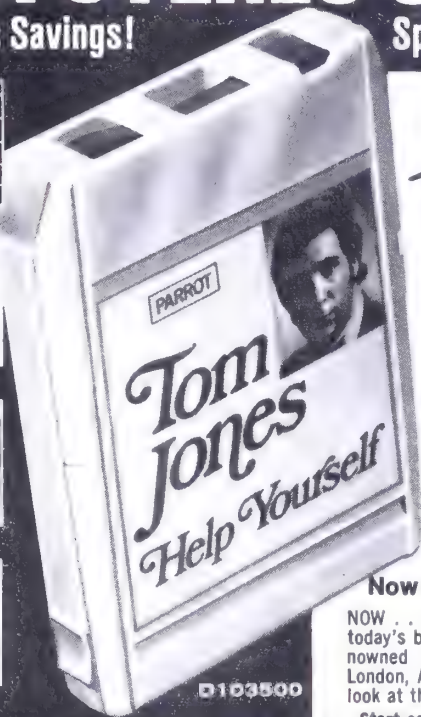
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LETTERS

political racism of "law and order" should get as much sympathetic understanding as the "forgotten man" who turned to his George Washington in the 1930s.

RICHARD J. MOUNT VERNON

Having worked almost three years on the Pittsburgh OEO program, with some firsthand knowledge of administrative planning there, I must very fully take exception to Peter Schrag's statements about the program being primarily directed toward Negro and low-income population in Pittsburgh in most areas around the county is predominantly white. The fact that they have qualitatively or quantitatively greater poverty per capita should obscure the relativeness of the situation.

In Pittsburgh, as I imagine in other areas, there was no plan or program to exclude whites in any way. In fact, it would have been nigh impossible. If their ethnicity contained groups to seclude themselves totally or divorce themselves largely from active participation, and there is evidence to indicate this may be partially true, then they will just have to live with it....

JOHN P. UNION COLLEGE

Mr. Schrag says, "... but in the case of a widow with three children who makes \$7,000 a year can't get them loans because she makes too much money is reserved for people on college. This simply is not so. If this woman is forty-five years old and has no more all, she would be expected by regulations to contribute about \$380 toward the education of her child. If one of her children is admitted to private college in Chicago, he would expect to get a Federal Education Opportunity Grant (not a loan, but a grant) of \$500. He would get a State of Illinois Grant of \$1,200....

DAVID A. ROBERT B. J. CHICAGO

Peter Schrag's article was very good and excellent as far as it went. I think it went far enough. The Chicago Man is not just revolting against the streets, welfare, etc. He is revolting against the Bill of Rights, Declaration of Independence, the Constitution on the Mount, and in general a whole host of moral, ethical, and humanitarian principles which no one seems to him to have any connection with life as he lives and experiences.

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I agree with your authors that it is enormously important to take account of the grievances of the Common man, particularly his sense that he is more injured than anyone else, that he is getting theirs, and not getting his. But because we have to live with the fact that he feels this way, it does not mean that we have to agree with him. His feeling is justified by the facts. A union member may feel that even if he is making out except him, but it is that his job, his working conditions, and his relatively good wages are protected by public policies, that are matters important to him, that the courts are firmly on his side, that is something that cannot be said by our angry minorities. . . .

JOHN
BOSTON

PETER SCHRAG REPLIES:

Of course black people in this country are, proportionately, in far worse shape than white; of course it has often been "the forgotten American" who has been brutalized by his black neighbors. But I deny that there is a screaming demand for better schools and better education for black children or for better poverty and welfare programs. In the last decade, however, most of our leaders have regarded the problems of poverty as being primarily associated with inadequate education, housing, and so on, as being primarily associated with black Americans; public rhetoric about school improvement in the cities has been ample, disregarded the fact that the situation for white children was also bad and overlooked the even more important fact that no fundamental reforms could be carried out successfully without the support, or at least the acquiescence, of middle- and lower-class whites. We forgot that the more the whites were cast into the role of victims and reactionaries, the more difficult the problems would become. We forgot, indeed, that these people existed at all except as "bigots."

As to some specifics: My source in the widow in Chicago was Cong. Roman Pucinski; it was confirmed universally of course, since middle-class people obviously do get loans in other instances—by similar experience of people in other parts of the country. Those who are very poor should obviously have first access to school and loan funds, but if these are the programs are to receive general support, it will have to be clear that they offer opportunities for a broad range of Americans.

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THE EASY CHAIR

Contrary spirits

A possibly royal poltergeist

Now that Ronnie McEuen is dead, I see no harm in setting down his account of the Sudbrook Lodge ghost and the embarrassing upshot of his efforts to get rid of it. If published while he was living, the story might have damaged his career. The British intelligence service almost certainly would have taken a nervous view of one of its officers who had trouble with a poltergeist—especially the poltergeist of a royal bastard.

By way of preface, I must say that I don't know what to make of the story. I find it hard to doubt the facts as he told them to me. During the years we worked together, I never knew him to make a misstatement or exaggeration. McEuen was a skeptical, hardheaded Scot with an ingrained abhorrence of mysticism, hysteria, or romantics. His working life was spent in the collecting and precise analysis of facts. If anything, he was overcautious. Innately conservative to begin with, he had long been trained to remember that a mistake was likely to cost somebody's life.

On the other hand, I can think of no explanation which jibes with common-sense experience. If any parapsychologist or researcher into psychic phenomena can provide one, he would relieve a mental queasiness which has been bothering me for years.

I first met McEuen in 1943 in New Delhi, where he was in charge of a British intelligence operation aimed against Japan's war industries. Its purpose was to cut off their supplies of materials and to suggest priorities for strategic bombing—factories, railroads, ports, mines, refineries, power plants—throughout Southeast Asia. I had been sent to the China-Burma-India theater of operations under orders to set up a similar project for American forces, in close liaison with McEuen. We shared offices, sometimes living quarters, often our liquor rations. He taught me most of what I know about the craft of intelligence, and shepherded me through

the minefields of Indian Army politics. I did what I could in return, including nursing him through a bout of dengue fever which ran his temperature up to 105 degrees for four days of delirium. Eventually I think I understood, and trusted, him as well as anybody I have known.

But at our first meeting, in the bar of the Royal Gymkhana Club, I underestimated him. He was tall, blond, a little too well tailored, and he carried a handkerchief tucked in the left sleeve of his jacket. He spoke diffidently, and with a slight stammer.

"I really shouldn't be in this job," he said. "No proper background for it. Matter of fact, before the war I never worked seriously at much of anything, aside from a spot of golf and the Mayfair nightclubs. Well, I did pick up a bit of archaeology while I was in Egypt. They sent me there when I was having a tiresome time with tuberculosis—dry air, you know. Fat lot of use archaeology is out here. I can't think why HMG popped me into this billet, unless they had some theory that I get along nicely with wogs. Though I must say these Hindu wallahs aren't at all like the wogs I dealt with in Cairo."

It was several days before I learned that he not only got along respectfully and well with his Indian colleagues. He also, under a guise of nonchalant amateurism, managed his small staff efficiently. Somewhere he had picked up a working knowledge of the common European languages, Urdu, cryptoanalysis, international economics, and the intricacies of the CBI command structure. He worked hard, and when necessary he was tough.

Our work had nothing to do with cloaks, daggers, or the James Bond type of espionage. We did get a trickle of information from agents behind the Japanese lines, but often it was neither reliable nor useful. The main sources—for us, as for the dozen other intelli-

Many of Mr. Fischer's articles in "The Easy Chair" have been collected in his book, The Stupidity Problem and Other Harassments (Harper & Row).

gence outfits operating in the theater were air photographs, the quotation of prisoners, radio intercepts, gleaned Japanese newspapers, dismantled weapons. From a second-hand serial numbers on the parts of shot down aircraft, for example, he could pretty well figure out the production rate in the main Japanese factories; and a change in allocations sometimes indicate which materials were getting to be in short supply. He was statistical rather than glib, and it called for a no-nonsense administrator with reliable judgment.

McEuen fit those specifications admirably. Moreover, he was entangled in the interservice rivalries or the Anglo-American-Chinese bickerings which plagued the command. As a consequence, he was to stay in intelligence work for the war, and over the years he rose to a position of considerable responsibility. It helped of course that he had been born into the Establishment, had gone to a good public school, had a good income, and belonged to the right clubs: Brooks and the Carleton. Besides, he had married into an Anglo-Savoyan banking clan which had close connections with the secret service.

Ronnie lived well. By English standards, he was a gourmet, and his taste in wines was so sound that he was in for a time as a consultant to an importer, Berry Brothers and Rudd. He collected Elizabethan silver, in the best way. His home was Sudbrook, a small seventeenth-century manor in Ham Common, Surrey. It was to have belonged at one time to Gwynn while she was the mistress of Charles II; the royal residence was Hampton Court and Richmond Palace conveniently close.

During the postwar years I visited there from time to time, when I was in England on publishing business. Ronnie visited me when he was brought him to the United States, one evening after dinner (omelette, p.

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ANTINORI

The Nobility of Italian Wines

gus, strawberries, and a notal he told me that something wrong with the house.

"At first," he said, "it was accountable noises in the night steps on the stairs and thumping from the closet which had a priest hole. When I turned on lights to investigate, the sound stop. I was quite certain that it be a burglar, because people in business take special measures to make that their doors and windows

"Over the next few weeks the founded disturbances got longer and more frequent. Then one night I awakened by an unholy racket that sounded like furniture crashing. I went downstairs I found that the cabinets had all been tipped over several chairs and footstools had been tossed down to the second-floor

"That was when I began to worry about a poltergeist. I didn't believe such nonsense of course, but I had heard stories—everybody has some kind of spirit that specializes in smashing crockery and throwing furniture about. I also remembered the end about the house. Nell Gwynne supposed to have borne a child. When King Charles called on her a few weeks later, she asked him to make provision for a title and estate suitable for a royal bastard. For some reason he demurred—perhaps because he had promised to make their earl the Duke of St. Albans, and felt he had done enough for Nell and her litter.

"Nell kept pleading, he got impatient so the story goes—and they ended in a furious spat. At its height, Nell had a temper tantrum and screamed that she thought nothing of your own child, then neither shall I.' Whereupon she threw the baby out of the nursery window, with fatal results. Later that day she and the servants buried the boy somewhere about the garden out of benefit of clergy.

"When I read up on British history there is a considerable literature on the subject—I discovered that a child's death, particularly of a child, proper funeral ceremonies, were supposed to be especially conducive to poltergeist phenomena. I still have a stock in such superstitions, but getting awfully short on sleep and determined, by God, that my silence shouldn't be damaged if I could do anything to prevent it. At that time it occurred to me that it could do no harm to consult our local clergy.

"Although I hardly knew the

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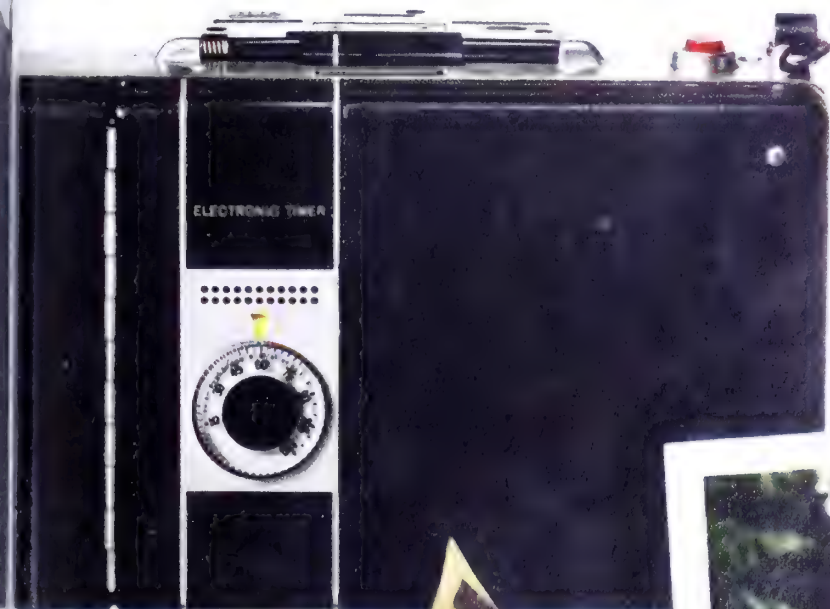
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Britain's Cathedral Corner

Chichester is Norman from belfry to foundations. Winchester is a show-piece of that light, airy and peculiarly English

style called Perpendicular. (It's the longest cathedral in Europe.)

Salisbury is Early English, the tallest spire of them all, and is remarkably well preserved. Its west front is as the thirteenth-century builders' chisel marks and all.

Where manners makyth man

Alongside these displays of faith of pride and learning; the palaces of Princes of the Church, chapters, hospitals, and the great medieval school of Winchester where we live by two terse mottoes.

"Learn, leave or be licked"

"Manners makyth man"

Incidentally, there are several treasures quite close to Winchester.



previous page

om the magnificent Motor t Beaulieu Abbey to Admiral 'lagship in Portsmouth Har- n you could jump 150 years a skim across the Solent in emarkable Hovercraft.

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ZIP

I'm not what you could call a steady churchgoer—I made a formal call at the vicarage. I pointed out that I had been paying my dues to the Church of Eng- land all my life, and felt entitled to its services in time of need.

"As I understand it," I told him, "you have a specific recipe, or ritual, for situ- ations like this. So I want you to come to Sudbrook Lodge and exorcise that damned ghost."

"He protested that he didn't know anything about ghost fumigation, didn't believe in ghosts himself, and wasn't even sure what the Church prescribed. After some argument, however, he agreed to try. Next evening he came for dinner, armed with bell, book, and candle. We sat around drinking port until midnight, without hearing a single untoward sound. Then at the stroke of twelve he went to work, ringing the bell, waving the lighted candle the pre- scribed number of times, and reading the exorcism passages out of the prayer book.

"It worked like a charm, which of course it was. From that night on, we haven't heard a thump and the furniture has stayed nicely in place. I doubled my contribution to the parish, and began to think that the C. of E. might in fact not be quite so useless an institu- tion as I had always supposed.

"I soon saw, however, that its powers —if any—were strictly limited. A few days after our charming little ceremony in Sudbrook Lodge, the poltergeist turned up in the vicarage. He seemed to be in a terrible temper. He made twice as much noise as he ever had at our place, smashed the table service, broke windows, and even tore the stuffing out of a sofa.

"Naturally the vicar tried the recipe again on his own behalf. But this time it didn't work. He went through the ritual several times, in fact, just in case he had got something wrong the first time. Finally he called on higher au- thority. The bishop came in full regalia, and read the exorcism in a voice that should have frightened off any reason- able ghost.

"It did no bloody good. If anything, all the sacerdotal goings-on merely ir- ritated the little fellow into even more outrageous behavior. In the end they had to abandon the vicarage. It is stand- ing vacant right now, with broken win- dows and a fresh outbreak of nocturnal thumps whenever a potential tenant comes to look at it. The poor vicar is living in quite inferior rented quar- ters. He hardly speaks to me these days,

and I can't say that I blame him."

Not long after he told me this story, Ronnie died of a heart attack. I don't think he would haunt any place, but if he does it probably is the House of Commons. He never felt that Parliament made adequate appropriations for the intelligence services.

The bucksaw ghost

There is no name, apparently, for the opposite of a poltergeist: a ghost which does good turns instead of mis- chievous ones. Nevertheless one is alive and practicing on the old Marshall Creamer farm near Bowdoin, Maine. Whatever the opposite of royal is, he is also that.

This I have on the authority of John Gould, a man of unquestionable verac- ity—farmer, professional guide, some- time contributor to this magazine, and curator of the oral history of New Eng- land. Anyone inclined to doubt his word had better read his latest chron- icle of his neighbors in Maine, *The Jonesport Raffle* (Little, Brown, \$4.95). If there were any justice in the world, it would be at the top of the best-seller lists, because the sure-'nuff truth gleams through every line of it.

The way Gould tells it, Marshall and Jessie Creamer enjoyed several years of happy married life before their falling out over the kitchen stove. The trouble was that Jessie would never bother to learn properly how the drafts and damper worked. She would just light it up in the morning and let it roar away, burning up an outrageous amount of firewood and letting most of the heat go up the chimney. This irked Marshall, because he had to saw and split the wood.

Ultimately he put her on a ration. Each day he would saw up one wheel- barrow load of stove-length wood, and leave it at the back door. That was all she got. On many a cold day, Jessie used it all up before evening and had to go to bed to keep warm. This annoyed her; and as the two of them got older and crotchety, they began to snap at each other—first about the firewood, and then about other little points of friction.

For example, Marshall believed it was sinful for anybody to eat between meals, while Jessie fancied a little snack now and then. One day he caught her eating a cookie in midafternoon, and got so mad that he took her teeth away from her. From then on he only let her have them at meal times. This seemed to

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EASY CHAIR

make her ill-tempered, not to say. One morning about half-past Marshall chanced to come kitchen and found Jessie gumm cake. This was the last straw. I say anything, but he stomped slammed the door. Never again set foot inside the house. He found room for himself over the wood and there he spent the rest of Jessie ran the house and he farm, but they never spoke. He the firewood ration as usual. Every evening Marshall would down his bucksaw and fill up the barrow and push it to the barn where Jessie could lug the chair side.

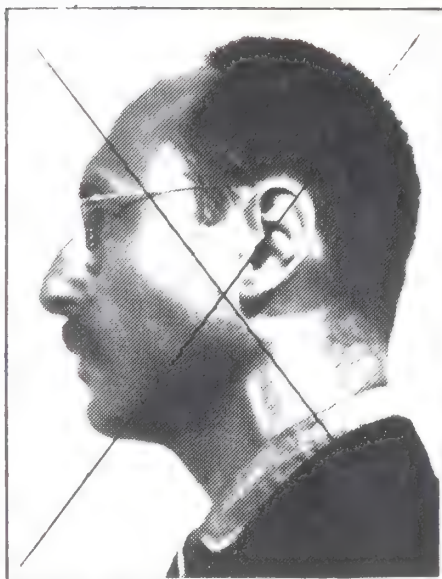
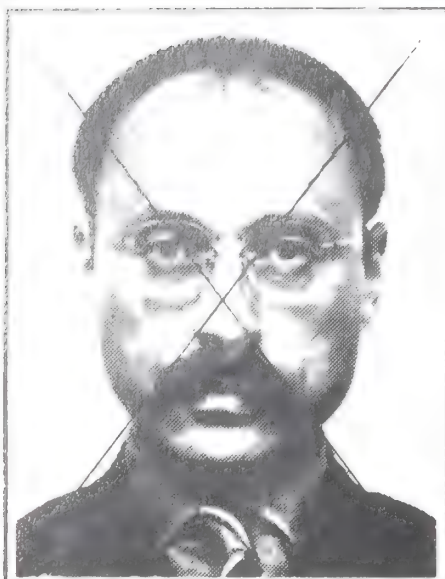
When Marshall died, Jessie herself to hustling up her wood. But only for three days, evening of the fourth day after death, she looked out the kitchen window and saw her husband's ghost by the shed, hard at work with his bucksaw. Then she heard the creak of the barrow wheel, and the load rolled by the back door as usual. She pushed it into the kitchen, and the next day the ghost sawed up some more. As she lived Jessie had a barrow of wood to burn every day.

The real problem, as Gould would have put it, came when Jessie died.

"Nobody," he says, "knew how to tell the ghost. Even on the night after he woke, the ghost fitted up another barrow load and wheeled it to the barn. They held the funeral and the ghost never knew a thing about it. During the next few months, with nobody living at the farm, somebody had to come every morning and carry the load out of the house, and it got to be a nuisance. By the end of the summer they had twenty-two cords of wood stacked throughout the rooms."

At this point a Yankee who knew a good thing when he saw one bought the farm. He insisted that the lawyer draw a clause in the deed specifying that the ghost went with the place. The property has changed hands six times since then, but Marshall's ghost continues to buck up a wheelbarrow of wood every evening. The present owner, Mr. Parsons, is delighted. He removed the house and put in some firewood and now and then he sells a little plus wood. Mr. Parsons sharpens his axe and sets the saw now and then. Just last summer he bought the ghost a new wheelbarrow.

One membership per family.
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WANTED

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly *Eros*, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. *Eros* was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost \$25. But the U.S. Post Office declared *Eros* "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly *Fact*, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a *Fact* discovery). The

intellectual community was galvanized by *Fact* and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that *Fact* was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep \$1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at *Fact*—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for \$2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, *Avant-Garde*, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still

in its infancy, *Avant-Garde* already has a readership of over one million. Its growth rate is one of the phenomenal of modern publishing. Newsdealer deliveries of copies sold out within a matter of minutes. Dentists report that *Avant-Garde* is the magazine waiting rooms most frequently purchased. And librarians order duplicate—triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation) where, citizens who are normally respectable, and law-abiding are tempted to beg, borrow, or steal. Of *Avant-Garde*, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes *Avant-Garde* such a frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is there such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, *Avant-Garde* is such a great fun. Each issue really socks it with uproarious satire, irreverent views, madcap cartoons, cherrish editorials, deliberately biased re-tag demoniacal criticism, x-ray profile nova fiction, and outrageous r. From cover to cover, *Avant-Ga* is careening joy ride of intellectual p

Second, *Avant-Garde* stones-ade with its mind-blowing beauty. It is to the printed page a transcendent kind of high. This is achieved through combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubal, who is *Avant-Garde*'s art director (arguably, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of existence, *Avant-Garde* has won awards for design excellence that no other magazine in the world.

Third, *Avant-Garde* captivates with articles that have something. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in most other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles *Avant-Garde* prints:

Stage Nudity: Barely the Beginning

Stock Trading by Computer—A report on "Instant," the revolutionary new system that will eliminate stock exchanges.

Payola to Congressmen by the Anti-Ballistic Missile Industry

The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana—If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

The Censorship of G.I. Reading Matter in Vietnam

Uncle Sam at 200—Forty-two notables (including Dr. Albert Sabin, Duke Ellington, Paul Krassner, and Ted Kennedy) offer plans for celebrating America's Bicentennial in 1976.

Nabokov's Complaint The author of *Lolita* and *Invitation to a Beheading* denounces Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*.

Live Wires—A report on Liberation News Service (LNS), the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and Intergalactic World Brain (IWB), the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

Coming Attraction—"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin. "I want to do it till it isn't there any more."

"Amnesty Now!"—An impassioned outcry by the editors of *Avant-Garde* for the release of Dr. Howard Levy, David Miller, and more than 1000 other antiwar heroes now languishing in prison.

Making a Scene—Never-to-be-forgotten stills from the scene in Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet* in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-tape.

Picasso's Erotic Engravings A portfolio.

The CIA's Secret "Streetfighters"—An report on American operatives not trained by Scotland Yard to quell urban

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstore

The Psychology of Political Affiliation—A study of character traits that distinguish Democrats from Republicans, radicals from conservatives.

Japan: The 21st Century's Dominant Power

All-Female Police—A dead-serious proposal.

The Sharp London Flat of John and Yoko—Home with the Lennons.

Golda Meir's Recipe for Gefilte Fish

Poster Power!—Winners in *Avant-Garde*'s national "No More War!" poster contest.

Dr. Hippocrates—A profile of Dr. Schoenfeld, surgeon-general of the speed set.

"The Trust"—A satire on America's spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Mother") Greenburg.

Abolishing Inheritance—A sociologist argues that “The man who dies rich dies disgraced.”

I Am Curious (Blue)—A sneak preview of Vilgot Sjöman's sequel to *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. (Together, the pictures will make censors see red.)

Garde's contributors include brilliant artists, writers, and others of our time. Not only does **de** feature works by such acclaimed masters as Picasso, Arthur Rimbaud, Kenneth Tynan, William S. Burroughs, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, John D. Sutherland, Henry Miller, Bert

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PERFORMING ARTS

Participatory Theater

I am told that when Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven* was running on Broadway, Jason Robards had one rather unsettling evening. Mr. Robards was playing an Air Force captain whose duty it was to send pilots to their probable deaths, but he was doing so in a play which insisted upon two actor-audience intimacies now much in vogue. One intimacy had to do with the fact that an actor is not just an actor or a character but a *person*. ("I'm Ron Leibman," said Ron Leibman, stepping out of rank and out of role, just as in *Dionysus in 69* downtown the supporting players continually reminded the actor playing Dionysus that he was not Dionysus but William Finley.) Mr. Heller's point, in the play, was that whereas actors and characters always wind up safe in their dressing rooms, *persons* can be killed. He wanted us to remember that in actual warfare there are no actors, only people.

The second intimacy had to do with acknowledging the fact that we, as an audience, were present at the play and could, if we wished, take a hand in it. There came a time in the evening when Mr. Robards understood that all of the fictitious killing was quite real. Appalled, he tried to put a stop to it. He was informed by his immediate superior, however, that orders could not be questioned, that the bloodshed must go on. Mr. Robards, thoroughly angered, retorted that it would not go on because—turning to those of us seated out front—we wouldn't let it go on. We would halt the vicious cycle, now that we knew.

Mr. Heller was, of course, here using the actor-audience relationship for the purposes of irony. He assumed that we would certainly not intervene on Mr. Robards' side, that we would continue to sit there as we always do sit there,

allowing war to go on as we always do allow war to go on. Our silence was to indict us, our refusal to act in the theater was to become our refusal to act in life.

Except that on this particular evening Mr. Robards is said to have finished the scene with his usual bitter discouragement, starting toward the portals to execute his orders and make way for the next sequence, when he was suddenly summoned back to the footlights. A little knot of audience members had got up from their seats, come down the aisle, and were now standing grouped at the edge of the stage. He had been quite right, these unexpected activists told him, and they were *not* going to permit the fighting to continue.

Apparently Mr. Robards, who at least wanted the play to continue, tried gentle persuasion, urging the interlopers to return to their seats quietly. They wouldn't. They'd been invited to protest and they were protesting. If the way to stop war was to stop this play, they would do it. That's what the play had been asking them to do all along, wasn't it? On they went, refusing to heed Mr. Robards' plea that there were other scenes to be played, until, out of his element and at last out of patience, Mr. Robards exploded. "What do you want *me* to do?" he cried, "I'm only an actor!"

I am also told that the author of the play was present that night and was overheard reflecting, on the sidewalk afterward, "Maybe I ought to write something for Jason to extemporize."

Two crises, two contradictions. The actor proclaims himself more than an actor only to take refuge in his limitations as an actor. The author urges a response to his play that his play is not prepared to contain.

Now these are rather light instances, more amusing than theory-shattering. But they do reflect in miniature a curious double effect that seems to haunt almost all of our current attempts to experiment with a participating audience and a spontaneously creating act-

ing company. Experiment of is by now fairly well developed with differing emphases from group. The Living Theater onto the stage, and into disrob the way if we can be persuaded so, in order to join the mys presided over by guru Julian Performance Group, with its in 69, hopes that we will dance actors toward an experience o altogether lacking in conventio ter. Tom O'Horgan's La Mam has created an evening be (Massachusetts Trust) by sta performance first and then wr text to fit it; it has also, in Tor stopped the action to encourage sation with the audience on mar related to the action. The Open through playwright Jean-Cla Itallie, speaks of "bringing pe together in a community ceremon the actors are in some sense p celebrants, and the audience is to participate with the actors in of eucharist."

As Richard Schechner, dire The Performance Group, has j out, methods are eclectic, the ends not sharply focused just n writes: "We have not yet answer questions—when during a perfor should the audience move; should it stay still; when should to the performers; when should main quiet; when should every what is going on; when should some people or no one see?" T swers Mr. Schechner eventually will no doubt part company with of those Mr. van Itallie, working director Joseph Chaikin, gives. I soon to be certain; and it w unfair to imagine all companies company moving in one directio

Mr. Kerr is drama critic of the New York Times and has written several plays as well as critical volumes. His most recent book is Thirty Plays Hath November, published by Simon and Schuster.

We'll take Tuesday.

As far as we know, none of the days of the week have been spoken for as yet by anyone.

So we'll take Tuesday, if it's all right with everybody else.

Please make note of the fact that henceforth Tuesday (every Tuesday) is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

If this scheme is adhered to by all concerned, the other days of the week should take care of themselves.

We trust that everything will work out satisfactorily.

Please plan accordingly. Thank you.

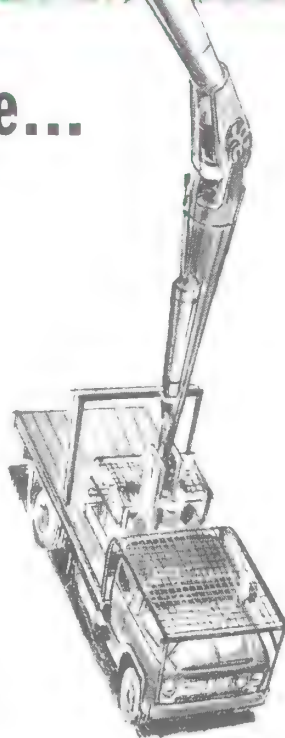
Teacher's Scotch





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PERFORMING ARTS

is that a higher degree of intimacy or communion, than between actor and audience. The other is that in the process of acting, and to help the process, the audience must become more active than it has been in the past.

Simple enough proposition, rather readily accepted in the puzzling thing is that, in practice, tends to produce its opposite. Effort at fusion tends to fragment the audience. The demand that the audience become more active tends to make it more passive.

Consider. An actor fixes his eyes on me, comes up the aisle to speak to me, touches me, all in the interests of a kind of embrace. He wishes to embrace my aloofness, my detachment, my self-consciousness. But, to speak for myself, the moment in the world when I feel most alone, most isolated, most conscious of myself as an individual, is the moment when an actor in an aisle speaks directly toward me. Suddenly I am cut off from the group, even from the group I came with. I am exposed in a way I am no longer audience and certainly not actor. I am only a person, related, singled out, limited, curiously and achingly conspicuous. I do not step forward into that embrace: I retreat into a shell deeper than my customary one.

Naturally I at first attribute this reaction to my own inhibitions; but the very hangup this kind of thing attempts to free me from. I do not notice, however, that my reaction is no means special. From the apologetic shifting of bodies, the self-conscious looking away, the transparent slipshedeness of expression that afflicts the person—and the next and the next—singled out for a performer's particular attention, it is clear that virtually who are approached are upon a constant uncomfortable. Some have been uncomfortable enough under pressure to swat the actors away with their programs; most endure, try to get away, pray for release.

I am interested to read that Chaikin, director of *The Open T*, himself feels the instinctive shyness and shying away, that afflicts the spectator marked for an actor's immediate attention. He has, as a result, used the technique sparingly, and most effectively, in his own productions, his way toward what may be perceived rather than forcibly imposing a relationship on principle: it may be a combined candor and consideration that has helped make *The Open T*.

(Rover speaks out on...)



ERGONOMETRY

...human body,' remarked Dick Tracy some time back while
turtling around the moon in one of those standup go-cans.
"can accommodate to almost any condition."

ELL, yes; but surely any go-can manufacturer worthy of the name would have provided Officer Tracy something to sit on, putting the human body half-way in the accommodation game.

utter idea, that machines should do their fair

the adapting, is known in the Engineering design trades. They take such things (possibly indeed) as ergonometry. There's even a book about it.

uly ergonomic comes closer than any to suiting the person who will use it, of which the example of the Rover 2000 is most readily to be seen—are you ready?—in the Rover 2000

edan, which we designed from the people out there a short years ago. In order to get an idea of what it's like, since time is short and we've already mentioned the subject of seats...

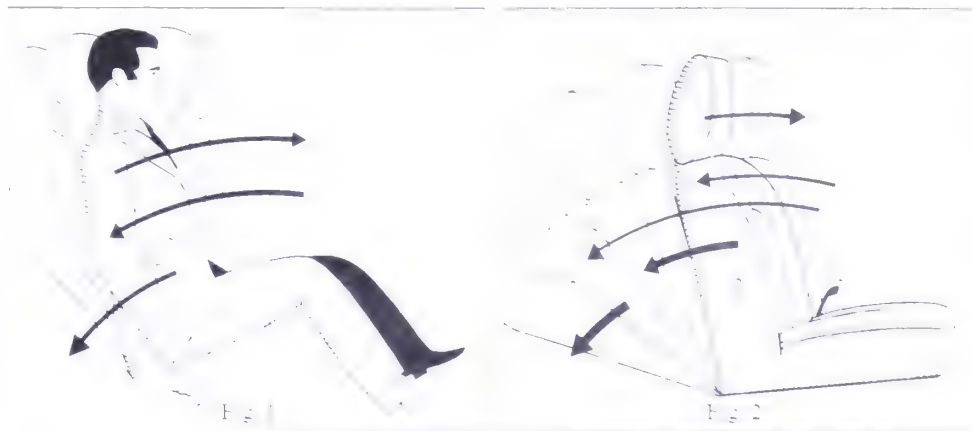
Sit down. Lean back.

Straighten up. (Fig. 1)

...you. Now you probably managed all of that. Wonderful thing your back, but the point is that the backs of most car seats are not; in fact just not ready to lean back on or sit up a little. It often takes both hands, twisting motions, pulling out of the car altogether.

try the Rover 2000's (Fig. 2). Briefly, pulling the seat (a) upwards frees the back (b), which, by the torsion bar, acts like a rocking chair. Push and pull downwards again locks it, in whatever position you've rocked to.

Not quite so versatile and easy to use as your own back, perhaps, but for leaning and sitting up you'd have to admit that it is very similar. And you would notice one other similarity—between the shape of the seat and yourself—the result of our consulting with orthopedic specialists in its design.



Human Back vs. Rover 2000 Seat (Fig. 2) Back Action.

(Ergonometry doesn't stop there. It concerns all of you, right down to your fingernails. But rather than keep you from the other ads in this magazine we will close now with this offer: A brochure on the Rover 2000, both Twin Carburetor and Automatic models, comprising many pages and with colored pictures. See coupon. Thank you.)

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A mother of three thinks about her family drug bill and wonders if she got value received.

When I totaled up a year's drug bills I found a family of five can use a lot of medicine in a year's time.

Recently, I began checking back just to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real killer.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The drugs really gave him relief from the pain. The Hong Kong flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those frequent headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The drug he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year for prescriptions. Of course, our drug bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the alternatives, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*



PERFORMING ARTS
the most persuasive and engaging such groups.

More important than response or any subjective wish to attribute to others, what may be observed objectively is the audience as a group. It be a group and becomes an assembly of individuals. During performances of *The Living* at Yale last season, for instance, the audience was never hostile, greeable, open-minded, curious. Members of the audience spoke to another during the performance did so amiably, with amusement without irritation. No doubt the performers were irritated by the over they got, and from time during the very long evening left; I never saw anyone leave.

It so happens that the audience not, as a unit, respond to the to mount the stage or to disrobe. *Paradise Now* a few students, to the stage, to join the throw. Students who had been there from set because there was nowhere seat them. I saw one young man to unbutton his shirt; he stopped navel, unimpelled to go further. I understand there have been occasional responses more robust than the Richard Schechner is known to stripped at the Brooklyn Academy of Music). But responses seem when they come at all, *singly*. Schechner was of course predicting. I have heard of no spectacular fusions with an acting company. At Yale the audience was inclined to remain on its traditional side of the where it was entirely tolerant of proposed.

It was also entirely decomplicated an audience. People *did* talk to another, freely, openly, from seat and row to row. ("Listen, what time tomorrow are you going to—?") They addressed one another by name and when they struck up conversations with strangers near them they sometimes interrupted themselves. They smoked, apologetically without thinking about it: an effort was made to get them to stop smoking because of fire regulations. They put out their cigarettes only to be put out again, reflexively, shortly after. There was no uninterrupted focus on activities on stage, no welding of the audience into a unified body, no auditorium. Everyone remained self, as he had been on the street before coming in, an individual.

The sugar daddy's guide to the South of France.

je par Air France

sweetest, kindest, nicest, the sweetest man in the world. You're always much to think for you could be very nice. Nice of the French we've met you New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, or Paris. On the way, we'll give our lovely young ladies our pillow for you and a delicious meal. When in Nice we'll show you the most out of life and the sunny shores of the Riviera. Air France knows you're going, you rascal you.

et les belles filles? All the beautiful girls? Around you. They're everywhere practically grow on the south of France. Or, at least, on the beaches. la Croisette in Cannes, or the Plage des Anglais in Nice. Nothing beautiful walking by the sea, by the thousands. Or, at the beach in St. Tropez, the first bikini was introduced. Sportive in Cannes. Lots of shipping stars, especially in Festival time.

sun goes down and the sun is up, many lovely ladies and their beach towels for bar at the Negresco Bar in Nice. Terrace of the Carlton Hotel. Or for ringside tables at the Trocadero Night Club in Paris. But, you won't have any here are more beautiful on the Riviera than you can see at.

eter les beaux

X?

ing found your lady love naturally want to shower her with of your affection. Baubles, and a girl's best friend can be found in Cannes at Cartier. (next to the Carlton.) Also in the finest perfumes in the

world from

Rimay 46, rue d'Antibes. If your petit chou has a domestic streak, a lovely set of Limoges china will please her no end. Contact les Romarins 327, route de Grasse.

If the girl of your dreams is a lover of the arts take her to Vallauris (13 miles from Cannes) so she can pick and you can buy beautiful bargains in art pottery and ceramics.

Où faire les belles promenades?

Take your girl on a romantic drive through some of the world's most spectacular seaside scenery. Driving east from Nice you have a choice of three main routes: the Corniche Inferieure takes you through the charming coastline villages of Villefranche-sur-Mer and St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat. The Moyenne Corniche takes you through the village of Eze, built like an eagle's nest on a needle rock overlooking the sea. The Grande Corniche with its high, breathtaking panorama of the coast was laid out by the Romans as part of the Aurelian Way. Reminders of this can be seen en route at la Turbie.

Bon appétit

In the realm of wining and dining, you're right in the neighborhood of some of France's finest restaurants. Have dinner by candlelight, moonlight or love light at Eden Roc, the world-famous restaurant of the Hôtel du Cap at Cap d'Antibes. The view is almost enough to make you forget the superb cuisine. Almost, but not quite.

Or try the quiet, intimate Chèvre d'Or at Eze-Village halfway between Nice and Monaco. Its provençal cuisine is world-famous. Dinner with a view also at le Château du Domaine Saint-Martin in the village of St. Paul-de-Vence. In Nice: Chez Puget 4-bis, rue Deloye. No view, but food that more than makes up for it.

Vocabulaire

sugar daddy: papa gâteau
my little chickadee: ma petite cocotte
my little cabbage: mon petit chou
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I'm old enough to be your father: je suis assez vieux pour être votre père

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Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in

about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children?
A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages?
A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

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HP 109

PERFORMING ARTS

isolated identity. Behavior was but social in the cocktail-par a society of loners meeting changing pleasantries behind tomory smoke screen of cigar

Ironically and unpredictably, intended to encourage the n engagement had produced th mum detachment—the greatest ever seen in a playhouse. A aimed at fusion and commun finally arrived at something perfect alienation Bertolt Br struggled so long for. Over again Brecht wrote of the aud would have liked to create: an so uninvolved with matters that it would sit back and sn flecting upon what was happen not participating in it emo Here it was.

Instead of a thousand people ing one, one among themselves. one with the players, a thousan had been returned to their t separate selves. Was this atomiz on the audience the result of new experience, inhibition—a first be overcome? Is it perhaps n to destroy the audience as a order to pave the way for in conversion? Or is there somet the nature of the attempted fo inevitably produces isolation in ad fusion? If I suspect that this la case it is because I detect a tle toward privacy, aloofness, sin and separation in the very stru of the form itself.

At *Dionysus in 69*, for instance, tators were admitted one by c two by two. Tom O'Horgan, v elsewhere, has finally arrived a duction to which only one spec admitted per performance. The done for him alone. Acting cor are in some important cases ap nore audiences altogether. Ev Open Theater, which has creat Jean-Claude van Itallie's *The* —the most effective demonstra the new mode thus far, does n very much whether spectators *The Serpent* is performed for the rarely, though it has been two y preparation; when it is perform the public, no public announce made. Though this is the play a formance intended as a "euch the eucharist is not offered ver or very urgently.

In this *The Open Theater* me flects what Peter Brook tells u

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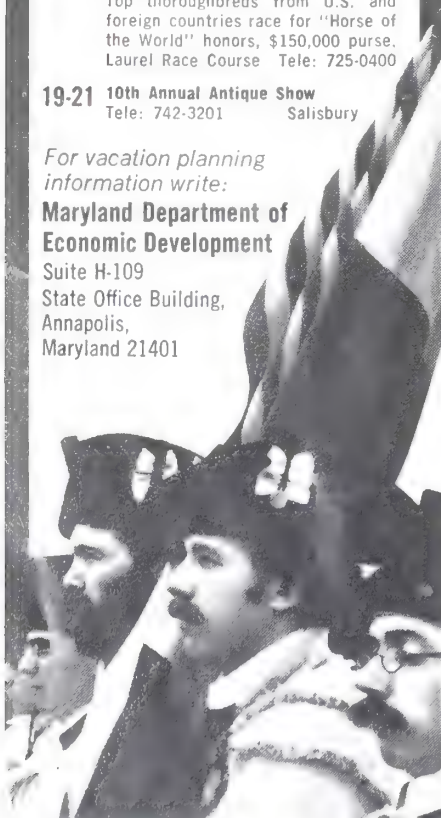
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- 1** 5th Annual Chesapeake Appreciation Day
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PERFORMING ARTS

characteristic of the most admired and imitated of all contemporary experimental theaters, Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theater. We have not been privileged to see the company in this country as yet, except in a necessarily unsatisfactory television appearance. But in introducing that appearance, Mr. Brook—who has himself staged improvisatory plays in London—spoke warmly of the company's utter indifference to audiences. The company is not eager for public performance. In public performance it does not address itself to spectators. It is, rather, content to make its statement and let that statement stand whether anyone overhears it or not, whether anyone responds to it or not. Spectators are admitted simply as "witnesses" to the statement, to the self-contained act. They may look on—in Mr. Brook's image—in much the same way that apartment dwellers have sometimes looked out their windows on murders without engaging themselves even to the limited degree of telephoning for the police. The actors make their action. The onlookers look on. They then part, having acknowledged each other not at all. Indeed, the detachment here is so great that one would be forced to conclude that this particular theater bears no relation whatever to Participatory Theater if it weren't for the fact that the company which comes closest to imitating its detachment here is also the company that speaks most openly of eucharist.

The two impulses—toward announced engagement and toward actual disengagement—are in some sense the same impulse, almost as though current had been sent along a wire only to rebound instantly with shocking force, or as though a man had walked into a mirror and bumped into himself coming back. The first impulse seems to produce the second, perversely.

But there are times when actual engagement takes place, when one or another spectator is willing to do what he has been asked to do, when one or another acting company does mean—however briefly—to make room for intruders from the auditorium. What of these?

In the instances I have been able to observe, our interior contradiction immediately crops up in another way. We hail the participating spectator as someone who has ceased being a passive creature sitting listlessly on a bench and

become active. Yet the first time a spectator notices about himself that he has invaded the production is that he is more passive than he was; in that his passivity increases in direct proportion to his "activity."

Let us say that he has, in Jerzy Papp's free rearrangement of *Hamlet*, been sought out by an actor, he has taken his seat, placed at center stage with a revolver, and invited to shoot Claudius. Clearly he is now in a position to affect the action on the stage, to alter the very course of the play, to exert a new kind of power over the performance. He is free to make a decision: to pull or not to pull a trigger, to let the King on Hamlet's behalf live or let any wild reason of his own—or the King live. For this high, suspended moment he is in charge.

He is nothing of the sort. As he realizes, he doesn't even know whether the revolver is loaded, whether it will fire a blank if he does pull the trigger. Supposing he pulls it and the gun fires, he doesn't know what he will do—drop, or grin smugly, or remain standing. He doesn't know the next move in the pattern is going to be, how the company around him is going to treat his participation. He quickly he is going to be hustled back to his seat.

He is a blind pawn, entirely under the management of the director, the producers, and property men who have arranged an overall schedule, and who are consulting him, without letting him in on the creative secret. When he finally tires from a situation in which he does not know how to behave because he could not know the rehearsed action plan, he most likely feels a puppeteer's fool. He should feel a fool, for he has been lured into pseudo-creativity, which has been essentially a fraud. Yet we notice that in Mr. Schechner's remarks quoted earlier, there is a recurring "we": we, the producers, have not decided when the audience should move, when it should speak, when it should be quiet. Everything is decided at the top, by the management, and indeed it must be if the evening is to progress or acquire shape or meaning. The management would be embarrassed if I understand on occasion has been seriously embarrassed by any participation that could not be quickly controlled, just as Mr. Robards was embarrassed by the acceptance of an invitation that was never sincerely meant.

All that is being offered is a li

She's busy planning for her first child. We are too, and for her grandchildren as well.



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illusion of participating—and theater formally dedicated to destruction of illusion. The Living has become notorious for its tr of creative upstarts in the au whenever one or another audience rises to voice disagreement something said from the stage erupts from the actors that ride shod over the dissident, drown out altogether, though he has been invited to express himself sent. So much for participation goes against the grain of the schema. "The 'trip' for the audience must be as carefully structured as an ancient mystery or initiation," Lucian of Samostis has written. That, I think, is the fact of the matter.

But this is not participation; it is paternalism—and the audience knows it. I have seen and heard audiences respond variously to invitations that range from as less than genuine. I have heard an audience, at *Tom Paine*, angrily rebuke the players to "stop all this (boring) nonsense" of chatting directly with the customers and "get back to the show." Or I have watched members of an audience submit to coaxing and allow themselves to be drawn into the game, whether to level a gun at *Clay's Hamlet* or to engage in a group exercise at *Dionysus* in 69. One male member of the audience who did surrender to the seduction of four girls of the *Dionysus* company and let himself be stroked by all of them, at length may be as representative of the "active" spectator as any I have seen. He went along with the game. He looked embarrassed but was halfway willing. During the last five minutes he made no effort to stop the groping. *But he did not grope.* Has anyone, ever? If he did, what really happened to him? If he did, can he be called active?

Even the most abandoned journals and letters inform me that there are still some who must eventually be got in hand and sent back into their private playpen. Between the willing and the unwilling, the interested and the embarrassed, the mercy of the company, Keep the Score. They are not only present before the planners, they are more visible than they formerly were. For now, as observing but not participating spectators, they acted as judges, deciding for themselves what they thought of the performance, granting or withholding applause, sitting as gallery gods in a position of power. Now they have rejected an invitation, in which they are apt to feel guilty or inadequate.

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PERFORMING ARTS

or they have exuberantly accepted and been absorbed into the event (themselves) with an or objectivity. The traditional the audience has been dissipated out being replaced by any real inside the event. One active been surrendered to a passive

Why? Why should each experiences—at *We Bo* *New Haven* or *Paradise Now* *sus in 69* or *Hamlet* or whatever a built-in rebound? I suspect cause all human participation in murder or sex is arrived at on one-to-one basis, by means of confrontation, but through the of a third thing, an artificially mutually agreed-upon, virtually catalyst. Murder is a direct sex a direct penetration. They solutes; something comes to aid them. But participating in a game is not a direct, spontaneous, provisional meeting between and team, between pitcher and Between the teams, and between and batter, stands an invisible understood third entity, the rules game, the pattern of play. On a ball floor violations of the system are instantly penalized by a. Even a conversation between as intimate as intimate can be, in one-to-one event. It is impossible directly into another's mind. Participation is made possible by the presence once again of an immaterial or fiercely present third factor, the of the Conversation, the thing being talked about. One participant a friend indirectly, through the that is being discussed.

Much of the work that is being in the name of Participatory labors mightily to eliminate the thing, which in the case of the is of course the (invisible) play the play that has been regarded barrier to communication, to union, to oneness. When the stopped playing *Tom Paine* to cut out-of-frame with the audience, it was being broken, deliberately. a spectator was asked to take Claudius, *Hamlet* was being broken Euripides' *The Bacchae* was broken whenever, at *Dionysus* Dionysus was identified as W. Finley. A hole is punched through invisible mesh of the play so that and spectators can crawl through

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toward each other, meeting head-on. When the participatory staging of *Massachusetts Trust* is done first, and the text later to suit, the very concept "play" has been broken in advance. Confrontation is the essence of the experience, any third thing can only appear as subordinated fragments, shards kicked about beneath the actors' feet. The play has ceased to exist in the way that the unseen pattern of a ball game exists.

I have been stressing the invisibility of a play, even of the most traditional sort of play, because we are inclined to forget how intangible—if present—a play is. We speak of "going to see a play" but when we get to the theater we do not see the play. We see the actors. The actors are performing the play but they are not the play. The play is an elusive movement in midair between us, something like a Fourth of July sparkler twirled about to make a pattern that never comes to rest and can never be seen whole at one time. We watch an actor make a line in space and try to imagine the play he is trying to describe. The actor speaks a line he cannot see and hears it hit the audience and make a bump. The two parties—actors and audience—are totally and immediately exposed to one another, separated only by a gesture that is hypothetically taking shape between them. They are very close: but their closeness comes of being fastened together by intense focus on the third thing, a transparency called a play, that hovers between them. Indeed, they build this third thing together, by mutual consent and mutual challenge, testing its truth each step of the way.

The film critic André Bazin makes much of this peculiar relationship. He points out that film is the medium with which an audience actually identifies. Because the actors aren't there, which means that nothing can be done to or with them, the film audience is left with no option but to attach themselves imaginatively to the images on the screen and go where they go, do what they do. In the theater, however (and here he is quoting a fellow-theorist named Rosenkrantz), everything is reversed. The actors become "objects of mental opposition." They do so because "their real presence gives them an objective reality and to transpose them into beings in an imaginary world the will of the spectator has to intervene actively." A spectator must engage himself in the activity of turning Jason Robards into an Air Force captain or William Finley into Dionysus; it is not

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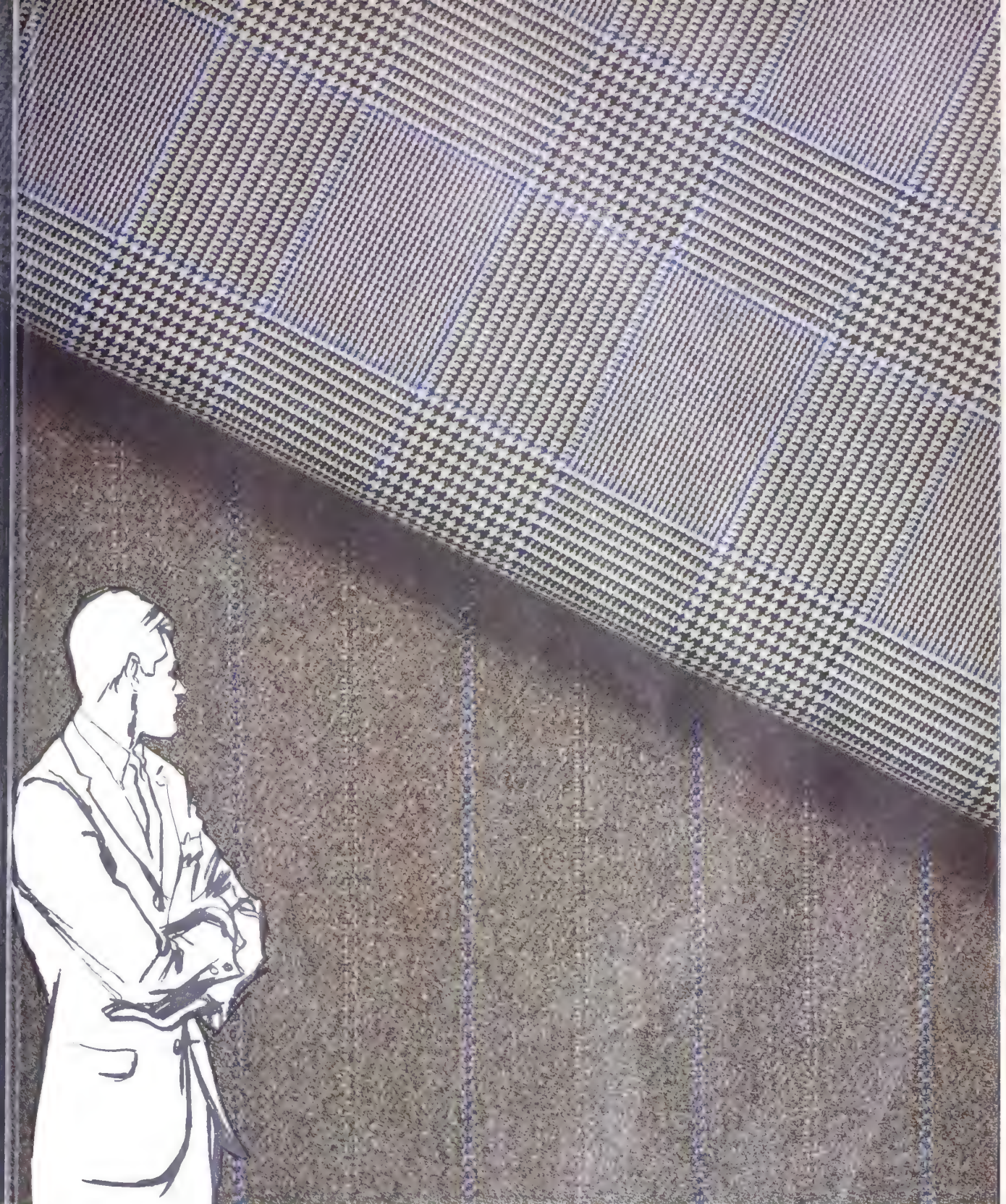
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all that easy. It is a contention. We challenge the actor to make us believe him, he challenges us to believe, we fight it out, build so imperceptibly a structure of struggle. It is a precarious business that can crack open at any time (then we will laugh or hoot or bored and go away), both sides a tightrope from which either can fall. The tightrope, again, is the play, the hidden line, the vanishing point which we can meet. Make it what you like of it. Audience and actors, matchsticks, pointed at each other, touching. The heat of the unseen makes them flare—and in the end, they fuse them.

I think the presence of the play itself may be an indispensable element for a true meeting of actor and spectator. So far from being a hindrance, the play may serve as an invisible conductor for both parties. And this may be especially true at a time when we are trying for that most difficult thing, the joining of the audience's consciousness with that of the actors. We lose any thought in wondering how the play connects the scenes or what logic it implies from one scene to the next. Joseph Chaikin has counseled actors of *The Serpent*. "There is no progress," he says. "The connection is in our head."

Our head? Is there such a thing as a group head? Can one man's consciousness know another man's consciousness directly? Can I even know my own wife's subconscious (we usually speak of knowing the children's subconscious) without introducing that third factor, the subject to be discussed, which we are contrasting our separate responses to, drag to the surface subconscious roots that can be compared? I can love without words, and perhaps you can love without words. Can I know another else of life without the intervention of a touchstone?

My own best guess is that the effect we have been talking about is the sudden reversal or contradiction that presents us with the opposite of what we have sought, occurs always at the moment when the play is broken. It occurs automatically when no play is present, when only the actor and audience are present, unconnected.

And I am inclined to think that Open Theater is the most effective of the groups now working in the



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ely because it means to sus-
 ture, some kind of structure,
 t the experience. Mr. van
 ld like to dismiss the con-
 word "play." Instead of "writ-
 he would prefer to "construct
 y." He is somewhat suspicious
 though he is himself a gifted
 words. He is willing to use
 would like to subordinate
 ritual arrived at by director,
 l writer in rehearsal.

him his ceremony and his
 eucharist. The fact remains
 remony is very carefully built,
 om and heavily depends upon
 introductory words (the re-
 "death of Abel" passage in
 nt would be nowhere near as
 f we had not been given the
 Third Thing, statement at
 uing that "Cain did not know
 l Abel"), it employs through-
 miliar and fusing mythology
 (Genesis). The fact that direc-
 n's images are superimposed
 another in a "non-logical"
 e says they are, does not mat-
 tence and actors are together
 n a vision between them that
 ared, that serves as a root
 e: a vision of Eve, of mankind
 of Cain killing. The fact that
 n is intangible, a web spun
 e between us that is not a
 web, does not matter, either;
 always been the case.

w experiments tumbling about
 o alter many things: our pos-
 ne theater, our sense of what
 es, our understanding of what
 for actors to be present when
 Something of use will surely
 them. Perhaps no more than
 n minutes of *Dionysus in 69*
 uasive in this regard—the five
 nutes in which whispers rose
 e room until they had drowned
 rying to dominate the room—
 is a little something. Much
The Serpent is persuasive, per-
 hour and five minutes of it,
 all of it except, significantly,
 sages in which the actors do
 ove among the audience, start-
 tly into the spectators' eyes.
 g quite arresting becomes silly
 ot.

experiment, and on the evi-
 as far offered, we'd best avoid
 en play, the broken ceremony,
 en mystery. A sustained mys-
 aloft in the middle distance
 ever mysteriously, envelop us.
 play kicks. □

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The two grand old men of British conducting are Sir Adrian Boult and Sir John Barbirolli, and both always have been articulate spokesmen for the music of their own country. When Barbirolli was active with the New York Philharmonic, and later in Texas, he always saw to it that his programs were liberally speckled with British music—such lesser specimens as works by Bax and Holst in addition to the big guns, Elgar, Delius, and Vaughan Williams. Barbirolli has developed into one of the world's great conductors. He is a warm, vital, big-hearted maker of music. Never a precisionist for precision's sake, he never has worried if his ensemble is a shade off here and there, or if an attack comes out ragged. He is much more interested in the inner dynamics of a piece of music, and he projects it in an authentically big, healthy manner. Boult's work is not so well known in this country. As an interpreter he is a little more reserved than the outgoing Barbirolli. Perhaps Barbirolli's Italian blood helps account for his ebullience. Boult represents the traditional British virtues of sobriety, eclecticism, taste, urbanity. He makes music with considerable strength, but never with passion. His work always has shape and style, and is a pleasure to encounter.

Both conductors continue to act as exponents of British music in the recording studios. Boult, who was a close friend of Ralph Vaughan Williams, is currently engaged on a project of recording all nine symphonies of RVW. Here is a composer whose music enjoyed enormous respect in its day, but whose reputation sagged after his death in 1958 at the age of eighty-five. There was something in the music of Vaughan Williams, something in its unabashed evocation of the Tudor tradition, that seemed to make British critics a little ashamed of it. A kind of musical abstraction had taken over the interna-

tional scene, and Vaughan Williams was considered not only old-fashioned but wrong in his aesthetic.

There was a close parallel with the music of Elgar. The venerable Sir Edward also lived long enough to see himself an anachronism. Elgar composed very little in his last years, and even refused to orchestrate a third symphony he had sketched out. He did not want to present it to a world that no longer was interested in his music. For many years Elgar was completely neglected. But recent years have seen an extraordinary revival of his music, and the same will happen to the music of Vaughan Williams. Ralph Vaughan Williams was too big a figure to be forgotten, and it could be that future generations will regard him as the most significant symphonist of the first half of the twentieth century.

The two most recent Boult/Vaughan Williams records are those of the **Symphony No. 1** and **Symphony No. 3**. The First Symphony is entitled *A Sea Symphony*, and Vaughan Williams worked on it from 1903 to 1909. In this recording the soloists are Sheila Armstrong, soprano, and John Case, baritone. Boult conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir (Angel SB 3739, 2 discs). Vaughan Williams' relatively popular suite from **The Wasps**, for the Aristophanes play, fills out the fourth side. The Symphony No. 3 is subtitled *Pastoral*. It dates from 1916, and it too has a soprano soloist—Margaret Price—on this record. Here the orchestra is the New Philharmonia (Angel S 36532). **In the Fen Country**, an early (1904) Vaughan Williams work, is also included on this disc.

A Sea Symphony, which uses Walt Whitman poems, is a big, surging work in which the composer has not fully found himself. There are too many conventional moments; there is too much of the stereotyped English choral tradition. But there also is something vital about the score. It aspires to something grand, and every once in a while Vaughan Williams comes very close to hitting it off. (It is interesting to think of Debussy's *La Mer*, also a sea symphony, composed not much before Vaughan Williams', and to compare Debussy's delicacy, refinement, and subtle-

ty with the English composer's heartiness.) A work like this has listened to not only in relation to what it actually accomplishes, but also in relation to what its composer was to accomplish. The seeds of the symphonies are here. Despite that could have come from the composers Stanford or Parry's *Symphony*, with its evocation of British musical tradition and personal writing in the slow movement is one of the better works of the decade of the twentieth century.

The *Pastoral Symphony* is a throughout in the folk tradition and here a powerful, dignified voice is heard. The wave of nationalism that begat a Bartók and Kodály Hungary, a Janáček in Czechoslovakia, Ives in the United States, a Nielsen in Denmark, and a Sibelius in Finland was also working on Vaughan Williams in England. His colleague Elgar was little touched by this nationalism. Vaughan Williams immersed himself in it and it colored his entire music. There also is a touch of Delius in the writing, though Delius' pastoral and fantasy-like musical structures present an entirely different attitude to music and to life.

For whereas Vaughan Williams specifically represented the English folk tradition, Delius' represented a kind of pantheism. Delius too wrote music that was constantly reminding us of nature; but although Delius was an Englishman, and though even in a while he would fall back on English folk material, his landscapes are specifically British. Rather than idealistic evocations of a sensuous world peopled by nymphs and satyrs, music exerts a peculiar fascination on a certain type of mind. Other than find that they cannot stand the sodic, loosely organized music of the English. They call it formless and sentimental.

Anyway, Barbirolli and the Orchestra have brought together this disc (Angel 36588) a group of Vaughan Williams' short pieces. These are **Summer Garden**, the **Intermezzo**, and **Serenade from Hassle**.

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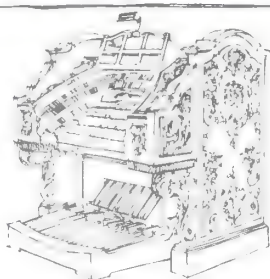
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Song before Sunrise, La On Hearing the First C Spring, Summer Night River, and Late Swallows named is the one unfamiliar was dictated by the blind Del amanuensis, Eric Fenby. Del blind toward the end of his work already had been done a few compositions he worked Fenby are unimportant. We ern recordings of some of Delius pieces, especially *Parta palachia*. Until those come a like the current Barbirolli one as an introduction to this most and appealing of composers.

Barbirolli has not neglected Last year he came out with Symphony. Now, with the chestra, he has turned his at the *Symphony No. 2* (6033), and it is a honey. This a fine example of rich, glowing romanticism, with those Elg lodic leaps: so distinctive, to sonal. Another disc of Elgar extremely interesting because tains much less-familiar George Weldon conducts the Philharmonic in the *Cockaig ture, Chanson de Matin, Ce de Nuit*, the four *Pomp and stance Marches*, and the *S for Strings* (Victrola 1377). The best pieces are the jolly *C* which has one of the most themes Elgar ever wrote, and made, a near-masterpiece with a lovely slow movement. The ted sons can be dismissed as routine music (Elgar could write che rial, too). But the *Pomp and stance* marches are no more than Sousa's *Stars and Stripes* can jingoism. They are rattlin ally) good pieces, and they do pulse pound a little faster.

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John W. Aldridge

THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG

Have they managed to achieve so much power over older people in this country? The children of the great postwar boom were allowed, almost imperceptibly, to do the living for their elders, they have grown up contemptuous of adults, convinced that really we were dead all along and only they are alive."

1.

At the end of the Sixties this country will have been dominated by children for almost twenty years. Ever since World War II the needs, styles, and demands of the young have been a neurotic concern of very nearly the whole educated adult population. Our postwar generation, which spawned the baby boom in the forties, died, seemingly overnight, into a generation of preoccupation with our offspring, and this has ended by making us peculiarly vulnerable to attack from the current armies of self-interest, puberty and dissident studentism. The fact that those of us who are now in our forties scarcely know a moment in our mature lives when we have not been either changing diapers or seeking our identities in the face of enormous emotional pressure from the adolescent Establishment. There may even be more than paranoid truth in the thought that the most vehement complaint of the young against us can be made with greater justice when, that it is *they* who are now manipulating who are programming our minds to work out alternatives which *they* have invented, and that it is to conform to *their* authoritarian and utopian plans for the renovation of the modern world.

ask how it happened that the young have

managed to achieve such power over us, as well as how they happened to develop in precisely the ways they have, we might do worse than look for at least the beginnings of an answer to the way of life we created for ourselves and for them in this country right after the war. We might look, if we dare, at the world we made, and they are smug about having never made, back in the years when their values were being formed, and they were building their rebellious case against the values we seem to them to represent.

2.

Coming out of the war with long-deferred ambitions to live our lives, we settled down, began at once to breed, as if to prove we were still alive, and then proceeded to let our children do our living for us. It was a strange process, gradual, almost imperceptible, as natural as dying. Without quite intending it, we stopped—if we ever really began—making demands on life, perhaps because we thought there was no longer enough time for such frivolity, that our youth had been used up in the war, and that nothing must interfere now with the grimly earnest business of becoming middle-aged. Or it may be that the Depression and the war together accustomed us to asking nothing for ourselves, to seeing ourselves with a certain bleak pride as the sacrificial generation, to being grateful simply to have the necessities and utilities of existence.

John W. Aldridge's first book, After the Lost Generation, grew out of an article in Harper's in November 1947, written when he was just out of the war and just graduated from Berkeley. He is professor of English at the University of Michigan and has written four books of criticism and fiction.

There was also the fact that the war had broken our connections with the past in a peculiarly final way. It represented a chasm separating not only two periods of time but two distinct cultural worlds. The social structures which had once ordered, contained, and given meaning to our lives—the structures of community, school, parents, relatives, and friends—had all been left behind on the other side of the chasm, and we had a powerful sense of being without identity or place, and an urge that was something near to panic to make a structure of home, wife, and children to replace what we had lost. So we began to create a culture which was the perfect physical reflection of our impoverished expectations of life. And not at all surprisingly, it resembled nothing so much as the military world we had just escaped.

From coast to coast we bulldozed the land into rubble, tore out the grass, uprooted the trees, and laid out thousands and thousands of miles of company streets all lined with family-sized barracks. We turned forests and farmlands into mucky service areas and converted the rural outskirts of every major city and town into slurb-belt jungles of used-car lots, gas stations, hot-dog stands, motels, Army surplus stores, garbage dumps, and junkyards—our civilian equivalents of the honky-tonk and trinket-shop strips outside the Army camps of Alabama and Texas. It was all ugly beyond belief and beyond bearing except to men who had become so environmentally desensitized by military life that they were no longer aware of their surroundings or could see no difference between the military environment and this one, simply because essentially there was no difference. The little square boxes of houses set in precise orderly rows could easily have been the married enlisted men's quarters at Fort Benning. The processed, powdered, concentrated, and frozen foods, the TV dinners, were the barest transition from emergency field rations K, C, and Ten-In-One. The shopping centers and supermarkets were simply enlarged PXs. And for this most domesticated of generations, a permanent condition of war-time impermanence was the central fact of life. Families were constantly moving from one housing development to another like infantry replacements being endlessly transferred from camp to camp. And the atmosphere of military drabness and uniformity lay over everything. The houses, income levels, clothing, behavior patterns all seemed to be government issue. Even the children appeared to be interchangeable, as if their parents had drawn them at some supply depot.

For children of course we had, were *all* we had. Nothing else would grow in that atmosphere. We produced hordes and hordes of them, as if our only relation to Fortune were to provide it with hostages. After a while, inevitably, the children took over everything. They took over because there had never been an adult society here. There had been only a physical structure of roofs and walls designed for one purpose—to afford us privacy for the act of procreation and shelter for its teeming consequences. None of us in those years seemed

to have any sense of the kind or quality of what we were trying to establish on this barren what our values were or our aesthetic assumptions or our humane objectives. We had brought sources with us out of the past, no norms, edicts of conduct, no tradition of amenities, graces, luxuries or even comforts. We were people who had been deprived by disinclination of the family fortune, the heirlooms, the furniture, the silver service, the old homes. We had nothing to start with except our talent for sacrifice, our compulsion to set up houses and live for the future of our children. So the children rushed in to fill the vacuum, and in full cooperation and blessing they began to define the terms of our existence.

It became impossible for an adult to move—if move he wanted to make—without taking them into account, without considering their needs. Educated and intelligent women gave up their lives, fetching and carrying for them, playing with them, cleaning up after them, chauffeuring them to and from school, talking about them, worrying about whether they were getting the right food, the right vitamins, enough love and attention—and the cause there was nothing else. We had created a corporate enterprise of promiscuous baby-sitting, and the other functions of life had to be squeezed in to keep it going. Also, it was an expensive enterprise, in both money and emotional energy. It seemed that everybody one knew was struggling getting by, making do, doing it themselves, patching over crabgrass and leaky basements and new clothes for the three-year-old and the pediatrician. There was no money and no time for adult recreation, excitement, or diversion. The children were the diversion, and what they diverted us from was the cold fact of our failure to conceive of life in any other terms or to ask for ourselves any larger or richer experiences than those provided by parenthood. If we had pretensions to social better, they were necessarily modest and matter of form. Gracious living for us was a matter of dinner on Saturday nights and Valentine's prints on the beaverboards of the bathroom. There were no resources for the cultivation of style or taste or the development of anything but a civilized society. The social and cultural circumstances of life were those of a wall-to-wall world. The houses were sleazy, cramped, joyless, and poorly built, and even though they were crowded together against one another, the people in them could not connect or commune. If families in those years made a religion of togetherness, it was because there was nowhere else for them to be except together. Every house was an outpost in a wilderness of strangers, all seeking a cure for their loneliness by frantically reproducing themselves.

It is scarcely surprising that the offspring of this way of life, the beneficiaries of all this sacrifice and attention and self-sacrifice, should have grown up contemptuous of us or convinced that they would be dead all along and only they are alive could people be anything but dead or stu-

o had so little regard for their own needs, so little for themselves? If we gave up for them, it was only reasonable for them either that we did not value our lives or that they themselves must be terribly important. It provoked us to such fantastic generosity. We taught them by our example and by our treatment of them to have no concern or respect for adults and a grotesquely disrespect for themselves. We gave them a life which seemed to be designed exclusively for pleasure and comfort, and yet which was imbedded in nearly all the resources necessary for the life, the adventurous life, the life of the life of thought. We gave them nothing to challenge or excite their imaginations except the environment of housing-development slums—slums which, during their childhood and adolescence, came more and more to typify America as a whole—and the only slightly more exciting fantasy experience of television. As we influenced and became even more permissive in our effort to atone for their steadily increasing distance from us, we bribed them with money, cars, clothes, popular records—the accessories of a purely materialistic, endlessly diversionary existence. And ultimately we subsidized their materialistic and diversionary rebellions against our materialism and affluence: their escapes into escapism, in which they borrowed the costumes and bad manners of an outdated décor and their experiments with drugs, in which

they substituted the narcosis of psychedelics for our own narcosis of reproduction; their sorties into free-enterprise sex, in which at least they transferred the copulative scene from the stud farm back to the boudoir; their activist confrontations with university officials and campus police, in which at least they finally found an authority—indeed *in loco parentis*—that would put up resistance, however short-lived and ceremonial, and so provide them with an experience more real and psychically healthier than estrangement. If some of them wore the faces of crazed Bolshevik terrorists and the rags of Ganges penitents, at least they did not look sanitized, deodorized, depilatoried, and untouched by human hands. If they were arrogant and boorish, at least they were not melded into a *Good Housekeeping* blend of stalwart humility and pious liberalism. In short, at every step of the way they were fighting us, acting out a sad anti-parody of our sad burlesque of life. But the truly sad fact was that they became fixated in their stance of rebellion, and no matter how hard they fought, could conceive of no way of making us sufficiently formidable adversaries really to engage us, defeat us, and thus free themselves to become effectively adult.

3.

Yet if we look behind the image of seemingly standardized behavior projected by the young, we become aware of paradoxes and contradictions which suggest that their actions derive not from a coherent ideology or even a coherent emotional

“We began to create a culture which . . . resembled nothing so much as the military world we had just escaped.”



BRUCE DAVIDSON

attitude but more nearly resemble a series of random gestures enacted in a climate of metaphysical confusion. One notices, for example, that although they are passionate about causes and issues—especially as these relate to the quantitative, material problems of society—they are strangely indifferent to questions of quality, as well as to the processes of intellectual discrimination and analysis by which qualitative judgments are made. It is as if the act of discriminating among qualities were inseparable in their minds from the act of discriminating among races, creeds, and colors, so that it has come to seem to them undemocratic even to think. Nevertheless, they can be ferociously hostile to the American way of life, to our bureaucratic political and economic structures, to the military and educational Establishments, and yet scarcely be sensitive to the physical and cultural environment of America. They will demonstrate against our institutions, march on the Pentagon, fight in the siege of Chicago, and show only slight awareness of the ugly, ravaged, and littered no-man's-land in which they will be obliged to go on living aesthetically underprivileged lives even if all the institutions are overthrown and all minority groups have been liberated from poverty so that they can have a fair share in the collective under-privilege. One is struck, in short, by how philistine the young are in their idealism, how often their notions of reform are reducible to merely administrative and legislative action, the more equitable distribution of wealth, power, and opportunity, and how rarely they embrace measures which might be taken to establish in this country the social and aesthetic basis for a truly civilized society.

But the young are also remarkable for other inconsistencies: for their belief in progress and the perfectibility of man and their ignorance of, and indifference to, the lessons of history; for their insistence upon immediate revolutionary reforms and their disregard of the inevitability of evolutionary process; for their interest in improving society and their evident determination to barbarize it; for their preoccupation with style and their boundless appetite for banality; for their moral severity and their personal scruffiness; for their indifference to standards of personal conduct when applied to them by adults, and their insistence upon the most exemplary standards of conduct when applied by them to adults; for their obsession with the nature and quality of university instruction and their disinterest in ideas, imaginative literature, and the values of the humanistic tradition; for their collective vociferousness and militancy of manner and their individual inarticulateness and limpness of manner; for their passion for individuality and their belief in collective action and group conformity; for their desire to "communicate" and "relate" to others and their apparent lack of substance to communicate; for their mystical belief in the primacy of intense feeling, the soul-rejuvenating benefits of fresh emotional experience, and their deep fear of uncertainty, contingency, and risk—all those situations of adventure and test

which give the edge of fatality to life. They have more freedom of action, fewer opinions than any generation before the history, they are outraged by the existence which in the slightest degree threatens to program or manipulate their responses. Yet the dream of a problem-free society could be realized, it would very likely be a society in the full horror of IBM-card anonymity descended, in which all human responses are programmed, probably at birth, the last individual freedom or distinction erased, democratic egalitarianism, and misfits and scruffy, unwashed, and bizarrely costumed most certainly be the first to perish under it.

To understand these confusions of attitude, one needs to see them in the perspective of our history as well as the specific history of the period. If we consider first the question of the indifference of the young to the cultural environment and their almost exclusively negative and materialistic approach to the present society, I think it is obvious that both of these attitudes are the product of the physical and psychological atmosphere prevailed in this country in the Fifties and Sixties. Those years saw the rise of a mass society of kitsch and dreck culture of the population, as well as the emergence of a social movement committed to a belief in its ultimate perfectibility. The young were therefore brought up in an environment in which, to preserve their sanity, they had to see, and in a moral climate in which they had to believe that material measures could always be taken to eradicate material difficulties.

Their parents were, if they were typically well educated, liberal and progressive, and able in the power of positive manipulation to insulate them from the worst of the world. If conditions were bad, they changed through passing laws, signing petitions, working to elect enlightened politicians, and supporting municipal bond issues, restructuring the local school board. In much the same way, with emotional problems could be manipulated by psychiatry toward accommodation and adjustment; children with learning problems could be placed in special classes; and children who were socially calcitrant or morose could be provided with a richer diet of diversion or extra helpings of love and attention. Means could always be found to make certain that no one went hungry or felt injustice or felt insecure or depressed or excluded. All that was necessary was the intelligent use of right techniques and the generous application of a little more of everything to the affected area. The aim of course was to make life more orderly, more pleasant, more tolerant and democratic, and perhaps more humane. But the effect was to make life more bland and uniform, more disinclined to contingency, and more deadening to the human spirit. For there was one function which the management of material ugliness controlled by a philosophy of material utility could not perform. It could not make life lovelier, more luxurious, more adventurous, or more civilized. It was as if

now beside the point or beyond the pale
ensive to contemplate or frivolous or con-
ne principles of democracy—as indeed it
it depended upon the making of distinc-
it was also contrary to everything we had
beginning learned to expect life in Amer-

4.

in fact is that the basis for the civilized
s distinct from the intellectual and the
e—has never existed in this country ex-
rily and almost, it seems, by accident at cer-
imes and places in the past, such as co-
nineteenth-century New England and the
ore the Civil War. But the flowering of
re in these areas was either too dependent
rary regional conditions and declining
influences or simply too unvigorous to
utilitarian nature of the way of life which
ding westward and would shortly fix the
of our national existence. By the time of
st influx of immigrants into the country,
endental and libertarian ideals of colo-
he ideals of political and religious free-
as well as the dream of an American Adam
fresh start in a sinless New World para-
been largely replaced by a promise simply
ited opportunity to improve the material
s of life, to be free not only to worship and
e wished, but to become as rich and pow-
sne's talents for exploitation would permit.

without being held back by the restrictions of a so-
cial hierarchy or dependence upon the affluence of
one's ancestors. Presumably, there was some slight
suggestion in the immigrants' covenant with Amer-
ica that if material conditions could be improved
sufficiently, the luxuries and graces would follow in
the natural course of things. But the pioneers were
not, for the most part, cultured men, and whatever
vision of civilization they may have brought with
them from Europe could not long survive in the
rigorous life of the frontier. The sheer physical ef-
fort required to subdue the wilderness and provide
the necessities of bare existence was such that no
thought could be given to the problem of making
life beautiful.

But then, right at that point, something in our
evolutionary mechanism went very wrong and has
remained very wrong ever since. Logically, we
should have evolved, however slowly over the cen-
turies, to the next phase of growth at which, with
the close of the frontier and the spread of material
abundance, a demand would arise for luxury and
the cultivation of taste, intellect, and the social
amenities. Instead, life in America became frozen
—apparently for good—at the level of utilitarian
existence. We somehow failed to advance beyond
the point where we could provide the most physical
conveniences for the greatest number of people. We
simply went on providing more and more conven-
iences for greater and greater numbers of people.
And of course with the passage of time these con-
veniences became increasingly efficient, practical.

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BRUCE DAVIDSON

and necessary, as well as numerous and complex, so that before long the production of labor-saving devices and material facilities took the place of the resistant wilderness as the chief consumer of our pioneering energies. The hard work and ingenuity which had formerly gone into pushing back the physical frontier became diverted into pushing back the commodity frontier, into refining and endlessly re-refining the mechanical processes of life. In a very real sense, we have all along been engaged—and we continue to this day to be engaged—in a struggle to make this country fit for human habitation, and our existence within it bearable rather than civilized. Perhaps there is simply too much geographical space here, and physical conditions are too harsh, for us to feel that we have ever conquered our environment. So we remain arrested at the level of perpetual colonization.

That America is not yet a physically completed or settled country is everywhere so evident that just possibly it is too evident to be noticed. Certainly, it is a fact we have had to do our best to ignore if we were to live with it at all. But virtually everything we, rather than God, have created here—except in the old areas of the original colonies—is stamped with the brand of the prairie and the frontier settlement. The typical main street of Anywhere-Nowhere, U. S. A., is still essentially that of a Montana cowtown of the 1830s. The false fronts may be brick rather than wooden; the signs may be neon rather than painted; the saloons may have become cocktail lounges and the livery stables gas stations, but the effect is otherwise the same. It all has the appearance of having been thrown together in a great hurry to provide temporary shelter and the bare essentials of life for a people who are still in a migratory stage of development. We take it for granted that new houses will not be spacious or well-built or pleasant to look upon, that they will offer no luxury or ease beyond that provided by the average motel, that we can litter the countryside around them with all manner of industrial and commercial defecation. And we take this for granted because, even though we know better, the assumption is somehow built into us that the new houses will not be needed for very long, that settlements of still newer houses will be built further along the trail, and the people on the move will stay in them for a while before moving on again—and moving always through a landscape which we secretly recognize to be expendable, which is already so far gone in ugliness that it can hardly matter if it is made still uglier. Like an eternally advancing army Americans have grown accustomed to leaving their garbage wherever they happened to drop it. They cannot take pride in an environment which looks to them like enemy territory, and it is part of their national heritage to suppose that they will never stay in one place long enough to be obliged to police the area and bury their beer cans.

The experience of driving by car from coast to coast is a case in point. The very physical structure of the drive is illustrative of our sense that the environment we are passing through is not only not

worth looking at, but is as alien to us as the wilderness must have seemed to the first pioneer. The whole requirement imposed by the superhighway system is that we drive as fast as we dare and as long as we can stand the strain to get where we are going as quickly as possible. No provision is made for dawdling, sight-seeing, or exploring scenic or picturesque villages, if any were to be found. In fact, there is a distinct implication that the highway is dangerous, a descent into a world of aborigines and savage beasts, and to enter it is to risk never being heard of again. Everything seems to be arranged to make certain that one will not have an *experience* of the kind, that absolutely nothing will happen except perhaps a blowout or at the very worst a collision with another car. Motels and filling stations are so located that one need never venture beyond the immediate vicinity of the highway to refresh or spend the night. The chains of roadside restaurants are obviously not intended to be places where food and drink are tasted and enjoyed but rather are stations where people are provisioned like camels or safaris with the bare increments of nourishment required to keep them alive until they reach their destination. Destination is the lone reality in the vacuum of such travel. We always move, it seems both physically and philosophically through a present we do not care to experience toward some distant time and place at which real life will finally begin. Like Gatsby, we are all believers in the green light, the orgiastic future—not only the young and the athletic but all of us. And a principal reason why is that the physical world we inhabit from day to day affords us so few grounds for satisfaction and so abundant grounds for believing that tomorrow cannot help being better.

In any case, it is no wonder that each new generation of Americans appears to be more and more attached to the environment than the last, or that we seem able to survive within it only by making it into a series of fortresses of our homes and staying inside them as much as possible. We are the most house-bound and house-proud of nations because there is nothing worth leaving the house for. This is what the visiting European notices first about us: that we have no place to go except home. With all our preoccupation with facilities, we have somehow failed to provide any that would make our surroundings attractive or that would tempt us to move out of them and live attractively with one another. It may be banal to say that we suffer from having no home life or pub life or café life or market-square life, but we do. It is because we lack these things that our social life is so mechanical and perfunctory, so deficient in warmth and spontaneity. People do not just happen to come together or decide on the spot to drop in on one another. They are *imported* to each other's houses after the host and hostess have formally placed an order for them well in advance of the desired date of delivery. When they come, the whole effort of hospitality is to get them away as quickly as possible so that they will soon give no notice or care that they have nothing to say

A social life, to be vital, depends upon the a people to move freely and familiarly heir physical environment, to feel at home also to feel an organic connection between ter and appearance and their own human and desires. But because we see our ent as alien and ugly, we inevitably feel both from ourselves and from other or the psychological habit of holding one's from uncongenial surroundings becomes f social relations. To the extent that our ings seem remote and unreal, our friends remote and unreal, and to the extent that acilities for natural and spontaneous rela- with others, those relationships will be- itutionalized into empty rituals of conviv- l mere histrionic gestures of intimacy. is it is true that there has really never been h to do in this country except work. Dur- he period of colonization, idleness may have a reat to the developing economy, a breach unal faith, and a sin against God. But the it work ethic is the outgrowth of more than necessity or religious belief. It is also a perative designed to compensate for a so- levation. We have worked in order to dis- selves from the fact that there are so few here for productive and satisfying lei- l the process, we have managed to get an ee amount of work done, and we have cre- a hole society which is apparently able to go rder distracting itself with objects and con- . We have made ourselves efficient, prac- al successful in order to survive in a culture ly impoverished affluence.

5.

ows logically from this—although the logic onant—that whenever we have tried to solve ol problems created by life in an alien ent, we have applied to them the same utili- methods which have helped to distract us e in an alien environment. Now that the ic, rigorously enforced, has enabled us to physical frontier and push back the com- frontier seemingly to its outermost limits, for some years been using it to push back l frontier. Social engineering has replaced ng and profiteering as America's chief con- to world progress, and our national self- as become increasingly that of a country having succeeded in subordinating en- tal phenomena to the material needs of fast reducing men to the condition of en- tal phenomena. This, in fact, has been the olutionary development of the postwar the shift of our technological interest from quest of things to the conquest of people as n the process we have of course employed e materialistic philosophy that has served ell in the past. If we brought a species of ion to the wilderness by equipping it with cal facilities and conveniences, it has to us perfectly feasible that we could en-

gineer the salvation of society by making a wider distribution of these facilities at all levels of the social wilderness—as always in the religiously utilitarian belief that quantities must sooner or later beget qualities and that goods and gadgets will provide the basis for the civilized life as well as rehumanize the dehumanized.

Social engineering is of course the inevitable response of technology to the social conditions of the modern American superstate. But it is also the expression of our growing estrangement from the social realities in which those conditions objectively and concretely exist. At one time we would not have needed an elaborate complex of bureaucratic institutions to remind us that we inhabit a world in which the problems of others have some meaning in relation to ourselves. Daily experience would have provided us with an infinite number of occasions for human contact to confirm our sense of the reality of others and of our own reality among others. Most of us grew up enjoying the luxury of the microcosmic relation to society, of having an understood place in the small provincial worlds of family, neighborhood, town, or region, from which we derived and generalized our image of society as a whole. People of whatever variety or sameness of type were always identifiable as individuals whose ways and often whose histories were familiar to us, and the mass could always be imagined as simply a larger denomination of the local group.

But the population explosion and the collapse of the old communal structures have forced upon us a radically altered social metaphysics. As the possibilities for individually experiencing others have receded, we have had no choice but to begin visualizing society in abstract and macrocosmic terms, no longer as a reality accessible to us but as a vastly remote monolithic enterprise to which we necessarily relate more and more provisionally and programmatically. By degrees we have fallen into the habit of seeing people as statistical phenomena or as a race of generalized others who do not exist except as embodiments of the inequities or injustices which first called them to our attention. And even as we offer them our official sympathies and register our concern for their predicament by writing our Congressmen and supporting our favorite charities, we have to admit that we have lost the power to offer them the *felt* sympathies—or even, for that matter, the felt hostilities—we would automatically be able to give if they were real to us as persons. This is the great castrating dilemma of the American middle-class liberal. His humanitarian ideals derive little or no support from his human impulses. He is always forcing himself to love large masses of people he does not and cannot know, and would almost certainly dislike if he did know. He exists in a cultural situation which not only isolates him from the objects of his professed compassion but makes him incapable of sustaining the compassion he professes, if only because compassion felt for large masses of people who cannot be engaged as individuals must soon ossify into a mere stance of pious feeling. Hence, our bureaucratic gestures

“The typical main street of Anywhere-Nowhere, U.S.A., is still essentially that of a Montana cowtown of the 1880s.”

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of liberal humanitarianism—the distribution of welfare funds, the enactment of benevolent legislation—might be cynically interpreted as our ways of compensating the underprivileged for our failure to feel more than guilty about them. But these same gestures may also be our way of making certain that our debt to the underprivileged will be discharged on terms that correctly symbolize the remote character of their relation to us, with the handout of goods, facilities, and money.

This is to suggest that the charitable measures we have taken and the institutional apparatus we have constructed to deal with the problem of social inequities in this country are finally the index of our social abstractedness—and not only our abstractedness from one another but from the environment as a whole. For just as we are unable to engage the reality of people who are habitually seen as social problems, so we cannot engage a social environment which is no longer a concrete medium for experiencing others but is rather a seemingly theoretical construct of conditions to be investigated, analyzed, and corrected. If the anesthesia of work is our mode of escape from the unpleasantness of life in an alien physical environment, the anesthesia of social engineering is our mode of escape from the impersonality of life in a social environment populated by aliens.

This same quality of abstractedness—and the corresponding need to compensate for it through a preoccupation with “facilities”—also typifies our relation to the artistic and intellectual life in America. For a good many years now we have sought, by means as artificial as irrigation ditches, to make high culture take root and flourish in our national desert. We have spent millions of dollars building museums, art centers, concert halls, and little theaters—to say nothing of colleges and universities—in most of the major cities and not a few of the major cowtowns and cornfields throughout the country. We pride ourselves on having produced, for the first time in our history, a mass society composed of a sufficiently large number of educated people to make culture a leading industry as well as very probably the chief source of elitist values in the new leisure-oriented economy. If in fact there is a caste system in America today, it is one based upon the knowledgeable and conspicuous consumption of cultural products. Yet even though we have been able to package and distribute these products with all the expertise we normally devote to the sale of household appliances, we have still not managed to give culture an organic relation to the total environment. In spite of the proliferation of cultural facilities, their presence among us remains a phenomenon notable for the violence of its contrast with the tone and quality of the prevailing way of life.

It may even be that we are so thoroughly used to the idea that culture is something superimposed upon or imported into our society that we would be terribly disappointed if it turned out to have some indigenous connection with it. Culture for us is still, regardless of our official passion for it, essentially

a diversion from rather than a vital expression of real life. It may be something we appreciate perhaps even love, or that we consume for status or wear like costume jewelry. But it continues to occupy in our minds that category of a sacred and otherworldly entities like God, mother, and Stars and Stripes which we feel pious about and pay periodic homage to, but which we know people well have little or nothing to do with the colorless business of existence.

In this respect of course we are being beaten and consistently American and simply revealing the moral schizophrenia of our ancestors. For it has all along been characteristic of American thought that it operates on two levels at the same time without any apparent sense of contradiction. Traditionally, we have believed—or pretended to believe—something and done another: preached transcendental values and pursued materialistic goals, paid lip service to the doctrine of doing unto others and constructed an economy based on the principle of doing others in. We sang America the Beautiful and labored to make America ugly. So it is not surprising that our sense of cultural values may exist on a different level of consciousness from our sense of the practical realities, or that our approach to culture should be more utilitarian than aesthetic.

Nevertheless, it is one of the nicer ironies of life no more than we deserve, that our actual physical experience of culture precisely symbolizes our philosophical view of it. We have come to accept as a matter of course the fairly astonishing fact that the great cultural and educational institutions scattered, as most of them are, here and there throughout the country—will almost always be totally ingruous with their physical surroundings, and that what happens to us once we are inside them will have nothing to do with what happens to us outside them. In this sense all Americans, simply by virtue of having grown up here, have been conditioned from birth to a discontinuous and disharmonious relationship not only with cultural experience but with experience in general. Our environmental antennae are so constructed that they accept without a whisper of static the consecutive or accretion of phenomena, in which *this* occurs, then *this* occurs, and then *this* occurs, with each happening encased in its own plastic bubble, reality forever separated from every other. In our social life has no relation to the life we experience when we are not formally seeing people; our professional or business life does not connect with our personal life; and our cultural life does not connect with our experience of the physical environment.

6.

This whole question of the quality of American life has been a major concern of our writers and intellectuals for almost as long as there has been an American literature. James Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, and Henry James were all, in their differing ways, preoccupied with it, especially as it affected the kind and quality

ich America, in comparison with Europe, expected to produce. As far back as 1828, as complaining that one of the most crippling problems facing the writer here is sheer "poverty of materials": "There is scarcely an ore which yields to the wealth of the author that is found, veins as rich as in Europe. There are no riches for the historian; no follies (beyond the trivial and commonplace) for the satirist; no riches for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance... nor any of the rich auxiliary poetry... no costume for the peasant... no baton for the judge, no baton for the general, no riches for the magistrate."

Fifty years later Hawthorne made substantially the same charges in his preface to *The Marble Faun* where he speaks of the difficulty of "writing fiction about a country where there is no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque wrong, nor anything but a common prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is the case with our dear native land." In his little book on Hawthorne, echoes Hawthorne's statements and adds some extravagances of his own in his famous list of the socially given materials for literature which are available in Europe but missing from the American scene: "No aristocracy in the European sense of the word, and in consequence no specific national name. No sovereign, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor walled cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals or abbeys, nor little Norman churches... no Eton, nor Harrow..." And at the end of his epic catalogue the partly but only partly satirical touch of absurdity: "no Epsom nor

these writers the problem of the quality of American life was, as I have suggested, primarily an aesthetic one, a question of whether or not the American experience was rich enough and complex enough to provide the materials for a vital literature because of their infatuation with European literature and their ability to move more or less at will between Europe and America and exploit the aesthetic possibilities of both, one feels that, except in the case of James, their concern was to a large extent theoretical and academic. Finally, it is to have been a matter of trying to impose on the American experience a conception of the novel which was not relevant to it and which had less to do with the actual quality of that experience than with the presence or absence in America of materials that could be used in the writing of the European-style novel of manners and the historical novel.

Some of their successors, however, and particularly for the writers who came to maturity in the fifty years ago and who were exposed to the cultural deficiencies of America in a way that Hawthorne and James never were, the question of the novel took a rather different form, became more

personal and practical and, therefore, considerably more urgent: not simply whether the native experience could sustain a vital literature of whatever kind, but whether it could sustain a vital life, whether it was sufficiently civilized to satisfy the needs of men of real taste and sensibility. The answer given over and over again in the work of these writers is overwhelmingly negative. In fact, the defining feature of the literature which they, and those younger than themselves, produced, and the feature which, above all, defines it as a remarkably cohesive literature, is its attitude of profound dissatisfaction with the conditions of life in this country.

H. L. Mencken was the most articulate spokesman for this attitude, the most aggressive defender of the cause of enlightenment in what he consistently saw as a culture of hypocrisy, anti-intellectualism, and aesthetic starvation. But there were others such as Van Wyck Brooks, George Jean Nathan, Randolph Bourne, Ezra Pound, Lewis Mumford, Waldo Frank, and Harold Stearns, as well as novelists like Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis, who either shared Mencken's views or were making critical pronouncements closely similar to his. And what seems remarkable today is that the enlightened members of at least one, if not two entire American generations—whether or not they were practicing writers themselves—formed their conception of the state of the national culture or unculture almost exclusively on the work of these men. No other single body of opinion was so influential in shaping the character and tone of the intellectual atmosphere that prevailed in this country from roughly the beginning of the first world war to the middle of the Thirties.

Those years produced work after work of sustained and vociferous indictment of the American scene: Lewis' *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*, Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, Brooks' *America's Coming of Age*, Stearns' symposium, *Civilization in the United States* (which provided the ideological basis for the expatriate movement), Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer* and *USA*, and even the novels of Scott Fitzgerald, which may seem to begin, and in a sense do begin, as celebrations of American life but contain an implicit criticism of our manners and values finally as devastating as any to be found in our literature. From 1924 to 1934, during the editorship of Mencken and Nathan, *The American Mercury* carried on a continuous campaign against everything it saw to be fraudulent, gauche, stupid, and ugly in this vast nincompoop republic, and *The American Mercury* became the Bible of the sophisticated and disenchanted of every age and class.

In his essay, "On Being an American," Mencken made a statement which was typical of him and of the attitude he and his magazine helped to popularize. "The United States," he said, "is essentially a commonwealth of third-rate men... distinction is easy here because the level of culture, of information, of taste and judgment, of ordinary competence is so low." For him the problem was clear and simple, perhaps in our view much too clear and simple.

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The major threat to the civilized life in America was philistinism, the tyranny of the mob or mobocracy, the proliferation, particularly in the Midwestern hinterlands, of that cretinous subspecies which he called *boobus Americanus*. Yet however quaint or blustering Mencken's invective may now seem (his hilarious but no longer exactly accurate description of the South as "The Sahara of the Bozart," his lapses into mere name-calling: "the 100 per cent, Methodist, Odd Fellow, Ku Kluxer, and Know Nothing") or however dated his targets may have become (Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, Mary Baker Eddy, Anthony Comstock, Prohibition), one is forced to admit that his indictment still has its relevance and that his intuition of the developing character of American life was fundamentally sound not only for his time but for our own.

Mencken was all on the side of intelligence against stupidity, sophistication against provincialism, excellence against mediocrity. He also fought, and fought vigorously, against all forms of bigotry, censorship, and social oppression. He was as stern a champion of tolerance and understanding as the most militant liberal of today. But he wanted tolerance for enlightened opinions and for an emancipated and more rigorously humane existence, not a tolerance for the third-rate, and certainly not the kind that takes the form of a generalized and uncritical permissiveness. His concern was at all times with standards, with measurements of quality, and he quite rightly feared for the future of standards in a country which, even in his day, was evidently being worked upon more and more by the eroding processes of massification.

7.

It is just here, in Mencken's concern for qualitative questions, that the datedness of his position seems most poignantly obvious. In fact, this whole preoccupation with the decline of standards, the debasement of civilized values, is the one element which more than any other distinguishes the intellectual climate of his age from ours and his attitude toward American life from that of the radical young at the present time. For the young are apparently not concerned with questions of quality in any sense that would have been understandable to Mencken—as such questions might relate to the richness of the cultural environment, the vitality of the intellectual life, or almost any aspect of the sensitive person's involvement with the national experience. In spite of their official preoccupation with individuality and with mystical states of personal consciousness, the young seem to think, even to perceive, almost entirely in collective and materialistic terms. They appear to be most aware, not of qualities, but of conditions, and conditions as they affect large masses of people rather than individuals, and as they exist in relation to the great bureaucratic institutions of society. For them, virtue or freedom or salvation does not seem to be finally a personal matter at all. It is not to be found in creative fulfillment, in aesthetic appreciation, or

in the solitary pursuit of excellence in art, but rather in the radical revision or overthrow of the existing power structures, in the abolition of the system that seems to them to have manipulated and programmed their responses, grossly limited their freedom of choice and action, and generally obstructed their progress toward utopia—which, in their view seems to be a condition of infinite harmonious, democratically depersonalized interpersonal relationships. Thus, we hear from them on almost every conceivable aspect of our institutional system, our legislative processes, our foreign policy, and our economy. They tell us that, even in a repressive society, that we keep millions in poverty while fighting a senseless, immoral, grotesquely expensive war in Vietnam, that our universities are corrupt, and that the instruction offered in them is irrelevant to their needs. But this is about as far as their critical understanding of our predicament seems to go. Although they are sophisticated politically and are sensitive to the point of paranoia about institutional injustices, the kinds of problems that might be solved through procedural reforms and the allocation of funds, they appear to have only the faintest awareness of those other than the procedural things most to do with shaping the character of the individual life in our society.

One reason for this is that they bring to the experience of their time a political and psychological orientation vastly different from that of earlier generations. Mencken and his contemporaries, for example, based their judgments of American life on a strongly individualistic and aesthetic perspective. A surprising number of the writers and intellectuals of the Twenties and Thirties—and even a fair number who reached maturity in the Forties—had grown up in the small towns of the Middle West and had early suffered the trauma of estrangement from a provincial culture which either had no interest in artistic and intellectual values or was actively hostile to them. Hence, the pattern of their flight from their environment became like that of the small boy in Joyce's "Araby," who imagined that he bore his chalice "safely through a throng of people" or like Stephen Dedalus' proud struggle to achieve, within the oppressive atmosphere of Ireland, his only hope was to hold out against the forces of mediocrity, preserve their talents as best they could from philistine contamination, and live for the day when they would be able to escape to a freer and more civilized environment. The classic symbols of escape were the urban East and Europe, to which most of them eventually fled and which gave them the perspective they needed to assess their experience of American life. Their alienation from the experience was of course deepened by their process of judging it by the standards of a superior and, in their view, a superior culture. If they were strangers at home, they were doubly strangers when they came home in New York or Paris or London, where they were able to recognize and measure the present to which they did not belong and never had belonged to the provincial worlds of

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he been in very general agreement on the
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collective, political, or programmatic way.
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particular experience of these conditions, had
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the hostility to culture, the emotional im-
ment, the moral hypocrisy, the Babbittry
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is sort of relationship, and the essentially
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a it was based on, became in the Thirties a
hich the deflated economy could no longer
Because of the Depression and the pro-
cial and psychic dislocations that followed
questions of quality came to seem frivolous
ce of the practical urgencies of existence.
ological emphasis shifted from a concern
dards to a concern for conditions, from a
preoccupation with the sterility of small-
middle-class life to a compassionate pre-
on with the economic plight of the under-
ed. And since for very different economic
(primarily the emergence of a state of afflu-
t has revealed to us the gross inequities of
n which the Depression revealed to be
unstable) the underprivileged once again
the center of our attention, these interests
e our view of American society far more
ely than they did even in the Thirties. In

fact, our thinking at the present time has become
so firmly fixated or petrified at the level of social
problems and utilitarian solutions, and such a
quantity of free-wheeling self-righteousness has
been mustered in support of them, that the concerns
of Mencken and his contemporaries must seem not
only dated but positively subversive of the most
sacred tenets of the liberal philosophy—as indeed,
given our humorless and guilt-stricken view of that
philosophy, they unquestionably are.

This shift of emphasis has been especially notice-
able in the intellectual community, perhaps because
all revisions of doctrine tend to occur there under
conditions of high evangelical fervor. But Ameri-
can intellectuals have traditionally taken upon
themselves the double function of monitoring the
national social conscience and upholding aesthetic
standards, of policing by turns the moral and the
cultural landscape of the country. During times of
relative social stability their concern for standards
becomes dominant, and they then attack the culture
because it is vulgar and anti-intellectual and fast
sinking into the swamp of kitsch and dreck. During
times of social instability or inequity their liberal
sympathies emerge: they forget standards and
begin fulminating against the oppression of the
masses. Hence, both during the Depression and at
the present time, they have operated primarily as
critics of the social and economic system, and today
they are championing the same causes and calling
for the same reforms so boisterously urged by the
radical young.

The result is that the young lack recourse to an
authority which might instruct them in the reality
of qualitative questions at the same time that they
also lack the kind of specific and concrete rela-
tionship with their environment which would give
them an independent sense of such a reality.
Because they grew up in an environment both
unappetizing to look upon and too disinfected of
tension and risk to engage them personally, and
because, unlike Mencken's generation, they do not
derive their cultural values from Europe, they
have never known what it is like to fight the
battle of the provinces, nor have they been ex-
posed to another culture against which they could
measure the aesthetic deficiencies of their own.
From the beginning they have belonged to a mass
society existing, for the most part, in uniformly
tasteless, suburban middle-class surroundings,
and they have apparently always regarded them-
selves, not as sensitive and superior individuals,
but as members of a large and homogenous group
whose principal distinction seems to be that every-
body in it agrees with everybody else. In fact,
they must be the first generation in history to see
itself from the outset as a herd rather than as an
aggregate of private persons who happen to be the
same age. Consequently, instead of feeling separate
and aloof from the masses and contemptuous of the
concerns of the masses, they identify psychologi-
cally *with* the masses, and so quite naturally con-
ceive of the world's salvation in collective terms.

It follows logically from this that, as I sug-

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gested earlier, the better life for them is not to be found in the development of the self in spite of or in opposition to society, but rather in the transformation of the structures of society, a transformation which they seem to believe will enable everyone to live in a state of continuous ecstatic togetherness. It is also logical that they should not find very much reality in the idea of individual excellence or care about raising cultural standards, if only because higher standards would work a hardship upon people too incompetent or lazy to meet them, and that of course would be discrimination.

In a sense what has happened is that the pieties and prejudices of the mediocre—which were legitimate targets for ridicule in Mencken's time—have been assimilated into American social thinking at all levels and given moral authority by the liberal Establishment. The idea that all men are, or ought to be, equal under law or in the eyes of God has been adulterated, out of the purest motives, into the notion that all men are equal in every respect, and that differences among them are either illusory or the result of the inequitable distribution of wealth and opportunity. Thus, we have the peculiar phenomenon of apparently sophisticated and certainly high-minded idealisms for the reform of society existing side by side with the crassest and most philistine views of the nature of man in society. The rationalizations of the old booboisie have evidently been reincarnated in the clichés of the Old and New Left.

Nevertheless, when one considers them in the abstract and ponders the almost heartbreaking faith in human goodness which they represent, the political and social aims of the young must seem altogether admirable. We may require radical, even sweepingly visionary proposals for reform in order to make certain that small modest improvements will eventually be made. But little will be gained by the adoption of their proposals if the quality of the national life and of the individual life is further diminished in the process, if the erosion of standards is allowed to continue, if the environment is increasingly ravaged and uglified, and if the poor are liberated from physical poverty into the far more wretched poverty of mind and spirit which is the typical middle-class condition at the present time.

3.

As I have suggested, the failure of the young to ask qualitative questions of this kind—or at least to be concerned about them with anything like the intensity they display toward political issues—seems to be the result of their lack of vital relationship with their physical and cultural surroundings. They cannot, after all, be expected to have a very clear sense of the quality of their environment if they have never seen it except as an abstraction or as a neutral medium of mass action, and do not bring to it aesthetic expectations by which they could gauge its aesthetic inadequacy. If, on the other hand, they had ever found them-

selves in conflict with a strongly resistant environment or had access to any of the old provincial, and more readily engageable, means of social confrontation—with the small town neighborhood, with authoritarian parents or over-strict discipline at school—they would have found their environment real, and the question of quality crucial, just because they existed in a state of constant opposition to it and suffered what Joyce suffered in and so found real things in Dublin and Thomas Wolfe the small-town life in the South. But it is difficult to imagine how one can confront or resist an environment which offers up no resistance, which is open, bland, and monotonous, and at the same time smooth, functional and accommodative like that of the modern housing development. All one can do with such a housing development, besides live badly in it, is to find it too dull and depressing to be noticed. If a young man has grown up in one—and in America for the past twenty years a child of the middle class could scarcely have avoided that calamity—would not be surprising if his sensibilities were atrophied as the optic nerves of fish spawded centuries in caves.

In any case, this same abstractedness from the environment may also be the reason why they are so obsessed with broadly procedural and political questions, with abstract social issues rather than with the concrete specifics of social experience. They appear to think habitually in terms of collectives such as establishments, bureaucratic systems, and power structures, and they do not seem to have contact with the realities which compose these institutions. In a sense, they are preoccupied with methodology, with the processes of manipulation and negotiation, because they see such institutions as remote and dehumanized entities to be pressured or propitiated rather than as organic outgrowths of real people who have specific personal interests. They are concerned with the usual mixture of greed and benevolence, with the real problems which might obstruct the processes of instant reform.

Of course one recognizes that this is simply a condition of life in a mass society. We have become accustomed to existing incommunicado as individuals in a nameless mass, or inhabiting a nameless structure containing a mass, rather than being individual people with individual names and individual lives. Perhaps for those of us who are older the problem is not so serious because after a while one develops little pockets of personal life where one can withdraw and temporarily escape the mass. But the young have very little sense of a personal life and an overwhelming sense of a collective life. In fact, they have been obliged to make a group life out of a social necessity. They are individualistic first and personal last, in both their thought and their behavior, because the conditions of existence offer them no other alternative. They do not lessen their frustration when they are confronted with the Kafkaesque remoteness of authority they want personally to reach, and

to reach, to provoke through collective to some kind of human response. They rally act in such a way as to create a which the authority must either resist or ns to resolve, for in so doing they are force the authority to acknowledge them orthy agents of arbitration or as enemies om arbitration is impossible—either of es would of course be preferable to that e existence in a vacuum of noncommuni-

derstand the pattern of this relationship rity, one could do worse than consider of relationship which seems to have ex-ween the great majority of the young and ents. With due allowance for the hazards eralization, it does seem to be true that re characteristically seen by the young in h the same way that they see the institu-our society—as remote and abstract eno are neither reachable as human beings eily engageable as authorities to be defied possible, overthrown. The average liberal lass parents of the Fifties and Sixties were ertain to have been more militantly per- than dictatorial, more guilt-ridden and e more doubtful than domineering. They ave operated on the assumption that chil-uld be persuaded to do what one wished t lo if one reasoned with them—or, if reason ey could be negotiated with and either overruled or bribed into submission. The as that their children at a very early age ast masters of the art of political rela- id quickly learned how to outmaneuver ents. This gave them their very strong in procedure, in the ways and means by eople can be brought to do one's bidding, in the home but in the world at large. hey have simply converted the lessons at mother's knee into a program of politi-ism. If parents could be so easily and uly conned, so could institutions.

early training also gave the young their we versus *them*, their understanding that all righteousness, but no real power on our st skillfully contrive to obtain the satisfac- e us in life from those who have the power, these satisfactions take the form of favors and rewards offered after some agreement ole to both sides has been reached. Getting e wanted therefore became a matter of put- self on the receiving end of largess dis- from above by some charitable agency han a matter of personal achievement, the on of one's inner resources, or working co-ely with the agency concerned toward some goal. Hence, the faith of the young in the of institutions simply to take measures, eforms, and distribute concessions, when y persuaded or pressured, would seem to be ct outgrowth of this childhood exposure to niques of the welfare state as practiced in e.

But it should not be forgotten that the parents themselves inhabited an adult society which functioned according to the same laws. Perhaps the satisfaction of their wants did not depend quite so baldly upon the benevolence of some outside authority. Yet they belonged to an age which believed implicitly in the notion that life is a problem to be solved, and that solutions consist of finding the right techniques and creating the right material conditions. In short, their vision of the good life was one which was finally realizable within the system and within the procedural structures provided by the system—through legislative and programmatic action and the acquisition of higher incomes, bigger houses, better cars, and more goods and services. Or their problems could be smoothed away through the application of psychiatric therapies, which were merely scientifically organized forms of negotiation and manipulation operating at the psychic level rather than at the sociopolitical level.

It was probably no more than natural that parents committed to such a way of life would not, as a rule, have a very firm grasp of problems which do not lend themselves to material or manipulative solution or which might not be open to solution at all. They would scarcely be in a position to instruct their children in the unpopular but necessary wisdom that man is innately weak and imperfect, that human progress is slow and may even be illusory, that political systems cannot always be depended upon to cure the world's ills, that measures cannot always be taken, and that sometimes the most serious problems a man may face are those that exist between himself and his courage or conscience. It may be that the parents did not teach their children these things because they had so little awareness of what they themselves lived for and should live for, because their own lives seemed to be so totally determined by externals. They may also have been too much concerned with the problems of their children to give their children a sense of the reality of their own problems. Certainly, they seem to have given their children very little sense of their own reality as living and suffering human beings who just possibly might once have had, and might even still have, souls. And because they did not, their children have grown up with apparently no awareness of, or tolerance for, human limitation, and no understanding of the obstacles that may stand in the way of the changes they are so anxious to bring about in our society. They think today in morally purist and naïve terms perhaps because they have never experienced the impurities of the human condition, as those impurities might have been represented to them by their parents. If, for example, their parents had given them a legitimate and useful function in the household instead of allowing them to believe that they were privileged guests, if they had been made to work for their pleasures, or at least been required to wait for them, they might not be quite as dogmatically certain as they now are that solutions must come at once and are given rather than achieved, that virtue is

“It is difficult to imagine how one can confront or resist an environment which puts up no resistance, which is open, bland, uniform, monotonous, and at the same time smoothly functional and accommodative like that of the modern housing development.”

legislated or enacted upon mankind from above rather than earned, often at great price and over a long period of time, from within.

9.

These expectations and the almost laboratory purity of the influences that shaped them make the behavior of the young in the universities remarkably easy to predict. One can count on them to demand instant answers to very complicated questions, to be more preoccupied with ways and means than with ends, and to feel precisely as estranged from the university authorities as they felt from their parents. Even the corporate nature of their rebelliousness is beautifully in character for a generation accustomed from the cradle to thinking, acting, loving, and hating in unison. Yet there is something about the very predictability of the whole performance, especially its quality of seeming so evidently to be a performance, that is both puzzling and a little ominous. One has the sense at times of witnessing the enactment, and the incessant reenactment, of an initiation ritual which once had important meaning for the race, but which in our day has lost its sacramental power and hardened into a mere histrionics of confrontation. Traditionally, in primitive ages, the vital feature of the initiation ritual was that it was to be enacted and *passed through*. Its value lay in its being a phase in the process of human growth, a climactic moment in the transition from adolescence to adulthood. The tribal or parental authority would grant, or refuse to grant, the young initiate membership in the adult community depending on his success in meeting the tests of manhood, his power, symbolically, not only to challenge the father but eventually to overthrow him and take his place. But the interesting thing about the current version of the ritual is that it is emphatically not looked upon as an application for membership in the adult community. It does not seem to represent an effort to overthrow the father or his institutional surrogates but simply to challenge him and them and, if possible, to prolong the period of challenge into a lifetime. Like frieze figures on a Grecian urn, the young of today seem to be arrested forever, and to have chosen to be arrested forever, in their stance of confrontation, and to view with horror the prospect of passing beyond it.

One of the obvious and much documented reasons for this is that the experience of university life is itself no longer looked upon as a phase of initiation to be passed through. In fact, the sharp change in attitude on this one point probably accounts more than anything else for the misunderstanding that now exists between the current group of campus militants and their elders. Where the older generation took it for granted that universities were essentially training schools in which one developed the intellectual skills and served the intellectual apprenticeship required for entry into adult society, the young appear to see them as microcosmic representations of adult society, embodying in peculiarly concentrated and virulent form all the bureaucratic

evils of the social system as a whole. Hence our impulse was to be graduated as quickly as possible so that we could begin to fight what is imagined to be the battles of real life, their inclination to defer graduation as long as possible in order to fight the battles of the campus, which for them are the battles of real life.

Nevertheless, it would seem that the universities are far more real to the young as combat arenas of political challenge and confrontation than as institutions requiring specific reforms. Although the necessity for reform is the ostensible and cosmic reason for their protests, one notices how the militants are about the precise nature of the reforms they wish to be taken, how much more articulate they are in their demands for confrontation than they are about the concrete issues of confrontation. Sometimes it does indeed seem that the violently radical minority who wish to see all institutions overthrown just because they are institutions, most of the militants are interested in the act or ritual of protest simply for its own sake and as an end in itself, and one cannot help suspecting that they would be wholly frustrated and enraged if some of their more extreme demands were actually met.

This may seem paradoxical, but the underlying psychology is clear enough. The young come to universities with little or no respect for their parents, hence, little or no respect for adults in general, and very little experience of organized authority. At the same time their life-long experience of parental overprotectiveness and permissiveness has given them a massive respect for themselves and absolute faith in their own authority. But the trouble with their own authority is that since it has never been opposed, it has never actually been tested. It has evolved in a vacuum of nonresistance in which their wants were satisfied by peaceful negotiation rather than through a direct or violent contest of wills. Thus, however convinced they may be of their authority, they have not had the chance to test it, just how authoritative it is, and the universities provide them with that chance on a grand scale. Through challenging the authority of the universities, they measure the strength of their own, as long as the challenge can be maintained—and to maintain it must be constantly escalated. Their own authority is in effect maintained, if only because their sense of their own power and importance derives so largely from their function as unrelenting moral monitors of the educational establishment.

The response of the young to resistance from the Establishment is ambiguous but again perfectly understandable on the psychological level. When their demands are opposed, as they are now and then to be in even the most liberal and conciliatory institutions, their immediate reaction is anger, first, because they are unused to opposition from adults, second, because opposition jars them ever momentarily, their belief in the instantaneous perfectibility of the world, and third, because anger is the basic ingredient of their stance as a social revolutionary.

s the index of their moral superiority. On hand, opposition delights them because it the opinion they have long jealously that adults, where not absolutely feckless, ature and reason of their spiritual corruptionaries if not fascists at heart. But they hted also for another and far more crucial because if adults can be made to resist an equivocate or compromise, the young ast have achieved a condition they have own in their lives before and that is vital heir psychic health and to their solidarity ip. They will have found something to push nd form themselves in opposition to, some- ir parents did not give them and which onsciously blame their parents for not giv- th. But it is extremely important, as I have t the opposition be sustained. For a con- state of tension and confrontation not only em to preserve their authority but provides h the means of crystallizing their sense of which is at once a feeling of dramatic con- with their social environment after years abstracted from it, and a feeling of being psons set apart from their environment by able differences. It also of course feeds f-righteousness, of which they have gar- quantities, by allowing them to believe that engaged against heavy odds in a noble for moral freedom.

the young have very large vested interests ng alive the tensions between themselves ts, and they take care to do this by making ively more radical and unreasonable de- pon the universities, demands which they rectly well will not be met—or at any rate, ey hope to God will not be met. The beauti- of the strategy is that it can be continued ely. Regardless of the concessions the uni- agree to make, the young can always be l because they were not made earlier. If a forms are instituted, there are always two ore that ought to be. In short, there will be for confrontation forever, even if they be invented. The important thing is that the ast go on. There is much too much at stake it to close. In fact, quite simply everything es the young their distinctive character is —their smugness, their moral superiority, hteous indignation, their sense of togeth- er politics, their religion, their vocation, ir avocation. For so long as the delicate of tensions is maintained, so long as the ontinue their fight but contrive by clever ation never quite to succeed in winning it, atus and security as a generation are as- but if all their demands were ever met and iated peace finally arranged, they would choice but to merge their identities with that stablishment and work within the authority stablishment. They would then cease to be eration especially appointed by the Lord to world out of the pit of iniquity and become anonymous junior members of the corpora-

tion. This would not only represent a woeful viola- tion of their moral principles but would cost them the protection of their collectivism. They would be forced to leave behind the cover and concealment of their mass crusade, in which all values and issues have been defined for them by the bureaucracy of the mass will, and begin to make their way on their own as separate, solitary, and terribly vulnerable individuals. They would have to begin to think for themselves and compete for their identities on the open market of adult society, and that, as I have suggested, is a fate too horrible for them to con- template.

The kinds of demands the young make on the universities are notable for two reasons: first, be- cause so many of them are simply escalated forms of the expectations of personal freedom created in the young by their parents, and, second, because they are so largely procedural in nature and relate not to the life of the mind but to methods for or- ganizing and conducting the life of the institution. For example, one of the more popular demands at the larger universities is that students be allowed to choose their own curricula and have a major voice in determining which will be the courses re- quired for a degree in a particular field of concen- tration. It is possible to sympathize with any student who wishes to have some control over the content of his education, particularly if he suspects, often quite rightly, that his education is in the hands of cretins. But one ought also to be aware that the notion of educational self-determination is a per- fectly logical outcome of a childhood experience in which few or no restrictions were placed on the child, and parents habitually made it a point, in moments of choice, to let the child cast the deciding vote. Such delegation of authority occurring at an early age is hugely flattering to the young ego and is conducive to either megalomania or a wonderful independence of mind. Unfortunately, very few children are gifted enough to derive high intellec- tual strength from this sort of freedom. The great majority are conditioned by it to become capri- cious, self-indulgent, and drunk with the glory of their incontestible omnipotence. Thus, they enter the universities convinced that whatever is required is wrong. Any exercise of authority, any imposi- tion of laws, is a violation of their civil liberties as well as their divine rights as members of the new royal family of adolescence. It is also a violation of the rules of the game they have been playing all their lives, the particular variety of checkers in which they were always given the first move and allowed to jump backwards and forwards on the board long before they had earned any kings. Hence, the demand that they be allowed to create their own educational programs is a demand simply that the universities continue the practice of dele- gating to them the authority which was first dele- gated to them by their parents, to allow them to do as they please simply because it is *they* who please, even if they are not yet educated enough to know whether what they please is right. But behind it all of course the process of probing for the limits of

“Any exercise of authority, any imposition of laws, is a viola- tion of their civil liberties as well as their divine rights as mem- bers of the new royal family of adolescence.”

John W. Aldridge
IN
THE COUNTRY
OF
THE YOUNG

adult permissiveness continues, and must continue, to operate. For not even the most thoroughly spoiled child actually believes that the game will always be played on his terms and to his advantage, nor does he desire that it should be. His sense of his own identity and authority, if it is to be real to him, requires a sustained dialectical relationship with an adversary. Restrictions on his freedom must be found and the pressure of opposition to them kept constantly at a high pitch of intensity.

The equally popular demand that university instruction be made "relevant"—relevant, that is, to the problems and issues of immediate contemporary concern to the young—is closely related to the demand for educational self-determination and is also rooted in the childhood experience. To understand this, one needs to recognize that the most crucial problem facing the promiscuous reproducers of the Forties and Fifties was the problem of keeping the child from being bored to death. This required unremitting vigilance and a high degree of ingenuity on the part of the mother and forced her to seek constantly for distractions which the child would accept as "relevant" to his whims of the moment. Whenever existence threatened to become routine or in the least deficient in the creature excitements, a bribe or reward immediately pleasing to the child had to be offered to prevent him from going berserk and distracting the mother from her own distractions. One did not pursue a difficult or monotonous task because it might eventually prove to be interesting, or was interesting precisely for the reason that it was difficult, or because the final result might be eminently worth working for. One at once sought relief from it because monotony and difficulty were unpleasant, and everyone had long ago agreed never to find life unpleasant.

Equipped with this sort of lotus-land metaphysics, the young arrive on the campuses with a very low boredom threshold and a very high expectation that their courses, functioning as mother-surrogates, will keep them safe from boredom by providing distractions that will seem compatible with their current interests. They naturally approach their courses with the belief that the burden of proof is on the course and not on them. Like Mummy the course exists in a state of perpetual probation. It must prove itself worthy of engaging their attention and, if possible, of exciting their enthusiasm, and it must do this by demonstrating its relevance. If its relevance is not immediately apparent, if it does not provide them with insight into the problems of the ghetto, the politics of Chicago, or the corrupt leadership responsible for the Vietnam war, then obviously it must be replaced with something that is either more fun or more readily convertible into their intellectual currency.

Of course the very idea of judging education by the standard of its relevance to the concerns of adolescents is childish, for it is the child who can comprehend the world only to the extent that he can see it as an embodiment of, or source of satisfaction for, his infantile desires. An adult should be able to extrapolate from the personal to the gen-

eral and find meaning in ideas which mean only the most tangential relationship to particular feelings and experiences. But the previous arguments against the demand for relevance—that the young are not yet old enough to know what is relevant and what is not; that what matters irrelevant at twenty may seem ferociously relevant at forty and fifty; that monotonous and uninteresting learning is sometimes necessary if one is to acquire a discipline such as language or mathematics; that so be in a position to judge its relevance; that routine learning may simply be good for or training for the mind, good training in the work; or even that the question of relevance is irrelevant if one shares the view of most educators that all knowledge is relevant because all knowledge is related, in the sense that it is coherently related out of the accumulated life-experience of the student—these arguments, since they derive from a tradition of deferred gratification, can only seem meaningless to a generation resolutely in pursuit of immediate gratification, and accustomed to evaluating knowledge on the basis of its utility value or its topicality in the area of current events.

It is just here, in their pragmatic approach to knowledge, that the young reveal what must be the most ironical and, for them, the most embarrassing of the many inconsistencies underlying their position. For although they profess to be vigorous opponents of technocratic society, antimaterialists at the core, and ardent believers in the primacy of feelings over things, states of soul over states of physical affluence and well-being, their idea of relevance happens to be a perfect expression of the technocratic philosophy, which evaluates knowledge on the basis of its usefulness in solving practical problems and in providing statistical measurements by which social phenomena are analyzed. It seems, therefore, that the thinking of the young has been programmed by some of the very influences they are rebelling against, and that in their campaign to restructure university education in the shape of their interests, they are in fact giving aid and comfort to their supposed enemies. But this may not be so very surprising when one considers that they have all along displayed an inordinate interest in procedural questions and answers, and that their interest in feelings and soul, like their identification with Tarot cards and Eastern mysticism, is not so much a sign of religious consciousness as another form of their search for mechanistic solutions—in this case, a kind of easy-to-assemble do-it-yourself metaphysics which, once constructed, will "explain" or cure the complicated problems of being, and function as an occult welfare program for the spiritually underprivileged. Thus, one can see how the young would be obliged to take a very slight tuck in their thinking in order to fit quite happily into the brave new world now in the process of being created by technocracy, a world in which all problems will be solved by social engineering, all injustices erased by benevolent automation, and all qualitative values declared irrelevant, very probably by law.

In part II to be presented next month, Mr. Aldridge will discuss some personality traits of the young, and their dream of the perfect society.

JACQUELINE SUSANN: THE WRITING MACHINE

ing the campaign trail with America's latest candidate for literary sensation
ecade: the lady who has proved that the greatest audience for books is still, in this
glenned age, among those who prefer sex for the inhibited.

the lightning slams across the sky as the
Eastern Airlines 8:00 A.M. shuttle takes off
New York to Washington. In a front aisle
all, slender woman stares straight ahead
a mask of makeup—black penciled brows,
false lashes, orange lipstick, and a black
length fall made of Korean hair. Her body
ed with Pucci designs of yellow, purple, and
her name, Jacqueline Susann, is a household
er face confronts the American family on
vision screen, in magazines, and on the
f books seen on beaches, planes, and buses.
best-selling author, who has made the word
synonym for pill, opens a small gold box
s out a pink tablet. "I'm going to take a
pill." It is uncustomarily early for the
ne Susann \$75,000 road show to be under
her baritone voice, Jackie explains she
to take the early shuttle instead of flying
Washington the night before because of her
Josephine. "She's fifteen, and if I'm away
it, she has to have a sleepover." Jacqueline
down the pill with Binaca, a breath fresh-
sucks on through the day, and flips through
Bazaar.

her is her husband, Irving Mansfield, né
baum in Brooklyn, thin, with a small, round
t carries an anxious expression although it
ly smiling. Irving was once a press agent
ie Cantor, then producer of "Arthur God-
alent Scouts," and now, manager of the
n designed to milk the resources of Holly-
broadway, and Madison Avenue to convert
the Machine into a commercial fortune.

ie, we wanna be organized," he says as the
escends through sheets of rain. Irving car-
bag of Jackie's dresses and a hatbox full
up and hairpieces. In the limousine, Jackie
gray bubble sunglasses. "Where's the sched-
I can see if I need another wake-up pill?"
week the guest list for a party that evening
ill feature a Love Machine Cocktail—crème

de cacao, vodka, and Pernod—and a Love Machine
Cake decorated with two clasped hands like the
jacket of the book. A publicity aide says, "May I
suggest that you'll get everyone sick if you serve
that drink." Irving says, "How about we put a
Spanish fly in it, and have the rolls made up like
phallic symbols? Ha ha ha. That's funny, isn't it?"

They arrive at the Shoreham Hotel, where the
American Booksellers Association is holding its
annual convention, minutes before a press confer-
ence has been scheduled for out-of-town news-
papers. Jackie walks in with a demure smile. There
are twenty men and women in the suite, and none
smiles back. After a period of silence, Dan Green,
publicity director for Simon and Schuster, asks
the first question: "How does it feel to have an-
other book on the best-seller list?" Jackie talks
animatedly, perched on her chair. No one in the
room takes any notes. A man in the back asks, "Do
you read reviews?" Jackie says, "I'd like to have
the critics like me, I'd like to have everybody like
what I write. But when my book sells, I know
people like the book. That's the most important
thing, because writing is communication." Jackie
describes her writing routine, Irving tells a joke at
which no one laughs, even though he adds, "That's
funny, isn't it?" At the end, Ivan Sandrof of the
Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram*, says, "What
do you think is the reason for everybody reading
your book, apart from the obvious?"

"What's the obvious reason?" Jackie says.

"Sex, pure and simple."

Jackie says it is not sex that sells her books. "I'm
a today writer. The novel today has to compete with
television and the movies. It has to come alive
quickly and be easy to read. When people tell you
they couldn't put the book down, that is good
writing."

The sex in Susann's books is minimal by con-
temporary standards. Although a girl is undressed
by page three, lovemaking is described only in
vague terms. Instead of using naturalistic language,

*Sara Davidson reports
from New York for the
Boston Globe, and travels
widely for her free-lance
work. She has an M.A.
degree from Columbia
University.*

Sara
Davidson
THE
WRITING
MACHINE

Jackie's characters employ prudish euphemisms. Men refer to their sexual organs as "Charlie." Women talk about getting "the curse" every month. Jackie says, "I can't stand being clinical. You don't have to say, then he took out his thing and put it in her vagina. For adults, all you have to say is, he took her in his arms."

Susann writes sex not for the liberated woman but for the one with strong inhibitions. Most of the love in *The Love Machine* is joyless, violent, and cruel. Robin Stone, the central character, has to be drunk to make it with the actress Maggie Stewart, beats up a prostitute after taking her, and gets involved unknowingly with a transvestite. Amanda, the high-fashion model, goes to bed in a padded bra because she is flat, and later submits to a sweaty comedian who repulses her. A homely girl does "cold cream jobs" on celebrities who ignore her the next morning. This is the kind of sex which probably discourages going out and trying it.

Michael Korda, Jackie's editor and the editor in chief of Simon and Schuster, feels Jackie's promotability is the key to her success. Without promotion, he says, the book would probably sell 100,000 copies, "but it wouldn't have the great impact it does." *Valley of the Dolls* sold 356,000 in hard cover and ten million paperback. "Jackie has succeeded where no one has before in tapping all the modern means of communication in one great campaign—movies, television, newspaper interviews, magazines, commercials, all cleverly bound together. Most novelists are not promotable. They don't go on tours because they wouldn't know what to do."

Irving says, "Jackie and I have probably changed the whole book publishing business. For one thing, usually the publisher has a little cocktail party in a dingy restaurant with stale lettuce sandwiches when the book comes out. We had a big swing at El Morocco and we invited everybody—Andy Warhol, Perle Mesta. Also, we sold the paperback rights before we sold the hard-cover rights." The film rights were purchased for a record sum of one and a half million dollars.

In the Eastern half of the country, critics and interviewers approach Jackie with condescension. Jackie says, "They walk in with the attitude—how dare you be a best seller." A television reporter in Washington said, "Are you pleased with what you're leaving behind you in life?" A Detroit newspaperman read Jackie a review which called her writing "trash" and said, "How does that make you feel?" During a Toronto television show, a young woman said, "Don't you ever wake up in the middle of the night and realize you haven't done anything that is really artistic?" Jackie said, "You're sick. Do you wake up and think you're not Huntley-Brinkley?"

Once she has crossed the Continental Divide, and especially in Los Angeles, the feeling toward Jackie changes. Reporters gush at her, and Susann is called America's best writer. One man told her his wife had started referring to his sexual organ as "Charlie." "You're adding words to our language."

Jackie is almost uninsultable. A snide question at a bitchy interview, brings out the best in her. She reads vicious reviews and grins, "I think I've read a lot of books." On the David Frost show John Simon asked Jackie in his *echt* Central European accent, "Do you think you are writing trash or are you writing trash to make a lot of money?" Jackie lurched forward and threw a torrent of *hominems* at Simon: "Is your name Goebbels? You act like a storm trooper." She called him "John Simon," a joker, a publicity hound—"How many people have even heard of you?"—all the while Simon kept shouting, "That's not important. Just answer the question. What do you think you are writing?" Jackie tried another tangent. Simon was "rather nice looking" even though his hair was thin. Simon said, "Cut out the soft soap. I can smile through my false teeth." Jackie bared her teeth and hit them with her finger. "Look, they're caps, not false." Simon was pressing. Jackie finally said, "Little man, I'm not writing a story. Now does that make you happy?"

Usually, Jackie succeeds in debilitating her opponents. She watched a young man preparing to have a go at her on "Panorama," a Washington television show, sitting on his white toadstool and picking his teeth. "Don't do that," Jackie said. "You'll hurt your teeth." Later, she gloated that she had reduced him to a little boy.

(Jackie is one of those women, like the late Judy Garland, Bette Davis, Edith Piaf, and critic and Crist, who are beloved by homosexuals. In her case, it is due not only to her strident personality but to the fact that she treats homosexuals with dignity in her books.)

In her travels from city to city, the one punishment Jackie has given up is the autograph. "When you appear at a bookstore, you are at the mercy of any sex maniac who gets in line," she can say; "Wanna fuck, baby?" While promoting *Valley of the Dolls*, Jackie says, "Beastly wild things would come up and say, 'Wanna go to the party?'" Irving says, "They've said the oddest things. I've had to acquire the sixth sense of a man. In a Detroit bookstore, three guys were arguing in a corner. They were daring a friend to go up to Jackie and say, 'Your book stinks.' I said it a mile off."

Jackie accepts interviews from all publicists, on all media, no matter how small or limited their reach, unless she or Irving suspects the writer is out to do a hatchet job. She turned down *Village Voice*, columnist Dick Schaap, and the *day Review*. "I tried to turn you down," she told me. For months, she will give six or seven interviews a day, repeating the same stories with unfailing enthusiasm.

At the American Booksellers Association in Washington, Jackie has set aside an hour and for William Silverman of the Detroit *News* is writing a cover story for his newspaper's Sunday magazine. He asks Jackie to pose for photog-



DIANE ARBUS

TO CERTAIN ENGLISH POETS

by Donald Davie

(I want to thank I think I intend you more than you think.
 —compotes— and popes—y—podes— you stubborn and unpersuaded.
 Your civil dislikes him over a base that others
 shudder at, as at some infernal cold.
 But pits full of smoky flame are sunk in the English Gehenna
 where suffering souls like ours are bound and planted
 now in the one hot spot, now in another.
 The operator is an imagination of Dante
 that plucks us out of the one and plugs us at once in another
 with an electric pip pip pip at the switchboard.
 Like you I look with astonished fear and revulsion
 at the gross and bearded, articulate and good-humoured
 Franco-American torso, pinned across
 the plane of human action, twitching and roaring.
 Yet a restlessness less than divine comes over us, doesn't it, sometimes,
 to string our whole frames, ours also, in scintillant items,
 with an unabashed crackle of intercom and static.
 Or will you, contained, still burn with that surly pluck?

"I want something that's sexy and glamorous, but
 - I don't want it to be vulgar." Jackie says, "That's
 marvelous." Irving shakes his head. "The problem
 is, this is not a glamorous background. There's no
 satin, there's no damask." Silverman, a grandfather
 in his sixties who has the shape of a large panda
 bear, drops to the rug and lies on his stomach,
 kicking one foot up and resting his chin on his
 hand. "Could you be like this, like you were writ-
 ing?" Jackie obliges, adding, "You know, I write
 like this every day." Irving dozes for a while,
 awakens with a smile and sings, "If you can talk
 to the animals." Silverman is asking Jackie how
 her success has affected her marriage. "When
 people work with each other, not in competition
 but together," she says, "it's like a dance team."
 She jumps up and strikes an arabesque with her
 white-stockinged legs. "You could say Irving and
 I are Nureyev and Fonteyn." She waves her arms
 in gawky ballet gestures. "We are the Burtons. We
 are anything that is two people working together."

When she turns aside, Silverman says to me, "Do
 you believe that?"

Dan Green interrupts the interview to tell Jackie
 people are crowded around the Simon and Schuster
 booth in the exhibit hall, where she is scheduled
 to autograph copies of her book. Because of a feeble
 air-conditioning system, the hall is steaming hot,
 with thin red carpets and silver tinsel hanging from
 the ceiling. A double line radiates out from the
 alcove where Jackie is seated. The lines completely
 block access to the displays of Harper & Row, the

New York Graphic Society, Fleet Press
 tion, and Bantam Books. Irving says, "I've
 the history of the world has there been
 with this charisma." Jerry Kramer of the
 Bay Packers, Lillian Gish, Kurt Vonne
 and Tiny Tim also appeared to plug the
 but drew scant attention compared to Jac
 people in line—bookstore owners, salesmen,
 editors, publishing executives, and some
 who sat stony-faced during Jackie's morni
 conference—wait for more than two hours
 ing yellow pieces of paper on which the
 printed their names so Jackie can write
 messages. "For Isabel Smith. All my best."

One of the first in line is Lloyd Severe,
 visor at Martindale's bookstore in Bever
 "Frankly, this is not exactly my type of be
 my wife wants it." Asked what accou
 Susann's popularity, the tall, bald man
 his lips into a smile. His eyes twinkle be
 less glasses. "There's only one word for it,
 like thrills."

Irving, in his yellow, green, and pink P
 and Gucci shoes, never moves more than a
 from Jackie. He sings, "If we could talk
 animals."

When Jackie leaves the floor, the Sim
 Schuster group say they have given away si
 hundred books. When they arrive at the suite, th
 has grown to eight hundred. That evenin
 one thousand. A bottle of champagne is b
 to the room. Michael Korda, a wiry Britis
 who wears a bright-blue suit with red str
 a red handkerchief, a black belt with gol
 studs, a blue wide-striped shirt, and blue
 cycle glasses, walks in and kisses Jackie
 cheeks. "Do you think we'll make numbe
 she says softly. "Of course we will." Kord
 Jackie drinks the champagne in a water gla
 ice cubes. Irving makes the toast: "To th
 author who's gonna be back-to-back num
 on the best-seller list."

In the Chatelaine Room of the Mayflower
 fifty bookstore owners, managers, and
 from department stores have bypassed the
 Machine Cocktail for whiskey or gin.
 publication of her first book, a biography
 poodle called *Every Night, Josephine!*, Jack
 cultivated friendships with booksellers. She
 siders some of them among her best friends.

A shout goes up when Jackie appears
 party in a turquoise voile dress. A straw
 blonde book buyer from Oregon grabs her ar
 pumps it. "I want to shake the hand of the
 that's been makin' me so much money the pa
 years." The book buyer, an angular, freckled
 an, in a black chiffon dress with ruffles arou
 scooped neck, says she doesn't think *Love M*
 will sell as well as *Valley of the Dolls* becaus
 an over-again, the same jenner. (Genre?
 Jackie's husband that puts her across with a
 Madison Avenue hoopla, and I love it! The

pe! (Patois?) It's just marvelous. I don't
ha; in the book as long as it sells."
ing and Jackie move to a different table for
ce—crab cocktail, vichyssoise, beef en
eth wine and cake. When the Love Machine
is heeled out with seven candles, Jackie
s around the room. "For a finale, I fall
t. he and Irving leave just before 10:00
o ch the last shuttle back to New York. As
et in the limousine, Irving swivels around.
ie ill you stop already with these goddamn
! ha. That's funny, isn't it?"

el nsfields live in a three-room apartment in
e avarro Hotel overlooking Central Park
e decor is theatrical, with black lamp
e shape of human torsos, red shades,
e li leum floors, and a large bar. The walls
ine with photographs of Jackie with celeb-
ing with celebrities, and celebrities who
appeared on television shows Irving has pro-
l n a late Friday afternoon, just before
ng r California. Jackie is having caviar and
rto Russian vodka, straight, with her press
t. *The Love Machine*, Abby Hirsch, a
on nsconscious young woman who radiates self-
ar and efficiency. Abby's salary is paid by
n id Schuster, which guaranteed to spend
00 promoting the book, and has spent con-
ab more.

e *Love Machine* dominates Simon and
ste this year. In the reception hall, red and
ttons with the book's title are pinned to
er-tree plants. Michael Korda has written
ells of his office in blue ink: "Three bottles
of Pérignon, '59 or '61, *The Love Machine*
) advance. Sixteen ounces of caviar when
a number one." There are bets recorded
en the book would hit the top spot. Korda
advertising budget for *Love Machine* is
an for any book they have published. In
to Abby, they use a press agent in Cali-
ay Allen, and a full-time press agent in
k, paid for by Irving.

Abby and Michael Korda, like Jackie, wear
their necks a gold chain with the ankh,
tian symbol of life, which Jackie made the
e *The Love Machine*. She first saw it on
igh, wearing it in the form of a ring at
Janet Leigh gave the ring to Jackie, who
jeweler make it up into necklaces. She has
d these large gold crosses with a loop on
ohn Lennon, the Beatle; to Muriel Slatkin,
r of the owner of the Beverly Hills Hotel;
ong others, to me. On television, Jackie
describe how Cleopatra carried the ankh
nbol of eternal sex. But it is not Cleopatra
Nile she conjures up; it is Cleopatra of
th Century Fox. Two New York designers
arted production of ankh necklaces, pins,
nd ankle bracelets, and there is talk of a
Machine perfume. The Mansfields have
these projects. "It's a little too much."

Irving says. "Jackie's a writer, an artist. Inside
this little breast beats a heart that is not as com-
mercial as people think."

The Mansfields' life-style has not changed since
they struck gold in publishing, because they have
always lived conspicuously well. They commute
between Central Park South and the Beverly Hills
Hotel, where they have had the same suite—at \$78
a day—since 1959. Jackie does not cook. In Los
Angeles they dine at Chasen's, in New York at
Sardi's, Danny's Hide-a-way, "21," and, if they
are feeling informal, P. J. Clarke's. They are city
animals and have no desire for a yacht or a
country estate. On Sundays in New York, they
like to walk to the out-of-town newspaper stand
in Times Square, have breakfast at Nathan's—two
dozen cherrystones for Jackie, two hot dogs for
Irving—and go to a movie like *The Green Slime*.

Like the characters Jackie has created in her
books, she and Irving seem to be rootless, tieless.
Jackie writes in *The Love Machine*: "Nothing is as
dull as a woman without a past. And once you
know all the details there is no past. Just a long,
dreary confessional." Jackie and Irving have
sealed off their own past with vague and contra-
dictory references. Jackie often says she was born
in 1963, the year her first book was published.
When a reporter asked her age, Jackie said, "You
could say I'm a young woman in her thirties."
The reporter looked up. Jackie smiled. "*Newsweek*
printed my age—it's forty-two." Jackie looks
younger than forty-two: her figure is slim and her
hairpieces are set in youthful, shoulder-length flips.

I accepted the age of forty-two until I met an
actress at a party who said she remembered Jackie
from the theater in the late 1930s. When I called
other theatrical figures, I found they were reluctant
if not terrified to talk of Jackie's past. One woman
said, "Jackie will be furious if this gets out. She
doesn't want the country to know she's been around
all that while. She doesn't want to shock the country.
If I looked as well as she does, I'd be proud. I'd
want everyone to know how old I was."

Programs on file in the Lincoln Center Perform-
ing Arts Library show that Jackie appeared in
Max Gordon's production of Clare Boothe's *The*
Women in 1937, in *She Gave Him All She Had*,
and *When We Are Married* in 1939; in *My Fair*
Ladies, and *Banjo Eyes* with Eddie Cantor in 1941,
and in *Jackpot* in 1944. She was not playing child
roles. As the reluctant actress put it, "You can't put
two and two together and get forty-two."

A subject Jackie and Irving never bring up is
their son. When questioned, they say the boy is
sixteen and in school in Arizona. In Jackie's novels
there are no children (except for an occasional
infant), no families living and growing up to-
gether. She creates a dream world of stardom,
money, and power where personal ambition and
lust are the only forces. The hero of *The Love*
Machine, Robin Stone, blazes his way from de-
livering news on a local television station to con-
trolling the national network. In the process, he
is loved by, without loving, a breathtaking, breast-

"Jackie is one of
those women...
who are beloved
by homosexuals.
... She treats
homosexuals
with dignity in
her books."

less model, a voluptuous actress, and the blue-blooded wife of the chairman of the network. Although the story is set in the 1960s, there is no mention of Vietnam, the generation gap, racial tensions, urban riots, inflation. The book, like *Valley of the Dolls*, is an escape hatch from the news. It shoots the reader to a fantasyland where there are no baby-sitters, no commuter trains, no supermarkets, but at the end of the trip, the reader is psychologically prepared to get off, reassured that there is no place like his double-mortgaged home.

Susann's characters experience no guilt about sex or anything that might be considered "sin" in the Judeo-Christian tradition. When a girl loses her virginity, or a baby through abortion, she gives it no more thought than if she had lost a tooth. The relationships traced are not marriages but love affairs. Because all the characters have miserable, bathetic fates, the mainline American family can feel its own values have been upheld.

A young man with green eyes and an easy smile is sitting on the cream-colored couch in Jackie's suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I saw a lot of myself in Robin Stone," he says. Irving says, "So did Peter Lawford." The young man, in a voice that has no distinguishing inflection, says, "I've learned to hide my feelings and not show emotions ever since I was little." He turns on a tape recorder. "This is Dick Spangler. My guest on 'The Forum' is Jacqueline Susann. Miss Susann, you've been criticized as not being the best writer, although you are the best-selling writer." Jackie says, "Way back they didn't think Shakespeare was a good writer. He was the soap-opera king of his day. They called Zola a bad writer, a journalistic writer. Everything changes in writing. I think James Joyce is a bore. *Ulysses* is a bore. In fiction today there is no time to do great exposition on a landscape. Writers like Harold Robbins, Leon Uris, and Irving Wallace have given the novel new life, new excitement. They're storytellers. That's the place for the novel today."

Breakfast is brought in on a gold tray. Jackie drinks iced tea and cuts off pieces of a kosher salami she was given by a television sponsor. She removes the butter from the tray and puts it in her icebox. Irving says, "Would you believe it? A woman as rich as Jackie stealing butter?"

The Beverly Hills Hotel is an island of New York theatrical people transplanted to the glades of Southern California. The building with its pink cupolas rises from a slope of palm trees. From the sliding glass doors of their suite, Jackie and Irving look out on a red-tile patio with rows of geraniums, a green picket fence, and green garden furniture. In the distance, the yellow and white cabanas of the pool stand out from the hibiscus and coconut palms. Through most of June, the landscape is muted by gray haze.

Jackie and Irving have been in Beverly Hills for two weeks, visiting bookstores in Monrovia, Pas-

adena, and Westwood. Jackie has appeared on more than thirty-nine radio and television shows, including a week on the midmorning game show "Hollywood Squares." She has been on television for more hours in the past two years than most actors. The only show that has turned her down is *Letter to Three Women*. For "Hollywood Squares," she is in the NBC studios in Burbank with five other women. The show changes, since a week's worth of programs can be taped in one night. In the back of the studio are the stars—Wally Cox, Shirley Jones, Jack Carson, Vincent Price—pop in and out of their dressing rooms as if they were playing a slapstick game.

"Hey, Vince."

"I just bought a house on the beach."

"Look at my new dog."

On the set, the warm-up man, burly, balding, with dandruff on his shoulders, bellows at the stars. "Hello, my name is Ken Williams. Welcome to Baltimore. Where are you all from?"

"Eddyville, Iowa." "Mayville, Tennessee." "Eric, North Carolina." This is Jacqueline Susann's country.

Peter Marshall, the emcee, introduces Jackie. "You ladies know all about this guest. She wrote *Valley of the Dolls*, which sold a couple of million books, and *The Love Machine*, which just knocked *Harold Lloyd's Complaint* off number one on the best-seller list. Which shows, if you write family, happy, sweet things, you're gonna make a buck." The audience is cued to laugh. The game is played on a large orange steel contraption. Two contestants sit in ear boxes by picking a star, listening to the star answer a question posed by the emcee, and then deciding whether the star is right. If the contestant is right, he gets the box. The first contestant to get three in a row gets \$200 in cash, and a car, a vacation, a mink coat, or a large piece of luggage. Contestants, chosen from the audience, are young, bubbly, not overly bright, with short, dark hair, even on the girls. There is one blonde, but she is the antithesis of the Afro look. She is a model for Breck shampoo. A large poster on the wall shows the questions are based on articles in *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Woman's Day*. Jackie is asked, "What was Benjamin Franklin used as his pen name for?" "Richard's Almanac: Richard Benjamin, John Small, or Richard Saunders." Jackie says, "I'm going to guess—Richard Saunders." The contestant is wrong. Jackie squeals when told John Small is right. "You should have trusted me," she says to the contestant. "One writer wins, the other loses." On the last show, when Jackie is introduced in her blinking orange box, she mouses her words, "Hello mother." Mrs. Susann watches the program every morning in Philadelphia.

They finish just after 11:00 P.M., and the emcees, producers, directors, and several of the stars descend on the home of Mary Markham, an independent producer and talent coordinator, on Beverly Drive. It is a lavish house of excessive symmetry. There is a fake fire blazing in the den, where Jackie is playing pool. Mary's dog, a white animal,

cockapoo—a cross between a cocker spaniel and a poodle,” is lurching through the house into furniture. Three men begin playing a game called “Canoga” over the long, sunken sofa. Jackie is the first of the women to join, throwing pillows into the pile. She wins the first two claims the cash pot with a cold smile. She sits on the couch saying, “No, no!” as the men lap at his face. Cassidy confides in Jackie. He wants to write a book. Jackie says, “I don’t think any good actor is a good mimic. I think any good actor is a good mimic because he is able to mimic life.”

Jackie sets many scenes of *The Love Machine* in the pink and green Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. During the day, the theatrical crowd, the press, and each other with cries of “Marvelous,” “mah-velous,” is filled out with wealthy Hollywood daughters who are always married in the ballroom. In the ladies’ lounge, a girl who looks to be nineteen is curled on a sofa, holding her thumb. Her mother is stroking her hair. Jackie says, “I’ve ordered those nice chicken pancakes. I want them to get cold.”

In the Polo Lounge, Jackie is seated on a green sofa in front of a trellis with plastic ivy. She is giving interviews for several hours, and she is eating a hamburger and a glass of water as part of her diet, which she describes in detail to each reporter. She devotes an hour to *Life* magazine, another to the *Long Beach Press-Telegram*, and then sees a young man from the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*. Jackie says, “I came up the hard way in Hollywood. I had always written for myself—stories. I had a play produced on Broadway (*Lovely People*, 1945). When I saw people reading my first novel, *Jezebel*, I would think, there’s someone out there who would think, they have very good taste.” In the evening, Jackie is a guest on the “Steve Allen Show,” taped in the Hollywood Video Center. The sidewalk of Vine, like that of Hollywood Boulevard, is pink inlaid with gold stars and the names of actors. Jackie is shown to a dressing room with a couch and a director’s chair. A young man with a beard walks in and asks Jackie for a release. Looking at herself in the mirror, Jackie says, “Is this my face?” The young man frowns. Jackie says, “I don’t go on a show without a beard.”

Jackie and Irving watch the beginning of the show on a monitor. “It’s the ‘Steve Allen Show,’ Jackie,” says a stagehand. “It’s Jacqueline Susann...” A stagehand comes in. Jackie stands, pulls up her white stockings, changes her Pucci dress, and waves, “See ya.” Jackie appears on the monitor, Irving says, “Look at her, isn’t she? Even when the show is over, she’s radiant, isn’t she?” Steve Allen invites members of the press to ask Jackie questions. As on all her West

Coast radio and television appearances, the audience asks how she learned to write, what is her technique. What they mean is: If you can do it, why can’t I? Jackie says her father, a portrait painter, taught her to study people’s faces and voices. She does some sloppy imitations of Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tallulah Bankhead. Jackie is asked to play a running-jumping game with a girl swimming champion and a black comedian. After she hears the rules, she says, “I’ll watch.”

As the show ends, Bob Shayne, the twenty-eight-year-old talent coordinator, says to me, “I hope you’re not going to be as kind to her as we were. We had no intention of giving her such a plug. We had review sheets all ready for Steve. We were dying to plant someone in the audience to ask a leading question. I read the other book she wrote. She can NOT write.”

The inescapable fact about Jacqueline Susann is that even those who denounce her have probably read *Valley of the Dolls*. According to statistics kept by *Publishers’ Weekly*, more people have bought that novel than any other published in America in the twentieth century. She is a national phenomenon, and we are stuck with her. There is a built-in audience of ten million for every book she turns out. She is as compulsive about writing as the legendary British popular novelist who kept a rigid schedule of writing five hours every day. If during that time he finished a novel, he would type, “end,” insert a new page and type the title of the next book. Jackie has already written a first draft of a new novel to be called *The Big Man*, about a girl with a dominating, magnetic father. She writes the first draft in the period between the time she finishes a novel and the day it is published and she embarks on the promotion tour. “Then I don’t return to an empty typewriter.”

Even after the film rights of *The Love Machine* were sold for a million and a half dollars, even after the book had hit number one, Jackie continued to plug it as if she were an unknown author. “Maybe it’s my bag, but I feel I have to keep going around and doing it.” She was autographing books for Higbee’s in Cleveland when she learned *Love Machine* had made number one. Her immediate response was, “We’ve gotta keep it up there.” Irving says that with Jackie, staying number one is a matter of pride. “Simon and Schuster wanted us to hold off publication for a month because *Portnoy’s Complaint* was so hot. But Jackie said no. She wanted the title shot. She’s a natural going competitor.”

Irving has taped on the wall of their creamy bathroom in the Beverly Hills Hotel a cardboard facsimile of the *New York Times* Best Seller List of June 22, the first week *Love Machine* was number one. “It’s great to watch when you’re on the head,” Jackie says. “It makes you relax. It’s good for the soul.”

Jackie looks up from his copy of *Variety*. “That’s funny, isn’t it?”

“In Jackie’s novels there are no children, no families living and growing up together.”

GREECE: THE DEATH OF LIBERTY

Has Greece's new military regime once more covered that torn and embattled country with the single mask of tragedy? "It is all very complex," says John Corry. "... and the only probable thing is that the Greeks will survive, and that the newest disaster, which is the Army officers who run the country, will not."

The thing about the Greeks is that they have survived, and that while lesser peoples have waxed, waned, and disappeared, they have hung on, enduring their own rogues and geniuses, being pawed over by one Great Power or another, getting the history of the Medes and the Persians written in their hills, suffering their endless catastrophes, becoming as much Eastern as Western, and staying all the while peculiarly Greek, which means they are not like everyone else, but warmer, kinder, crueller, prouder, and more full of both courage and guile, with the more important of these being guile. When Odysseus got back to Ithaca, Homer says, gray-eyed Athena said to him with nothing but admiration, "Crafty must he be, and knavish, who would outdo thee in all manner of guile," and three thousand years later, when some students at the University of Salonika were asked what they thought was the greatest virtue of them all, they answered nearly to a man, "To be clever."

Greece, you must understand, is not so much a country of clear light, old ruins, and blue and green seas as it is a condition. It is where the citizens are sorry at politics and successful at business, where they love their country and despise their Governments, and where a queue is always a shambles, the rule being that the smaller the citizen the more quickly he will fall out of line. It is where there are many supplicants, but few beggars, where there is kindness to foreigners and suspicion of countrymen, and where everyone is absolutely certain that he is not only as good as his fellow man but positively better. "The first thing you must know about us," said a sophisticated Greek lady, "is that each one of us is sure he can run the country better than anyone else." Greece is also something with which many Anglo-Saxons and Teutons have love affairs, Lord Byron being only the most publicized, and where any two citizens, like Talmudic scholars, can argue three sides of a question. When Thucydides, the celebrated Greek historian, began his history of the Peloponnesian War he wrote: "The task was a laborious one because eyewitnesses of the same occurrence gave different accounts of them as they remembered, or were interested in the actions of one side or another." Nothing has changed much since then, and the sons of the eyewitnesses are still

more interested in your knowing what *should* have happened, or ought to have happened, rather than what actually did happen. It is all very true even to the Greeks, and no one is ever clear about what is really going on, and the only probable thing is that the Greeks will survive, and that the newest disaster, which is the Army officers who run the country, will not.

The Army officers, colonels mostly, took over the country on April 21, 1967, saying as they did so that they were the instruments of a National Revolution and a National Purification, wherein corruption would be purged of corruption, mismanagement and the Communist menace. In fact, there was corruption and mismanagement, which there had been and in the twenty-three years before they came to power, forty-one Governments had risen and fallen. Moreover, although the officers have never produced much evidence to show the existence of a real Red peril, as opposed to the kind thing that Everett Dirksen the vapors, they probably thought that one existed. In 1963, when Prime Minister George Papadopoulos was a colonel on the Turkish border, he put sugar in the fuel supply of his tanks, which made them stop running, and then the Communists did it. Then he told the Government of this instance of Red duplicity, but nothing came of it when someone found out what had really happened, and the Government put it all down to the Colonel's zeal. In his favor, however, it should be remembered that in Greece Communism has been all fire and sword. In late 1944, after the Germans had been driven out, Communist partisans fought both loyalist Greeks and the British for control of the country. According to a collection filed at the old United Nations Organization by what was then the Greek Government, 15,000 civilians were killed by the Communists in the short war, and God alone knows how many on the Government side killed. Then, in June 1946, the fighting resumed on a more massive scale. Then, in 1950 the Government said that its armed forces had suffered 49,720 casualties, which included 10,000 captured, and that the figure for the Communists was 79,773. It was a terrible time, more terrible than the German Occupation, and it uprooted

John Corry, author of The Manchester Affair, was a national deskman for the New York Times, and a Vietnam Fellow. Among his many articles in recent issues of Harper's was his report on Castro's Cuba in January 1969.

million Greeks, with all the misery that this
the damage to property and to national
ply incalculable.

ess, I know of no one in Greece who
was about to happen again, and how-
ve the life in Parliament may have been,
tiquated the national institutions, how-
ng the labor disputes, the street protests
strations, Greece was getting by. More-
being run by Greeks. There had been
ears of the Turkish Occupation, which
the War for Independence in the early
last century, and then after 1830 the
ench, and Russian Ambassadors had
y much their way. Otto I, a Bavarian,
and he ruled with all the grace of a
iltan, surrounding himself with other
and finally being deposed in 1862. He
led by George I, who was a Dane, largely
en it looked as if the British might get
own on the throne, the French and Rus-
bjected. Eventually, however, the British
e the dominant force, what the Greeks
reign factor," but their suzerainty ended
hen, with a polite diplomatic note, they
their burden and asked the Americans
it. This was during the Civil War, and
re was the American military mission,
he economic aid, great quantities of it
l to rebuild the country and were pos-
est and the brightest uses of American
e in the postwar period, and then the
xperts, the advisers, the endless officials,
ats, and all the beginnings of a new
"I remember," an American diplomat
n Paul Porter was the AID chief, and the
the Greek budget would come in and
d say, 'We want to spend so much money
nd so much on that,' and Porter would
no, so that he was really the guy who
ng the country." (Porter later became
s's law partner; I do not know if this
thing.) That suzerainty ended in 1961.
gress, wearying of adding new nations to
n Aid rolls without seeing any come off,
Greece, Taiwan, and Israel. In fact,
then had a sound debt structure, her
was growing, and she didn't need the
Neither did Taiwan or Israel, but they
ained. Later, the economic aid to Taiwan
suspended was shifted over to military aid;
t hit American Jews up again.) Those
e Truman Doctrine, of the Marshall Plan,
s of great American prestige in Greece:
vell loved. Here, for example, is a Greek
speaking. He is gray-haired and dis-
l. books in three languages are on his
elves, and he was an elected Deputy and
in more Greek governments than he can
member. "In the early nineteen-fifties, the
Ambassador, Peurifoy, once called me
ed me to lunch. This was just before an
Peurifoy was an old friend, and the lun-
s just a social occasion. But then along

came a free-lance photographer, who took our pic-
ture, and the next day it was in all the Athens
papers. My people saw it, and I'm sure I got ten
thousand votes because of it in the election. If this
were to happen again, if people were to see my pic-
ture now with an American official, I would lose the
election." There are no elections now, of course,
and the politician, who probably had the photogra-
pher planted, could be overstating things. Still, there
is a new anti-Americanism in Greece, and it worries
the American Embassy, and it is probably strongest
among the young, where it ought not to exist at all.

Why, definitely the Americans support the
Colonels," the girl was saying. "It is the
Pentagon and the CIA, not the people. If the people
knew what was happening here they would be with
us. All the students believe there has been inter-
ference from the Americans." The girl was a leftist
who smiled a lot, even when she was telling horror
stories. She attended the University of Athens, and
periodically she had to report to the fourth floor of
the police station on Bouboulinas Street to be inter-
rogated. Her boyfriend had been sentenced to ten
and a half years on an unspecified charge, and
her friends all thought she would end up in jail her-
self. (The extra half-year on his sentence is worth
remembering because in Greece when you are put
away for more than five years, or for more than
ten years, the conditions of servitude can be made
a little harder. Many of the political prisoners I
knew of were in for five and a half years, or ten
and a half years, with that extra half-year being
just a special piece of nastiness.) "There are many
informers at the university," the girl said. "I see
them sometimes at Bouboulinas Street when I re-
port there. That way I can tell who they are. Every-
one on the board of the Student Union is an
informer. Before the Colonels took over, the board
was elected. The head of the Student Union was
always elected, too, but just after the Revolution the
Government appointed a right-wing student to be
the head. He didn't like the Colonels, either, and
so he resigned. Now they are more careful when
they appoint someone." Are there underground or-
ganizations among the students? I asked. "Oh,
yes," she said. "The biggest one is left-wing, and
there is one for the Center-Union. They agitate."
What else do they do? I asked. "They pass out
leaflets," she said. Is there anything else? I asked.
"Well," she said, "they write slogans on the black-
boards."

This is the way it is among the students and intel-
lectuals; if the counterrevolution comes it will come
from elsewhere. At the University of Salonika,
which is even larger than the University of Athens,
perhaps one-third of the professors have been dis-
missed, but the bothersome part in thinking about
this is that a great many Greek professors ought to
have been dismissed years ago, having long put
up with an educational system whose newest ideas
sprang from the Kaiser's Germany, which meant
overcrowded classes, an absence of science facili-

John Corry
THE
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ties, and some of the most overbearing pedagogues in the world. "Have you ever heard of Montesquieu?" a professor of history at Salonika asked me. Yes, I said. "Are you sure?" he said. Yes, I said. "And are you familiar with the American Constitution and the system of checks and balances?" he asked. I told him I was. "Well, then," he said, "perhaps I'll be able to talk to you about how a democracy works." The professor, who was a frosty man, with vague eyes, was absolutely opposed to the Colonels, but he had not been dismissed, although many of his colleagues had. Dismissals are announced in the *Government Gazette*, and the reasons offered are something like "illegal relations," which can mean meeting someone on a street corner, or "being against the actual situation of the country," which can mean anything at all. Moreover, the University of Salonika is full of police informers, perhaps more so than in Athens, and some do it out of zeal, and some probably for fun, and some for either special favors or money, with the acceptable pay supposed to be about 500 drachmas, or \$16.60, a month. One professor in Salonika said that a police official had complained to him that he was grading some of his students too low. Which ones? the professor asked. These, the policeman said, and offered him a list of what the professor took to be the policeman's informers. It is also interesting that when the professor objected to the policeman's superior, there were immediate apologies. Dictatorship in Greece has a tentative quality; no one is ever quite sure of how far he can move against the regime, or of why he is not in jail when those without blame are, and so there is a lot of testing, of trying to find the point where the Colonels do act. The Colonels and their apparatchiki, however, are inconsistent. When eighteen writers signed a declaration saying that freedom had died, two or three were called to police headquarters and politely asked why they had done such a thing. When Anna Synodinou, probably the best-known actress in Greece, renounced her career because the stage was no longer free, a general called her in, and said that as a man he admired her, but as a member of the Government hardly at all. Therefore, he said, would she please stop making inflammatory statements. However, at the funeral of George Papandreou, the former Prime Minister, forty-one persons were arrested and sentenced to one to four and a half years for shouting what the police said were provocative slogans.

So, that is also the way it is in Greece, an Attic police state, where you cannot easily tell repression from simple inefficiency, and where you also cannot easily tell when a citizen is surrendering to the alarums, or when he is, in fact, awaiting the policeman's midnight knock. Nothing is really the way it seems, and myth and reality, as they always have been in Greece, are intertwined.

"The only bullets we are receiving are the flowers that are thrown at us," said Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Patakos, making a pun in Greek with the

word for receive. "Before you came here," he said, "you thought there were machine guns on the streets." Then he smiled benignly more or less, that everyone loved the Government. Still, when Prime Minister Papadopoulos came to his office each morning from his home five minutes away, it is the way it would be if Lyndon had decided to visit the Democratic Convention in Chicago, with Daley handling the security on Michigan Avenue: each intersection well blocked off, all traffic is stopped, and, I estimate, three hundred to four hundred cars wait for attention.

Similarly, I once arranged a meeting in an apartment with a pleasant, gray-haired woman who looked like your old Aunt Florrie. "I got to the floor above, and then walked down one flight," she said. "I learned that from a British diplomat." I do not know for certain if the lady's caution was necessary, but there is a great deal of caution in Athens, with code names to be used on the telephone, orders never to call from a hotel, but from a kiosk, because your phone may follow you from instructions to take a taxi to a street two blocks from where you're going, and then to wait for you if you are being followed, and only then to take you to your appointment. Middle-aged people behave the way they must have during the German occupation, and they tutor the young. None of them would say that everyone acts this way; rather, they say that those who are committed, which is a small number of people, but they are the ones who yearn for a democracy.

From time to time the Prime Minister, who always says that Greece is a democracy, or at least should become one, but on form, as the horse players say, it is hard to prove. The press is controlled, there are no elections, there are no strikes, there are no political parties, there is no independent judiciary. There is not much of anything except what the Government says there is to be, and one of these is a free constitution. The Constitution is worth looking at, but the Government says, it was approved in a referendum by something like 92 per cent of the people. I do not think 92 per cent of the Greeks would vote on what day it is, and I met an officer who told me he personally saw a box of ballots dumped on the ground because everyone was tired of counting. Nor, however, will we say that a majority of the Greeks voted for the Constitution, and that the count, if not exact, was at least indicative. To begin with, the yellow ballots were blue, which is the national color of Greece, and the no ballots were black. At first, the no ballots were to be red, suggesting that only a Communist would vote against the Constitution, but under the pressures, or perhaps a public-relations man's suggestion, the red was veiled, and black was chosen. One woman said when she voted she was given only the yellow ballot, and that she was too timid to ask for one marked no, and a man told me that in his polling place the no ballots were stuck behind the ballot box, so that to get one he would have had to reach over the box and under the nose of an Army captain.

decided, and voted yes. Furthermore, a number of people abstained from voting that rough abstention can be followed by civil the loss of a passport, for instance. In the n itself, Article 138, which is the last s that the Constitution will be in force y, except for those articles that take when the Government says they do. les deal with arrest, the courts, search e, free speech and censorship, the right y, the right of association, the vote, the rm political parties, Parliament, and the ot. So far as I know, none of these is in ough the Government repeatedly has elf to a return to constitutional liberties. t or not this will happen is questionable. many theories in Greece; one being that Minister is a secret moderate who is hard the younger, right-wing officers to stand r than he does; another being that the Minister is a natural despot posing as a secret who is hard pressed by the younger, right-firs, and a third being that the Government a chaos that no one is able to consistently ne else at all. Even before the newspapers eared, Greece was always full of rumors. here are more of them. Some are sheer o from no place in particular, some are d, this side or that, and some are actually yone can find support for his own idea t, happening, or about to happen, and any ce can interpret the same rumor, or the vence, differently.

ample, last June 21, in a letter that seems and its way into every intelligence agency n Lt. Col. Dimitrios Ionnides of the mili- e wrote to the Prime Minister to express s of some officers of the Revolu- ge part of the letter dealt with King Con- who led an unsuccessful counter-coup in h, 1967, and has since been living in Rome. t his, the Government hangs his picture in ces, gives him a pension, and keeps in h him through its Embassy.) Colonel e said that the officers were unhappy with ation being shown to the King, and he t the contact through the Embassy in d, and that those few officers involved nter-coup who had not been arrested be The Colonel also complained of a few in- tters, and then he said, "The hope on the mer politicians for a return to parliamen- nment has made the implementation of of the Revolution difficult. A responsible n, *in addition to the promises given to* rs, should end these hopes." Now, this y meant that the Prime Minister already he officers that there would be no return mentary government, and that Colonel and his brother officers wanted him to tell the nation. Therefore, the Prime Minister t (a) being pushed by the other officers wing a harder line, or (b) far in advance ers in taking a harder line, and just lag-

gard in telling the nation so, or (c) neither or both of these. None of this would be very important, except that it indicates that a return to the conventional freedoms is still far in the future for 8.7 million people, and that once again we are trapped into having truck with another military dictatorship.

American businessmen are more comfortable with this Government," a lawyer said. "They don't understand that the long-term prospects are against them. After this Government is deposed the American firms that are involved in this regime will be ousted." The lawyer, plainly nervous because his doorman, a former policeman, had seen me enter his office, made much of his living by representing American businesses in Greece, and he had for them a kind of affectionate contempt. "It is the management level," he said, "they don't know, or don't care, what is happening here. They welcome the stability, and if they have not supported the coup, at least they have tolerated it. In the end it will be as it is in South America: they will be driven out. My friends who are in jail, I don't know how much hatred they'll have for Americans when they get out, but these are the people who will someday lead Greece." As we all know, the business of business is business, and a dollar is amoral. Besides, capital investment stimulates the economy, provides jobs, and generally enhances the well-being of everyone concerned. "Trade, not aid," calls up self-reliance, viable partnerships, and the best of intentions, and when an American concern invests money in Greece a great thing is made about it in the newspapers, and the Deputy Prime Minister is sure to lay the cornerstone. The conventional wisdom is that invested money ultimately will help the poor, and for once the conventional wisdom may be right. The other thing is that even the most benighted Greek liberal knows that capitalism gets along better with the right than the left wing, and he is right, too. "There is no such a thing as American investment, there is only investment. It has no nationality," said Nicitas Sioris, the Under Secretary for Education, who was once the Under Secretary for Finance. He was not right: there is American investment, and it is an outward and visible sign, to the Greeks, at least, that Americans support the Government.

Before the Revolution there were no American banks in Athens. There was American Express, but it was mostly in the business of handling remittances from home. Then, just after the Colonels took over, Chase Manhattan, First National City, and Bank of America opened offices. Litton Industries, that great conglomerate, had been invited into the country when George Papandreou was Prime Minister, but it had dropped out when national politics became too complicated. Immediately on their ascension, however, the Colonels invited Litton back in again, and Litton agreed to undertake the economic development of Crete and the western Peloponnese, and, it says in the contract, to "refrain from any active participation in political activities

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in Greece." and to "act as the faithful servant of the Government." In return, the Government was to periodically deposit a million or so in U. S. dollars in a Litton account in Switzerland. In Greece, Litton neither sows nor reaps, but gets others to come in and do so; it promotes, finding investment opportunities, and then finding investors. "Much has been said about this contract and the two contracting parties," Deputy Prime Minister Patakos said not long ago about the arrangement with Litton. "I wish to say there is nothing at all to this, and the work is progressing." It is a Government convention that, when someone says something it does not want to hear, the Government does not repeat it but instead puts out solemn assurances that whatever was said was said by what it usually calls a "slanderer" of Greece," and was all wrong anyway. In Litton's case, the slanderers were saying that the Colonels had been had, and that Litton was falling far short of its commitment on bringing in capital. In the beginning, there was rosy talk about Litton pulling as much as \$950 million into Greece, although the contract itself called for Litton to bring in somewhat less. By the second anniversary of the signing, however, there was only \$1,650,000 in foreign capital brought in by Litton actually at work in Greece. There was a great deal more in the pipeline, of course, but it was not enough. When Patakos said, "Much has been said about this contract," it was Government talk, indicating that the Colonels themselves were a little unhappy, and sure enough, a little later it was announced that the Litton contract would be revised. Still, whatever Litton tells potential investors abroad about the glories of Greece (periodically someone calls it a mouthpiece for the Colonels) it is sensibly quiet in Greece itself.

It is not so with Thomas Pappas of Boston, a Greek-American, who contributes mightily to the Republican party, who said after the convention that he had "put in a good word for Spiro" and once suggested in Athens that he was an old CIA man.

"After the Almighty God created men and beasts, He created the Greek-Americans, and He didn't know what to do with them." The speaker here, another former Minister, was saying that the Greek-Americans were neither Greek nor American, but something else. There are 2.5 million of them, and the former Minister, who was a traveling man, said that in America they acted like Greeks, and in Greece they acted like Americans. He spoke about them the way poor Greeks speak about "the rich Greeks," rich Greeks being both incomprehensible and suspect to poor Greeks, and he wished they would all go away. They will not, but it was really the more visible Greek-Americans that the former Minister was talking about. Mr. Pappas is the most visible of all, and his people in Athens, if not Mr. Pappas himself, say that he is close to the President of the United States, knows full well who the next Ambassador will be, and, in fact, very probably will name him himself. Mr. Pappas, the former Minister said, is a charming man who cooks spaghetti, tells funny stories, and is good to his friends. Still, he said, he wished he would go away. Pappas,

whose family is from the same village as Agnew's, came to Boston as a very small operator greatly by importing olive oil, and then into real estate and Republican politics. He brought a great deal of money into Greece, is now the proprietor of chemical plants, a tomato mill, and a refinery in Salonika, tomato and tomato-juice plants in the Peloponnese, and in Macedonia, and God knows what else. He got concessions for some canning factories, and recently he has started to build some bottling plants, for which he also has a license. Coca-Cola had tried for years to get in, but other Governments, fearful of the competition for the Greek fruit and soft-drink industry, declined to admit it. The Colonels, recognizing something in having another American name, welcomed it.

Pappas put his first big money into Greece in 1962 when a right-wing Government was then suffered mildly in 1964 when a left-wing Government tried to revise the contracts, and he was trying to see that this never happened. That was a year in which the King disappeared, a Government, and in its place there came a right-wing one, and a Prime Minister who was a friend of Pappas. The new Government, however, was only a minority of deputies in the Parliament, and to survive it needed the support of members of the liberal Center-Union party. Pappas, according to the best of the political gossip in Athens, approached several liberal deputies, promised them money, and asked them to switch over. Some of them apparently did, although the next year was the year of the coup, and so it hardly counts. (When the Colonels took over, Tom's brother, Pappas, a sometime judge, was in Greece, and he got back to Boston he said the coup was good for the country, and while this was not much more than a headline in America, it was headline news in Greece.) After the coup, Tom Pappas and the Prime Minister were frequently pictured together in the papers. In fact, was the best man when the Deputy Minister's daughter was married, and when he was suggested about a year later that he had worked for the CIA, well, there was the ball of wax, the CIA, big business, and, of course, the Junta.

Knowledgeable Greeks knew something about the U. S. Embassy, roughly rating the important people there as either good guys or bad guys, and they know who some of the CIA men are in the U. S. military mission, and even a few about them. It is something else, though, what the CIA men have been up to, one reason being that the Colonels themselves put out nothing about how the CIA supports them, and another being that it is generally hard to know what is up to in Greece. The military mission is more transparent. It is there because Greece is the southern anchor of NATO, and so on, and along well with the Greek Government.

ell, we're all Army officers, and we're all a job, and so on. The Colonels love to American officers trot out for ceremonial and this is always recorded by the photo and then it gets all over the papers, too. My people do not like this kind of thing, I think that every time they start to get it from the Greek Government that things would be all around if the Government gave at least the appearance of being a democracy, that then the mission comes in, tells the Colonels they're fine, and not to worry about the Embassy diplomats just aren't realists. Moreover, the diplomats tell the American officers there is no possibility that the Junta will create so much American feeling that the Greeks may leave it of NATO sometime, that doesn't seem possible, either.

That is another matter. There are a great many Greeks who believe that American intelligence has supported the Colonels. One persists that fifteen generals who were arrested and were denounced to the Greek Government were American officers to whom they had confided plans for a counter-coup. Another is that the intelligence recently turned over to Greek intelligence 1,200 telephone tapping devices for use officially called "NATO purposes." The third may be circulated by the Greek Government, second, I think, has the ring of truth.

There has been a close relationship between Greek and American intelligence agencies. Even though the initials do not translate, Greek intelligence is always referred to as the CIA. The Greek CIA, however, functions as both a Greek and a CIA, responsible for both internal and external security, and it always has been my men. When George Papandreou was Prime Minister he became annoyed by the agency's relationship with the Americans and tried, with much success, to change it. George Papadopoulos, the leader of the Junta, served in and out of the Greek CIA for years, and there is some evidence, as early as 1952, he was in touch with the CIA, later getting funds from, the American Embassy. During the German Occupation, Greek Army officers formed a secret organization to protect the Army's ideals, and in 1952 Papadopoulos became its general secretary, and formed his own inner circle within the organization. Showing a remarkable talent for mimicry, he appears to have done this by 1954, which is also about the time a few officers began to call him the "Nasser of Greece" and as early as 1958 he told at least one officer that he was ready to oust the King. Of course, a junior officer, small beer, and I don't know if anyone took him seriously. Moreover, within the Greek Army it is almost mandatory for an officer to train in the United States, at Fort Benning, Georgia. On the day of the Embassy official called the military misadvised who Papadopoulos was. The Americans said they didn't know, and that there

was no record of his having trained at Fort Benning, or anywhere else in the United States. Nevertheless, there is another persistent story, this one saying that in the early 1960s, which would be just before he dumped that sugar in the fuel supply of his tank, Papadopoulos trained in the United States in the techniques of psychological warfare and anti-Communist espionage. I do not know if this is true, but some Greeks believe it, and they are the people who will one day inherit their country. As a nation we have a talent for backing safe, right-wing leaders, and Greece, remember, was once torn apart by a bloody war over Communism. I think that Papadopoulos, as a devoted anti-Communist, was involved with American intelligence agents, maybe even with some high-class liberal types, the kind who always talk about adjusting ourselves to the realities of power, and I find it inexpressibly sad.

From time to time, there have been charges in the American and European press, particularly in Britain and in Scandinavia, that political prisoners have been tortured in Greece. Most recently, *Look* Magazine said so, and the Greek Government cried slander, while Prime Minister Papadopoulos thought seriously enough of the accusation to call a press conference and denounce it. "People should know that only through the respect for truth can we survive in peace and freedom," he said, and then declared that *Look's* principal informant, a political exile, was "a mentally deranged person, who has been an inmate in an asylum for disturbed persons." Therefore, he said, it was all a lie. Greek-American newspapers were even more outraged. They said it was reprehensible to accuse the Greek Government of allowing this kind of thing to go on, and they said that stories of torture were nothing more than leftist fiction. In Greece, however, I got the statements of dozens of political prisoners who said they had been tortured. What is extraordinary is that the prisoners were willing to have their names published. I do not understand the courage, or perhaps the despair, of a man who will publicly denounce his jailers while he is still within their reach. It was explained to me that the prisoners simply didn't care, and that they thought nothing worse could happen to them than already had happened. I don't know; I think it may just be that they are Greeks. I have heard that when a German officer ordered a Greek officer to haul down the flag from the Acropolis at the beginning of the Occupation, the Greek officer got the flag, wrapped himself in it, and then leaped from the parapet to the rocks below. I do not know if it really happened this way, but it sounds like something a Greek could do. Just so, I think that a prisoner who allows his name to be used is also doing something a Greek could do.

Of the dozens of statements about torture, here are only a few, and they are published exactly as they were translated into English. The only other thing is that Prime Minister Papadopoulos has said that, if torture can be proved, "I will not hesitate

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to order the execution of those responsible right here in Constitution Square, and I shall assume full responsibility for it." I hope he keeps his word.

PAVLOS KLAVDIANOS, 23 YEARS OLD, STUDENT AT THE SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND COMMERCIAL SCIENCES: I was arrested on February 29, 1968, by the policeman Karathanassi. I was taken to the General Security offices. All the time I was being beaten and punched. In the office of the police officer John Kalyvas, I was beaten for about two hours by Kalyvas, Karapanayioutis, and Karathanassi. They used wood planks, metal wires, and rubber clubs. They tied very tightly my genitals with a rope and pulled them. After this I was taken to the terrace, where there is a little room. They tied me on a bench and tortured me by beating the soles of my feet. . . . I was taken to the camp of 505 Marine Battalion in the area of Dionysos. I was tortured immediately with beating on my soles. I was burned with a lit cigarette on the wrist of the right hand. . . . After this I was put in the punishment confinement room. There I was kept for thirty-eight days. I was continuously tortured with beating on the soles of my feet by Major Constantine Boufa, Major Basilios Ioannides and other officers. . . . Captain Spyropoulos fitted on my brow and my neck some electric wires and connected them with a live plug. This was done twice. Then they stripped me naked and made me run under the rain in the yard. . . . For many days they did not allow me to sleep. . . . On orders from the commanding officer, John Manoutsakaki, two soldiers and a sergeant of the military police tried to rape me. Because I resisted they stopped giving me food and water. . . .

ATHANASIOS KANELLOPOULOS, 31, TELEPHONE COMPANY EMPLOYEE: I was arrested for my syndicalistic activities, for conducting propaganda against the Junta, and because I had worked professionally with the former private secretary of Andreas Papandreou. I was arrested on January 1, 1969. I was led straight to a colonel . . . who beat me for two solid hours. I was then handed over to the Piraeus Security Police, where I was beaten incessantly for ten days, bound hand and foot, half-naked, on the soles of my feet. . . . The most severe blows I received on my testicles by kicking. As a result I suffered from damaged testicles, fits of dizziness, and I am unable to walk properly. The names of my torturers are Kouvas, who led the torturing, Yannoutsos, Kotsalos, Angelopoulos. . . .

SOTIRIS ANASTASSIADIS, 29, STAGE DESIGNER: I was arrested by a group of police officers, with Lambrou, Babalis, and Malios at the head. I was kept in solitary confinement for 130 days at the Security Headquarters. I was tortured repeatedly by sole-beating and beating on my face and genitals. The torturers were Babalis, Kravaritis, Kontogeorgakis, Spanos. . . .

STAMATAKIS NIKIFOROS, 24, SELF-EMPLOYED: I was arrested on April 13, 1968, by the Security of Heraklion, Crete. The same day I was tortured from 8:00 A.M. until midnight by a group of men from the Security under the Director of the Gendarmerie

in Crete. . . . I was beaten on the soles. My hands were wrung and I was kicked back while hung from the feet. . . . On . . . was sent to the Security Headquarters Bouboulinas—where I remained in confinement until May 30. . . .

YANNIS PETROPOULOS, 34, DECORATOR: I was arrested on April 4, 1968. I was taken to the Security Headquarters in Athens and . . . up. The next day I was taken to the Dionysos camp. There they shaved my head and made me . . . hair. For many hours in a large room they were beating me all over the body and especially on the head and on the stomach. . . . Because of the beatings on the soles of my feet I could not walk for ten days. They took off four of my toenails and burned with cigarettes my fingernails. They . . . a mock execution. They tortured me by the . . . of letting water drip on my brow. . . .

MICHAEL APANOMERITAKIS, 28, CIVIL SERVANT OF THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY TO THE PRESIDENT: I was arrested in the . . . ISTER'S OFFICE, MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL BOARD OF YOUTH IN CRETE, MEMBER OF A RESISTANCE GROUP: Arrested on August 5, 1968, I was kept in solitary confinement for forty days at the Security Headquarters. I was taken for questioning and there I was inhumanly tortured for forty hours by seven men of the Security Police. They beat me violently on the head, the face, the chest, the belly, and the genitals. I also received several blows on the chest with a chair. The result was a hemorrhage from the mouth, the ears, impossible to walk for twenty days, partial loss of hearing in my left ear, and swelling of the genitals. My torturers were Karambatsos, lieutenant colonel of the Gendarmerie; Mavroidis, lieutenant colonel of the Gendarmerie; Favatas, lieutenant colonel of the Gendarmerie, and four other policemen. . . .

PANAYIOTIS TZAVELLAS, 44, MUSICIAN: I was made invalid. One leg has been cut off at the knee, the other is also injured. I suffer from encephalitis. I was arrested on August 8, 1968, and was kept in a Security Station of the suburbs by punishment in the head, kicking, and flogging. They broke my crutches by which they were beating me on the head and all over the body. I was unconscious for five days. For forty-four days I was kept in solitary isolation and slept on the cement floor without bedding and in only my shirt. I am still awaiting trial. It is already six months.

NIKOLAOS KIAOS, 26, STUDENT OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICS AND SCIENCES: I was arrested on April 1, 1968, by seven police officers of the Student Department of the General Asfalia [police] of Athens. . . . I was taken to the office of . . . where, in his presence, Karapanayioutis beat me. For a long while he was beating my head against the wall. After this he took me to the terrace, a covered room, and tied me on a bench. They beat me on the soles of my feet with iron and wooden rods. They beat me on my genitals. In my . . . they placed a thick truncheon in order to . . . my screams. . . . The same night they took me to the 505 Battalion of the Infantry Marines at

enant and a policeman called Chrisakis
 es of my feet. . . . On the 29th of April
 noon Major Goufas beat the soles of my
 presence of commanding officer Manou-
 y beat me all over the body with a wire
 They tortured me with water drops
 my brow. They were specially beating
 ars. I passed blood in the urine and pus
 ping from my ears. . . .

there are dozens of other statements, all
 uch the same, and they should be read
 unketing American Congressmen, hip-
 s, and businessmen in Greece. I think
 men who were quoted are now in Averof
 thens, which is neither the best nor the
 for a political prisoner in Greece, but
 cal one. Physical torture, being mostly
 ent of police stations and Army barracks,
 es not go on there, but a sad and nasty
 of the spirit does. Averof is a clump of
 lings, with sections for men and women
 isoners, and for ordinary convicts. Be-
 ational Resurrection came to Averof,
 with terms of up to ten years could be
 e times a week, and prisoners with terms
 ty years could be visited eight times a
 w, political prisoners who get up to five
 allowed four visits a month, and for five
 t is twice a month, and for twenty to life
 month. Once, incidentally, any relative
 a to see a prisoner: now the most distant
 owed in is a first cousin, who must be
 the prisoner's father, not to the mother.
 re not allowed to visit at all unless they
 al permission from the Ministry of Jus-
 is is not often given. When relatives do
 tand behind a low cement wall, and then
 ars, and then a fine wire net, and then
 and then the prisoners and their guards.
 e this summer, children were allowed to
 e fathers or mothers twice a month in a
 re they could embrace. Then it was an-
 at the visits, which had been thirty min-
 d be limited to five minutes. The smallest
 specially use up a minute or two of this in
 eir fathers or mothers among the other
 and guards. Nearly all the cells in Averof
 risoners, and they are small cells, with a
 ow space between the cots. The prisoners
 enteen hours a day there, and they are
 at 7:00 P.M. in the summer, and 6:00 P.M.
 ter. The cells have no toilets, only buckets
 mptied in the morning. There is a toilet
 e political prisoners use, but it is seldom
 nd its rotten, fetid smell overflows into
 Some prisoners say this is the worst thing
 Averof. The Government spends eight
 a day on food for each prisoner, which
 5 cents, and it is popularly supposed that
 o drachmas of this are stolen. There is
 , however, and its profits are used to buy
 the prison hospital. Families may also
 ood three times a week, but they cannot

THIRD PSALM: THE SEPTEMBER VISION by W. S. Merwin

for Galway Kinnell

I see the hand in which the sun rises
 a memory looking
 for a mind
 I see black days black days
 the minds of stones
 going
 but likewise coming
 their sealed way
 I see an empty bird cage
 a memory looking
 for a heart
 asked to feel more
 feels less
 I see an empty bird flying
 and its song follows me
 with my own name
 with the sound of the ice
 of my own name
 breaking
 I see the eyes of that bird
 in each light
 in rain
 in mirrors
 in eyes
 in spoons
 I see clear lakes float over us
 touching us with their hems
 and they carry away secrets
 they never brought
 I see tongues being divided
 and the birth of speech
 that must grow
 in pain
 and set out for Nineveh
 I see a moth approaching
 like one ear of an invisible animal
 and I am not calling
 I see bells riding dead horses
 and there was never a silence like this

 oh objects come and talk with us
 while you can

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LIBERTY

send in anything that is sold in the canteen, and sick prisoners cannot receive any food at all. Candy is forbidden; I do not know why. The hospital is a few hundred yards from the cellblock, and when prisoners go there they go in handcuffs in a police wagon. The dentist visits on Friday, but he is equipped only to extract teeth. Foreign-language books are not allowed in the prison, and other books are allowed in only at the discretion of the warden. Many books are banned in Greece, but the warden prohibits others as well. Once he banned Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Averof is not a monumental tragedy, not like Belsen or Buchenwald, but it is grimy. There are probably only a few thousand people in the Averofs of Greece, but there are others who have been exiled from their homes and sent into remote villages, and many many others who pass in and out of police stations, sometimes being detained for a few hours, sometimes overnight, and sometimes for days and weeks. The newspapers publish no stories about them: things are seldom announced. "Have you heard the latest?" Greeks seem to be forever saying, and the latest is always something political, or something about another arrest. Perhaps one-third of the Army officers have been arrested, or retired, and some of them are in exile, and some walk the streets, and some are kept in an old hotel near Athens. The windows are nailed shut, and twice a day two guards take each officer downstairs for a turn around what was once a lobby. In Athens there is also an atomic-research center, Democritos, which is named for the Greek who said 2,400 years ago that all matter was made up of tiny particles. One morning in June an electronics scientist was arrested in his laboratory at Democritos, and more than a month later his colleagues still didn't know what had happened to him. At five in the morning of the day he had been seized, a Democritos chemist was taken from his home, questioned by the police, and then released. The chemist had been invited to present a paper at a meeting of the American Chemical Society, but then the cops said he couldn't go. What shall I tell the Americans? he asked the director of Democritos. Tell them you broke a leg, he said. This was about the time that a lady scientist from Democritos was stopped at the airport while she was on her way to attend a professional meeting in Vienna. She could not leave, the police said, because she was a menace to national security. The "latest" is always something like that.

The other side of all this, although I met few Greeks outside the Government who cared to admit it, is that the Government has done some things for its constituents. Any dictatorship, no matter how inefficient, usually does, and even Mussolini made the trains run on time. Liberal critics of right-wing regimes hardly ever acknowledge these things, probably because it would damage their case, but they ought to. For example, the Greek farmers, like American farmers, habitually overborrow, and the

Greek farmers, like American farmers, cry poverty. The difference is that the Greeks, who make up about half the population, mean it. The per capita income in Greece is about \$750, and the farmers scratch a living on little plots and patches of rocks and ground. By 1967 they owed the Government ten billion drachmas, which was about one-third of what they could produce in a year, and in 1968 the loans were pardoned. The farm subsidies also were increased 70 per cent, and the Colonels are not the sort to upset a farmer owner by parceling out his estate, they are just talking about consolidating the small holdings. That is, if a farmer owns, say, five acres spread over seven different places, they will be put together. The Government also has introduced free medical care, and it says that the farmers and their families had 35 million visits in hospitals, and that doctors also made for many free visits in rural areas. Before the Revolution the Government also says, there were exactly 100 doctors in the poorest, most isolated areas of Greece, and now there are 1,410. The rule is, one young doctor, just out of medical school, is sent into these areas for at least six months, and it is similar to what they do in some socialist countries, but in Greece the Government will also send more doctors to go, which may even be nicer.

The Government also says there are more than 100 university dormitories, and more old university centers going up now than ever before, and putting aside 13 per cent of the national budget for education, which is more than any other Government ever thought of doing. Furthermore, there has been a rise of 200 per cent in the number of teaching assistants at the universities. Presumably they must all prove their loyalty to the Government, and the moldy figs at the universities will receive any virtue in it, anyway, but it is another sign that something, somewhere, is being done. As far as our greatest social need, it is hard to do briefly," Lucas Patras, the Minister of Social Welfare, said. Mr. Patras is a shy, pleasant fellow who studies a lot, and then writes things with thick ink. "The Problem of the Pensionable Retirement," "Our country is in a state of change," "From a state of low social development to a state of high development. This is a period of social problems, and all the problems are at an explosive stage. Social Security is in a state of anarchy. We must move to a new system. The distribution of doctors is not the best. We must make new decisions. The old leaders didn't understand the problem of moving from a pre-revolutionary to a post-revolutionary society." Then Mr. Patras sighed a little and went on to explain the problem of Social Security. There are 338 Social Security centers, which are called "founts," and each job or profession has its own, and each one runs itself. "Unfortunately, each fount was not part of an overall program," Mr. Patras said, "but existed separately, and it was all policy. This, of course, is kind of crazy, but that is the way it was before the Revolution."

their money into the founts, and when
isioned off, or go on unemployment, the
it out again. Since no one has ever
a way to do this by mail, a Greek must
himself at the fount to do business. As an
t. Mr. Patras said that the Government
H beaten the problem of the long lines
always stretching out from the founts
ot sun. He did not say how the Govern-
done this, and it is only a small thing,
ct it is terribly important if you are an
isoner with one leg. This is the same
t that exiled the composer Mikis Theo-
a miserable mountain village, posted
with guns nearby, and then banned his
er Greece. I do not know how many one-
isioners you have to get into the shade to
or losing Theodorakis, but I think it
ondered, especially by the people who let
stand out there in the first place.

, what may save all the Greeks, even from
ees, is their madness. Not all Greeks have
ugh do, and it helps them get by. A Greek
automobile is mad, which he must be.
l the other drivers are mad, too. Greek
of only two kinds of women, the kind
home to their mothers, and then the
u, and they stare at women a lot, and flare
oils a lot. It is a little mad, but I do not
get much, and so maybe they must be
y Greeks in nightclubs break plates when the
music gets to them, and this is mad, but
ot much else they can do, and they must
ing. The Colonels have passed a law that
illegal to break plates this way, but the
get broken. "We Greeks break plates
eak the law," a man said, hurling a few
zouki player. The maddest Greek I ever
ct, was a bouzouki player.

re American saxophone players," he said.
ke me weep." He pursed his lips, grabbed
ary saxophone, and swayed forward and
ing very sad.
ou know there is no written music for the
" he said, and I said I did not. "Well,
one," he said, tearing a peach in two, and
ne half.

ie about the bouzouki." I said.
tell you," he said, "because you are a
a friend of mine. I have been playing the
for thirty-six years, since I was six. The
has been seen in popular places only since
ore that it was only in secluded places. It
sic for tough guys. It originated in 1930.
s based on Turkish music, but only thugs
zglers ever heard it. Then it started to
opular with intellectual people. I remem-
rich people, snobs, would start coming to
-guy places. Did you know that my father
iel, and my sister is a scientist?"
nim I did not, and I asked him how he got
ouzouki player.

"You cannot find a bouzouki player who will
tell you his story," he said, "but I have a great
desire to tell mine to you." Then he fell into a long
silence.

I asked him what made a good bouzouki player.

"This is a most difficult question. I admire you
very much for asking it. No one has ever asked me
such a provocative question before." Then he fell
into another long silence, and looked very sad, but
finally he said, "It is intellect. This is the difference,
the difference between two players is intellect. If
you have the same desire, intellect is the thing that
separates us."

He was silent again, and then he spoke about
composers, commending several, and then saying,
"But not Theodorakis, he is for the crowd. He is a
thief, a pseudo-intellectual, and a Communist. You
understand, of course, that I am talking only about
music."

I said I did, and asked him when he would play
the bouzouki.

"Not tonight," he said, and looked very sad. "I
am not in the mood." Then he got up and walked
away.

The bouzouki player was not a fool, only a little
mad. He will probably get by, and in the end he
and some other mad Greeks will do in the Colonels.
They may have to do it without the Americans, but
in the end it will be done. On the day a Greek said,
"Have you heard the latest?" which was that some
more arrests had been made, nineteen American
newspaper boys came to Athens. They were jug-
eared, freckle-faced, and cowlicked, and they were
all over the newspapers, and all over the television
news. They were from the Hearst organization, and
the Hearst man who was with them told the Prime
Minister, "Some of the things that one reads today
about Greece are myths. One finds this out when
one comes to Greece, sees Greece, and lives in
Greece. We shall take with us the most beautiful im-
pressions of your country." Then the man from
Hearst handed over messages from other Ameri-
cans. John McCormack, the Speaker of the House,
sent the Prime Minister "expressions of esteem."
Senator Henry Jackson of Washington said some-
thing about NATO, and then he told Mr. Papadopou-
los he was sure the newsboys would be impressed by
"your country and your people." Governor Richard
B. Ogilvie of Illinois said it was wonderful that the
newsboys would learn "how your brave people
fought and struggled to remain free," and Ron-
nie Reagan, after saying something about "the
idea of freedom and justice," sent "the best wishes
to you, Prime Minister, Mr. Papadopoulos, and to
all the people of Greece from all the people of Cali-
fornia." Governor Preston Smith of Texas said
everyone was really looking forward to the time the
Prime Minister could visit America, and then he
sent his best wishes "for the continuation of your
success in your struggle for freedom and democ-
racy." On television, the Prime Minister was beam-
ing and beaming, and out there somewhere, a great
many other Greeks needed all their madness to
survive it.

"Have you heard
the latest?"

Greeks seem to
be forever saying,
and the latest is
always something
political, or
something about
another arrest."

MISSILELAND

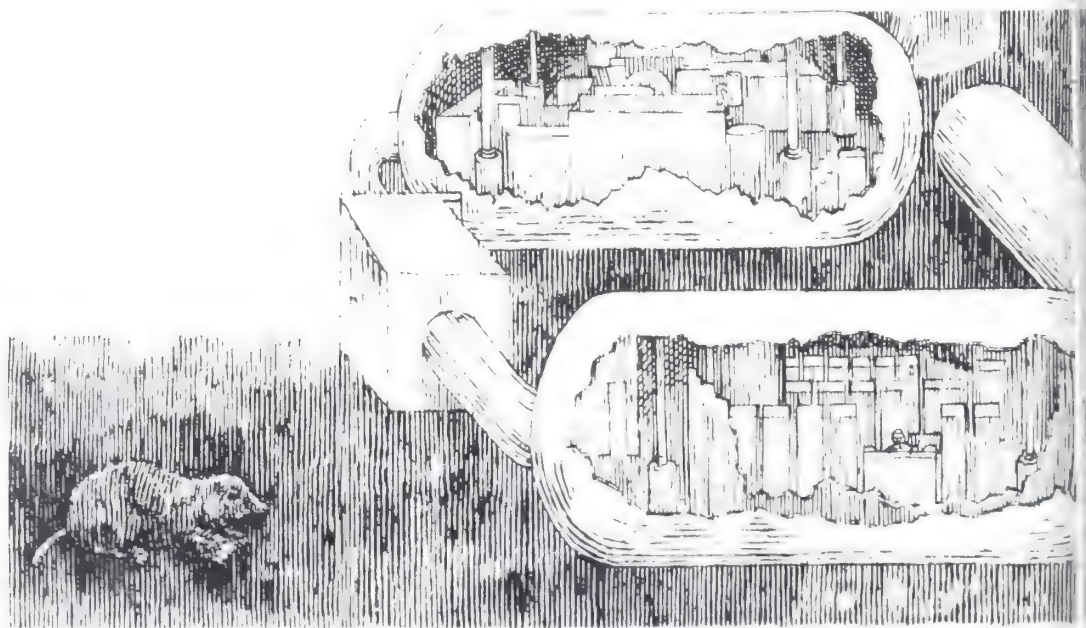
The balance of terror between the Russians and us focuses on the plains of North Dakota, where farmers stoically plow around the nuclear warheads and Air Force crews sit in subterranean silos waiting for World War III.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.

Once upon a time—the time is now; but this is, after all, a kind of mad fairy tale—there lived in North Dakota a farmer named Kermit Carlson. In the rich soil of the Sheyenne River Valley, he grows wheat and barley and flax and, to help pass the time through the long, harsh Dakota winters, he keeps a herd of fifty Hereford cattle. The farm, which spreads over 1,200 acres, originally belonged to his grandmother, who passed it down to his father, who passed it down to him. Kermit Carlson has worked the farm now for twenty-five years, almost all of them with his wife, Laura Jean, and together they have prospered. They have raised five healthy children, sending them all through the public schools in the nearby town of Finley and having them all baptized and confirmed just down the road at the Sheyenne Valley Lutheran Church, which the Carlsons attend regularly every Sunday. Like their neighbors, they are simple, God-fearing Christians. On occasion, Laura Jean Carlson conducts Bible classes in the family's neat, two-story farmhouse, where a portrait of Jesus Christ hangs above the piano in the living room. Only a few hundred feet from the farmhouse is a two- or three-acre plot surrounded by a seven-foot-high cyclone fence with barbed wire strung along the top. In the center of

this enclosure is an eighty-ton concrete structure that rests on the land like a giant mushroom. It covers a cement-and-steel underground cylinder which is poised, like a thick, blunt Magic Marker, suspended in the middle of a tall cup, a Minuteman II intercontinental ballistic missile. It is sixteen feet in diameter at its widest point, stands fifty feet tall and eight inches high and weighs approximately 70,000 pounds. It is programmed to rise from the ground, launch the missile into the air, and deliver its nuclear warhead to a Soviet or Chinese target in about half an hour. Kermit Carlson plows around it.

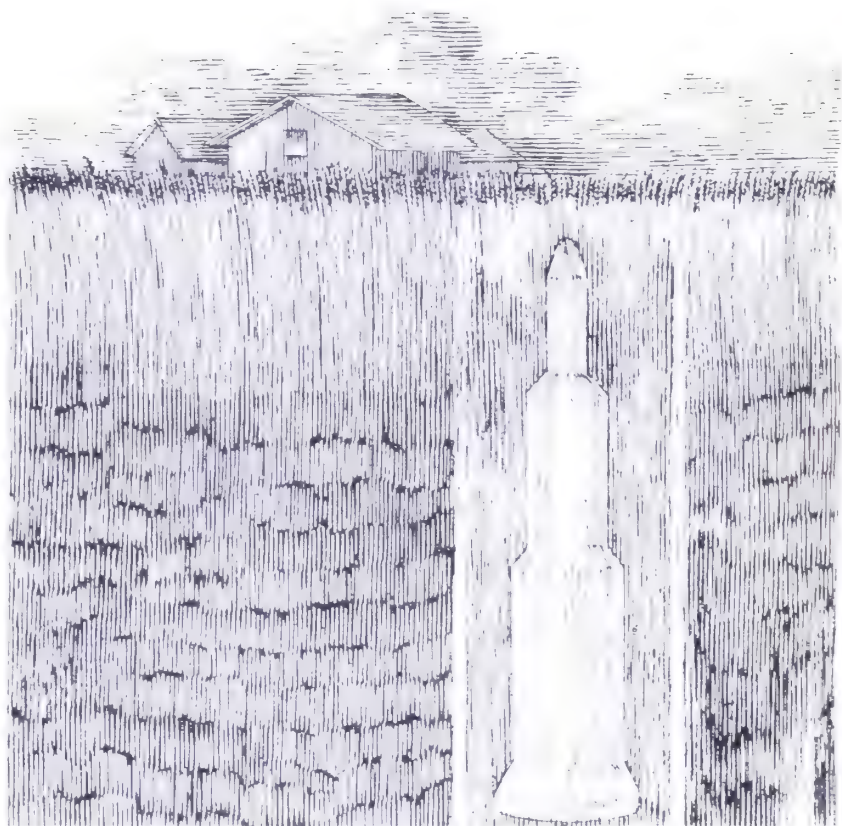
The Carlson farm is about an hour's drive from Grand Forks, a burgeoning small city on the northern edge of North Dakota where fur traders once gathered at the confluence of the Red Lake and the Red River of the North. The Kiwanis Club meets on Monday, the Rotary on Tuesday, the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, and Mayor Hugo R. M. who owns three Piggly Wiggly grocery stores, thinks the economic boom that Grand Forks Air Force Base has bestowed on the community is fine. If you place the point of a compass at Grand Forks and trace a radius of about 75 miles in the north just below the Canadian border, you will find Neche and Pembina and arcing southward to



to the west and then down to Valley Forge—you describe a vast prairie amphitheater in which the rectilinear beauty of the wheatlands is sowed with 150 Minuteman buried in silos like the one on Kermit Carlson's farm. They are under the command of the 321st Strategic Missile Wing, one of six such wings. Minutemen pock the plains of North Dakota, South Dakota, Missouri, Montana, and Wyoming. At least, these six wings could throw a thousand nuclear-tipped Minutemen at any time. The motto of the 321st Strategic Missile Wing is "We Can Do It."

From the Air Force base to the Carlson farm, you go southwest through miles of black, flat, open landscape broken occasionally by clusters of farm buildings and shelter belts of tall elms, Chinese elms, and Russian olives. The road passes first through the hamlet of Hatton, then a rusting cannon on a New England pedestal down the street from the Diner restaurant. Farther southwest is Finley, a larger community where most people eat out, eat at Pop's. From Finley, an old dirt road leads due west for six miles to the Carlson farm.

Richard and Laura Jean Carlson's missile site is at Site N-35. Somewhere in the Soviet Union—in a Ukrainian wheatfield—a SCRAP or SS-9 intercontinental ballistic missile is scheduled to blast out of its silo and explode its megatonnage close enough to Site N-35 to render the Carlsons' Minuteman inoperable. This is all part of what is known as the balance of terror, and, like the rest of us, the Carlsons do their part with it. Instead, they reduce the prospect of annihilation to the emotionally manageable level of nuisance, as if Site N-35 were a high-leaf impinging its ugly concrete and steel on their land. In the farmyard, Kermit Carlson, a tall, erect man of Scandinavian ancestry, wears faded blue overalls like a farmer is supposed to and sprinkles his speech with "gollies" and "bits," pointed to some rusty wire and pipe on his pickup truck. "You see that stuff?" "Well, we come up with a little bit more of it. It's construction debris left in the ground after the missile by the contractors who put in



that silo in 1962. I guess we don't object to the missile itself so much. The government says we need them, so I suppose we do. Besides, we didn't really have any choice. The government can take what it wants. But I do object to the fact that the land around the silo has never been rejuvenated so I can cultivate it. And along with the land around the site, I've lost ten more acres in that field out there." He pointed to a large pond sparkling in the midday sun. "All that water," he continued, "is due to the runoff from the snow that the Air Force plows up around the fence in the winter. A man came in here from the Air Force about two years ago and we gave him all our comments and objections, but we haven't heard from him since. I kinda give up. I got tired of trying to get the thing straightened out. If you owe the government something, they're right there to get it; but if they owe you something, you can just wait. I don't feel I was ever paid justly for my land. It's my livelihood. The eleven acres the government bought broke up my land completely. I had to start farming it a different way. I would rather have paid something to have them put the missile somewhere else. I figure having that missile on my land is costing me \$1,000 a year. You should hear my wife on the subject."

Richard Pollak wrote the article "Time: After Luce" for Harper's July issue. Now free-lancing, he has been a writer and editor for Newsweek, the Sunpapers, and the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Laura Jean Carlson, an animated woman with a quick laugh, seems to sense intuitively the black humor of the situation. "Ever since we agreed to have this missile on our farm," she said, "the rules have been changed every year. We never know when we're going to get a letter telling us, well, now this is changed, and this is changed and this is changed. One day, one of my sons was out plowing and he apparently got too close to one of that missile's antennas. So, up rush some of these Air Force guys [security police who patrol the roads near the sites] and order him to keep away. So he said, 'My Dad told me I could farm up to these posts.' And they said, 'You cannot.' Another time, my little girl and I brought lunch out to the field and when we got near the missile site some Air Force guy comes running up with a gun and tells us we cannot come up there. So I said, 'Mister, I know this missile almost as good as you. In fact, I'm sure I know it better.' But this tops them all! One day I was working down in the garden when a car drove into the yard and a man jumped out and flipped his identification at me and said, 'I'm from the FBI down at Fargo. Where's your husband?' I told him Kermit was out in the field and then he asked a whole bunch of questions about him. Finally, he said, 'We want your husband to keep an eye on that missile up there and if he sees anything peculiar you're to report it to the sheriff.' Well, we happen to know the sheriff quite well, and one time when I ran into him I said, 'Gee, I didn't know we had to watch out for those missiles and report to you.' And do you know what he said? He said, 'Neither did I.' " She threw back her head and laughed. "Anyway," she went on, "when I told Kermit about the visit from the FBI, he said, 'Golly, if I see somebody crawling under that fence I just might give him a push so he gets right in there.' So you see how clear our instructions were when we got this missile. One time a man stopped in here and I asked him, 'Well, when that thing goes off, what direction have you got it set for?' And he said, 'Right over your house.' See how informative they are. In other words, if they're going to set that thing off, we'd better move out."

Mr. Carlson, who had been sitting at the dining-room table with his wife and nodding approval throughout her running commentary, bowed his head and allowed that, if the missile were launched "things probably would shake a little."

The 321st Strategic Missile Wing is broken down into three squadrons of fifty Minutemen each. A squadron is further divided into five flights of ten missiles, all separated by at least three miles and buried in their sheaths beneath the fruited plain. None of these underground silos—or launch facilities, as the Air Force terms them—is manned. Instead, each flight of ten missiles is under the immediate command of a launch-control facility, an area also fenced out of a farmer's field and roughly twice the size of a silo site. Inside the fence is a one-story, L-shaped building that looks like a

drab, oversized ranch house: in it are three bedrooms with double-decker bunk beds; a kitchen, a spacious combination dining and living room and a surface communications center; and six feet below this building are two giant capsules like the silos, each is "hardened" against nuclear blast by a thick shell of concrete and steel. One of these pods—both of which are about 30 feet in length and 16 feet in width—a two-man crew is on alert twenty-four hours a day. They come out from their homes on the back of a bus in Grand Forks for forty-hour tours; during the off period, they alternate eight-hour shifts, one sleeping above while the other sits in strict isolation drinking bad coffee and watching the news of World War III.

Except that it is clean and freshly painted, the elevator that descends slowly from the communications center to the capsules looks like a freight elevator. At the bottom of the shaft, the elevator slides open on a spare, concrete catwalk and is flanked by eight-ton doors that look as if they might give way to a secret vault of safe-deposit boxes. The doorway on the right enters on an unmaneuverable capsule housing fuel tanks, a diesel generator, an environmental-control system, and other miscellaneous equipment. The one on the left leads into the launch-control capsule, which, except for the periscope hanging down, looks like the interior of a mini-submarine. Racks of electronic gear line the walls. The two crew officers—a commander and a deputy commander—each of whom sits before a console of phones, dials, buttons, and multicolored lights. The metal floor of this capsule hangs from the ceiling by enormous shock absorbers, designed, according to theory—to keep both crew and equipment steady despite a nearby nuclear explosion of several megatons. When on duty below, both crew members wear side arms and smart blue fatigues—the fatigues, in case one should have to wing the other, are duct unbecoming a missileman; the latter is the words of one missileman, "for comfort and protection."

Col. James Hall, until recently deputy commander for operations of the 321st Strategic Missile Wing, says that "only the President of the United States can start the daisy chain." This somewhat quaint notion of flower power begins when the president receives word that the nation's radar network or reconnaissance satellite has spotted an enemy missile attack. After choosing a retaliatory target, the President sends a coded message to the Strategic Air Command's underground headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base just outside Omaha, Nebraska. The message is then relayed to the launch-control capsules, where it is read on the print-out of the computer inside the capsules and monitored by the deputy commander. If the message meets certain predetermined specific criteria, the commander authorizes the two crew members to dial the two combination padlocks on the two silo doors, which are metal boxes welded to the wall just above

under's console. Inside each box are more than a dozen documents and a brownish key that the kind millions of people use every day—ordinary locks. After authenticating more than a dozen keys to make sure of its validity, the two men then read on into the war plan, which tells them to select one of several punch cards and slip it into the console's computer. Minuteman II is programmed for eight positions; the punch card picks one for each of the missiles in a flight and also determines the order in which each will fire. The perforated card looks exactly the same as the one that now comes with most telephone bills, except that someone with an abiding interest in history has seen to it that each bears the imprint of a musket-toting Revolutionary Minuteman. Once the ten missiles in a flight are loaded, the commander and deputy commander go down a procedural checklist in about ten minutes, at the end of which each inserts his key into a keyhole at the lower right of the console. In verbal order from the commander, the two men simultaneously rotate their keys a half-turn clockwise and then, after a count of three, release the keys back to their original positions. The missiles are then launched according to the war plan and, at a predetermined time, an explosive charge blows the launch compartment lid off the top of the silo and the missiles streak out of its hole. Each of the three solid-fuel engines burns for approximately one minute, pushing the missile to a speed of 10,000 miles per hour. Another computer in the guidance-and-control package is programmed to steer the weapon to its "cube in space." At a predetermined point at the apogee of the trajectory that the missile must hit at a certain velocity and angle if the target is to be destroyed, the missile's head is then to free-fall on target. If the missile misses its cube in space and remains on its programmed trajectory, the heat and deceleration of reentry will destroy the nuclear warhead so that it will not reach the target. However, if for any reason the missile strays from its programmed trajectory, the warhead will not arm and the weapon becomes inert.

Colonel Hall, a trim, moustachioed officer who looks like a graying Smilin' Jack, describes the launch procedure as "a democracy." Not only must all five members in a capsule agree on the validity of the launch instructions before launching their missiles, but at least one other two-man crew in the five-flight squadron must "vote" to launch. Also if the Minutemen are to fire. "If one man votes to launch," explains Colonel Hall, "but a few others feel that the President's war message is illegitimate, or simply decides to go pacifist, the commander can flip an 'inhibit' switch on his console and starts a timer, and if no other crew member votes with a go vote within a specified number of minutes, then the original launch vote is canceled and the missiles revert to strategic alert. If, on the other hand, a third crew decides that the President's message is legitimate, it can support the first crew's vote, overriding the second crew's inhibiting vote. Now, with launch votes from two crews, the

Minutemen will shoot from their tubes." Normally, of course, you wouldn't have just two, you'd have five, because all crews in the squadron would act together. There are no personalities as people in a missile crew. Launching a missile is a job. You're trained to respond to stimuli, and you respond."

Maj. Danny Kinker and 1st Lt. Durb Curlee make up one of the 129 two-man missile crews stationed with the 321st at Grand Forks. Major Kinker, the commander, has been in the Air Force sixteen years, thirteen of them with SAC as, first, a flight engineer on B-36s, then as a navigator-bombardier on B-47s, and now as a missileman. Lieutenant Curlee, the deputy, joined the Air Force only recently, going right into missile training after graduation from Washington University with a master's degree in business administration. At thirty-seven, Major Kinker, a round-faced man who wears gold-rimmed glasses, is beginning to put on weight and, in mufti, might easily be the courteous, middle-aging vice president of a small-town bank. Lieutenant Curlee, still trim at twenty-six, looks as if he might once have been one of those short, agile guards on a high-school basketball team. But despite this disparity in background and appearance, both men project an almost eerie sameness. Like the astronauts, they have an enameled, passionless quality about them, as if they were the ultimate solid-state computer component of the age, carefully designed, as Colonel Hall says, "to respond to stimuli." During an interview at wing headquarters on the base, they answered questions in voices that betrayed no emotion whatsoever.

"I don't think I'd have any trouble turning the key," said Major Kinker. "You react through training and do what is expected of you. The moment of crisis would not be the time to research philosophy. But maybe for a long time thereafter you would think about it."

"It's something I've thought about a lot and resolved," said Lieutenant Curlee. "I think it's quite clear in my mind now. I don't think I'd have any reservations about turning the key."

"If anyone has any reservations," said Major Kinker, "he is taking his paycheck under false pretenses. He should be in another business."

"The way I feel about it," said Lieutenant Curlee, "is that it is very unfortunate that we have to have a nuclear deterrent, but I also think it very necessary right now."

"The missile business is the technology of the time," said Major Kinker. "It's an especially important factor in the stabilization of international relations. Without it we would be in bad trouble."

Both officers are married. The Kinkers have three teen-age children, the Curlees an infant daughter. As best they can, the two men try to avoid dis-

*Should enemy missiles knock out all five launch-control centers with direct nuclear hits, at least three other ways exist to launch the squadron's fifty missiles: two are classified, the third is by a general in SAC's airborne command post, a plane code-named "Looking Glass."

"The two-man missile crew . . . like the astronauts, have an enameled, passionless quality about them, as if they were the ultimate solid-state computer component of the age, carefully designed to respond to stimuli."

NATURAL LINGUISTICS

(for Peter Salus)

by W. H. Auden

Every created thing has ways of pronouncing its ownhood:
 basic and used by all, even the mineral tribes,
 is the hieroglyphical *koine* of visual appearance
 which, though it lacks the verb, is, when compared with our own
 heaviest lexicons so much richer and subtler in shape-nouns,
 color-adjectives and apt prepositions of place.
 Verbs first appear with the flowers who issue imperative odors
 which, with their taste for sweets, insects are bound to obey:
 motive, too, in the eyes of beasts is the language of gesture
 (urban life has, alas, sadly impoverished ours),
 signals of interrogation, friendship, threat and appeasement,
 instantly taken in, seldom, if ever, misread.
 All who have managed to break through the primal barrier of silence
 into an audible world find the indicative AM:
 though some carnivores, leaving messages written in urine,
 use a preterite WAS, none can conceive of a WILL,
 nor have they ever made subjunctive or negative statements,
 even cryptics whose lives hang upon telling a fib.
 Rage and grief they can sing but not self-reproach or repentance,
 nor have they legends to tell, yet their respect for a rite
 is more pious than ours, for a complex code of releasers
 trains them to walk in the ways which their ur-ancestors trod.
 (Some of these codes remain mysteries to us: for instance,
 fish who travel in huge loveless anonymous turbs,
 what is it keeps them in line? Our single certainty is that
 minnows deprived of their fore-brains go it gladly alone.)
 Since in their circles it's not good form to say anything novel,
 none ever stut^{ter} on *er*, guddling in vain for a word,
 none are at loss for an answer: none, it would seem, are bilingual
 but, if they cannot translate, that is the ransom they pay
 for just doing their thing well, never attempting to publish
 all the world as we do into our picture at once.
 If they have never laughed, at least they have never talked drivel,
 never tortured their own kind for a point of belief,
 never, marching to war, inflamed by fortissimo music,
 hundreds of miles from home died for a verbal whereas.
 "Dumb" we may call them but, surely, our poets are right in assuming
 all would prefer that they were rhetorized at than about.

cussing what they do for a living with their families. "There are better things to talk about," said Major Kinker. "You don't take the office home with you."

Major Kinker reflected a moment, then went on. "Being a missileman is my profession," he explained, his tone still matter-of-fact. "It's more than a job, really; it's a matter of dedication. I take tremendous pride in my work. I feel that every day I have done something worthwhile. I think that what we crew members think about most is this: that if we maintain a high level of readiness and a high level of proficiency—and the enemy knows it—then chances are we'll never have to play the real game."

To keep alert against "the real game," the Air Force avidly indulges in play games. Last May, in

what a special edition of the Grand Forks newspaper called "a thrilling 'photofinish,'" the 321st Strategic Missile Wing won the 1966 Minuteman Air Command Missile Combat Competition. Staged at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, the tournament pitted top missile crews and maintenance teams from the various wings against each other, testing their reaction with simulated plans and technical repair problems. The 321st scored 4,426.5 out of a possible 4,800 points, coming out by only a point and a half the 90th Strategic Missile Wing from Warren Air Force Base, Wyoming. The Grand Forks victory brought the wing, besides glory for the home team, the Eisenhower Perpetual Trophy, a great silver bowl mounted on a pedestal and flanked by two silver replicas of Minuteman missiles. To Col. Gerald G. Fall, commander of the 321st, the gleaming award was a source of unending pride. A few weeks before the competition, it sat conspicuously displayed on a table in his office, the inside of the bowl still wet with the sticky residue of the champagne party which the colonel, his colleagues, and the wing had toasted the wing's triumph.

Colonel Fall, a burly, spit-and-polish officer with a bristling red hair, fervently insists that the Minuteman "is by far the best weapons system I have encountered in twenty-seven years in the Air Force." About every two weeks, a Minuteman is chosen at random from one of the one thousand silos and fired out, trucked in to its base, flown to Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, and fired down the 300-mile Pacific missile range. Like his fellow missilemen, Colonel Fall claims pinpoint accuracy in the tests. The tests are, in fact, positively positive before going out for a round of golf recently. Robert V. Green, the base commander at Vandenberg, sat at a table in the officers' club to observe a test launch he had seen at Vandenberg was dusk, and just before Christmas," he said. "The missile rose out of its silo, atmospheric conditions formed a blue circle around it and the set of lights in the background created a white cross in the middle of the circle. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. The chaplain at Vandenberg said it was the best Christmas present the wing ever received."

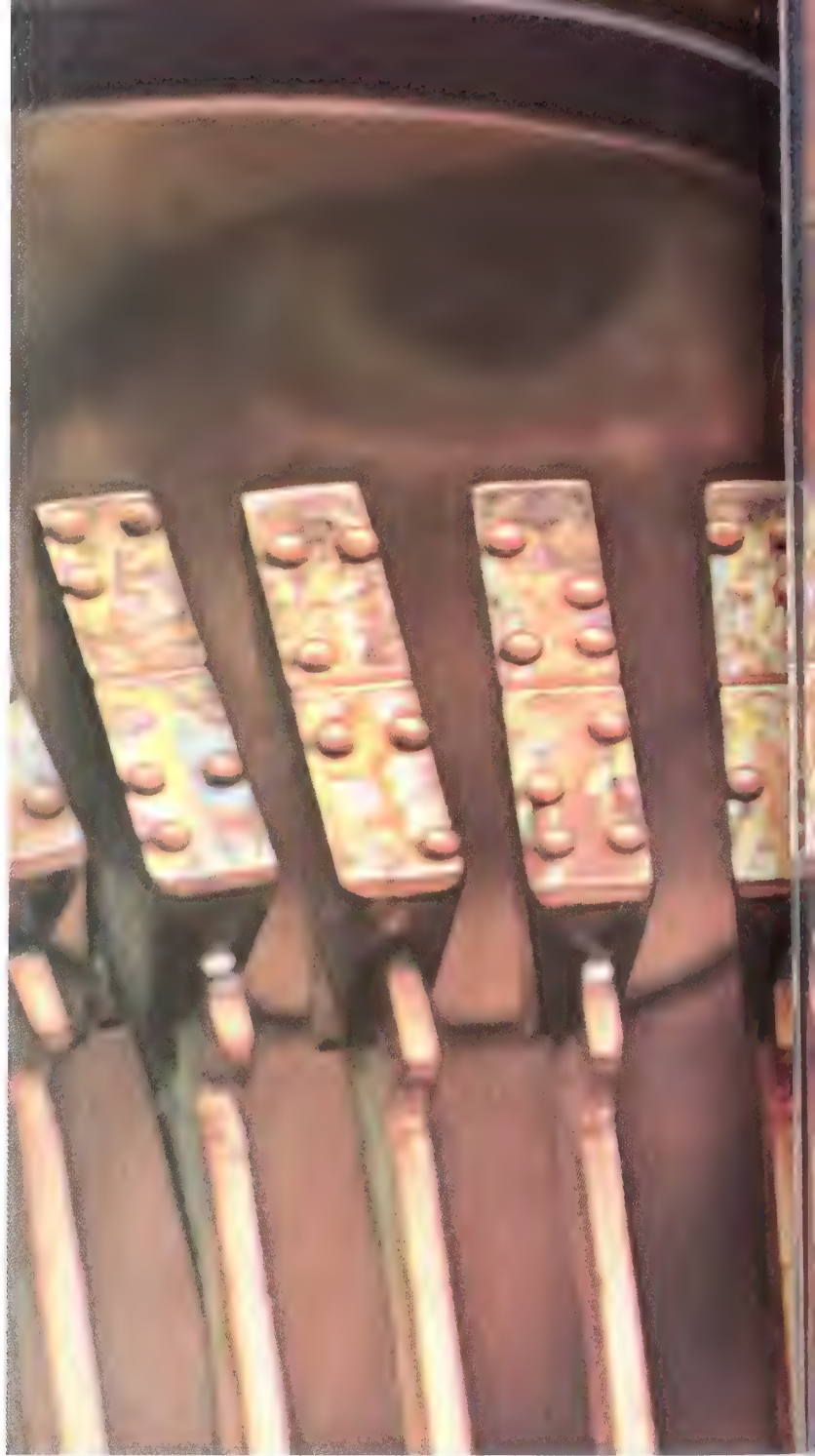
The Minuteman may be a thing of beautiful design, but the bull's-eye forever at Vandenberg, but in North Dakota it acts more like a reluctant participant that refuses to come out of its hole. Twice in 1966, the Air Force failed in attempts to launch a Minuteman out of silo H-24 near the community of Michigan. The first time, a substandard resistor on the power-supply equipment forced postponement. Then, on the rescheduled launch day, the countdown was halted because of a flawed electrolytic capacitor in the guidance-and-control system. In November of that year, the site tests were indefinitely suspended. After several months of tinkering, the Air Force went back to try again in August of last year. Confident the system was

MEET THE BIG BEAUTIFUL MANHATTAN MAKER.



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IBM



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l, SAC enthusiastically billed the test as "Giant Boost" and invited two dozen star rank to come and observe. On a hill about 8,000 feet from the site, the brass along with North Dakota's two Congressmen, Thomas S. Kleppe and Mark Andrews; the state's Senators, Milton R. Young; and lesser dignitaries. Farmers and other curiers came from miles around and stood by and trucks on nearby roads. Even a handi-war pickets showed up from the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. At the moment, however, nothing happened. No smoke, no missile. Nothing. "GIANT GIANT BUST," the Grand Forks *Herald* ob-

a page-one streamer that afternoon. In the two previous tests, the Minuteman in supposed to have shot up a mile and then in seven seconds after launch a mile away. The standard Air Force line in explaining is has been that the missile had to be so for such a short lob that it cannot be con- typical. Therefore, the missilemen argue, it to downgrade the Minuteman on the basis 24 failures, especially in view of all those ge spectaculars from Vandenberg in which Force says—the missiles almost always ctly on the palm tree of their choice. But ots are hardly typical, either; the missiles chnically molycoddled when they get to erg that the chances of failure are mini- eover, the most recent abort at H-24 was d to an electrical contact pin that failed to atact with its receptor socket in the "umbil- " that, until the moment before launch, a missile to the electronic gear in the silo. at sheepishly, a ranking officer of the 321st l that the malfunction could have occurred y operational Minuteman and had nothing er to do with the fact that the H-24 test ad been modified for a seven-second flight. ssilemen also privately admit that, despite allyhoo over the Vandenberg tests, the real nal performance of the Minuteman cannot ately judged until the missile is tested in onel Fall calls "the true environment." The ce is now busily lobbying for permission to long-range tests right from the wheatlands, t that is causing something of a public- problem because the missile, which would cross half the United States en route to its target, drops a couple of stages shortly after out of its hole.

suppose, an underachiever when it comes ssiles. Here I am struggling to comprehend -established Minuteman program while my stic colleagues are all, quite properly, in suit of those latest doomsday acronyms, and ABM. Still, there is a message here ere, I think. First, however, a couple of efinitions for the one or two readers who, sufficient credits in advanced nuclear phys-

ics and rocket ballistics, may have found it difficult to follow the current debate over how we may best make the world a better place in which to live. MIRV, which used to be the first name of the right fielder on my grammar-school softball team, now stands for "multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle." Translated, that means that each Minuteman, which now must make do with only one nuclear warhead, may soon be capable of spewing several at once. In this way, our "deterrent" is nicely increased without going to all the extravagance of deploying a lot of extra missiles (not to mention inconveniencing a whole new batch of farmers). ABM stands for "anti-ballistic missile," a brand-new weapons system its proponents say we need so we can intercept and destroy Their missiles before they can knock out Our missiles, thus allowing Our missiles plenty of time to get Them. One of the first anti-ballistic missile sites will be established near the North Dakota town of Waltham.

MIRV is complex enough; but ABM, as Jerome B. Wiesner has put it, "is probably the most complicated electronic system anyone has ever tried to put together." Will either of these newfangled gadgets of apocalypse work very well? If the Minuteman experience means anything, I doubt it. So, for that matter, does no less a patriot than Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, who, during a Senate hearing on defense appropriations last year, observed:

I don't buy all this thinking that you are going to kill 130 million people with these missiles. I don't believe they are that accurate. I know it's going to be horrible, they will burn millions to a cinder, but I don't think they are going to be as destructive as they say they are. I think the American people have been scared to death by assuming that everything is going to work out perfectly on every missile that the Russians have and every missile that we have. I think that if 50 per cent of them work out perfectly, we will have done a pretty good job.

I'm glad to have the Senator's support, but I don't think he's being tough enough on this critical question. The American people expect better than 50 per cent performance from their washing machines and toasters and it seems to me they should settle for no less from their missiles. If the art of weaponry has reached the point where there are simply too many resistors, capacitors, and receptor sockets to keep track of, then maybe we should try something else. The Gatling gun, perhaps.

It is worth thinking about. And I hope the Soviet Union and the Chinese, who probably have trouble with their contact pins, too, will think about it along with us. If it will be of any encouragement, I can tell them, I hope without breaching national security, that the entire week I was at Grand Forks Air Force Base, full colonels were puffing up four flights of stairs in the headquarters of the 321st Strategic Missile Wing because the elevator was out of order. □

"Describing a test launch he had seen . . . the chaplain at Vandenberg said it was the best Christmas present he'd ever received."

Tom Wicker

THE PRESIDENCY UNDER SCRUTINY

Among the heresies uttered by Candidate Nixon was the notion that "all you need is a competent Cabinet to run the country at home; you need a President for foreign policy" but even this scaled-down view of his powers is beginning to be called in doubt.

It is only slightly unkind to suggest that President Nixon, once he got his first White House view of the national situation, immediately dashed off to Europe; and that when he had had a few months to let American domestic problems really sink in, he leaped aboard Air Force One and headed for Asia. If even in such an intractable world as this, with all its dangers and complexities, Mr. Nixon saw himself as more likely to get a few things done abroad than at home, he could hardly be blamed.

The festering race problem, the decline of the cities, the pollution of the American environment, the alienation of the young from American society, the inflation of the dollar, the revolt of the taxpayer—after having got himself elected not least by pointing with alarm to these matters, Mr. Nixon in the White House has to face them at considerable disadvantage.

If legislation is required, he cannot surely control a Democratic Congress, and his own supporters are those least likely to approve imaginative social measures: if money is required, it is getting hard to squeeze out of taxpayers "fed up to here"; and before anything much can be done, Mr. Nixon has to retrieve the funds and the national unity of purpose for so long squandered in Vietnam.

Besides all that, Mr. Nixon takes a restrained view of his job. "I've always thought this country could run itself domestically, without a President," he told Theodore H. White in 1968. "All

you need is a competent Cabinet to run the country at home. You need a President for foreign policy; no Secretary of State is really important; the President makes foreign policy."

That may not be so different from historic American attitudes but it is a moon-shot away from the accepted political theory of the mid- and late-twentieth century. Such an heretical notion would never have entered the head of Lyndon B. Johnson, who was eager to run everything, at home and abroad: and John Kennedy made a point of talking about the necessity for a President to be "in the forefront of the battle."

A strong Presidency, at the head of a powerful executive branch, has become dogma in the post-1932 liberal era of American politics; I sat in recently on a discussion among the small group of left-wing members of Congress, and their action plans kept coming back to the idea that they had to win the White House before they could have any hope of substantial social reform.

But time and circumstance already may have made the Nixonian idea of geared-down domestic responsibility for the Presidency more harmonious with a new cycle of decentralized politics in America; and if that is so, it is at least possible that even Mr. Nixon's

confidently activist approach to foreign-policy powers may not be warranted. Some close students of government believe that, in domestic affairs, it is an outmoded idea that a dynamo in the White House, possessed of mysteriously charismatic powers of leadership as well as super human skills and vast sums of federal money can set the country right. John F. Kennedy was much criticized for his "relaxed" view of the Presidency; but Robert Kennedy, before his death, also was talking about the need for the federal executive to share responsibility with other areas of government and the private sector; and apparently drew together Richard Nixon and Daniel Patrick Moynihan as Democratic liberal of long standing was their shared belief that a federal program was not necessarily the answer to every problem.

In the first place, while an energetic President may wear with aplomb all those fancy hats assigned him in the civics books—chief executive, commander in chief, chief legislator, economic manager, party leader, the White House is a lousy place to look for a mayor. As demographic and economic forces have pushed the American population more and more into vast cities, the city is where virtually the whole range of domestic woes have come to a boil: and it is reasonable that the first thing needed to deal with the crisis is not more federal power but more city power, including more money.

Tom Wicker, named associate editor of the New York Times last December, was head of the Washington Bureau for eight years. A native of North Carolina, he is the author of several novels and of JFK and LBJ: The Influence of Personality Upon Politics.

for example, the New York
ays are facing an operating
fiscal 1970 of \$120.5 million,
an \$85 million deficit from
1969, with unknown new labor
to be piled on top of that; and
the Nixon Administration has
for fiscal 1970 only \$250 mil-
lion for mass-transportation programs,
99 cities hope to participate—
it is obvious that New York's trans-
portation crisis is not going to be eased
by federal matching-grant pro-
grams, which the Democratic liberal
federal action depends. And
transportation is only one of many do-
mestic problems on which similar evi-
dence could be cited.

In the second place, it is widely agreed
that the federal government, which
in 1966, about \$117 billion of the
only \$175 billion collected in
state, and local taxes, and
represents the first and largest crack at
the lucrative and responsive rev-
enue source, the income tax, has to find
new means of getting more re-
venue—uncategorized money into the
states, cities, and localities, to
they see fit. The Nixon Adminis-
tration is at work on such a "revenue-
sharing" plan and its beginnings can be
seen. It is calculated to have a two-
fold effect:

However modest the sums returned
to the jurisdictions may be at first,
it will ease the financial crisis of the
states to some extent and en-
able them to move more effectively into
relevant action in fields that, for
the century and more, have been
left as federal—which is almost to
be Presidential—territory. (The same
ought to result from the Adminis-
tration's plan to take over a greater
share of welfare costs, which is another
form of revenue-sharing.)

Since most states and practically
all are not well organized and
not prepared for expanded social responsi-
bility, and since Congress knows they
are not, the Congressional potentates of
the federal purse are likely to demand
reforms that may result, eventually,
in structural reforms and clarifications of
responsibility in the federal system and an
increase in local government effective-

nesses contend that just the opposite

may as easily happen; Congress might
tie so many strings to the grants of
funds as to create new tangles of fed-
eral bureaucracy and control, and the
states and cities might use the money,
however it comes, only to reduce their
own taxes.

No doubt that *is* possible; but an
effort to revitalize state and local gov-
ernment, as the next big development
of American political theory and prac-
tice, is sure to be made in some fashion—
because, in the third place, American
social ills are so varied and complex,
in what is, after all, one of the most
diverse and sprawling and volatile na-
tions in the world, that no central gov-
ernment can hope to deal effectively
with all of them. The evidence, on the
contrary, is that the vast, clanking
machinery of the Washington agencies,
with their huge snarl of matching-grant
programs (anywhere from 140 to more
than 400, depending on how you count
them: when Melvin Laird was a mere
Congressman, he said there were 190
grant-in-aid programs administered by
HEW alone) and their intimidating
tomes of rules and regulations and
guidelines and procedures, to say noth-
ing of their constant competition for
too little money, concentrates neither
energy nor funds on practical goals but
dissipates both across the board.

All of these things, more or less in-
evitably, are making Mr. Nixon's
view of the Presidency and its power in
domestic affairs nearer the mark than,
say, LBJ's; if the country cannot really
"run itself" and if the Cabinet can't run
it either, it now seems clear that there
must be a better way than heaping every
trouble on the White House portico.
And the recognition of that fact has
been sped along by the national, par-
ticularly the Congressional, reaction to
the gigantism of the Johnson Presidency,
and particularly to the war in Vietnam.

To many members of Congress—in-
cluding some who, like Senator J. W.
Fulbright, admit to considerable hind-
sight in the matter—and to others as
well, the war is the culmination of dec-
ades of liberal over-reliance on the
White House and the "strength" of the
man who sits there. Through the Thir-
ties, Forties, Fifties and the first half of

the Sixties, the United States developed
a powerful Presidential form of govern-
ment, while state and local authority
atrophied and Congress swung politi-
cally between obstructionist and rub-
ber-stamp periods.

Presidential government had its un-
deniable successes—the Social Security
system climaxed by Medicare, the elimi-
nation of legal discrimination against
blacks—but it had its damaging failures,
too—Johnson's overblown "war on
poverty"—and with our cities either
strangling or blowing up, black mili-
tants arming themselves, our air and
water poisoning us, the dollar flimsy
and taxes astronomical, it is fair to ask
what Presidential government of the
Johnson type has done for us lately.
Aside from that, it is necessary to ask
whether the vast accretion in Presiden-
tial powers that took place from FDR
to LBJ was entirely justified by the re-
sults—whether, indeed, the Presidency
had not, by 1965, become almost a
Frankenstein's monster that needed
only the opportunity of Vietnam to turn
on its creators.

Vietnam, surely, was the ultimate ex-
ercise of raw Presidential power in the
twentieth century (Truman, in 1950,
responded to the sort of aggression-
across-a-border that Americans then
and now abhor, and he immediately put
himself under the U.N. flag); and even
those who believe Johnson acted in the
national interest in 1965 find it hard to
defend the tactics by which he managed
to act without any genuine Congres-
sional sanction and against his own
promises to the populace, or the subter-
fuge and stratagem by which the war
was steadily expanded while its author
insisted that Americans had to support
it because the only President they had
had launched it.

Had the war been "won," even so,
things might be different today; but it
was not won in any sense that can be
understood, and so Johnson's war has
become a powerful factor in the de-
veloping reaction against Presidential
government—at least against that John-
sonian version of it, which, at last, made
clear the lengths to which Presidential
power could be carried. (Mr. Nixon's
Attorney General, John Mitchell, is do-
ing his bit by claiming that the Presi-
dent has the power to order, on his own

authority and without a shred of sanction from any court, the wiretapping and bugging of any person or organization who might "foment violent disorders."

The first consequence of all this is not only to be found in the Nixon Administration's welfare and revenue-sharing plans: for example, in a field where national policy had all but been abandoned to the executive—economic management through federal fiscal policy—Congress held up for nearly a year Johnson's request for an anti-inflationary surcharge on the income tax, until he agreed to a virtually unprecedented ceiling on federal spending.

Then, as if to show that this was not obstructionism but a new willingness to debate policy and priority matters, Congress went to the mat with Mr. Nixon when he asked for an anti-inflationary renewal of the surcharge for a second year. This time, the Congressional demand was for a real start on tax reform: and once again a President was forced at least partially to yield. Not only had Congress imposed itself on Mr. Nixon's policy in defense of the dollar: it also forced his hand on tax reform. This, in spite of the fact that the President—as Johnson had before him—pulled out all stops in demanding the surcharge as vital to that mysterious entity heretofore reserved only to Presidents to define and declare, and before which Congress used to flee in panic: "the national interest."

The long and bitter struggle over the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system was similar in importance—a reaction against exclusive executive power, in this case backed by the military, to set costly national priorities, however disputed, in the name of that same "national interest." Most pointed of all was the Senate's passage of the so-called "commitments resolution"—a curious document that attempted to establish the doctrine that a President could not make a "national commitment" to another nation or group of nations without prior approval of Congress.

There is no way to enforce this doctrine, which Mr. Nixon rejects, and it runs clearly counter to most Constitutional and historical scholarship—

which generally agrees that "the President makes foreign policy." What the resolution meant, nevertheless, was that it would be a long time before Congress would again tamely provide a President with anything like the Gulf of Tonkin resolution—a virtual blank check which went mostly unchallenged in 1964. Thus, the authors of the resolution sought to put Mr. Nixon and his successors, for at least the period during which the taste of Vietnam might linger on the national tongue, on notice that Congress would demand more justification and more consultation the next time it was asked to redeem a President's "national commitment" with planes and troops.

In fact, as the ABM debate suggested, Congress can influence foreign policy more powerfully than by passing admonitory resolutions. It can, that is, if it will screw its courage to the sticking place, which it does not often do. One of

the reasons that the Tonkin Gulf resolution sailed so easily through the Senate was the fact that shrewdly threw it on the table immediately after the fact that the Pentagon believed was a North Vietnamese attack on American ships. A President who appears to be up for the flag and "our boys," particularly when you cannot pretend to have more information than he does, would have taken a lot more congressional restrictions on Johnson's wage the war once troops were committed to battle, carrying with them the national prestige."

The Presidency's power in influencing foreign affairs, moreover, is such that it is hard to conceive of a President who has the initiative, to a greater extent than need be the case in domestic policy, and the power. Whatever effect the ABM might have had on Soviet-American relations and the climate of opinion in the United States, it was Mr. Nixon who decided the start of strategic arms-limitation talks, who continued MIRV testing, who opted for the Safeguard system in the first place, who took on his authority any number of other acts, big and small, such as his visit to Russia, that had their cumulative impact in the same areas.

And while earnest Mike Mansfield can interpret the President's statement at Guam last summer as an historic retreat from an interventionist policy in Asia, that means nothing more than a clue to current Congressional sentiment, which is plain anyway. A Richard Nixon alone who can lead the nation along the line of disclosure at Guam—or on the more blatantly anti-Communist path Foster suggested almost immediately thereafter in Bangkok.

So all that can be said with certainty is that both at home and abroad the President of the United States is not quite as free as he was, or yesterday, to be, in Woodrow Wilsonian phrase, "as big a man as he can stand." Even Frankenstein got wise at last, though it is chilling to remember that it was quite a bit too late.

IN OUR DAY by Harvey Shapiro

Society
Turning its past
To glorious junk.
Like the artist.
In our day.
Free-floating
Liberation
As a style
In the street.
Everybody
Playing
In the muck
Of the imagination.
Finger-painting
The walls
For psychic health.
The mind's rigor
Become
A sunlit field.

MEMPHIS

Old maid

Sitting under a tree down in the hollow between her apartment and the freeway, snapping beans. Upstairs on the side of the refrigerator, a Diet for Hyperinsulinism, taped to porcelain for morning musings over one half

it, one egg, bacon or ham, toast and coffee. Early morning checkoff: low back pain is a problem. She probes her ribs, sipping sugarless coffee. She feels her breasts for knots. How to Live a Year; Mind, Spirit, and Body; Enthusiasm makes the Difference: excerpts, testimonials and up vitality and upgraded creativity are in the wads, penned in scrupulous backhand, for purses. On the job, at the advent of miscarriages, or if the Babbitt men peek around the door into her sanctum and yell, the young old maid scrounges the bottom seam of her day pocketbook among tobacco crumbs, and old Kleenexes stiff with allergy to find a good wad. "I am come that they might have what that they might have it more abundantly."

Meeting

The Linwood Park Association gathers in a circle of a hundred neighbors. All stages are represented: the young married swinger, who from the languor of her recline on the concrete garden bench and the sensual

inhales cigarettes, goes nowhere without carrying new and different lay possibilities; the man, retired, but erect in memory of jobs performed, enjoying his position of sage. He comes with trembling hands and ruddy face that he might chip in for a lawyer in order to beat the doctor whose application to the Planning Commission would spot zone our insular R-1 catchment area a mid-island of R-3A town houses. The overhead shadow the gathering, and flies bite participants who want to protect this for their children. Who has not enjoyed the oak forest and the sun-baked field, sending the horses with carrots to feed horses. A rural thing,

the heart of Linwood being so luckily in the post-modern age implanted in the subdivision's center: its trees, field, and horses. Now a Jew for money would pluck it, leaving behind his scary compensation of multiple unit and a thousand corrugated garbage cans bordering his project like a line of constipated turds to separate renters from Owners, making a lifework with an especially grisly pleasure of the ghetto principle which formed him.

"Our property values will be lowered and there will be undesirable things such as children," says the sun-dappled group in the backyard. Beneath an umbrellaed magnolia a spy from the other side squats in seclusion, the only sound being his ball-point pen scratching data against a clipboard. A collie gallops around the circle, banging his tail against stragglers to symmetry. The hosts' children look down from their tree house aware of the spy. He is a secret, and makes faces to amuse them.

Others are: The Housewife with Four Children. She knits and does not contribute words to the meeting, but her presence is heavy. Men had better do right or there will be earth mother to pay in all her frumpiness. She is guardian of nutrition, shelter, health, and her factory is in her home and red knuckles. The olders and youngsters are in agreement about a lawyer and which one, while the in-betweens of late forty and fifty come forward from a paranoiac clutch in the back center. They make little speeches of veiled hysteria and shysterism. They are accusatory of something, someone, but are anyhow easily outvoted, and the circle breaks to siphon twenty-dollar checks to the treasurer. Earth mother packs her bags in approval, and young Dixie, blonde-pretty with her Valentine lips and round eyes, gets up and bats her lashes.

That old maid



I come upon her from the meeting. "Snapping beans is therapeutic," she says, she from Dyersburg where there is an entire bean mythology. Upstairs she pours scalding mint tea and offers a bowl of peanuts. I crack them in compulsion and boredom as she explains Hyperinsulinism. I pretend to nervous disorders in return for the peanuts and orange thins. She diagnoses me Hyperinsulinist. I say, "Mary Sue, do you

Marianne Leonard was born and grew up in Memphis and attended Southwestern. Formerly music critic of Prelude magazine, she has had fiction in The Delta Review.

know what your big problem is? It's sex. Consider Elizabeth Barrett Browning." She says: Well.

Mary Sue's new car has broken down last week and she has left it sitting on some boulevard. She is so mad for her new car with silly bucket seats to freak out, she is defiantly leaving it there as punishment and threatening to go and live in Tahiti. She does not accept any offers to drive her to fix it, she never wanted bucket seats in the first place, she wants to look at the river. I drive her past the Medical Center for a joke and we look at the Mississippi River. Across from the bluff where we sit on slatted benches is flat Arkansas, green cotton fields which are flooded in the spring. She says, "This is the meaning of the word panorama!" Cumulus clouds sit unmoving above the river in Rorschach shapes, and I select the perfect one for Mary Sue's afterlife: a phallus.

History



For the first twenty years after its founding in 1819, Memphis was a rowdy town of flatboatmen, river scum, prostitutes, and mud. The advent of steamboat and railroad turned it into a boomtown, and during the next three decades prosperity produced an elite bourgeoisie of "native Americans" from the Tidewater. European immigrants came at the same time because of the demand for labor, and the Germans proved most valuable to the community, providing Memphis with its first semblance of culture.

Because there was no heritage of aristocracy by the time of the Civil War, nor much perplexity over the slave question since few citizens had any slaves, the town was easily captured by Union gunboats and held for the remainder of the war. There was no great sentiment of resistance among the conquered people, so Sherman's occupation allowed business as usual. Memphis enjoyed an almost continuous trade, much of it with the North, and thereby suffered less from the war than almost any Southern town. By 1870 the town was on its feet again, while most of the South would take a generation to recover. No place seemed more promising for the Northern capital which would build the New South, none was more familiar to investors, none better located for industry and commerce.

Unfortunately there were three yellow-fever epidemics during the Seventies in which eight thousand people died and thousands more left and never came back. After the middle epidemic, in 1878, which was one of the most severe in American history, the city lost its charter and became a taxing district of Tennessee. By 1880 Memphis was notorious for disease, debt, and high taxes. The stigma remained until the 1920s, when the city's bonds were reinstated by the East as safe for investment.

Nevertheless a remarkable recovery was made by 1900, largely due to the efforts of newcomers

from the surrounding hinterlands, poor but ambitious enough for the wealth inherent in the city's superior commercial location to risk security. In addition to this *nouveau riche* began to develop, thousands of Negroes freed by emancipation had migrated to Memphis, and the black ratio rose after the fever decade to 40 percent of the population. These degraded "free" now, along with the transient and degraded urban proletariat with its leftover rural and the self-made Bible-belt bourgeoisie, comprised new Memphis, built on top of its somewhat heroic, and now ruined frontier.

Beale Street flourished and W. C. Handy recorded it fittingly enough in the blues form. Beale Street became the center of a large redlight district frequented by many Boon Hogganbecks from the Yoknapatawpha counties surrounding Memphis. Memphis became a crime and murder capital, only controlled by political boss Edward H. Crump, who imposed order and furthered the material welfare and external progress of the city, which discarded the democratic process in favor of a benevolent dictatorship. Crump's machine ruled Memphis from 1898 until he died in 1954.

Excerpt and page



May 22, 1917, 1:00
we'll start with the w
A chill wind drives
clouds across the sky
head they see the da
lines flying beneath
blank night. The br
drip and dance. E
their invisible feet they feel wet grasses seep through
their soles. Some of the thousands gathered along the
levee have lanterns or candles, and there is a burning dully by the end of the bridge. They go there to get warm, but that was the site of the murder and will be the place of execution, say they. They are grouped in small crowds all along the levee. Their cars and wagons are parked along the side of Macon Road, stretching back for a mile or more. There is a tall thin countryman in overalls directing the parking. Every now and then he shouts "Keep the roadway clear," and makes angry gestures in the air with his pistol. "If you don't keep it clear I'll shoot you in line."

In a wagon five men lounge and talk in low voices. At intervals a whiskey bottle is passed around. Sometimes they laugh out suddenly, and then they stir the mule in front to snort and clop his hooves in the mud. Somebody rises up on his elbow and says, "Whoa back or you ain't gonna see the burnt."

Men in suits, some of them, sit in their carriages gripping the wheel and muttering oaths. Women sit square-jawed beside them and clench their hands together. Self-appointed messengers come up to the car windows to give the latest news, and then they run on to other groups. People get tired of sitting

along the levee to stretch. They see
d stop. "They say the committee's just
lierville, so we oughta be gettin' some
ckly."

er replies, "They told me a minute ago
waterbound outside Holly Springs and
et here till mornin'."

ust rumors," says another. "We been
ssed, cause that nigger's still up there in
ille jail sleep and safe. He ain't never
ing on any fast train outa Birmingham
in't never left the jailhouse in the first

ere," says the first, a cityman, "we got
They were supposed to call down the
Wolfgang's soon as they took him off the
Wfgang told me hisself they got Persons."
says the second. "Say them deputies
im off the train at Potts Camp when they
at the mob at Holly Springs, then the men
it and went to Potts Camp and took him
the city marshal. That's what Wolfgang
body."

in't comin'."

he crazy. Lemme tell you. See that Chivvie
e, three, four cars thisaway. O'Donnell
hy are sittin' inside, say they're only here,
come because they got a phone call from
ives in Potts Camp. He saw the scene. He
kin'. He calls up O'Donnell and Murphy
hem to get on out here tonight."
in't comin'."

you ten to one they'll be here fore

wager. The conflicting reports continue.
s, more bets are made. People yawn and
d some fall asleep in their cars. By 3:00
city gives up, believing the waterbound
ich has had further confirmation, and
home to snatch a few hours' sleep. Less
cars remain throughout the night and
ed men keep the watch.

an the country people in their wagons and
urs start to straggle back. The city folk,
ad in the morning paper that the mob is
at the Wolf River Bridge, begin to assem-
the levee. There are rumors that the com-
ll be along any minute. The sun rises on
ring mob of five thousand men, women,
lren. Bets are still being wagered that
be no lynching at all, or that there will be
instead.

efore 8:00 a Ford comes careening down
The countryman inside drives it furiously
own the levee and people scream for others
of the way. Then he turns and heads down
embankment, runs through the barbwire
l tears through the underbrush in the bot-
stops under a big spruce tree out of sight
crowd, takes a rope with block and tackle
back seat, and begins to attach the rope to
After it is secure he gets a shovel out of
nd starts digging a pit at the end of the

Back in the road another car inches along
through the crowd. People begin to cheer and
gather around until it comes to a halt. The driver
gets out and stands on the running board. His tie
hangs cockeyed down his front and his shirttails
are loose. When he raises both hands over his head
for silence his white stomach is visible with a tri-
angle of black hair. "Silence," he says and waits.
Then, "I know you all been waitin' a long time. You
been waitin' patiently and I'm here to tell you that
Persons is close at hand!" The crowd cheers and
he smiles and signals for silence again. "But first
we gonna have to clear the roadway here. Every-
body move your cars and wagons and let's get a
little space. We gotta have space."

The crowd groans and somebody cries, "Don't
take much room for what we plannin'! Bring him
on!" The crowd starts a chant, "Now, now, we want
Persons now, now." Another man, well-dressed with
a wide-brim straw hat pulled down on his forehead,
climbs out of the back seat of the car. The crowd
recognizes him as a community leader and the head
of the committee. The chant dies out and he says in
a voice well-modulated for speeches, "It might be
well to inform you people of the committee's origi-
nal intentions concernin' this lynchin', and now,
what our new plans are. We had planned at first to
take the nigger before Mrs. Wood back at Wolf-
gang's. We thought to spare the poor mother from
any further torment. However, this has proved im-
possible because of the traffic congestion back
there, so we're bringin' her here." A ripple of com-
ments goes through the crowd and some of the
women shake their heads and put their handker-
chiefs to their mouths in empathy. "So now we're
askin' you, out of your mercy, out of your respect
for the mother of the poor murdered girl, we're
askin' you to clear the roadway so there will be
more room for all. Please do that."

Scores of men break from the crowd and begin
to walk silently toward their cars and wagons. For
the time it takes to clear the levee there is no sound
except engines cranking and the clopping of mules
and horses. People stand reverently and even the
children are silent. While the men are straggling
back, a new group appears suddenly on the bridge.
They are armed with rifles and shotguns, to form
an escort for Persons. They walk halfway across
the bridge and then stop at the command of one
of them.

At 9:00 the automobile with Mrs. Wood arrives,
driving slowly down the road and halting in front
of the crowd. At the same time, from the opposite
direction, the auto with Persons appears on the
bridge. It is crowded with men and Persons is not
visible. The armed men stationed on the bridge
form a cordon in front of the car as it stops half-
way across. They stand with legs apart and hold
their shotguns over their elbows pointing at the
ground in front.

Beside the car with Mrs. Wood inside, the man
in the straw hat raises his hands for attention. "The
mother of Antoinette Rappel wishes to make a
statement." The door opens and two men lift Mrs.

Wood out by the forearms. She is a large gray-haired woman dressed in black, and as she straightens up there is a piercing scream from the edge of the crowd and a consequent stir in that location, but she seems not to have heard and her eyes are focused dully to a spot on the horizon.

"I want to thank all my friends who have worked so hard in my behalf," she says. "And now I ask you, I ask you to make the nigger suffer ten thousand times as much as he made my little girl suffer!"

"We'll burn him," they cry back eagerly.

"Yes, burn him on the spot where he killed my little girl," she says.

The people cheer and the leader raises his hands again. He says, "The committee has decided, after consideration, and with all due respects to Mrs. Wood," and he touches the brim of his hat in her direction, "that the site of execution will, instead, be placed at the opposite side of the levee in order that more people kin see. Does that meet with your approval?"

The crowd cheers and begins to shift position to gain better vantage of the spot. Mrs. Wood says something to the man and he tries to get the crowd's attention again, but it is noisily directed now to the execution place and necks are craning toward that. He motions to the man with the loose shirttails, who gets up on the fender of the auto and waves his hands over his head as though trying to motion a train to halt.

Mrs. Wood says, "I have one request, one more request. I ask that no shot be fired. Thank you."

"Yes," says the leader. "You must heed the mother's request for order. We cannot turn into a wild mob. If any are so irresponsible as to fire even one shot, then there is no tellin' what might happen. The committee can't stress this strong enough—do not shoot. Persons will be taken care of in due time. Right now I want to announce the committee's wish to take a collection. Hats will be passed among you for the purposes of erecting a monument at the grave of the little girl."

The crowd is stationary as hats are circulated, some passed by their owners and others passed from hand to hand. Then they are solemnly brought forward and the coins and bills emptied into a basket. A man has walked from the guard on the bridge, and whispers to the leader. The leader nods and the man shifts his gun over his shoulder and says, "Persons says he wants to make a statement, but I got to warn you all against violence on account of what he might say. He's gonna burn in a minute, but he's got a right to a dyin' statement."

The men on the bridge move aside and the auto is pushed forward on the levee until it is nose to nose with the other car. The driver gets out and Persons sits alone, slumped in the middle of the back seat. The driver comes around between the two cars and faces the crowd with his hands on his hips. There is a pistol stuck in his trousers behind the belt buckle. His head is trembling as he yells. "Ell Persons says he knows he is about to die and that what he is about to confess is true. I'm sayin'

it for him, what he said to me, cause he's t to say it hisself. He says Dan Armstrong lame the murder and struck the first blow. He a aide cut off the little girl's head, and he says D zma implicated."

The crowd stirs and begins to close in per The leader says, "What do you desire done ith other niggers, Mrs. Wood?"

She screams, "If they are guilty let the su death too!"

"Burn them too!" the people call and art surge toward the car.

The leader says, "Move back, move bac Th must be order." Two men come forward o of crowd and are restrained by members of i co mittee. "Order!" he calls again and says in lo voice to the armed men beside him, "Get hi "

They open the back door of the car and wv them reach inside and pull him out. He k 25 head covered with his arms as though to wa to blow. For an instant he stands in one spot id striped prison suit hangs loosely and too la e, bottom of the pants legs crumpled over hi sh They jerk his arms away from his head an be to lead him down the embankment.

Some of the men in the crowd begin to gl branches and someone brings a post to be ri into the ground. Persons and his escort stan a feet away from the men trying to drive the p, it refuses to go because no one has tho, it sharpen it. As the futile blows thud agai wood, Persons moistens his lips and his ey His lips move but no one hears him. The ma mering the post stops, thinking it has cau the crowd looks on as it slowly keels over. I g the head of the axe on the ground and leans handle and wipes his brow. The leader con, ward and a conference is held with the group n Persons. He looks with terror from one to th a as they talk in low voices and then nod. Per led from this spot to another where there is a log lying on the ground.

"Does anyone have a chain in their cars leader says.

A short red-haired man with his belly h g over his belt cuts out of the crowd and scur the embankment and down the levee to a wag gets a chain out of the back, rings his arm th it, and scrambles down the embankment to th Persons is pushed and guided to stand squa front of the end of the log. The man with the comes to Persons and drops them on his fee sons flinches and two men begin to wrap his l the log around and around until the chain is up. Sticks are propped against his feet and leg the log at first, and finally thrown fast and car in the general area until the pyre reaches knees. Oil from a barrel brought for this purp emptied and gas is sprinkled on top of that crowd cheers. A ten-year-old Negro boy is p out of the crowd by two men who place him other end of the log. "Take a good look, boy, of them says. "We want you to remember th longest day you live. This is what happens to ni

et white women." The boy stands petrified
 nken in on himself with his head bowed
 his chest. Somebody yells, "Look! Look!"
 as not
 leader calls for the people to move back, and
 middle of the mob a large man raises his
 i says, "I'm Brother Royal, a minister of
 d." For the last time they quieten and he
 has been suggested that a prayer be of-
 t I am opposed to that, for he didn't give
 lady any opportunity for prayer." This
 catches the fancy of everyone and cheers
 ved. The leader again tells the crowd to
 k and says, "We don't want anybody to
 so just stand back." His voice is not heard
 s another conference with the committee
 al of these hurry over to the spruce tree
 rope hangs and pull it down. It is brought
 nt circle around Persons and men use it to
 the crowd. Within the circle are Persons
 boy, at either end of the log. Somebody
 match and throws it on the pyre. The first
 ame engulfs the shadow within and shoots
 the air. The figure goes rigid and seems
 deep of the blaze, and then relaxes in a
 the ground as the smoke rises in the morn-
 Most of the cheers fade as the fire lowers
 is to die. Men come out of the crowd and
 stamp at it with their feet and throw dirt
 en at last it is out a man cuts the heart
 charred body, two others cut off the ears,
 he head, and there is a scuffle for bits of the
 People look on grimly and some are sick
 women from town pale through the paint
 cheeks. The boy has disappeared and none
 rs to speak of him. The spectators begin to
 all the way back through the endless auto-
 extending now two miles from the bridge.
 t others rushing to the scene. All roads
 o the bridge are crowded throughout the
 thousands visit the spot to gaze with awe
 noking ashes. The tree under which the
 ly was found is stripped of its bark and
 inches, as almost everyone carries away a

ner's jury holds an inquest at the scene
 afternoon, and renders the verdict that
 came to his death from unknown causes
 nds of unknown persons, he having been
 as the slave of Miss Antonia Rayburn."

Give the people light



In the newspaper the follow-
 ing morning, aside from the
 story of the execution, and
 a report of the capture and
 release of Dan Armstrong
 and "Dummy," is an article
 which reports that the sev-
 ered head and leg of Ell C.
 were tossed from an automobile occupied
 bers of the mob at Beale and Rayburn

Boulevard at 12:30 in the afternoon of the burning.
 "The grewsome mementos of the lynching caused
 a sensation almost attaining the proportions of a
 panic among the negroes of that section." This was
 only relieved when emergency officers carried the
 body to the morgue. The proprietor of the barber
 shop at Linden Avenue and Main Street was ar-
 rested and charged with a misdemeanor for al-
 legedly exhibiting a part of Person's body in his
 barber shop. He posted \$25 forfeit for his appear-
 ance in police court. He denied to officers that he
 was guilty as charged, saying that one of his barbers
 was instead.

Immediately the Temple Brotherhood of the con-
 gregation of the Poplar Avenue Jewish Temple
 adopted a resolution condemning both the crime of
 Persons and the consequent mob action. The burn-
 ing was condemned as "a shameful thing" and as
 "a disgrace to law and order and decency of the
 community."

There was an editorial in the *Commercial Appeal*
 which said, "In all the history of crime there was
 never any act of murder and outrage more fiendish
 and devilish in its contrivance than that committed
 by Ell Persons. The brute who committed the act
 deserved a hundred deaths." "But," it went on to
 say, "we are back once more to the point where the
 law should end and anarchy should begin. We are
 face to face with the old question of whether society
 disorganized can better accomplish results than the
 organized forces of the law." Ending with, "After a
 criminal is in the hands of the sworn officers of the
 state, and when there are juries and judges and
 prosecuting attorneys and electric chairs ready to
 act, willing to act, there can be no excuse for refus-
 ing to let them act."

On May 25 the representatives of the clerical
 associations of Memphis, the Protestant, the
 Catholic—meeting for two hours in closed session
 at the Chamber of Commerce issued a resolution
 that they had been derelict in their duty in not warn-
 ing the police against mob violence. It said that
 whereas the preparations for the burning had been
 widely known to all, the clergy should have molli-
 fied the inflamed state of public opinion. It also
 resolved that the city leaders and the servants of the
 law had been derelict in making inadequate prepa-
 rations to resist the anarchic designs of the mob.
 Ending with an appeal for "the continued extension
 of mental, moral, industrial and spiritual education
 of the negro," rather than lynching, as the most
 effective deterrent of crime.

An editorial of the same date says, "The lynch-
 ing in the history of Memphis has been a
 400 years, but the only one of the kind is not
 some fakirs, and, therefore, they proceeded to lie
 about it."

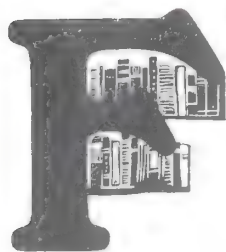
The lynching was in a spot 10 miles from the
 city of Memphis. As lynchings go, it was orderly.
 There was no drunkenness, no shooting and no
 yelling. No stores were closed in Memphis and
 no papers went to press early in order that the
 reports might attend.

Ell Persons, who was lynched, implicated two other negroes. In the shadow of death he stated that these men helped him murder and outrage the little girl. He stated that they helped him to chop her head off. These two men were apprehended. In spite of the declaration made by the lynched negro, they were turned loose. This was done after an hour of careful investigation of the statement and the contradicting facts.

On May 26 it is reported that Judge D. B. Puryear charges the grand jury to investigate and return indictments against all persons guilty of a criminal offense in connection with the affair.

On May 27 the City Club calls for an investigation. A motion is made to adopt a resolution requesting the resignation of Sheriff Mike Tate or taking of proper steps to remove him from office. No action is taken on this motion except that announcement is made to the effect that the discussion will be renewed at next Saturday's luncheon.

Evidence



Following it to its logical conclusion of no indictments, arrests, trials, or convictions, I went to the Criminal Court Clerk's office. After I explained that I wanted to see the records of Judge Puryear's court, Criminal Court I, between the date of the burning and that of the newspaper article relating his charge to the grand jury—May 22, 1917, through May 26—a clerk left for the basement archives, and returned with the January records as well. He rolled the heavy books on a baggage conveyor to a hall desk and left. Being unfamiliar with how to read legal records, I scanned them as best I could and found nothing. I called the clerk back and asked him to help me, but he said he couldn't read legal records either. He called a younger man in and I explained to him. He scanned a moment and said he couldn't read such old books because they were worded differently nowadays. He said a charge to the grand jury would not be recorded in these records, but would be at the Attorney General's office downstairs. He said the receptionist there was "deaf and dumb," so I would probably have to get somebody else to help me.

Loudly I explained to the woman behind the Attorney General's receptionist's desk. I carefully read the newspaper article and gave the dates. She said, "You talkin' bout that riot?" as though no decent person would. I made some motion of affirmation, thinking that was close enough, and after all it *was* a riot I was talking about. She called to a man in the hall. "Kin you come talk to this girl bout that riot? She wants to know something about it. I don't know."

He came in, a big man past middle age. "Whutda you wanna know?"

The woman said, "She says she want something bout that riot. I don't know."

"Actually it isn't a riot . . . it's a burnin' feeling that I had made a mistake wearin' dress instead of my powdered-wig outfit. I thought I was an outside agitator."

"Oh. Well. I thought you wanted to know about that riot," she said, washing her hands on the sink.

"No, I know about that. I want to know about the burning that happened in 1917. They told me to come to the Criminal Court Clerk's office to come and see the records."

Then I read the article from the *Commercial Appeal* and explained that I wanted to know if anyone was ever indicted.

The man said, "We don't even have a Puryear."

"I know. Like I said, this happened in 1917." "In 1917!" he said incredulously. "Why don't you even have any records goin' back that far?"

"Upstairs they said you do. I saw the records, but what I want is not carried up there. They said I could get it here."

"A burnin'?" he said.

"Yeah, it happened in 1917. On Macon Street."

"Whut do you wanna know about it?" I asked.

"I want to find out what happened. If anyone was ever indicted."

He stood immobile.

"Understand?" I said.

"That would be in the Criminal Court Clerk's office. Upstairs."

"I just came from there. They said come on down."

"Whut chow . . . I'm just tryin' to figure it out." He cocked his head. "Whut chow wanna know?"

"I'm going to write a story about it," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Well, we don't have anythin' that around here."

Communications



he encounter of Memphis in Jackson, Tennessee, called Communications Conference, convenes in 1968, at the New Seaside Hotel. First exercise around in that open space. Do not speak. Go with

you feel led." The group mills, walking around with hands behind their backs or arms folded, still like prisoners on the yard. Some go belligerent to one spot and stop, daring companionship. They are cynical of games, doubtful of possibilities. They are willing to try anything—even not hear the sound of their own voices. It takes five minutes to polarize, not white white and black black, but forcibly to people of some rapport and mutual signified by the click-lock of one pair of eyes on another. The chaplain calls, "Time. We are to be seated."

I look at my group, having chosen my hat for security, a white minister for his blue eyes, an open sport collar, and my *coup de grace*, a

cker obviously of the middle class, but no use his hair is semi-natural. I can cope. The shame for choosing safely. We discuss things about the milling thing, and nothing of definition is uncovered. We know of establishment, being a part. I am looking at brown and the sculpture of fingers, while four white are around, slightly bulky. They punctuate with less than usual confidence.

It is night and we have begun to feel of anticipation and nerves give way to a . Abetting the impending composure is the lighting, growing yellower against the night, wall receptacles making fans toward the ceiling funeral parlor lamps. The room is becoming dim and soft and the sensation is not distant a fever spell of remoteness, exhilaration, intimacy. Coffee break is called and we wander to take coffee in the drugstore downstairs. Unlike ambience continues as we meet other of the conference, still linked by kindness strange pride of those who are constantly deflected by the vulgarity of racism.

Returning to our mezzanine room, we refocus to of the conference. Chairs have been turned in their semicircle around the podium, and is Black Power. The Invaders, so-called. They have made a tiny circle for themselves straggled in the center of our neatly chaired group. They slump with long bony arms and legs, with exclamation-point hair, all wearing thin and shades and black amulets hanging by their own their chests into the cavity of their neck. The girl could be Miriam Makeba's young daughter in psychedelic-Afro dress. They look like Modiglianis; Modiglianis and psychedelic—I am in the courtesy of them if you want to discuss politics. They may never get up again so entwined and tangled in chairs, waiting. There is the humor in the pose, down somewhere in the distance fount of genuine humor, which is all the distance for its refusal to be unraveled. They are around an ellipse of ironies and now are not able to break out, rooting down motion in the center, challenging the runners and around to halt.

Meeting starts up, procedural details are discussed by us cowards of distraction, comments and opinions given by individuals who stand and statements about purposes—establishment behaviorable without stated purposes. Charles wears a black beret, unlike his other four, so he is the head man of anti-establishment. And he is rising, “Un-ruh.” The conference freezes with slung. “We didn’t come to Jackson to talk to you folk, we come to get your money.”

“What for?”
“For projects.”
“What do you mean, Charlie?”

“I mean to you.”
“What do you mean, Mr. Onion?”
“I’m not going to explain it.”

“Why?”
“The color of my skin is the explanation.”

He holds up one long hand over his head, turning it slowly around and back, looking up at it as if studying it for the first time, and some are envious of the final answer he sees there. He returns it to his lap, looks down at the floor. Period.

There is a stillness like after a song or else a joke you didn’t understand. Personally it seems a nebulous both, and all I can really guarantee yet is that Freud just passed through: Mr. Onion is highly uninteresting. A primal femaleness is stirred by the challenge maybe borrowed from sister lioness filing claws, or put another way, here’s a man that can’t be sublimated, but what a battle it could be.

White male counterreaction: bullyboy spoiling for a fight to preserve masculinity that has just been thumbnosed by a new skinny kid on the block. There is jealousy as they try to regain staked out territory and find it gone slimy; lost face at the pupil’s becoming teacher; anger at a couple of female defections so immediately viable in a new sphere: metaphors mixing and roiling. “Mr. Onion, what kind of an answer is that?”

Their popped-off questions have the effect of dud firecrackers against his shrugs and fat lips that refuse to part. They want the long hand to rise again because this time they would be more ready, but it stays collapsed, having made its point in a perfect understanding of timing. Very well, they concede, the conference must push on despite crazy men.

We are assigned to eight discussion groups for the remainder of the evening. My husband is in with Onion, so I wait up until after midnight for the messages of psychosis and futility, and tales of anguished efforts to aid him in his nameless projects by explaining the rudiments of business based on white capitalist experience.

Breakfast is country ham, bacon, eggs, grits, blackberry jam, and “Charles Onion is a psycho.” First exercise: we stand in a circle, minus Black Power which is still resting, or maybe has left. We go around the circle one by one, clasping the hands of each in our own, looking into the pit of some of the lives, not able to get beyond the façade of others whose eyes are blurred, and wondering if the latter is due to some look in one’s own, and wondering what the look is, wishing to see it to know oneself, sensing it would be ruined thereby, and finally feeling the weight of all our complexities and the impossibility of affixing absolutes to life. And more than that, the despair of individual separateness and the sorrow of the waste of it, the loss in living by halves and quarters and bits and pieces, façades of pleasantries and minor irritations that consume years of all our days, when we were obviously meant for much more. I resume my place in the circle, filled with my rage. Years have passed for some between the first and second touch. The black women are crying. I wish with my soul that I were they.

“Make little groups and discuss how you felt”—an impossible directive, which proves the point of non-atonement. I can be open only on some days in some minutes and if I know my receiver will not laugh and reject, which isn’t usually the case be-

cause of the identical hangup in him, so my history of love is of falling useless to the ground like the unaudient forest tree. Strange to think of all the vibrations going unheeded around the world, unloosed and flying through windows finding nobody to attach to, finally sifting down to earth and perhaps accounting for its undying verdancy which continues endlessly in renewal. Children up to an age seem to receive (my child looking up from his dinner suddenly and saying I see a castle out the window that you can't see).

Thinking of vibrations three Charlies come to sit with me and I figure I gave off the wrong ones. The description is this: Richard a button-down medical student, white shirt, striped tie, freckles, and a thin-lipped crescent smile that stays fixed in mask; Carter a flabby young married who maybe spent his youth playing bassoon, who courted himself for four years as a beatnik somewhere, wanting now to be a leader in this to compensate for bassoon blowing, a true believer in psychiatry; crew-cut Joe, on the make in business. Charles Onion enters, stands by the door surveying us. I tell Carter to get him: he goes over with the little invite. Onion shrugs, pulls his shoulders off the walls and saunters over to the beat of some jazz running through his bones. I feel like snapping fingers. He coils down, crosses his legs, both feet ending up squarely on the floor. He clears his nose with three snickers and a slow head-shake. Carter, who has his own sinus, explains what has transpired while Onion was zonked and that we are supposed to talk about how it felt to touch. "Honky games," Onion says. Sitting in a bit of a deadlock we decide there's nothing for it but to make Onion play.

All the clusters about the room are vitally engaged and heads together, so we feel like the third-grade remedial reading group as we stand and redo the exercise. Joe leads off with brisk no-nonsense hands, followed by the wet white bones of Richard, the clammy Carter fat, then mine, first to touch Onion. His are the driest I ever felt, rough and dry and like corncobs. He is looking down as I pass, and I anticipate his coil back around to me, because I think he will look. When he gets around, he looks over his shades, something of an acrobatic since he is a foot taller, and there is sex and mutual humor and tentativeness to the look.

"Well, now, how do you feel, Charles?" says Carter.

Onion, recoiled and relaxed, looks steadily at Carter through the shades.

"I mean how'd it make you feel?" he repeats like some queer.

The only thing that moves on Onion is his nose. It moves up and down once. Something stinks.

Carter gets an uncomfortable look that maybe he won't be King of the Blacks after all, and maybe have to blow the bassoon or get a jerky clerk job. Onion keeps looking at him in a way that could tear the yellow pages in half, those two black pieces of glass monster eyes. "What did you feel, Charles?"

"I didn't feel nothing," Charles says.

This is the remedial's remedial group. What do

we do now? The three white men are af cause Onion is seducing them also.

"You hadda feel something, Charlie," says with his med-school lever of authority.

Shifting his head in Richard's direction it there, saying, "I didn't feel nothing . . . and you did," pointing two long dirty fingers the direction of Carter and Joe. Carter again and Joe smiles.

Richard says, "But what about me, Whadda I feel?"

"I'll git back to you after I do them," With his second finger he presses his shade into the bridge of his nose.

Everybody's thrown off, and I'm thinking know something about me that I don't know cause he evidently doesn't think I felt a thing. Didn't I?

Onion says to Carter and Joe. "You felt . . . ways, each one felt two ways at the same time."

Glad for some area of agreement they together. "Yes."

Onion says, "Tell it."

Carter and Joe look at each other, each the other has the correct answer.

I say to Onion, "How did they feel?"

He looks over the shades at me and says "I don't know."

I retreat. We all sit and the buzz of other clusters continues.

Onion says to Carter and Joe. "You want to touch me, right?"

"Right."

"But on the other hand, you didn't want to touch me cause you don't want to never touch a nigger so . . . black."

Joe smiles at Onion's perception. "You got it."

Carter won't come clean, so he says he used to be a beatnik, etcetera. When he gets through with some talk about paranoia, Onion responds pointing to Richard and saying, "You the dangerous man in this room."

"Why do you say that, Charlie?" Richard through his crescent smile.

"Cause I know you."

"How can ya possibly know me? How can I possibly know you, you keep those sunglasses on your face, time I can't even see ya. Why don't ya take them off so I can see ya?"

Onion protects his shades with his fingers and says, "Man you couldn't see me if I took 'em off. You ain't never seen me in your life. But seein' you . . . and seein' you . . . and seein' you . . . Ever since I been born, I know you."

"How?" Richard is still smiling and hasn't moved when he speaks through his teeth.

Onion leans his head toward Richard and in a hiss, "I been diggin' you all my life. No dig on yourself."

"Whadda ya mean dig, Charlie?" and a spit miraculously escapes Richard's mask.

"For heaven sake," I say.

Joe says, "Let her talk awhile. She's been so quiet while we do the talking."

y, "I felt very good vibrations from Mr. is over the shades, "I know, you the one. I when you walked in last night. I... got g from you I didn't get from them." in that while Richard, Carter, and Joe th the what and why. They press him ays as I hoped, "For one thing, she's a od their agreement. All in a second he has m leap a life's conditioning of white man hite woman. Now I'm laughing. I say, you're a poet. You talk like the poets I w. You need maybe a translator some- to the Charlies and say, "Mr. Onion here is king us some poems. You try to understand ecutively and that's why you can't. If you oat we'll find all the connections because g the pure thing." n't think he's saying anything," Richard

sinks low in the chair, puts his finger to es, and begins this tale: "What's the first black baby sees when he comes out of his s womb. That big white light." He reaches al up to cup it. "What happen then. The icks him up, give him a lick, he start to g, beginning life. Now. You in your dark He sits up suddenly and screams, "Here t big white light the cops shining on you 'Git up, gidouta there!' " He's shining his ivulsively around the circle and the terror atically down my spine. tiful." damn shit to hell," Carter says. lie," says Richard. "a baby can't see when born."

Old



he stold my knife," the old lady croaks.

The other old lady lying in bed says, "I did not steal any chicken shitty knife. I wouldn't have your knife for all the beans in China."

"Now Mama," says the middle-aged daughter of the first old lady, stold it, Fayrene. I was peeling a orange in ewspaper last Sunday with Elvis on the front hat's when she stold it." e on. Mama. Let me roll you out in the hall. t out there and talk about it." old lady's roommate says, "Ain't you even out your shoes on to go sit in the hall with ughter?"

s certainly none of your business. Anyhow ld my shoes. She's got all my shoes hidden t the foot of her bed," the old lady whimpers. Mama," the daughter says and shrugs at the ld lady.

Out in the hall the daughter settles her mother against the wall and pulls a chair alongside.

"Mama, you probably threw your knife out with the peelings. Don't you remember doing that?"

"It's too cold in this hall. They try to freeze us out. I want you to go upstairs and tell Colonel Bruce that his fiancée is being froze to death by the air conditioning."

"Colonel Bruce is busy, Mama. Let me just get your sweater."

"You can't. She stold that too. She's the craziest woman in the world. She's got my knife and my shoes and sweater and everything else you can imagine. Yesterday she put my song down there inside my shoe and now I can't sing it any-more."

Later on the daughter left and drove her Cadillac to the dime store and bought two knives.

Carnival



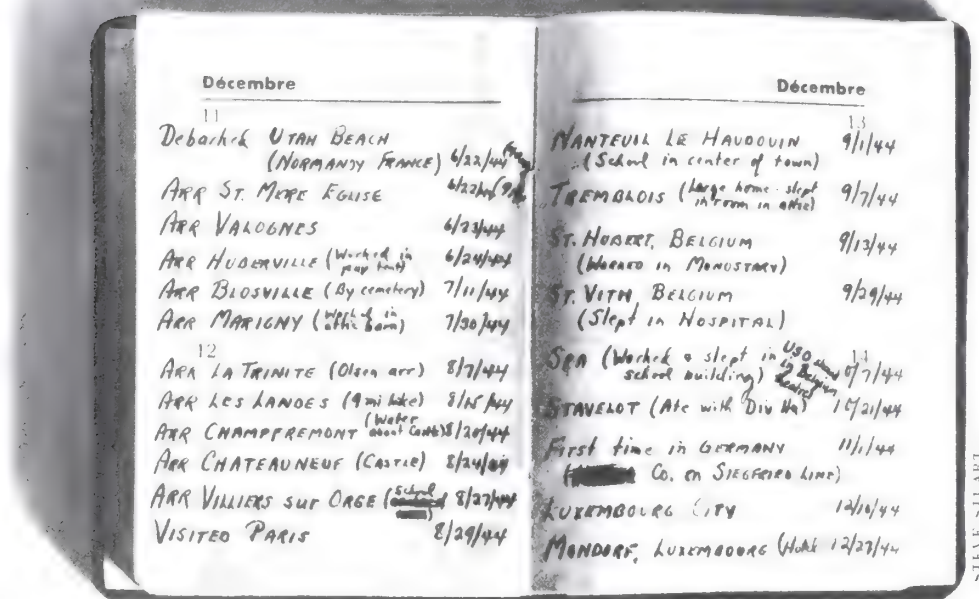
ooty toot crackle croak. That's the Messick High bandmen playing the trumpet fanfare for the entry of King Deynoodt of the House of Larrabee and Queen Martha Eleanor of the House of Jones. The King and Queen of the Cotton Carnival and their Royal Court are making their wobbly way into The Tennessee Club, The Memphis Country Club, the Secret Society of Osiris, The Secret Society of Memphi. The Secret Society of Ramet, The Secret Society of Shelby, Rotary, The University Club, Colonial Country Club, and so forth. It don't matter which.

The president in his white tux with a ribbon and copper medallion around his neck says, "Hear ye, hear ye. Testing, one two three. Hear ye, hear ye." The room quiets down except for glass clinks and ice rattles. "Welcome from the members of ouwa club to His Royal Majesty King Deynoodt of the House of Larrabee and Her Majesty Queen Martha Eleanor of the House of Smith." Scattered applause. "Weah so proud and happy to welcome the entiah coart tonight and in token of ouwa preciation we want to present Deynoodt and Queen Martha Eleanor with a token of ouwa preciation, and invite all the coart ovah to the baaa. Everybody have a big time!"

"Thank you," says Deynoodt, reeling. "Queen Martha Eleanor of the House of Jones and I thank you for this... here... thing." He turn. it over in his hand frowning. "Yessir, this is the best damn carnival evah was!" Queen Martha Eleanor takes the mike gently from Deynoodt. "The King and I thank yall for you wundaful hospitality tonight and for these luvly presents which we will always cherish as perfect souvenirs of our week's reign. I don't have really much else to say. I don't want to take time away from yall's fun, so we decree everbody to be merry times reign and have fun. Cotton is King! t... t... King Cotton!" Hip, hip, hooray. □

TAPS AT UTAH BEACH

Veterans of the 4th Infantry Division returned to Normandy in June—with families—to mark D-Day plus 25 years and to try to relive the war's greatest. This is the story of their pilgrimage and journey.



JUNE 3

I begin with G. E. Lacey because she is a Leader. Miss Lacey, G for Gladys, oxford-shod, tweed-skirted, shetland-sweatered, British Travel Association Guide Lecturer, Member of Guild of Guide Lecturers, is also—as we used to say—a walking encyclopedia. If you follow her, for instance, while traveling a more or less straight line almost due southwest from London to Exeter, she can tell you, eagerly, accurately, factually, about many matters: churches and graveyards and who lies buried therein, trees, birds and flowers, the influence of Devon upon Britannia when she ruled the waves, pixies and wraiths peculiar to Somerset, the effects of cider upon the human body and the role of cattle in the British Isles, supernatural evil, Anglo-Saxon racism. Her taste for detail is insatiable, her memory infallible.

As an example: "Please cast your minds back to the ladies' loo," she says into a microphone, as our bus heads out of London. "I seem to remember a handbag sitting forlornly on the radiator." No one pays much attention. It is seven-thirty in the morning following a hurried breakfast. Twenty-six veterans of the 4th Infantry Division, U.S. Army, most of them with wives, some with children, sit behind Gladys Lacey, wearing green lapel-cards

which carry their names, the division's i an ivy leaf—and a line reading "D-Day, 1944, Years, European Tour." On the road behind are five other busloads of returning Americans on their way to the staging areas around Exeter where they trained in 1944 for the European invasion from which they embarked on June 6 or later. They will cross the Channel to go back to the many beaches, Utah being their own.

Half the bus is asleep at this point, the other half joking quietly among themselves. Miss Lacey, it becomes clear, has a kind of endearing quality with her r's—they emerge as w's—but, despite her descriptive prose can rise to poetic heights at times, especially when she is dealing with the landscape. She lectures us fluently on copper and yellow gorse, then wistfully calls aloud the names of the country inns as they fly past just out of reach: the Crooked Billet, the Badminton, the Pantiles, Cricketer, Hero of Inkerman, the gallows ("There must have been public hangings here sometime in history," Miss Lacey tells us), the Wagon and Horses, the Whynot, the Crisp, the Duke of York, the Grand Old. Meanwhile, she gets a terrible thirst up.

Miss Lacey heads up the aisle of the bus to collect the slips of paper on which she has a

to list the places in southwest England to visit. Almost everyone wants to go. Four couples ask for Budleigh Salterton. "It'll be arranged," she says. Three would go south, while the Rogers want to go to Lacey and the Atwaters to Honiton. "It's strange," Miss Lacey says. "They don't want to visit the places in which they've been." She speaks into her microphone again, to consult. "You know, of course, that we are on a long lunch stop at Tiverton, close on to what was your divisional headquarters, was that what I've been told. In any case, the Tiverton thinks so. They are planning a reception at the Tiverton Motel." Miss Lacey picks up the microphone, and, looking out the window, begins an ecstatic catalog of England's pink-and-white chestnuts, Queen Anne's lace, dandelions, and azaleas everywhere.

The bus speeds on. Whoosh—Sandhurst, nursery and military glory, hidden behind heavy woods. Whoosh—Amesbury. Fifty-seven American soldiers conscientiously to capture forever the body of Guinevere's tomb. We make the slight detour to the Salisbury plain; a quick stop at the ruins of Stonehenge, then on to Tiverton. I see a bald, thin gentleman, knobby and blue-veined, "family man," he describes himself—named Mr. Earp. Mr. Earp, who is a postman from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is traveling with his wife and two children, a son and daughter. He is having a good time, with his memory as we get closer to the fighting areas, and it saddens him. "It's unbelievable how much you forget about the war. You have nobody to discuss it with," he says. "I've kept this diary all these years to look back on." Here Mr. Earp pulls out a small, dog-eared book which not only lists the places he passed during the war but the spots where he was born, school, church, French, Belgian, German, even, under one date, a description of a village he had seen. He arrived at Exeter on the bus, the book says, was at Bye-Pass on 5-18-44. He was on the LST at Portsmouth on 6-18-44 (1 p.m.), landed on Utah Beach (Normandy, France, 4 p.m.), and reached Ste. Mère-Eglise the same day (1 p.m.). I ask him where Bye-Pass was. He shrugs his head. "I can't imagine what that means. I don't know. It's slipped away."

He gets up the aisle of the bus, steadying himself against the back of Kenneth Earp's seat. Curtis Daley looks at him. "Don't feel bad," he says. "That whole war is a jumble and nobody could have a clear picture of it. It's all gone." He broods a moment, then a slightly uneven Celtic face closing in on him. "Well, he tells us then, a cannoneer on D-Day, in on Utah at H+2, found the beach surf-batteries, and moved inland a half-mile, where he was to set up the battery; within a half-hour he was ordered to dismantle it, then moved on. He was all the way through the Siegfried Line before he was in division. "I'm here talking to you," Daley says. "Because I wasn't a rifleman in the first

wave. That two hours meant my life. I brought my wife and my son with me this time. He's the one up front with the sideburns. He's making sure that I don't get to see how he feels about any of this, if he feels anything." Both Kenneth Earp and Curtis Daley laugh, and Daley moves on. The talk on the bus continues, odd, arbitrary memories about gambling coups and three-day passes, about the company cook, who is seated, it turns out, at the rear of the bus, good-naturedly fielding the wheezing insults, about L Company and M, about remembering and forgetting, mostly about forgetting. Miss Lacey breaks the half-silence by telling an old joke into her microphone about the Eton boy who, cutting classes, meets his punning headmaster at Ascot one afternoon. "Ascot today," the headmaster says. "Ascot cut tomorrow." Miss Lacey roars at the punchline, but no one else gets it and a soul-shriveling quiet confronts her. "Oh, well," she says.

We are the first bus into the Tiverton Motel parking lot, a matter of great pride to Gladys Lacey; it takes another hour for the others to catch up. It is midafternoon, fatigue-time; no one has had lunch. The ceremonies—the grand reception—begin instantly. In front of the motel, which is an English fantasy on an American theme, an orange-and-blue decorator's dream made entirely of synthetic materials, in touch with reality only in the tiled washrooms where the plumbing is a little haywire and the graffiti both instructive and satisfying (shaky pencil sketches of heroic couplings and a scramble of guaranteed telephone numbers), we are greeted by six photographers and a movie cameraman, all grinning with abashed pleasure, dressed to kill. Tiverton's mayor, who turns out to be a woman, is also there. "Oh, my God," cries an American wife. "the mayor's a lady." "All mares are ladies," her husband says shyly. He is booed. Everyone is pushing a bit to get inside at the buffet tables; one teenager makes chomping motions with his jaw; animal sounds come from him. "Chrwh. Chrwh." Then again, "Chrwh." The mayor, meanwhile, is making a rigid effort to stand upright, being slightly weighed down by her seals of office, which hang, along with medals and other honors, like ballast around her neck. She wears a pale blue hat that seems inhabited, the kind made famous by Queen Mary, veiled, pinned, curved, convoluted, like a snail, with no beginning, no end; and she moves slowly. Her name is Mrs. Winifred Rooks; with pale white hands folded in front of her, she looks very distinguished, as well as carefully bathed. "Good afternoon," she says, "and welcome to Tiverton." The cameras click away, one, two, three...

There is a rush then for lunch inside the Tiverton Motel: a huge line forms around the buffet. At the same time, a dozen men head for the bar. Some of the teen-agers plunge English silver into the jukebox and the pinball machines. The Earps settle down in a sidebooth, eating with fastidious seriousness. Tuna on crustless white bread. Hard-boiled eggs. Lettuce. Something yellow in aspic. Rolls. Bananas. Oranges. Cake. Tea. Richard Daley, Curtis Daley's son, wearing sideburns, sure enough, down to his

jawbone, rushes up to his father, a glass of beer in his hand. "I thought you said there's nothing but warm beer in England? This stuff's cold." Curtis Daley shrugs. "That's wonderful," he says, taking a swig from his own glass. Two veterans, wearing American Legion caps, work their way around the room, slapping backs, men and women alike, souped up on beer, which they have probably drunk too quickly, shouting greetings to each other and the crowd, their thumbs hooked in their belts as though they are twin, pot-bellied sheriffs met in common cause. "Hot damn!" they yell together, poking a waitress in the ribs with the handles of their beer mugs, grabbing her on either side by the upper arm. Smiling, she shrugs them off. With each swallow, their faces turn a deeper red. Everyone sidesteps them delicately. There is a general movement away, a sidling off, some nervous giggles. "Nothing but peckerwood rednecks," someone mutters. "They was drunk twenty-five years ago, and they still drunk."

Outside, where the other five buses are now parked, the weather has changed. A raw wind is blowing out to the Channel; clouds move with it, very fast, bringing the smell of imminent rain. Small groups of veterans are busy trading positions in their buses in order to be able to travel with friends. (Some of them have been putting money away for five years to make the trip, in a special forced-savings arrangement worked out by Leon Cole, who planned the reunion, with his hometown bank, the First Federal of Augusta, Georgia.) The Rogers leave for Bovey Tracey in a rented car; the Atwaters go off to Honiton. The afternoon wears on. While some of the men are busy hiring taxis for their sidetrips to Exmouth or Budleigh Salterton, their wives and children sit around in weary clumps, writing postcards or gossiping. It is after four; for the moment, almost everybody wishes they were home.

I am told that I am being moved to Bus One. "There's your new courier," Miss Lacey says. "The blonde." The blonde—I move my bags over to Bus One, and introduce myself to Christianne Moll. She is a knockout, with bunned yellow hair, a beige minidress, purple silk scarf, and lipstick. I think, meant to reflect all of it at once. She also has an accent. "Vous êtes une Parisienne?" I ask smartly, but not smartly enough. "I am a Cherman," she says, "who has left Chermany for the world," and, turning away, is off to check her passenger list. Poor Miss Lacey, I see, has sat down nearby on a gallon can of ice cream, alone. It begins to drizzle. I say something to her about architecture, something mechanical about nineteenth-century styles having passed Somerset by. "Of course," Miss Lacey says. "The nineteenth century was the great industrial outburst, and it never happened in Somerset." She looks thoughtful for a moment, then somehow becomes sidetracked (or even totally derailed) in a sudden, paranoid pattern of free association. "This country, of course, has too many people in it," she says, "and it will only get more crowded as time goes on. I think personally we should let

anyone go who wants to go, to Canada, to America. Unhappily, such a policy would leave us only the niggers. We have our new Poles, our Italians, our Spaniards. Their children will come English, certainly to a degree. But they never do, never have, never will. They're intelligent, and ugly, and the worst is the way they feel. My feelings, you understand, all have to do with what we have here, with what we are, which English has always meant. Even our Indians found their place in that." With her last words, which I have continued to listen in a kind of numbishment I mean to camouflage (but I am blushing with embarrassment and indignation, looking off at Christianne Moll and anyone else near by, as silent and probably rigid, too)—with those words, Miss Lacey spreads out her arms to embrace the wet Anglo-Saxon horizon. Then she looks at me, a dead-eye, blowing smoke into the mist. A large swarm of tired, half-drunken men surround her. A smile of relief now flashes over the harshness of her face; Gladys Lacey has said what she wanted to say.

Curtis Daley and his wife wander by, becoming lost in their hands. Mrs. Earp sits on a pile of luggage, her children gathered around her like a family. It is five o'clock. The men suddenly become old, the women worn and without style, but it is the hard end of three days of traveling, an anticipation, of arrivals and surprises, of long waits, of waiting on lines, eating new food, drinking water, a strange land, of uneasy feelings of maybe having spent too much money. Three veterans slide into an arriving taxi, one of them waving a Times newspaper in the air. "GI's Back—This Time Bring Wives," the headline reads. Someone says he has been well received in the heart of Tisbury. "A few old gents waved their hands, like in the olden times, but no one really stopped to talk to us." They begin to gather for the move out. It is last call at the washrooms. One woman has a temper tantrum because her bus's departure is put off five minutes. "I understand your feelings perfectly," Leon Cole's wife says, passing by. Her comment marks the end of the day's party: we move from Bus One, led by Christianne Moll—to Exeter.

We have breakfast in the dining-room of the Royal Clarence Hotel in Exeter at 7:20. Before we can touch our orange juice, our barley, our mounds of lubricant prunes (for which the women, especially, murmur gratitude), Garylcomb rises to his feet, hushes the room, and begins the food. At his first words—"Dear God"—which slowly twists into four Carolina syllables, his wife and two sons, Barry and Brent, drop their heads though guillotined. So do the rest of us. Sanctified we then eat, while the young Devonshire women make a fine mess of things, colliding on their way in and out of the kitchen as though they had just served a meal before, shattering cream pitcher and jugs of milk. Trays fly overhead, hot coffee is

is, and there's a lot of vengeful cursing, nervousness in the presence of these fatigued, and legendary warriors.

ter Airport a short while later, we must hours before boarding the plane for matter of overweight luggage, the necessary gasoline, and three discrepant ways of European time schedule: English, French, American. Christianne Moll spends the morning consoling the group, which grows more listless as lunchtime approaches and then a little more than tea and a thin sandwich. The teen-agers play the pinball machines in the lounge; Christianne Moll makes cheerful of the rest of us sit around, coats in hand, hanging from our necks, and talk.

Levasseur: I went in on D + 2, sailed across the channel on what used to be a Dover-Calais ferry, sharing a stateroom with my cousin who was a lieutenant. I was only a radio operator. I changed the whole thing as though we were on a ship. He was a great arranger. When we got to the beach, I tried to hurry us off the beach and there my cousin, calm as could be, sitting in the sand with his socks. He got his feet a little bit wet when we went into shore. When we moved on, we left our gear to get to our own outfits. Later, I began to see wrecked equipment lining the roads, smashed cars, a lot of fat, swollen cows, all dead, a couple of Germans, and finally a dead GI. Then the landscape changed. Playtime was over. When I saw a GI it was like looking at myself. For the first time, I knew that it could be me. To hell with patriotism, I said to myself, to hell with patriotism waving. From then on, it was just me out there, maybe a buddy nearby. That's all I cared

Teckman: My wife keeps asking me if I'm looking for my footprints on Utah Beach. I tell her it's more likely we'll find a print on the button.

Levasseur: After the war, I went back to finish high school. Then I went on to college and made it to law school. Met Phil Hart—a Michigan Senator and an old 4th division guy. I'll see him on the beach—at a meeting of the veterans' association. They say you get more conservative as you get older but Phil Hart, he didn't. He's more liberal. Asked him for a letter, he didn't give it to me. Course, that's not anything to do with being liberal or conservative.

Werner: We got 8,000 veterans from Vietnam in the 4th division organization now. The 4th is still there. And we got Vietnam on our letterhead. There's a high percentage of blacks in the division in Vietnam. But not too high. Enough to make them happy.

Kleeman: Did you know that J. D. Salinger was in his division? He wrote those stories about the war. He was in counterintelligence. Lots of people around here knew him. He's a normal, regular

Ernest Teckman: Vietnam is simple. It's two big forces fighting each other. Free World and Communist. US and THEM. Communist rule is minority rule. That's what it's all about. Those kids back home are upset about Vietnam because you can't win a land war in Asia.

Mrs. Albert Davenport: We had a wire from our son last night. His draft board rejected him. Bad back. I'm not ashamed to tell you I did a little crying.

Arthur Ricker: These hills of Devon is just about the prettiest hills I ever saw. All that rich red soil. I guess the English June is about one month behind ours. I'm talking in terms of temperature, you understand. It's chilly now and it was chilly twenty-five years ago. I came in on the first day. I was a rifleman, went all the way through. I can't hardly remember a thing about the landing. Seems it was just as confused as this trip.

Werner Kleeman: Did you know that back home J. D. Salinger lives in the country? He hates newspapermen and that's what drove him there. He told me that when he saw the Normandy countryside for the first time it changed all his feelings about nature. That's what started him writing his stories.

Norman Levasseur: What this country needs is a depression and Richard Nixon is the man to give us one. In a depression, you can really control the peasants, know what I mean, they're all out there busy shoveling rocks and stuff, trying like hell to make a buck.

Mrs. Ernest Teckman: We got one boy regular Air Force. On his way now to the Aleutians. When he went to enlist, I told him, now listen son, hold off a while so we can take you as a tax exemption this year. He did, too. My husband and I, we go to a 4th division reunion every year. We had one in Miami Beach not so long ago. I want to tell you that was one reunion.

Christianne Moll: I was a child in Aachen while my father was away on the Russian front. When the Americans came, we hid in the woods outside the city. I remember how we ran away from the air raids. I do not believe in nations anymore. I live in Rome. I work in London, sometimes Paris. I have no real nationality. If you have a nationality, you feel nationalistic, and nationalism is a curse on us all.

Werner Kleeman: One of the guys from the division had a son who went to Harvard after the war. He wrote to ask Salinger if his son could visit him in the country. Salinger wrote back that if he comes to me as a Harvard curiosity, I won't see him, but if he comes as the son of an old buddy, it's another thing. Did I tell you that I have here in my bag a letter from Mary Hemingway releasing certain of her husband's papers to us? But I can't show them to you, they're secret. Hemingway was with the 4th in the Huertgen Forest. We were his division. Should I try to get special permission for you to see the papers?

Norman Levasseur: Back in Devon, near Exeter, we had a black quartermaster outfit on the other side of town. They'd go to town one night, we'd

"Some of them have been putting money away for five years to make the trip, in a special forced-savings arrangement."

go the next. If you liked to jitterbug, you had to be damned careful who you kissed.

Bernard Cohen: Me? Wrong man. I was a chaplain's assistant. I didn't come in until D+22. All I did was drive a jeep and pass out the books.

Ernest Teckman: I went straight through VE Day. I just got a scratch on my face.

Vorman Levasseur: I kept going with the 4th until the Huertgen Forest, and got just enough shrapnel in me to get back to the UK.

Werner Kleeman: I landed on D-Day. I was supposed to interrogate civilians. The whole place behind the beach was flooded by the Germans. I went until a few weeks before the end. Then I got sick.

When we finally land at Dinard, in Brittany, there is a great, relieved shout: *Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!* A douanier boards the plane, smiling nervously; he makes a self-conscious speech of welcome. Christianne Moll translates. One veteran sitting in the tail of the plane, also translates: "He say, 'no chocolat, no cigarettes, no chew gum for my seester.'" Everyone applauds. Christianne Moll explains that she is going to try to get the group through customs without inspection. "We didn't bother last time," Werner Kleeman calls from his seat. Rattling off French, Miss Moll is successful: the customs officials capitulate with a smile; who could resist such efficiency, such honeyed competence?

Outside the airport, we are met by our new bus-driver and our new bus. On its side, we read in huge letters: *Klinger—Reisen—Würzburger*. All the other buses are German, too. The driver beams at us; his name is Hans Kanz and he is the boss teamster of the group; all the drivers report to him. They beam at us together and go to work sorting out the luggage and loading it on the buses. They work fast, Hans giving the orders. As we head for Pontorson to spend the night, midway between Dinard and the beaches, Christianne Moll says: "Hans Kanz is a perfect Cherman from Saarbrücken. He will drive hard for us, serve everybody well, and ask no questions. He will not even wonder what he is doing driving Americans back to the Normandy beaches."

The countryside on the way to Normandy glows with good health, fertile, sun-drenched, moist, an endless variation of green and yellow crops and blue-smoked farmers. But within the hour, a slight uneasiness has set in, a vague sense of disorientation and dislocation among us. Part of it is weariness. The women have become silent, the men restless, speaking only to make sardonic comments on the gendarmes and the citizenry we pass on the road. There is an old, familiar wariness of the French at work—profound and implacable—a sure suspicion in these Americans that they will be taken, have been taken, will always be taken. It surfaces at the sound of the foreign tongue: the custom officers drew cool looks while they made the decision whether to inspect or not to inspect the baggage;

the name of de Gaulle, which constantly color conversation as though he really does enation in himself, intensifies it; and me France, for these men, as often as not wretched images of fear and death that the power to unnerve them. This is wher had their narrowest escapes. One teen-a New York, blowing bubble gum out the shrills to the rest of us: "How do you s in French? Stupid. Stupid." The attenda ladies room in the Dinard airport did n stand her; they speak, it seems, only Frer

These feelings begin to give way, to easo soften a few hours later, once we are settl Pontorson hotel. Everyone has a room, as well as privacy and quiet if they are nee the welcome by the hotel staff is warm; th eagerness to serve us and it reassures every children are immediately at home. The sisters, Debra and Cathy, teen-agers spu sugar from Aiken, South Carolina, are su by a half-dozen French boys their own ag a hosteling trip. They laugh a lot togethe the right, hands in their pockets, kicking onto the road, stand the two American l have been traveling close to the McLean in the bus; they are speechless for the mor McLean girls exchange addresses with the boys. They ask hurried questions about sc o dating, bending the Gallic words in two w soft Southern voices. But it is hopeless; must leave. As their bus pulls out, they each other until they are both out of sight. ters stand at the side of the road, overco deluge of sentiment, for which they are cle prepared. One of them is almost in tears.

The long day, filled with waiting and fl settling in and a constant edginess sharpened fleeting sight of the Channel and the begin Normandy beaches that bring us near to e thing, trails off more or less fitfully.

At dinner, Christianne Moll complains that her cutlery is not very sharp. Without tion, Hans Kanz picks up her knife and Bavarian butcher, loudly sharpens it—skt sktt—against his own knife. Christianne Mers in mock-horror. "That," she says, "is Cherman." At that moment, Miss Geary, the from Bus Five, wanders into the dining-ro is ruddy-cheeked, smiling falsely and po tired belle from St. Trinian's glued to her r abilities. "Das ist," Hans Kanz says, "eine Englische." We must acknowledge that.

Later in the evening, the McLean sisters the teen-age waiter at the hotel before he c change from his working-clothes, and qu "Je veux danser," one says, picking her way the statement as though it were filled with "La nuit. Oui? Ou? Comprends? Discot Danser?" The waiter grins with unexpected

At midnight, finally, three American v wearing overseas caps, stride down the mi Pontorson's deserted main street, shouting order drill at the top of their voices, mid

huddles on the march again in a foreign
They are very drunk. Their wives huddle on
talk, quietly trying to entice them back to
and pretending to find it all funny.

JUNE 5

unch, after Hans Kanz and his drivers
put plenty of smiling elbow grease into
p the windows of their buses and making
the decoration sparkle in the sun, we head
neck of the Normandy peninsula, on our
st to Utah Beach. The official ceremonies
today (tomorrow at Omaha), a combined
obstacle course of speeches in French
sh, to be constructed on an underpinning
res and flying colors. The English and
s will be there, too, even though their own
re further to the southeast. I sit next to
—William Mills, Jr.—in the wide seat in
of the bus, where he can stretch out his
a bit, tapping it every now and then with
Up front Werner Kleeman wants to talk
D. Salinger and Ernest Hemingway. Mrs.
Bates makes notes in her diary, stopping
e to time to stare thoughtfully out the bus
trying to get the right word, the precise
o describe her first trip to Europe for her
Cozad, Nebraska. Frank Caruso, wearing
mmed glasses and a sports-coat, also stares
indow, transfixed by the Normandy coun-
pink milestones, put up by the French
rials to the invasion, mark the way to the
on the Liberty Highway. The McLean girls
ir gum; they seem to be daydreaming.
icker, across the aisle, is appraising aloud
ition of the spring soil: not bad, he con-
lthough not up to Devon's rich, red clay-

istianne Moll's invitation. Gerden Johnson,
ommander of the second battalion, 12th
regiment, makes his way to the front of
where he picks up the microphone and be-
describe the tactical situation at Utah on
n a relaxed, civilized voice—not made to
drama or create one where it does not exist
alls the landings made by the 82nd and
borne divisions behind the beaches around
e-Eglise, with which the 4th, coming in
from the sea, was to make a link. He de-
he flooding operation the Germans had
effect, designed to cut off Utah Beach from
land behind it and isolate the infantry
making the landing. The Germans had
the flooding with skill. All the roads leading
beaches on which the 4th division was to
re severed. But someone had kissed the
Stone back in the UK: when the 4th came
h it was at least a mile off target, and the
ch road that had stayed above water was
in their path. Bill Mills chuckles at the
Colonel Johnson talks on; or rather, he
oundlessly, shakes his head, nervously taps
leg with his cane. As we drive through

Avranches and Villedieu, he tells me his own story
in a soft voice that can barely be heard beneath
Colonel Johnson's amplified narrative:

Bill Mills grew up in Concord, North Carolina,
where his father worked for Cannon Mills ("no
relation," he likes to say). So did Bill Mills eventu-
ally, after he got out of high school during the
Depression: he was glad for the job. That's how it
went for about ten years; lots of young men in
Concord worked for Cannon Mills; it was the town
industry; it sustained everyone. In June 1942, Mills
was drafted. He was twenty-seven then, tall, thin,
with an intent, focused look around the eyes and a
willingness to listen (he still retains both). Six
months later, after finishing basic training and
knocking around from one post to another, he went
off to infantry OCS at Fort Benning, Georgia, be-
came a 2nd lieutenant, and raised his pay from
\$21.00 a month to \$75.00. To someone who had
gone to work in the Depression, he says, the raise
was like being made a millionaire.

Mills was then assigned to the 4th division, which
trained intensively in the States for about a year,
then headed overseas in January 1944, relatively
late. To Bill Mills, this could only mean that other
infantry divisions—on-the-spot longer than the 4th
—would lead the assault when the invasion came:
the 4th would come in as support, after the dirty
work was out of the way. Naturally, the conclusion
relieved him: D-Day, he knew, would be "one wave
coming in to the beaches, that wave being wiped
out, then a second wave fifty feet further back
coming in, that wave being wiped out, then a third,
and on and on and on." Late in February of that
year, all the 4th division's staff officers were called
to a meeting in Exeter. When they arrived, they
found General Omar Bradley ready to talk to them.
In a casual way that was all on the surface, Mills
knew, Bradley told them that they would have the
honor of leading the invasion of Europe. He gave
them no date. At the news, there was a mild, stunned
hubbub in the room, and Bill Mill's stomach turned
over once or twice. Then they returned to their
bases to complete their training.

When Bill Mills and his men came in on D-Day,
they were carrying all the equipment they owned:
rifles, ammunition, grenades, flame-throwers, food,
water, dry clothing, and, around their waists, in-
flatable life preservers. The landing went well, far
cleaner than he had hoped for, and he had his men
off the beaches and onto the single exposed road
quickly. About a half-mile back, maybe a mile, they
hit the flooded areas in earnest. For three days then,
Mills and his men slowly made their way through
the man-made swamps, sometimes in water over
their heads. It was literally touch-and-go; one man
went ahead, testing the ground; if he didn't disap-
pear underwater, they all moved on. In that period,
Mills remembers sleeping perhaps one hour and
functioning efficiently the entire time; he still
wonders at it.

When the linkup with the 82d airborne was made,
Bill Mills and the 12th infantry turned right, head-
ing up the Normandy peninsula for Cherbourg. It

"There is an old
familiar wariness
of the French at
work—profound
and implacable
—a sure sus-
picion in these
Americans that
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always be taken."

Robert
Kotlowitz
TAPS AT
UTAH BEACH

was an unexpected move, designed to open up a major port as quickly as possible, made because Omaha Beach, further down, was still being contained by the Germans, while Utah Beach was unexpectedly free. Moving up through Normandy, Bill Mills and his men fought a series of more or less localized firefights in which a small plot of ground, a hedgerow, or a crossroads was the stakes. It was a bitter, mean progress, high in casualties, and for it Bill Mills received a battlefield promotion to captain, becoming the 2d battalion's S-3, as well as enough shrapnel in an attempt to take the small town of St. Floxel, halfway to Cherbourg, to send him back to the UK. He stayed there until August 8, then returned to the division. Later in the month, when the big breakthrough came, Bill Mills became probably the first American to enter Paris after its liberation. He came in with a map donated to him by an enthusiastic Parisian. Searching for the Police Préfecture on the Ile de la Cité, he got as far as Montparnasse's fanciest whorehouse, where he bivouacked his men on a huge ballroom floor surrounded by love-stalls whose normal occupants had vanished with the shooting. He remembers happily the enormous chandelier in the ballroom whose crystals began to shiver in an air raid that night, then refract light hallucinatorily, and finally shatter piece by piece as a few bombs fell on Paris.

By October 1944, Bill Mills and the 4th division were at the Siegfried Line, engaged in slow, dogged fighting that was again costing the 4th heavily in casualties. The sweep through France was behind them: it was another kind of war now, fought, for one thing, on enemy soil. Leading a patrol one night, near the German border, Bill Mills spotted a dead GI lying at the edge of the road they were probing. Mills called a halt, carefully moving up in the darkness to examine the corpse and the GI dogtag; as he moved, the man behind him moved with him, stepping on a shoe mine and instantly blowing off his toes. Mills yelled again for a halt. Turning to help the wounded NCO and suddenly aware that the corpse was possibly a lure to attract them onto a road mined from shoulder to shoulder, Mills tread as lightly as he could. He had almost reached his man when he, too, stepped on a shoe mine. That explosion blew off his right leg just below the knee. Mills fell to the right: he thinks that he was trying to hurl his body off the road, away from the danger. There was a moment's stillness—a vacuum to suck in panic—while his mind began to absorb what had happened. At that point, all the men on the patrol hurled themselves off the road, some trying to help the wounded NCO, others rushing to Mills's side. Using handkerchiefs, torn clothing, any material that might bind flesh to flesh, bone to bone, they tried to tie his leg back on to its stump; in that darkness, against that pain, it was like trying to do magic without tricks.

The patrol somehow got Mills back to the front hospital. Within twenty-four hours, he was also in treatment for a coronary thrombosis, the result of either blood clots in his right thigh, or clots in his left arm, which by now had turned almost entirely

black from the number of transfusions received. His body was covered by casts from waist down, and the casts themselves were his upper body for support. That is how he lay for two weeks, in pain that could not be eased or controlled, missing a leg, calamitously so by thrombosis. Finally, the decision was made to move him to a hospital further back, for it had the equipment, and its medical services. They arrived there, two nurses, whose names he does not remember, relieved him of his filthy, matted hair, chopping it off piece by piece, cleaned him by pulling from the stump long pieces of rotting bone that had become impacted, gave him a shower and bathed him in soap and warm water. The nurses and members that they made bad jokes the while, in order, he feels sure, to make it possible for him to do what they had to do for him. It was some afternoon.

The real treatment then proceeded; and four amputation operations were needed on his leg for Bill Mills to heal properly; after that he learned how to walk on a wooden leg. During the next year, or a bit later—he became involved in a long-term correspondence with a girl who lived in Chicago (has yet to meet her). He thought then he should tell her what had happened. "You are writing me," he said to her in a letter, "to a man with one leg left for the grave." "Well," she answered, "it's not a bad thing who has the privilege of going to hell in a different section." Bill Mills loves that story.

He leans back in his bus seat, tapping his cane lightly with the cane, smiling and looking at his wife, who has been studying the garden in Normandy on our route. The roses make a lovely sight and she points out to her husband an arbutus with low blooms four inches in diameter. A few feet further up, their fourteen-year-old son, Bill Mills III, patiently waits for our arrival at the beaches. Christianne Moll, meanwhile, takes the microphone from Colonel Johnson and reads, in a rich, dramatic voice—fit at least for Schopenhauer or Brecht—reads the story of D-Day from a popular history. St. Lô comes and goes, on its mass, its church still missing one-and-a-half of its towers. A little tired now. Bill Mills finishes the story, hurrying a bit:

After the war, he thought of going back to Cannon Mills; it was a place he knew, his home there. Instead, he went for a fairly long time to law school. The law interested him in itself, offered a future. It took six years to do it, but in 1952 he had his degree from the University of North Carolina and opened an office in Concord; but too, he had gotten married and already his first wife to cancer. Over the years, however, his career flourished, and today he is a partner in one of North Carolina's most successful and pre-eminent law firms. He is a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers, Member of the Board of Examiners, North Carolina, and a prodigious and inventive activist—in Southern liberal-moderate

abarrus County Board of Education. "The says, "has been good to me, because I'm y the most brilliant fellow around."

us has a population of 60,000; Concord nty seat. What Bill Mills prods for is more n, sensibly achieved by the people them- abarrus—"so we won't be pushed this way by outsiders." That is what he wants to tonomy for Cabarrus; it is, of course, a Southern obsession. His inventiveness the way he manipulates his patient in- on behalf of the citizens of his county, I black. "All I want is for both races in to have the same chances," he says. he law. It's the law in North Carolina e law in the United States, and that's what out. Hell, sometimes I seem to do noth- onfront. I've been in the middle of black e, black and black, white and white, I've NAACP, and I've faced the rednecks. always a popular guy in Concord. Right ve got some confrontation trouble back st before I left Concord, forty-six black ed out of the county high school, right aduation too, over the issue of a cheer- ection, manufactured, made up, but good or what they wanted at that moment, which alk out of the county high school right aduation. They decided to hold a parade on on day during the graduation exercises and the school. Well, so did the Ku-Klux Klan. needs that kind of confrontation. Last lid before leaving for Utah Beach was to an injunction against both of them. No no pickets. That sort of put the quietus on cord."

ve in Carentan now, twenty minutes late. that," Bill Mills says. French motorcycle eet us, capes flying. They escort us to the arket, where we park alongside the other buses. Five minutes go by, ten, fifteen. the delay?" Frank Caruso calls. "They d Utah Beach." "They couldn't find it then Caruso says. Hand-lettered signs reading f America" are plastered on our windows our Würzburger bus, we have been mis- seems, for Germans in a few Normandy d the French there have turned their backs en Hans Kanz gets the signal, turns on the and we are off.

oad behind the dunes is packed with offi- merican officials—Sargent Shriver (emerg- n his limousine sleek and glossy, small ambitiously set, the nattiest figure on the ith the look of a man who wouldn't mind e President of the United States): General radley (it is one thing to see Omar Bradley, ther thing to see him, thick as an oak tree, Normandy beaches); Senator Philip Hart nigan; Embassy advisers and attachés: officials (mostly military, with hungry, de- aces, generals without a war): English and n. Thousands of visitors line the roadway. rmandy farmers, prosperous and happy,

tape the endless speeches on new recorders. The bugles blow, drums beat, the colors are raised and lowered; the television cameras get it all. The 4th division men are separated from each other now, fragmented, lost in the immense crowd. I see Gladys Lacey admiring a British marching band. Hans Kanz and his drivers polish the windows of their buses; then they head for the dunes to visit a pillbox, which they enter warily. Behind the beach, the flaps of vast canvas tents in which we will have dinner come loose and whip noisily against each other. Limousines move by slowly, like bolts of unfolding silk. Duck flights of jet-fighters overhead buzz us. The sun begins to set, superan- nuated national anthems sound in the late after- noon, arms are presented, a silent, freezing wind cuts across the beach and over the dunes. It is low tide and far to the waterline. Shivering, I move over the thin sand grass to look at the beach; it is almost barren now. Two Frenchmen stand in a hollow scooped out by the dunes, pissing. Werner Kleeman passes by, taking pictures of everything. He promises to show me the Hemingway papers to- morrow, when the division has its own ceremony and unveils a battle monument a little way down the beach: I can see it veiled in the setting sun, its erect marble tip glinting immodestly. For some reason, I remember that Bill Mills has told me that all the men on the trip who are missing a leg have been given a list of supply-houses in Europe where they can buy special cotton stockings for their wooden limbs.

A French general is exhorting us over the micro- phone: the Gallic r's roll out to sea: he is calling for an entente cordiale. Frank Caruso and a couple of his buddies are running around the beach. Caruso looks wild-eyed. "I swear to God," he yells, "it should be around here. I remember a red brick house over there. It has to be over there because this is the cut from the beach to the causeway." There is no red brick house. The men run around, bewildered, as though the sands are shifting under their very feet. A band strikes up "Sambre-et-Meuse" behind us. The closing parade has begun. The crowd follows it. The Americans move out, step- ping raggedly, then the French and the British. The Canadians come last. One of the wives hides out from the cold in the open doorway of a dugout built into the dunes. The official limousines head back to Paris or Caen. "C'est fini," a veteran calls. "C'est fini maintenant." Yes, but not quite.

JUNE 6

On our way back to Utah this morning, Werner Kleeman allows me a look at the secret Hem- ingway papers. He handles them as though they're ostrich eggs, carefully unfolding them one by one —there are three sheets—before turning them over to me, then watching me as though I might abscond with them, right here on this German bus. The papers are two in number, and neither is really by Hemingway. One is a note from Mary Hem- ingway to Kleeman, offering "a little short thing"

"Two Frenchmen stand in a hollow scooped out by the dunes, pissing. Werner Kleeman passes by, taking pictures of everything."

Robert
Kotlowitz
TAPS AT
UTAH BEACH

for the 4th division association's president, Brice Rhyne, to read when the division gets back to Germany. "Since it is so widely—and erroneously—believed that Ernest was a rootin'-tootin' war-lover, I think it is important that what he wrote against war should be part of your ceremonies. If Mr. Rhyne will read those quotations slowly, with pauses where I've put the dots, it will be more impressive...." The quotations themselves, which accompany a message from Mary Hemingway to the 4th division, were written by Hemingway in 1935: "No one man nor group of men incapable of fighting or exempt from fighting should in any way be given the power, no matter how gradually it is given them, to put this country or any country into war.... No country but one's own is worth fighting for.... They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason.... No one wins a modern war because it is fought to such a point that everyone must lose.... In modern war there is no victory.... The allies won the war but the regiments that marched in triumph were not the men who fought the war. The men who fought the war were dead."

As we enter Carentan, I return the papers to Kleeman. He is eager for my impressions. "Nice?" he asks. They are better than nice. I say: they are true, and true with a bitter, human edge. Kleeman shakes his head appreciatively. But then our eyes are caught by the crowds that have suddenly come to life on the Carentan streets. School children stand on the curbs waving tiny paper flags. Workers in blue coveralls cheer us. The motorcycle police pick us up again, to escort the buses to the beach, while mod-suited teen-agers wave us on the way. We are all taken by surprise, having assumed that the ceremonies yesterday have used up all the French enthusiasm for D-Day memories. Everyone on the bus is suddenly jubilant: Christianne Moll (whose only fault, some of us have finally decided, is that she treats everyone alike); the McLean girls (smiling pink cotton-candy smiles) and their father; Arthur Ricker; Leon Cole and Mrs. Cole; Hans Kanz (beaming through his windshield at the motorcycle cop flying in front of him); Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bates; Werner Kleeman; Bill Mills and his family; Frank Caruso (who, watching the green countryside ripple in the sunlight, muses: "I came back here one day not long after the landings. You could see the tanks lined up, nose to ass, all the way from St. Lô to the beach, waiting for the 4th division to open it up so they could break out"); his wife and daughter; Colonel Gerden Johnson (who says, "The army is the only way left a man can express his individuality. But what a way, what a way").

In Ste. Marie-du-Mont, the last village before the beaches, whose present mayor—then a teenager—was the first Frenchman to greet the Americans as they came ashore on D-Day, losing, with the gift of cordiality and useful tactical maps that he generously brought with him, a leg under German

shelling—in Ste. Marie-du-Mont the entire town of the town lines the streets and the windows of their homes, applauding the 4th division as it drives swiftly past them, hurried on by the bicyclists and their ballooning capes, the church bells begin to ring, here in the village square, each clapping frequency reverberating against the others. The sound swallows us, stills us, raising our heads and setting up an interior echo that shakes our bones. Children grin at us with pumpkin faces, covering their hands over their ears; a flock of starlings flies in panic. With the beaches in sight, we can hear the great bells.

At the beach, the division's memorial is a simple shaft of marble, incised with the names of the dead. During the speeches, Mrs. Bates makes a sketch of it in her diary. The sun is bright today, the crowd smaller. General Van Fleet says: "We must prepare future generations to understand the sacrifice of these men." Colonel Red Reeder says: "Bradley told us we'd be bragging to our grandchildren about D-Day, and I have and I do, but they don't pay any attention." Monsieur de Valérie, mayor of Ste. Marie-du-Mont says: "I don't welcome a second time, dear friends from America." Senator Philip Hart says: "We must understand ourselves what those men lying out there in their graves would have had to say to us today. That's the real question. They haunt us. They come to us all these years like silent petitioners." Then the band comes off the monument, the colors are borne by Frenchmen, some ex-prisoners-of-war, others assistance members, dressed in blue serge, starched white shirts, awkward, uncomfortable, proud. Should they stand over here, or move to the left? They shuffle around a bit, then settle down, grim-faced. The band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"; then "The Marseillaise." Taps is thin, a little hoarse: it seems to go on forever. Does the bugler make it? At last the notes trail off. One by one slowly lifts their eyes at the stillness. Children and young are seen to weep then: wives, then, finally, children.

That is the end of it. We break up a few minutes later. Bill Mills hobbles up a dune, trying to get a better look at something or other. The Colonel waves by arm-in-arm. I take a last look at the beach. Bill Daley and his son stand at the shoreline, looking out at the sea. Daley's hand resting lightly on his son's shoulder. The Channel opens out in front of us to the east and the north, rolling in short, white breakers. Behind me, at the monument, the American family is taking pictures, mother surrounded by smiling son and daughter. Then the scene unfolds, in a crazy alternation of slow and fast motion, aswarm with couples and families, taking pictures, posing against the marble shaft. It rises rigidly like a perfect dream (man's true, renewed potency, happy now that the ceremonies are over, backslapping, hungry, shaking hands with the French, eager as ever to have it over and be on their way).

MEMORIES OF JOE McCARTHY

was to be on the receiving end of a blast of vilification that began with vague insinuations against "Communists in government" and raged on, with the backing of respectable Senators, to arouse the "Four Horsemen of Calumny—fear, race, bigotry, and smear."

R. McCarthy, Republican, thirty-seven years old, was elected to the United States Senate from Wisconsin in the Republican upsurge of 1946. I had not heard from him until he made his debut in Charleston, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, as a speaker against "Communists in government." He was in the Senate until December 2, 1954, when he was expelled by the Senate for contempt of a subcommittee, abuse of its members, and insults to the public. He filled the newspapers of the nation and did incalculable harm to its governance. Then he was removed from notice as rapidly as he had attained it and died in May 1957. When asked for a comment about him, I quoted the Latin maxim, *in omni re tuus nil nisi bonum.* One could have substituted his name, like those of Judge Lynch and General Smedley Butler, had enlarged the vocabulary.

My attempts to penetrate American government and other institutions through Communist infiltration had been known, discussed, and feared—up to the point of hysteria—long before McCarthy appeared on the political scene. The situation in 1949 was similar to that following the attack on the Administration, how McCarthy came to be the instrument of attack, and the extent to which the attack affected the conduct of foreign policy.

McCarthy's Wheeling speech was not a brilliant effort in the traditional parliamentary oratorial style. It was the rambling, ill-prepared speech of a slovenly, lazy, and undisciplined habitué which we were soon to become familiar. No such speech existed and newspaper reports of it were not until February 20, having created a precedent in generalized charges of disloyalty against unnamed State Department employees, that I found in the Senate what he said was a recording of an earlier speech. In it and other speeches and interviews he charged that he had the names and addresses of eighty-one persons with Communist connections who were or had been in the Department; that the President's Loyalty Board had certified to the disloyalty of some two hundred employees, of whom he had discharged eighty; that there were fifty-seven card-carrying Communists in

the Department. Interspersed with these were charges against me, Assistant Secretary of State John E. Peurifoy (in charge of administration), and the Department's Security and Loyalty Board. All of these precipitated such an uproarious exchange of denials, countercharges, speeches, and further denials that on February 22 the Committee on Foreign Relations, by direction of the Senate, set up a subcommittee under the chairmanship of Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland to investigate McCarthy's charges. The Tydings committee began its hearings on March 8. On that day I opened my press conference in this way:

With all these charges flying around I want to tell you about the meeting which was being broken up by Communists so that the chairman had to send for the police. When they entered the hall they started wielding their clubs pretty vigorously. The unfortunate chairman got a crack over the head and, when he protested, the cop shouted, "You're under arrest!"

"I can't be," pleaded the chairman, "I'm an anti-Communist."

"I don't give a damn," hollered the cop, "whether you're a Communist, or an anti-Communist, or what kind of a Communist you are. You're under arrest!"

At the same press conference I was asked:

Q. Are you aware, Mr. Secretary, that Senator McCarthy saw fit to inject Mrs. Acheson's name into the proceedings?

A. I understand that he made that contribution to the gaiety of the situation.

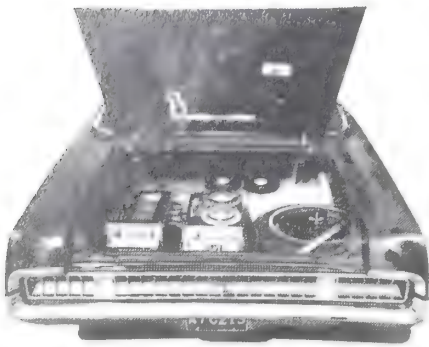
Q. Do you have anything to say in that particular situation?

A. Well, like any husband who finds his wife injected into a controversy the first thing is to go to headquarters and find out about it. So I telephoned my wife and said, "What's this you've been up to?" And she hadn't the faintest conception nor had she ever heard of the organization which Senator McCarthy accused her of belonging to. It was something like the Women's International Congress or something of that sort. So we looked up this organization and found that

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Dean Acheson was Secretary of State (1949-53) during the crucial post-war years. Now practicing law in Washington, he has been called on by several Presidents for his advice on international affairs.

How INA is planning

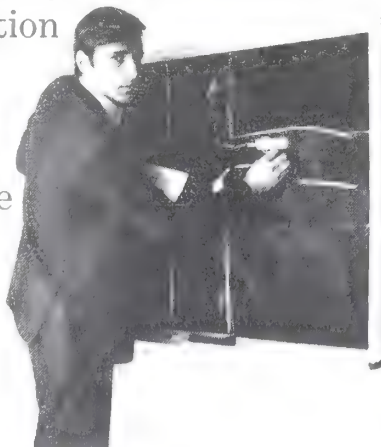


We never thought insurance was just a collection and payment business. When highway accidents bury 50,000 people every year, that is our business. And Insurance Company of North America is trying to do something about it.

We've been using a Mercury car with a gold-plated steering wheel to test drivers. It records the driver's stresses and reactions on a magnetic tape deck in the trunk. These are correlated with the driver's actions and the car's motion. Then analyzed by computer to give a total driver profile.

Learning to tell who a safe driver is may lead to testing all drivers. To predicting the probability of accidents. Or even to determining who should be allowed to drive.

For years we've been teaching "defensive driving" to employees of companies with large fleets of vehicles. A little imagination told us that sharing this expertise might help the average motorist to help

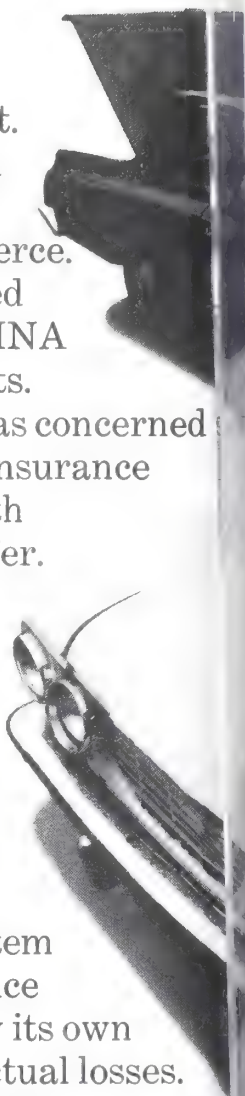


himself. So we did it. In cooperation with local groups like chambers of commerce. INA people provided the know-how and INA paid part of the costs.

At INA we're as concerned with making auto insurance better as we are with making driving safer. The present auto insurance system just isn't working anymore. We should have something better.

INA has recommended a new "no-fault" system where each insurance company would pay its own policyholders for actual losses. Much like your medical insurance does now. This could make auto insurance cheaper and a lot more helpful.

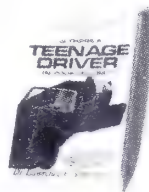
INA was one of the first insurers in the country and now w



save your life.

by the Department of Transportation. It would include a study of the whole highway situation and auto insurance problems. We have strongly endorsed the entire proposal.

The teen-age driver is a big concern to his parents. And to us. We had Dr. Lawrence E. Schlesinger, a prominent expert on driver behavior, research teen-age driving habits. And attitudes. We discovered things that could help parents help their children be better drivers, and had them published in a book, *Is There a Teen-Age Driver in Your House?* You can get it by



one of the largest.

Recently, the U. S.

Senate Consumer Sub-

committee asked us, because

of our experience and expertise, to

study on an investigation proposed

sending us 60¢.

Change won't come overnight.

But INA is working on it. With the kind of imagination that keeps expanding our job of helping.

IMAGINATION

it was a merger of many others, among them one called the Washington League of Women Shoppers. That rang a bell. She said that ten years or so ago she had paid two dollars (she thinks, perhaps, she paid two dollars twice which she regards as rather extravagant under the circumstances) and she was given a list of stores in Washington classified as fair or unfair to their employees. That was the extent of her recollection of the matter.

I told her that it was charged that she was a sponsor of it. She said that was interesting and asked who were the other sponsors. So I read them to her and she said that sounded rather like the Social Register and she thought her position was going up, but she couldn't recall whether she had been a sponsor or not. I think that is the extent of the information I got from her over the telephone before coming down here.

The subcommittee furnished McCarthy with a platform, loudspeaker, and full press coverage for his campaign of vilification. He made a shambles of the hearings. Far quicker than Tydings, who was a man of character but unfortunately had a short temper and a pompous manner, McCarthy maneuvered the chairman into insisting on open and public hearings and bringing out the names of alleged Communists, thus providing a feast of privileged slander. More important, however, in the course of the hearings McCarthy stumbled on the combination of themes that made him a welcome tool for the conservative Taft-led Republicans. Five years earlier General Patrick Hurley had charged that conspiracy in the State Department had frustrated his efforts in China. Two years after that, Congressman Walter Judd had voiced the same suspicions. McCarthy now took this line. China had been lost through the machination of Soviet sympathizers and agents in the State Department. In this category he placed John Carter Vincent, John Service, Philip C. Jessup, and Dr. Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University. The last named, he charged, was "the architect of our Far Eastern policy," though Dr. Lattimore had never been connected with the Department and I did not know him.

Taft supports McCarthy

Senator Robert Taft, who had first regarded McCarthy as reckless, now decided to give him Republican backing and help. McCarthy, he was quoted as saying, "should keep talking and if one case doesn't work out, he should proceed with another." Senator Knowland opened up with a series of speeches during the spring linking Lattimore's views—apparently on the theory that he was an adviser of mine—with current Communist pronouncements. At the end of March, Senator Bridges announced that a group of Republicans would "go after" me in public attacks, which he inaugurated on March 27: and my old enemy, Senator Kenneth Wherry, the Nebraska undertaker, declared that I "must go" as a "bad security risk." Taft, again

returning to the battle, attacked "the communist group in the State Department" which rendered to every demand of Russia at Potsdam, and promoted at every opportunity the Communist cause in China." As William Taft's biographer, put it in discussing his "worst period" in his life: "All this—the 1948 and the Eastern challenge to his authority in early 1949—stirred him in most unfortunate ways. It seemed even to some of his friends and advisers that he began, if unconsciously, to adopt the almost any way to defeat or discredit Truman plans was acceptable. There was, in an intellectual sense, a blood-in-the-nostrils quality about it and no mistake about it."

For two or three weeks after the June 25 attack on South Korea the attack of the primitive, and down, only to burst into full fury again when the Tydings subcommittee filed its report. (Its membership, besides the chairman, included McMahon of Connecticut and Theodore Green of Rhode Island, Democrats, and Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts and Hickenlooper of Iowa, Republicans.) Although the charges had not been substantiated, the majority report criticized McCarthy for having tried to "inflame the American people with a wave of hysteria and fear on an unbecomingly large scale in this free Nation" and added that "with falsehood from beginning to end, with a dishonest and contemptible character deserving adequate condemnation." After a wild fight on the floor, the Senate adopted the report by a party vote of 45 to 37. For a long time I received other articulate support in the Congress for my attack came from Maine's Republican Senator, Chase Smith, and the honorable half-dozen who joined her in her "Declaration of Conscience" on June 2, 1950. She criticized her own party for allowing the Senate to have been "too much debased to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination sheltered by the shield of congressional immunity." The statement concluded: "The nation sorely needs a Republican victory. I do not want to see the Republican party achieve a political victory on the Four Horsemen of Calamity—fear, ignorance, bigotry, and smear."

On August 7 Wherry demanded my dismissal. On the fourteenth, my resignation: and on the sixteenth he declared that "the blood of our boys in Korea is on [Acheson's] shoulders, and no one else." On the thirteenth, four of the five Republican members of the Foreign Relations Committee, following the lead of Senator Taft, accused President Truman and having invited the attack on Korea. The next day this shameful performance came in September during consideration of a bill to permit President Truman to appoint General Marshall, while remaining a five-star general, as Secretary of Defense to succeed Louis Johnson, who had resigned for William E. Jenner, Republican of Indiana. Of the man who, in the words of President Kennedy, of Harvard, brooked only one comparison in the nation's history:



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Usually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the many meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated people have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned.

Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, there-

by providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the card facing this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

If you choose not to continue, simply return the portfolio and your subscription will be canceled. There is no further obligation. But if you are convinced of the program's worth, you pay only \$3.75, plus a small charge to cover mailing and handling expense, for this and for each of the remaining portfolios you accept.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art
Seminars in the Home**

General Marshall is not only willing, he is eager to play the role of a front man, for traitors.

The truth is this is no new role for him, for Gen. George C. Marshall is a living lie....

...[As a result], this Government of ours [has been turned] into a military dictatorship, run by Communist-appeasing, Communist-protecting betrayer of America, Secretary of State Dean Acheson....

Unless he, himself [General Marshall], were desperate, he could not possibly agree to continue as an errand boy, a front man, a stooge, or a co-conspirator for this Administration's crazy assortment of collectivist cutthroat crackpots and Communist fellow-traveling appeasers....

...How can the Senate confirm the appointment of General Marshall, and thus turn Dean Acheson into a Siamese twin, in control of two of the most important Cabinet posts in the executive branch of the Government? That is what we are asked to do.

It is tragic, Mr. President, that General Marshall is not enough of a patriot to tell the American people the truth of what has happened, and the terrifying story of what lies in store for us, instead of joining hands once more with this criminal crowd of traitors and Communist appeasers who, under the continuing influence and direction of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, are still selling America down the river.

Immediately, an honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, Senator Saltonstall, followed by Senator Lucas, rose to rebuke such words as being as contemptible as any ever uttered in that place of easy standards.

The attack reaches its climax

The height of the attack on me came in December. On the fifteenth the President proclaimed a national emergency arising out of the war in Korea; on the seventeenth I left Washington for Brussels to attend the North Atlantic Treaty Council meeting, which was to create the integrated force and the united command and appoint General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander, Allied Forces Europe. As I left, the Republicans in the House and Senate caucused and asked President Truman to remove me from office. At this he blew up in typical fashion:

There have been new attacks within the past week against Secretary of State Acheson. I have been asked to remove him from office. The authors of this suggestion claim that this would be good for the country.

How our position in the world would be improved by the retirement of Dean Acheson from public life is beyond me. Mr. Acheson has helped shape and carry out our policy of resistance to Communist imperialism. From the time of our sharing of arms with Greece and Turkey nearly four years ago, and coming down to the recent moment when he advised me to resist the Communist invasion of South Korea, no official in our government has been more alive to Com-

munist's threat to freedom or more forthrightly resisting it.

At this moment, he is in Brussels representing the United States in setting up mutual defense against aggression. This has made it possible for me to designate General Eisenhower as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe.

If Communism were to prevail in the world today—as it shall not prevail—Dean Acheson would be one of the first, if not the first, to be shot by the enemies of liberty and Christianity....

It is the same sort of thing that happened to Seward. President Lincoln was asked by a group of Republicans to dismiss Secretary of State Seward. He refused. So do I refuse to dismiss Secretary Acheson.

The foregoing summary of 1950's sharp and nihilistic orgy exaggerates its effect upon the minds were occupied with great problems and at the same time with equally great efforts to meet them. The fight with the footpads brought its own just and evoked some generous responses from political opponents. Humor and "contempt for the contemptible," in Douglas Freeman's phrase, provided, always, a shield and buckler against "the darts of the wicked." At one of my press conferences at the height of the mid-1950 attack on me I replied to a question about how they affected me with the story of the poor fellow found on a prairie during the days of Indian fighting in the West and brought into a fort hospital. He was badly shaped, scalped, wounded with an arrow picked into his back, and left for dead. As the surgeon prepared to extract the arrow, he asked, "Does it hurt very much?"

To which the wounded man gasped out, "Oh, when I laugh."

One of the pleasanter memories of this period concerns my extemporaneous remarks made at the end of a speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 22, 1950, which led the late Joseph Pulitzer to utter a rebel yell and howl, "Pour it on 'em, Mr. Secretary!" Some of the gentlemen, I said, reminded me of Mr. Gladstone's explanation of his efforts to reform the unforgotten "fallen women" who accosted him, and of his aesthetic defense of pornographic art and literature. It was not the activity, but the sprinkling of holy water that one found tiresome.

In a few concluding minutes I tried to make my audience think of the Foreign Service and the State Department not as stereotypes but as people who gave their whole lives to the United States, committed, courageous, devoted. Only the last week, I said, two of our missions had been bombed—bombs had been tossed in the window and had exploded. None, fortunately, had been killed, but a lot of people had been hurt. Had any of my audience ever experienced this sort of thing? Would they stick to a job where it was an occupational hazard? It was quite likely that some of these men and women would be killed. But there was no squeaking about them. We had an officer just back from Asia who had been held by the Chinese for a year, but

We don't have
to make our
own aging barrels.
But Grand-Dad
demands it.

Great Bourbon isn't born—it's made.
Made right in the aging barrel. And
it takes years.
That's why we use only the heart of
the most expensive white oak timber,
where the growth rings are uniform
and tight. And hand-cooper the barrels
so each stave is strong and true.
Even charring the barrels is tricky.
Not enough, and the whiskey gets
stewed in the aging. Over-charring
makes it harsh. We have to come
in $1/32''$ to get our special flavor,
body and bouquet. If you think we're
easy about a little barrel, you ought
to see the rest of the way we make
Bourbon. Being Head of
Bourbon Family,
I wouldn't have
any other
way.

A detailed photograph of a wooden barrel stave, likely from a white oak tree, showing its natural grain and texture. A small, rectangular white label is affixed to the stave, featuring the brand name 'Old Grand-Dad' in a large, serif font, with 'Head of the Bourbon Family' written below it in a smaller font. In the lower right corner of the frame, a small, clear glass is partially filled with a golden-brown liquid, presumably bourbon. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the barrel's structure and a hint of a wooden surface.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

tortured. He had applied again for foreign duty.

Scores of people, I continued, were serving in areas of hot war where bombs were dropping and bullets were flying, and others were serving where dangers to health were as great as bullets, doctors few, and mothers were nurses as well as school-teachers. They knew their duty and did it. Some were behind the Iron Curtain, where they were treated as criminals and denied all association with the people of the countries.

Why, I asked, did the editors not try the experiment of writing an open letter in their papers to these Foreign Service officers, our first line of defense in dangerous and difficult parts of the world, explaining to them the attacks being made upon them and upon the service of which they were as proud as these editors were of their profession? "Explain that to them if you can. You will find it difficult to do."

It was not strange that efforts should be made to penetrate the Department, I continued. They had been made throughout its history. There was a right way and a wrong way to solve that problem. The right way met the evil and preserved the institution; the wrong way did not meet the evil and destroyed the institution. More than that, it destroyed the faith of the country in its government, and of our allies in us. I explained to the editors what we were doing to protect the Department: it did not include irresponsible character assassination. What had been going on reminded me of a recent horrible episode in Camden, New Jersey. A madman had appeared on the street and had begun shooting people whom he met—a woman coming out of a store, a couple in a car stopped by a traffic light, another passing motorist—no plan, no purpose. It recalled the whimsical, mad brutality of Browning's Caliban, comparing his god, Setebos, to himself watching a procession of crabs on the sand. He lets twenty go by, picks up the twenty-first, tears off a flipper and throws it down. Three more go by, a fourth he crushes with his heel to watch it wriggle.

I don't ask you for sympathy. I don't ask you for help. You are in a worse situation than I am. I and my associates are only the intended victims of this mad and vicious operation. But you, unhappily, you by reason of your calling, are participants. You are unwilling participants, disgusted participants, but, nevertheless, participants, and your position is far more serious than mine.

As I leave this filthy business, and I hope never to speak of it again, I should like to leave in your minds the words of John Donne:

Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.

And, therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls;

It tolls for thee.

As I sat down, it was with a hope that here and there among those rows of white, and possibly stuffed, shirtfronts a conscience pricked.

Another episode I remember with great pleasure occurred at the Governor's reception at White Sulphur Springs on June 1. I had gone there at the Governors' invitation to discuss with them the State Department charges being made against it. This was the first time before the attack from the north on Korea, sitting for four hours before them, for the last time answering a barrage of questions, I had been able to think that I had no friends—for enemies are more articulate than friends—when two men intervened on my behalf. They objected to my asking questions, getting them rephrased; they objected to my asking questions against sneers and insults stated as questions; they insisted that the chairman rule them out of order and corrected misstatements of fact embedded in long-winded questions. These two Governors had been the Republican candidates for President and Vice President of the United States in the election of 1948—Thomas E. Dewey of New York and Earl Warren of California. Tom Dewey and I were friends for a good many years; I had never before had the pleasure of meeting Governor Warren. Both of these gentlemen could wield a filibuster right lustily, my assailants grew more cautious and began to lose zest for the fray. When it was time for lunch, the two Governors carried me to the center of the dining room, where everyone, including the press, could see us and draw an obvious conclusion. My gratitude to and affection for these two great gentlemen has never faded throughout what is now nearly twenty years.

The last episode occurred in December 1950. While his colleagues were caucusing to elect a new President to remove me from office, my friend, Congressman James Fulton, Republican of Pennsylvania, came to the airport with other friends, including the President, to see me off to London. He brought me two presents: a pair of cufflinks to help me keep my shirt on if foreigners were treating me as my fellow countrymen did, and a beautifully printed and bound edition of the Koran. Since my enemies had not taken kindly to my reference to Christian principles, I might as well use the same ideas expressed more acceptably in the Koran.

Two other acts of public support touched me during those days of harsh attack. In the early 1930s Harvard University conferred on me the honor of the degree of Doctor of Laws. I found it an interesting experience to appear and speak from the platform on the same occasion upon which my illustrious predecessor three years before had made his memorable speech proposing the Marshall Plan. In the autumn of the same year Freedom House, New York gave me its award for 1950. "Thank you," I said, "spent with friends who have helped me together to do me honor and give me heat and cool spring to a thirsty wayfarer."

I met McCarthy only once, when leaving



Seagram's **V.O.** Canadian.
Proven by the company it keeps.



**If you're modest
about your success,
let the Smooth Canadian
speak for you.**

Seagram's V.O. not only says you can afford the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all; it says you have the taste to recognize the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all. And lots of taste is just as impressive as lots of money. Don't you think?

Senate office building, after one of the hearings on the removal of General MacArthur, accompanied by my guard and a pack of reporters and photographers. As we approached the elevators, the guard, a pleasant but stupid former football player, ran ahead to hold the elevator for me. As I entered, a man was already there.

"Hello, Mr. Secretary," he said, and stuck out his hand. Instinctively I took it, simultaneously recognizing his much-cartooned, black-jowled face. Flashbulbs exploded as the doors slid shut. Neither of us spoke during our few seconds' ride.

"What happened in the elevator?" the press asked him.

"Neither of us," he replied, "turned his back on the other."

It was a smart trick and, of course, got him on front pages across the country.

Concluding thoughts

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the effect of the attack of the primitives, before and during McCarthy's reign, on the China policy of the Truman Administration. Whatever effect it had on our successors, it had little on us. The fact was that, caught between the bungling incompetence of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang and the intransigence of Mao Tse-tung's Communists, our choices for policy decisions were small indeed. The Chinese clearly found the United States far more useful as an enemy than in any other relationship, and went out of their way to insure that an enemy we remained. Those who tried to establish diplomatic and friendly relations with Peking found it a useless formality. The most deluded of them all, Nehru's India, received a military attack for her pains. Our European friends found their missions contemptuously isolated and neglected.

Relations with Formosa underwent a change on June 25, 1950, with the attack of North Korea on South Korea. Then the President announced a policy intended to seal off Formosa from the conflict. He interposed the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack from either Chinese side upon the other, the purpose being to quarantine the fighting within Korea, not to encourage its extension. When General MacArthur toyed with undercutting this policy by suggesting, as some Republican Senators had, using Chiang's refugee army in the Korean fighting, he was sharply rapped over the knuckles. Koreans were being trained and armed to defend their own country.

McCarthy's name has been given, as I have said, to a phenomenon broader than his own participation in it, the hysteria growing out of fear of Communist subversion that followed both world wars. His influence was purely domestic as gauleiter and leader of the mob in the last, mad massacre. The result was deplorable. The government's foreign and civil services, universities, and China-studies programs in them took a decade to recover from this sadistic pogrom; Congressional assaults on

the executive branch under the leadership of Joseph P. McCarran and Bridges approximated those of the 1920s under Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. The slaughter occurred in the night of the Red Scare, from 1950 through 1953.

McCarthy was often and erroneously compared to Hitler, but he lacked the ambition, the demonic drive to become a villain on a national scale. He read Hitler. My wife insisted he must be so because of his methods; I doubt it. One evening, sitting beside President Nathan Pusey of Harvard, who had lived in Appleton, Wisconsin, when McCarthy lived there, she put the question to him. He confirmed her views, telling her that fellow boarders in the boardinghouse McCarthy rented and patrons of the same barbershop he used had reported that McCarthy would produce *Mein Kampf* and read from it, chuckling and saying, "That's the way to do it." But he was essentially a small-town bully, without sustaining purpose, and on his own would soon have petered out. Fomented by built up, and sustained by Taft, the Republican Right, and their accomplice, the press, into what was not news and not fit to print, he served their various purposes. After the election of 1950 they no longer had any use for him, but, encouraged by the fear of the timorous in high places, he was not shrewd enough to see that his career was over. For a year his own momentum carried him on. He became a nuisance; those who had used him dropped him. Finally a peppery little man from Vermont, Senator Ralph Flanders, tired of the antics of this boor in a supposed gentlemen's club, called upon the members to censure him for bad things!—being rude in the clubhouse. That he did by just over a two-thirds majority. The very contemptuousness of his rejection broke him.

For my fifty-eighth birthday some of my friends with curious prescience had engraved, adding my name and the date April 11, 1951, an extract from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to John Jay Sullivan on May 21, 1805. I say "coincidental prescience" because on that April 11 General Douglas MacArthur was relieved by President Truman of all his commands and a new torrent of abuse broke over the President and myself, casting me as chief villain by the Republican Right. Mr. Jefferson had written:

You have indeed received the federal unction of lying and slandering. But who has not? We will ever come again into eminent office, anointed by this chrism? It seems to be fixed that falsehood and calumny are to be their ordinary engines of opposition; engines which will not entirely without effect. The circle of character equal to the first stations is not too large, and will be lessened by the voluntary retreat of those whose sensibilities are stronger than their confidence in the justice of public opinion.... In this effect of sensibility must not be yielded. If we suffer ourselves to be frightened from our post by mere lying, surely the enemy will use that weapon; for what one so cheap to those whose system of politics morality makes no part

It's not what we rent.

It's what we are.

1923, we at Hertz have been watching
man on the road. The traveling
businessman, the once-a-year vacationer.

We've seen the sophisticated as well
as the innocent.

From what we've seen has come an
understanding of what traveling is like. Of what
it's like to be a stranger in town. Of what
it's like to be without a hotel room. Perhaps
lost. Or not have the vaguest idea
how to get a decent meal.

We at Hertz have taught every
one of our people to know what it's
like. So when you come to the counter
you would know enough and feel

enough to give you more than a glib smile.

In short, we've taught them to
help. In any way they can. And as a company,
we've given them the tools to help in
many ways they wouldn't normally be able
to help.

Of course, we've also given our
people a fleet of well-maintained Fords and
other good cars to rent to you. So you get
a car that doesn't add to your problems.

Keeping all this in mind, you become
aware of the basic difference
between us and the other rent a car
companies. They rent you a car.
We rent you a company.



You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

BOOKS

Dostoevsky—The struggle to create

The Notebooks for The Possessed. Edited by Edward Wasiolek. University of Chicago Press, \$12.50.

During the past several years the University of Chicago Press has been issuing, under the scrupulous editorship of Professor Edward Wasiolek, translations of the Notebooks Dostoevsky kept while composing his major novels. The original Russian volumes first came out in the Soviet Union during the Thirties: so far, three English editions have appeared, the Notebooks for *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, and most recently, *The Possessed*. Still in process of being translated are the Notebooks for *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Except for a brilliant essay by Harold Rosenberg in *The New Yorker* last October about the Notebooks for *The Idiot*, this ambitious project has received little attention—the last few years, bouncy with the noise of “happenings,” haven’t been very good for serious literature. Yet anyone who cares at all about writing or the mysteries of composition, will find these Notebooks endlessly absorbing. I know of nothing else that shows the writer so fully, painfully, and—it’s no mere rhetoric to say—heroically at work as do these Notebooks. Once and for all they should destroy the widespread notion that Dostoevsky was some sort of genius-desperado, an inspired madman who, between epileptic fits and gambling orgies, dashed off chapters of his novels for serial publication. The Notebooks make it clear that Dostoevsky was a highly self-conscious craftsman, doggedly pursuing the true and false (mostly false) leads his imagination yielded him and worrying his unclarified conceptions and glimmers of characterization with the feverish energy that marks the novels themselves.

The Notebooks for *The Possessed* are fuller and, to my taste, more interesting than the others thus far published; they seem more distinctively “Dostoevskyan” in that time after time they approach the fierce intellectual drama that is enacted in his novels. Of Dostoevsky’s four masterpieces, *The*

Possessed, with its buffoonish phantasmagoria of radical conspiracies and metaphysical improvisations, seems the most urgent; there is even a danger, mostly to be resisted, of reading this novel as if it were written about the chaos of our own day. It is also, of all Dostoevsky’s novels, the most problematic: it has the richest but least accessible group of characters, the most abandoned display of his jolly-vicious humor, and the most insistent jumble of everything one both admires and deplores in his thought. It is an ill-made novel, mostly because the two ideas with which he starts out—the Life of the Great Sinner, transformed into the story of Prince Stavrogin, and the conspiracy of the Russian revolutionist Nechaev, transformed into the story of Peter Verhovensky—were never completely integrated, either in his own mind or in the book itself. With a bewildering wealth of detail, the Notebooks show Dostoevsky laboring at, modifying and recasting his impressions in order to satisfy both his needs as ideologist and his self-demands as artist.

Dostoevsky wrote most of *The Possessed* between August 1869 and summer 1871, while wandering across Europe from one resort town to another. It was a time of misery for him. He was heavily in debt. He was in poor health: epileptic fits, shortness of breath, hemorrhoids. “Paris,” remarks Professor Wasiolek, “is under siege by the Prussians, and Dostoevsky is under siege by penury, delays, nonunderstanding editors, and lost letters.” Occasionally he breaks past the impersonal surface of the Notebooks with a thrust of complaint, as in this entry for June 1870:

The weather keeps changing; it is rainy and relatively cold. The money has not arrived, and I don't know if I'll get any at all. I've completed the fifth chapter of my novel.

... at night (two nights in a row) I

Mr. Howe's new book, A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry, comes out this month. He is professor of English at Hunter College and editor of Dissent.

can hardly work: the blood rushes to my head, I feel torpid, sleep is impossible. I am afraid of the bad consequences of working at night (a stroke, or something of that kind?).

He studies his physical disorders under the harsh scrutiny which, in the face of them, he reserves for moral and psychological disorders:

The fit occurred during an almost full moon... I did not feel it, but after 8 o'clock, with a feeling as if I had had a fit. I had a headache and my body was aching all over. Altogether, the aftereffects of nervousness, shortness of breath, an intensified and foggy, contemplative state, persists as now than in previous years. I used to pass after three days, but now it may take six. Especially at night, by candlelight, an indomitable hypochondriac melancholy, and a red, bloody shade (not color) over everything. Almost impossible to work those days.

But he does work. He rewrites endlessly, trapped in the maze of his unclarified intentions and hoping to get out of it by the sheer act of repetition. In January 1871 he complains that he has revised his novel twenty times. The same month he begins to serialize it in a St. Petersburg monthly, where it runs a full two years: a work paid for with blood, bone, nerves.

How did he begin? When a writer plans a novel of major dimensions which he intends as an assault on the disorders of modern life, how does he go about arranging his materials? How does he integrate his ideological conceptions with his projected action? And how does he learn to accept the risks of seeing his story take on a life of its own, apart from and even in opposition to his first intentions?

The answer, at least for Dostoevsky, seems to be that he works in a feverish imaginative chaos and for a time lets himself to—in fact, deliberately enlarges—the scope of—that chaos. He sustains

ideas and ready-made novel-
 ulars to the shattering pres-
 is imagination, so that at first
 seems a breakdown of his en-
 ue. Only later, through a grad-
 uation of character and
 he reassert the rationality of
 d the claims of discipline.
 g he has brought to this
 or creation is transformed but
 e cliché has it, "beyond recog-
 even beyond the authority of
 it is transformed from static
 ic, from idea to image, from
 to vignette. Then vignettes
 incidents and incidents fall
 as elements of a coherent ac-
 always with character, rather
 at the center of his awareness.
 oe argued that Dostoevsky's
 nform to Aristotle's formula,
 himself works consciously

riter—let us be more cautious
 this writer—begins with a
 as Henry James called it: an
 overheard, an item in the
 figure observed or imagined.
 ée matters, however, only in-
 t leads him to *discover* his true
 In the very course of submit-
 elf to the chaos, even the block-
 his imagination, Dostoevsky
 ess retains, with a completely
 s will, the ideological bias with
 e began. And yet...in the
 lf, as increasingly in the Notes,
 as radically transformed by his
 for creation.

his novels Dostoevsky starts
 seemingly unrelated elements:
 g ideological purpose, such as
 ult on the superman cult in
 d *Punishment*, and an intrigue
 ed, as in the early Notes for
 essed, through embarrassingly
 l melodramatic images (the
 the Usurer, the Beauty locked
 riangle). The ideological pur-
 charges his ability to work; in
 s, as he develops plot schemes
 ches for characters, this pur-
 ms slowly to be loosened and
 to allow more freedom to the
 of creation; yet it never does
 ntirely, since for Dostoevsky
 the novel as game or caprice,
 olity that must always yield to a
 chauung. Salvation hovers over
 irase.

much like Balzac, Dostoevsky
 abilitually to stock devices, the
 eary clichés of nineteenth-cen-
 elodrama. Such conventions—
 s, murders, family conflicts—



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are useful to the novelist in providing him with a protective casing in which to nourish his personal vision. Without these rituals of convention, there might not be individual sensibility. But the stock devices of melodrama have a deeper use for Dostoevsky: they correspond not to the everyday-ness of human existence but to a kind of shorthand morality, yielding versions of disaster and fatality with which to order the flux and dribble of experience. Melodrama is essential to Dostoevsky, as the "objective correlative" for his sense of menace inherent in the nature of things. To his heterodox Christian imagination, it serves as emblem of the evil conditioned by the very presence of matter and flesh. And as a reduced or petrified morality making everything too sharp and clear, melodrama gives Dostoevsky a base from which to move toward his own radical variants of moral exploration and judgment.

The Notes begin, then, with creaky outlines of an intrigue dominated by the familiar Dostoevskyan heroine, the beautiful, haughty, icy-hot Byrness who keeps searching for sensation and salvation, or better yet, for each through the other. Soon, however, she fades into the background: Dostoevsky is after bigger game. The loose-tongued progressive intellectual (in the novel, Stepan Trofimovič Verhovensky) appears as Granovsky, a real-life Russian professor whom Dostoevsky despised. Next comes the revolutionary nihilist who will be at the center of *The Possessed*, Peter Verhovensky, dimly anticipated at this point and cast only in his generic role as The Student. What to do with The Student Dostoevsky does not yet know: he sees him as handy for the romantic intrigue and as a spokesman for detested ideas, but not yet with the full ominous brilliance, as the agent of disorder, he will assume in the novel.

In December 1869 Dostoevsky reads in a newspaper the story of an obscure Russian revolutionist, Nechaev, leader of an underground cell who had murdered one of his comrades, Ivanov, seemingly out of fear that Ivanov would betray the group but also in order to bind his co-conspirators with a chain of guilt. The incident makes an enormous impression on Dostoevsky, providing him with an action which for the first time can dramatize his political bias. Now he must go a step farther and, while elaborating the character of Nechaev-Peter Verhovensky, find a way of connecting the political theme with the romantic intrigue to which he stub-

bornly clings. I doubt that Dostoevsky really makes this connection very persuasive in the novel itself, but it is a book so feverish and brilliant that one can easily be distracted from its flaws.

Even as Nechaev comes quickly to life in the Notes—through a marvelous set of speeches that establish him more as a voice than a person—Dostoevsky remains trapped in his struggle to develop a coherent plot. Again and again he tries to bludgeon his way through, simply by developing his plot as pure intrigue; but some profound instinct of self-criticism steadily frustrates the effort. Intrigue, in Dostoevsky's novels, must always be at the ultimate service of an idea; and indeed—paradox as it may seem—it is precisely his tendentiousness which finally drives him to complicate his action. So eager is he to do in the radicals, he must first bring them to incomparable life. He connects Nechaev with the Beauty, preparing thereby a compact of destruction; he hits upon the idea of making Nechaev the son of Granovsky (in the novel, Peter the son of Stepan Trofimovič), so as to demonstrate the supposed lineal descent of murderous nihilism from sentimental liberalism.

Yet something is missing, something wrong. With the hindsight of a century we can see that what is missing is Dostoevsky's special use of the double plot yoking melodrama and metaphysics. Nechaev, Granovsky, the Beauty, and all the complications rehearsed in the Notes provide in embryo the familiar Dostoevskyan action, even a portion of the familiar Dostoevskyan setting; but not yet the Dostoevskyan tone. His motivating idea seems still too mundane, too close to ordinary social reality; the imaginative transposition into his distinctive world has not yet been completed.

For this to happen, at least two more novelistic elements are needed, the full timbre of the Dostoevskyan voice and the clarification of what he means to do with Prince Stavrogin, the Great Sinner.

Professor Wasiolek tells us that he

first conceived of "*The Life of a Great Sinner*"... about December 1868, and then reconceived it and worked on it between December 1869 and May 1870. . . . Dostoevsky planned to take his hero in the [eighteen] thirties and forties through the suffering of childhood, boarding school, flight and complicity in murder, life in a monastery . . . exposure to the world and

interest in various contemporary political and philosophical notions such as atheism and positivism, finally, after much sin, cruelty, suffering and ambivalent feelings, a religious crisis and regeneration through love, humility, faith and Christ.

... the "great Sinner" is characterized by tumultuous passions and contradictory drives. He attempts to find what he is looking for in debauchery, in the accumulation of wealth, science, art and letters, and in the life of a monastery. . . . What drives him of all is a desire for despotism over others.

The Stavrogin we know from *Possessed*, however, is far more complex and enigmatic a figure than the Dostoevskyan type sketched out by Professor Wasiolek. Nothing gave Dostoevsky more trouble than the Stavrogin and it has been a long subject for debate among his readers whether Stavrogin does in fact develop into an achieved character. At the beginning Dostoevsky sees Stavrogin function in the novel, but not Stavrogin as a more or less autonomous being.

Stavrogin flings himself into a career of debauchery in a terrible fit of anger and pride. THAT IS THE MAIN POINT.

In his fantastic vagaries, boundless dreams, to the point of deifying himself, God and putting himself in the place of God . . .

With the other characters Dostoevsky moves rapidly into fragments of characterization, but almost until the end Stavrogin resists all efforts at final definition. Dostoevsky sees him, but at a distance; knows he is a crucial figure, but not quite why. Even abstractly Dostoevsky has great trouble in explaining to himself the growing sense he has that Stavrogin is a creature new to his imaginative universe. In the Notes for 1869 and early 1870 he assigns Stavrogin long-winded speeches, brilliant with the rhetoric of sin and salvation, but this is all wrong, for the Stavrogin we know in the novel is beyond rhetoric. One of the crucial entries describes Stavrogin not as a person but rather as a kind of natural energy:

This immense, instinctive force, seeking nothing but peace, yet agitated to the point of suffering, does in the course of its searchings and wanderings veer into monstrous deviations and experiments, until it will finally

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come to rest upon so powerful an idea as to be fully proportional to their instinctive animal strength...

By the spring of 1870 Dostoevsky's conception has developed to the point where he begins to grasp what is so remarkable about Stavrogin—and I phrase this deliberately, to stress the fact that the writer struggles to apprehend a character he feels already to exist:

Yet there remains for him the question: what is he himself? The answer for him is "Nothing." He finds no solid basis whatsoever within himself and is bored.

By August the picture comes into sharper focus:

... a somber, passionate, demoniac, and dissolute character who knows no moderation; facing the ultimate question he has reached "to be or not to be?"

A few entries later there occurs the tantalizing sentence, "STAVROGIN IS EVERYTHING," but so far as I can tell, this is not yet the "everything"—that is, the "everything" of nothingness—he is to be in the novel. But by now all the pieces are at hand, and they are summed up in the polarity: everything—nothing.

What was it, then, that Dostoevsky wanted Stavrogin to be, and that Peter Verhovensky, in his brilliant deranged fashion, recognizes as present in Stavrogin when he calls him the "fairy-tale prince" and the future "pope" of Russia? Stavrogin finally emerged in Dostoevsky's imagination as a gigantic projection of the unfilled spaces, the vast frightful emptiness, which he saw as the source and condition of disbelief. Peter Verhovensky is the public consequence or symptom of disbelief; Stavrogin, the embodiment of its animating nullity. And if the wish to dramatize nothingness may be in principle unrealizable, this helps explain the enormous difficulties Dostoevsky had with Stavrogin.

Stavrogin can also be understood as the opposite of Prince Myshkin, the inspired messiah-epileptic of *The Idiot*. Dostoevsky calls Myshkin "the wholly beautiful man." Harold Rosenberg sees Myshkin descending into the world of Dostoevsky's novel "like a divine messenger in Homer or the Old Testament, and also a figure who seems about to turn into the abstract person of a re-

ligious or political tract." By contrast, is a counter-messenger from below and bear gift of emptiness. Yet his role in *Possessed* is analogous to that in *The Idiot*, about whom F says that "his function is not the course of the action but to ate the aura of a new state of being," a being emptied-out and of the will to live, that make Verhovensky possible. Stavrogin ultimate source of the chaos that through the characters of *Possessed*—intellectually, Dostoevsky suades us of this option, but ically he does not fully achieve half-mad but dazzling scene rushes after Stavrogin, kissing and saying to him, "Without y zero, a fly in a glass jar, and thought, a Columbus without A

There is something bolder again not fully realized, in completed novel. Dostoevsky believed potential identity of opposite nihilism might turn out to be extremis, that nothing could the token of everything, that this ing of energy might prove to equal sign to the flooding of with grace, perhaps even that Stavrogin might melt into God. People expect Stavrogin to lead, he himself "a burden." Admittedly, this side never emerges into full clarity by very nature, it cannot. Yet Dostoevsky out of attraction to the depths of nihilism and his passion for some time reconciliation of all the moral forces war in the universe, shares in the way Peter Verhovensky's expectations concerning Stavrogin. That in the Notes nor the novel can he bring these into dramatic view, even abstract articulation, is hardly surprising. To make credible the goodness a Myshkin is hard enough, but to in a Stavrogin an anti-Myshkin who bears in his burnt-out soul the potential of everything Myshkin for...

With the other characters Dostoevsky has no equivalent difficulties. The god-seeker and Kirillov the denier come through rapidly, the halves of Dostoevsky given independent life. Stepan Trofimovitch, the old windbag, Dostoevsky keeps talking and mocking throughout the Notes in the novel too; but only toward the end does he hit upon his most in-



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idea: that Stepan Trofimovich
fool, coward and toady, shoul
theless be the one character
to repudiate the Nechaevism ois

*Details aside, the essence of
T. lies in the fact that though
at first to compromise with the
ideas, he breaks with them
end, and indignantly so (pre
to go begging), and alone re
succumb to these new ideas, mai
ing true to his old idealistic n*

Old idealistic muddle—but the
sentimental liberalism Dostoev
so mercilessly ridiculed. So
sense of justice, the sense tha
him to *become* most despised
ters, drives Dostoevsky to
Stepan Trofimovitch, though w
share of jibes and jeers, the si
which in the deranged world
Possessed approaches redempti

With Nechaev-Peter, Dostoev
little trouble, for as an "old Nec
—so Dostoevsky called himself
did not lie—he feels a spidery
with the revolutionist. Professor
lek believes that Dostoevsky nev
understood Peter, but I doubt
matters: Dostoevsky created him.
of the speeches he works
Nechaev-Peter in the Notes—lik
political man, he *hears* Nechaev,
seeing him—are used almost v
in the novel. Others he discard
one of them, Dostoevsky has Pe
"You know: the worse the bett
another point he remarks with
insight:

*Nechaev is not a socialist but a
... his new word lies in aiming
thing at insurrection, "but let it
live one," and "the more rioting
orders, bloodshed and collapse
and destruction of traditions,
better." "I don't care what wi
later: what's most important is
the existing order be shaken,
tered, and exploded."*

Fascinating as these Notebook
both as illuminations of the nove
in their own right, they finally p
one that between even the mos
tained entries and the equivalen
tions in *The Possessed* there is an
mous gap. Something happens wh
do not understand and have never
explained, something to which w
the unilluminating name of "the
tive process," and this mysterious
creates a new order, a unity, ind
self-sufficient universe which the
do not reach. Perhaps what one n

s is the Dostoevskyan speaking-alicious-reflective "I" who st no role in the action and ence one is inclined to forget, provides a tone at once vi-flating and ultimately hu-he Notes Dostoevsky seldom approximate this tone of erhaps it is only in the novel n achieve it. Instead, as if to

remind himself what he will be able to do once he has released his full powers, he merely jots down stage directions:

... show them all, as well as all of their society, through little stories.

Think up many more details.

Characters are the only thing that matters.

And most valuable of all:

The tone consists in not explaining Nechaev or the Prince.

Testifying as they do to the dedication and cost of Dostoevsky's struggle for creation, these Notebooks yet persuade one that only in the course of writing the novel itself could that struggle be won. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Raise a Human Being, by Ph.D., and Rita Kramer. Random House, \$5.95.

eridulum seems to have swung the baby front. Spoiling is in ank goodness), for the first east. So are breast-feeding, cking the baby up when it king funny faces at it, and ng it along on visits to other ouses. Instinct, in other words, eeded once more, and with it ering urge evident throughout gical world, that we have o subvert, distort, or simply our peril. That, at least, is the of the present volume. Echoing deal of current thinking on this he authors enlist a variety of Freud, Darwin, Pavlov, Erik- enz, Bruner (to mention only st immediately discernible) in of their contention that mother ing the baby's first year in r—is not only good for a baby, utely crucial to its development. it, the baby not only fails to the capacity for any kind of l attachment, it is also severely n its ability to learn—an ability its very survival is predicated. nd again the book returns to ntig series of studies made not of the dire effects of being insti- zed—deprived, that is, of the ug adult figure — upon young is is to the good, of course. Still, nders why, in talking about the authors sound so often as they were talking about ma- (Smiling at the baby, it turns sensory input.") Beyond that, e of course the tragi-comic im- as of the fact that the maternal could not be readmitted to our ithout a battery of affidavits in

its behalf from distinguished scientists. But this—in all fairness—is less the fault of the authors than a part of our larger predicament. —M.M.

The Trial of Dr. Spock, by Jessica Mitford. Knopf, \$5.95.

From the journalistic viewpoint the trial of Dr. Benjamin Spock and four others for conspiring to thwart the draft laws (and to counsel others to do so) was both the best and worst of occasions. On the one hand, the prominence of the defendants, the obvious attempt of the government to punish them for their beliefs (determined—and public—opposition to the war in Vietnam) rather than acts (which turned out to be ludicrously unspiratorial in any but a prosecuting attorney's definition), the obvious prejudice of a decrepit judge, made good copy. On the other hand, the refusal of prosecutor or judge to allow the trial to be what the defendants hoped it would be, a full-scale testing of the morality of the war and the state that waged it, was a frustrating disappointment — particularly, one imagines, to those who like their courtroom dramas movie-style, with some eloquent romantic getting the chance to plead for the higher justice. As Miss Mitford makes very clear, things don't work out that way in the real world of jurisprudence.

That, as it turns out, is the job for clear-eyed, clear-headed observers like herself. Since Vietnam never figured in the testimony, there's not much she can do with that. But there is plenty she can do with two other, equally compelling issues—which raise her book, if not the trial she is covering, to the level of a moral inquiry after all.

Her first question is, of course, about the morality of conspiracy laws. Her second is perhaps more devastating, raising the most serious doubts about the efficacy of the jury system in general. Conspiracy laws are, of course, handy

for dealing with The Mafia, though the flourishing condition of that organism makes one wonder if they have been of as much use as prosecutors like to claim. Otherwise, it is clear that they could be used (even more frequently than they are) to harass all kinds of dissident but law-abiding citizens, for it turns out that you don't have to act like the members of a bomb plot to get indicted for conspiracy. Indeed, you don't have to meet with, or even know, your fellow defendants, to get tangled up in this tough bit of elastic. Apparently the law long ago decided there was something in ESP.

As to the jury, Miss Mitford's investigations indicate that in this particular case most of its members believed Spock *et al* to be no more than technically guilty—and morally beyond reproach. They were, to put it simply, snowed by legalisms into believing they had no choice except to find the defendants guilty. Miss Mitford introduces some sophisticated—and not generally accepted — legal scholarship to indicate that, back at the beginnings of the Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence, it was widely held that juries had not only the right, but the duty, to go beyond technicalities to consider moral custom and law — as well as an elementary sense of fair play—in rendering verdicts. Obviously it will be some time before such free-spirited panels are commonplace in today's technicality-obsessed world. Meantime, the courts—which many believe to be the great bulwark against the ever more intrusive instrumentalities of the state—look considerably less impressive after viewing them in Miss Mitford's sensitive, intelligent, catty microcosm. For, as she reminds us, they too are, at bottom, also instruments of the state and are so regarded by judges and many other officers of the court of the type involved in the dismal stupidity from which, only recently, Dr. Spock was relieved (al-

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though two co-defendants could be retried).

Setting aside both the timely and timeless issues Miss Mitford raises herein, it must be reported that with this book she now joins that extremely select company (Sybille Bedford is the only other name that comes to mind) who are capable of making fascinating literature out of the humble journalistic job of covering a trial. Which is a way of saying her book is, to risk an inappropriate-sounding word, fun to read as well as important to read. —R.S.

Fiction

The Bamboo Bed, by William Eastlake. Simon and Schuster, \$6.50.

We have no right to *The Bamboo Bed*. Literature — art — is supposed to wait its turn, to be created in the contemplative silence that comes at the end of a war. For now, we are supposed to be content with journalism and *The Green Berets*. But here is William Eastlake's superb surrealist novel and it is, perhaps, no insult to say that it is the result of an historical accident. Which is to say that in the prime of his writing life the world conveniently provided him with an obscene, absurd war that exactly suits his sensibility, and precisely proves his depressing point about the nature of man and the insane projects with which he is somehow compelled to occupy his brief time on earth.

His book might be subtitled "The Search for Captain Clancy," commander of A for Alpha Co. and one of the two survivors of the massacre into which he led his unit on Ridge Red Boy somewhere in Vietnam. Among those out looking for him are Knightbridge and Nurse Jane, who make love high above the jungle in the Search and Rescue helicopter whose name provides the title for Eastlake's book; a journalist who may work for the CIA or somebody; Colonel Yvor who has no arms but who can fire his machine gun by jerking its lanyard with his teeth and whom all believe to be the personification — perhaps the progenitor — of this war; Applefinger, the other Alpha Co. survivor who has somehow mislaid Clancy and would like to dig him up again; a deserter turned pacifist folk singer, whose girl friend wears an "I Have a Dream" button on the jungle trails. Almost all of them get dead in the end and their need to find Clancy is never really justified. It is just something to do, rather like the war itself.

All, all, even the characters by standing and waiting get and events and time sequence in their minds; all, all see tra-pear in the form of jokes; all fuse friend with foe and fight in the peculiar terms it forces one involved in it—they shoot and everything that moves.

There is no consolation for in *The Bamboo Bed*. Pacifism be a project exactly as futile as war—an attempt not in kind from President Johnson was to make sense of the senseless. The film of Eastlake's previous novel, *Castle Keep*, has greeted by some reviewers as a pro- and anti-war and one imagines something of the same sort of will condition the response to this work. The point to grasp is that not really writing about war, but about men, doomed to desire for their acts and doomed to so that there is none. The suffering results is only bearable as for tragedy it is insupportable. Perhaps why our men in (where Eastlake went as a correspondent to gather his material, and a vision of its physical and psychological landscape more vivid than have ever read) are so incredibly oriented. To think more about they are doing is to arrive, finally the place where Eastlake has arrived this fantastic, completely believable novel.

Fat City, by Leonard Gardner. Straus and Giroux, \$5.50.

Leonard Gardner's tightly controlled flatly stated little novel — his first about two small-time, small-time (Stockton, California) prizefighter. One is on the way up, the other on the way down. The reader is made that the former's road will not be or glorious, and he knows the it has been too short for tragedy. In the end, it is fair to say, one does need to care very much about either of them but Gardner has caught the lower-middle-class ambience that supports them and their almost anachronistic trade without a false note, a misword, or the slightest bit of misplaced sentiment. If the boxers (and their women, their handlers, their mates, and opponents) are merely archetypes, they are carefully portrayed very hard-edged archetypes. Most important, Gardner has taken us into

façades of those neighbor-
ugh which we hurry, eyes
en we have to catch some
or train. It is a neighbor-
physical and spiritual, as
y our novelists as by our city
d politicians—a white ghetto
hes a climate of small hopes
isappointments.
—R.S.

Verse

Subjects, by Richard
theneum, \$5.95 cloth, \$2.95

into or through the past for
ictions, ancillary, let alone
es a major problem for the
ca imagination, and it is re-
out not surprising to see how
ag the quest may be. Richard
dazzling new book of poems
tgly appears at the same time
One with America, a vast and
sive survey of approaches to
of problem in the work of
is contemporaries. Howard's
etry had learned a mode of
ndor from Auden, and only
Images, his previous book, did
o reach into what are, after
mplexities of openness. Now,
Subjects, a collection of
monologues by real and fan-
eenth-century figures, he has
language and a range of tone
o none but the voices of his
ions.

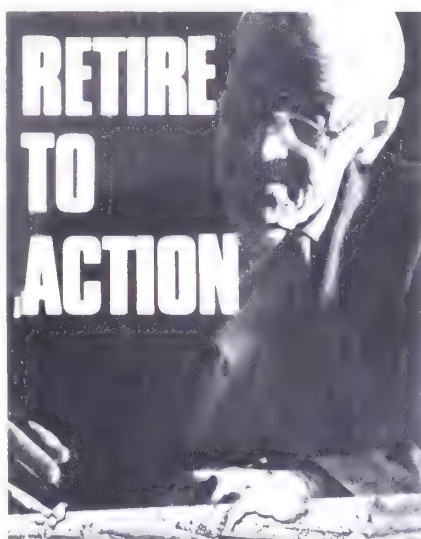
oems are individually titled
lates, ranging from 1801 to
speakers include Scott, Rus-
hackeray; G. M. Trevelyan's
riting to her son, and Jane
using during World War I
-Raphaelite past; Wilkie Col-
an anonymous private secre-
ng of Gladstone's last days.
a significant number of musi-
s: Rossini; a Richard Strauss
Schoenberg; another from
Levi, the conductor of the
performance of *Parsifal*, as-
r Moses Montefiore that the
ti-Semitic issue is trivial for
nd for Germany.

fifteen long poems in the
s, and yet totally flexible
and linear forms that pure
verse allows, are inspired
the historical and the wholly
Perhaps Hofmannsthal's
Letter" lies behind the power,
oems, of the seized-upon per-
rtainly Browning, to whom



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Howard alludes in the dedication to the background. But he is not only as monologist, but as a pounder, and as theoretician of it is almost as if his guidance is not as the alloy of influence but catalyst releasing an originality achieved. A straw man halves the opening of *The Ring and the Book*. "Do you tell the story, now, in style/Straight from the book there book at all,/ And don't you in poetry, make-believe,/ And he lies it sounds like?" Mr. Howard's titled *Subjects* are like inspired following what were merely pat ironies and hedged truths, and he is like an explorer with a good voice who has stopped at the company and got down to the business of what he had to tell.

The Fire Screen, by James Merrill, Atheneum, \$4.95 cloth, \$2.45 paper.

Each of James Merrill's poetry has been better than the one, and such a spectacle, in the one of our very best poets, is more refreshing. *The Fire Screen* is an extraordinarily beautiful book in its organization, as well as in its poems. It takes its title from one of an embroidered fire screen, a of fire-revery, that becomes a natively radiant, as generative of tation, as the very sheet of what Gaston Bachelard called Prometheus complex." It is a feast that dissolves into the vision, a footnote, troped in as an afterthought suggests: "All fire & embroidery rather than art looking into words. Fire screen of fire. The Valkyrie's baffle, a trance pitch, godgiven, element and that leads out into the book theme. How to make use of mere dream, of experiences of the in is a question that total human rather than its usual frenzied incrum, must always pursue. I scenes that embody recurrent the rhythms of vacation and performance and post-mortem, as drama and as part of one's the subtlety and potent sensitivity Merrill's earlier poetry has more deeper, but brighter regions. He fine and important a poet to have bogged down in the Slough of sion in which so many writers struggle (to escape? or for escape and in this book his fictions achieve true generality of poetry that yond fancy.

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Kenneth Galbraith

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ed social and
thinkers recounts the
ne great stock-market
1929 and finds, on its
nniversary, some
bering parallels with
nybody-can-play
Fortune.

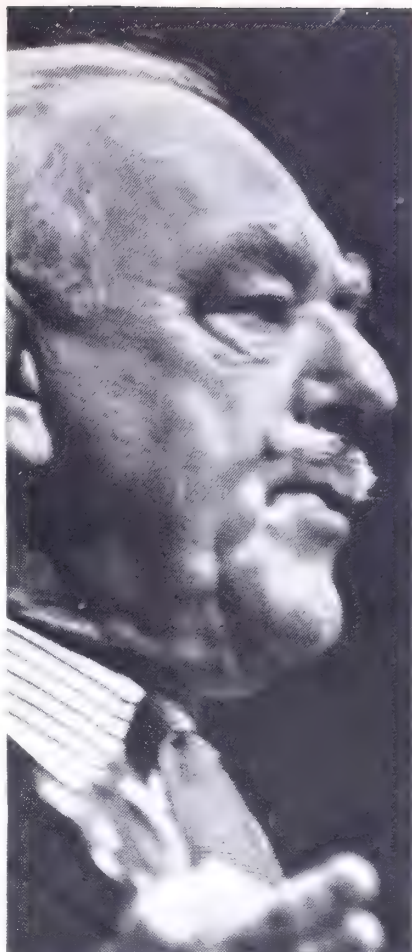
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ce and energy, and
e lived to find it the
rt of wisdom not to
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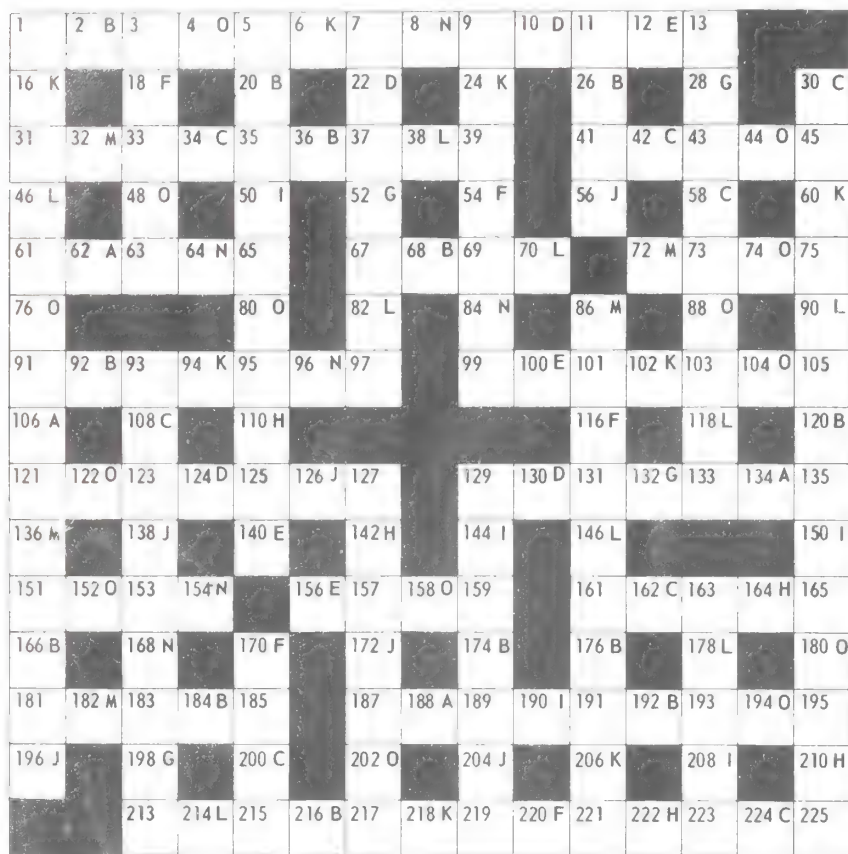
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- Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

- Individual satisfaction at owning lions? (8,5)
- She may be great and she has a wheel.
- Yemenese city noted for coffee?
- A true alloy.
- A late kind of duck, perhaps.
- The graduate may be a master and the Tsar a master of these.
- Give over when reviled about something.
- Fairly noisy, I should find.
- A Venetian merchant from Canton, Iowa, strangely enough.
- Area of activity of the Acrostician.
- A kind of lamb found in Gilead.
- The aroma of a broken door.
- Coverall for part of a stage.
- The house had seven, but Hollywood only one.
- Detest Aix? Someone lived in such a place! (7,2)
- To betray and get angry twice? (2,6,5)

DOWN

- Vegetable dish in a predicament? (7,7)
- Scruffy looking, but more than mousy.
- Kind of life not for shut-ins. (4,6)
- This man's up in the air about the Via Rota.
- Win out before the convent vows, I hear.
- She was douce in the fair manner on stage.
- Wordsworth wrote one of former mongrels on a particle.
- Kill time and hand about the meeting records. (4,3,7)
- Peculiar behavior of Queen Crita. (5,5)
- It's a small piece to give Bill a tie with a doublet. (6,3)
- Geste in later life or former flame? (3,4)
- Not well at all in every illuminating condition. (4,3)
- Communicator on the road I took.
- Take care! He'd die when I'd leave!

Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 151 appear in the November issue. For solution to last month's puzzle see page 46.

- A 106 62 134 188 Entreat.
- B 26 2 166 184 120 174 68 210
176 192 36 Something especially re-
ing (slang). (4,3,6)
- C 200 42 34 108 30 162 58 246
historic ancestor of the horse.
- D 130 22 124 10 Man's Christian
especially used in Britain.
- E 140 156 100 12 "Ah! woe is
house That loves the peo-
Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.
- F 170 116 18 54 220 "His bos-
and his heart should glo-
bert, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.
- G 132 52 28 198 Kind of vehicle
- H 164 222 110 210 142 Kind of lay-
dow.
- I 50 150 190 144 208 Japanese
cans.
- J 56 204 172 196 126 138 Ah! ug-
- K 218 24 206 6 102 16 60 94
in southeast Italy.
- L 146 214 82 46 90 178 70 18
The claw of a certain bird. (4,5)
- M 72 86 182 136 32 Gulf on ar-
Red Sea.
- N 154 96 64 8 84 168 An ear-
- O 4 158 180 74 44 76 194 88
104 80 152 122 Referring to
of the world of especial concern
Acrostician. (9,5)

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November 1969 75 cents

Harper's

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THE FLIGHT FROM CITY HALL

by Fred Powledge



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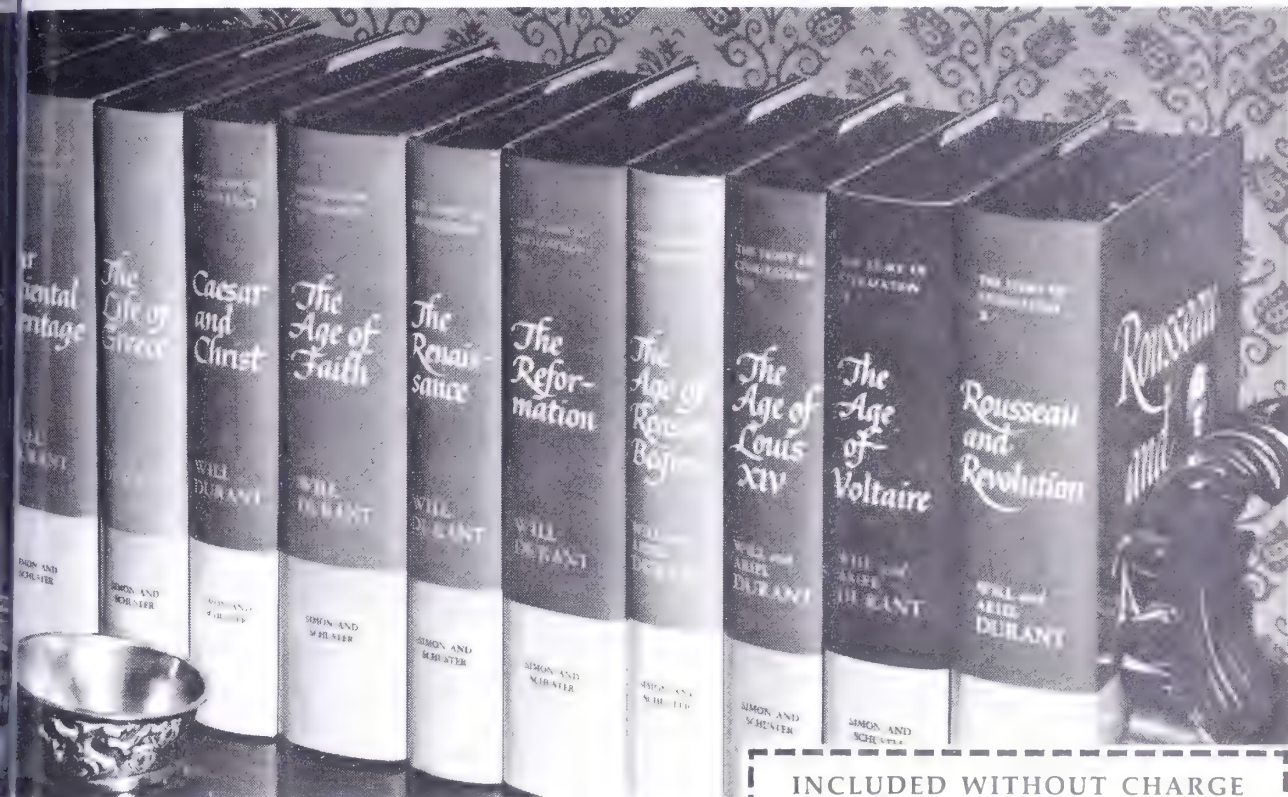
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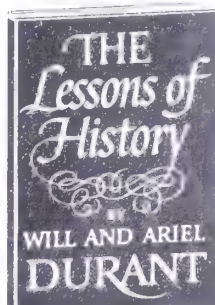
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- Robert Gold 63** MY SUMMER VACATION IN BIAFRA
A non-tourist's guide to a society half-mad from starvation and bombings.
- Knowledge 69** THE FLIGHT FROM CITY HALL
The former mayors of Minneapolis, New Haven, Atlanta, and Detroit tell why they chose to drop out after having helped to transform a traditional sinecure into a vital political office.
- Herstam 90** ASK NOT WHAT TED SORENSEN CAN DO FOR YOU . . .
Having written a new book, he now stands in the wings, waiting to be called to stage-center.
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



John Kenneth Galbraith



John W. Aldridge

"One day last January I was in Los Angeles on a political errand that called for a press conference. With an air of obvious thoughtfulness a reporter asked me if I expected another stock-market crash. I replied, as I have a hundred times since I wrote a book on the 1929 experience, that of course there would be. . . ."

So begins, in this issue (see page 55), John Kenneth Galbraith's article of warning, of explication and exposition, "1929 and 1969: Financial Genius is a Short Memory and a Rising Market." Professor Galbraith, to be sure, is obsessed with the stock market. His history of the 1929 debacle, "The Great Wall Street Crash," appeared in *Harper's* in 1954, to mark its 25th anniversary and remind us, in perhaps the coolest, most enthralling narrative written on the subject, of how those days went in the bitter fall of '29 and how many illusions we have perpetuated and deceived ourselves with about the disaster. The article later became the basis of one of Galbraith's many best-selling books about how money works in our society, *The Great Crash*, which was joined within a few years by *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State*.

It's now forty years since the market crashed. World economics have hardly been revolutionized since that date, but they have been transformed and in America, at least, money is spread wider than ever before, or, rather, income is. Whether stock-market profits are as real these days as many of us would like to think is only one question Galbraith considers in his article. Others are the real status and meaning of mutual funds, how conglomerates actually function in the marketplace, and what a crash in the market might do to the economy. The Depression of the 1930s remains one of the great shared American experiences, and one of the most ghastly. Galbraith reminds us that "What is necessary for a new disaster is only for memories of the last one to fade and no one knows how long that takes." Gal-

braith is here to make sure it doesn't last longer than some of us might.

In a note that recently appeared at this desk, John W. Aldridge recalled that *Harper's* gave him his introduction in a national magazine to an article called "The New World of Writers," written when Aldridge was just twenty-four, out of the ranks of newly graduated from Berkeley. The article appeared in the November issue and dealt with the young writers who were then beginning to make their names: Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, Horne Burns, and others. His article, "After the Lost Generation," was the first growth of the article and is still a day for the incisiveness of its analysis and the freshness of its point of view. It was, in fact, the outstanding literary criticism by a new generation published in the postwar years. The present long essay, "In the Name of the Young" (see Part II, page 100), also appears as a book, in expanded form under the same title. If it is published, we're pleased to have it in *Harper's Magazine Press*.

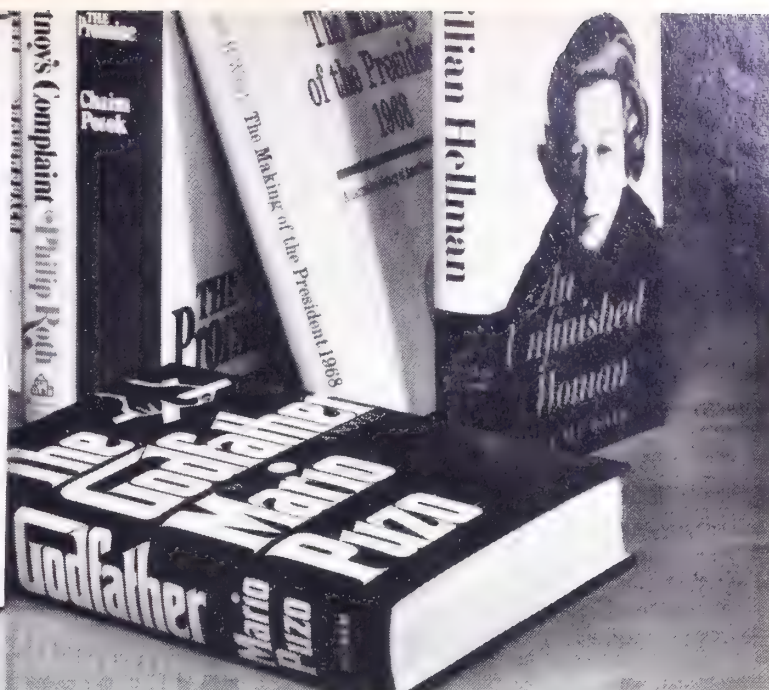
Aldridge is now a professor of English at the University of Michigan, where he is teaching at Sarah Lawrence College, New York University, and Princeton University (and other places) and is at work on a new novel. In his note to the magazine, Aldridge says that "As you see, I was concerned in 1947 with the young generation (which at the time was the young generation) and this time am concerned with the current younger generation."

In a recent issue, we offered a selection of the winning entries in the 1968 *Harper's Magazine College Criticism* to any reader who asked for it. The response has staggered but not disappointed us. Clearly, *What the Critic Thinks of America: Its Institutions, and Its Art* is important to many readers of this magazine. If you'd like a copy, drop a note to John W. Aldridge, *Harper's Magazine*, 100 Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

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LETTERS

Witnesses on Harvard

I cannot let Michael Holroyd's "Harvard on My Mind" [August] pass without severe criticism. The article is filled with as many inaccurate "facts" as it is with unjustifiable judgments. Mr. Holroyd's perspective must be suspect immediately, as he arrived in Cambridge the day that the so-called "student riots" broke out. He brought neither knowledge nor sympathy to the circumstances, and one must conclude that he departed in the same bankrupt condition. . . .

The SDS demands were not "drummed up": they were very legitimate issues, as even certain members of the administration have admitted. The author's generalizations about the occupiers of University Hall are dangerously simplistic: the group in that building was as diverse as the Harvard student body itself and so, too, were the motives for being there. His careless references to "they"—who supposedly rifled files, smoked pot, evicted deans, and armed themselves with chains—produce a thoroughly fallacious impression of the nature of the occupation. Those acts, if they occurred at all, were limited to a relatively small group of individuals. . . .

And how can one respond to his monolithic characterization of students as "led astray," "mindless," "in love with themselves," and "overindulged," except to say that such shortsightedness and lack of understanding cripple his commentary? The "committees," meetings, and leaflets which the author is so quick to ridicule were a very necessary and constructive part of Harvard's effort to order itself, disseminate political views, and cope with the issues and the crisis atmosphere. At a time when urgency was the prevailing fact, members of the university responded with extraordinary rationality and spontaneous democratic procedure.

Perhaps Mr. Holroyd is trying to be aloof and cute. But in an age of legitimate grievances, communication difficulties, and the need for substantial reevaluation and reform of American values and institutions, such gimmicks

are only destructive. I am forced to conclude that the author suffers from the very infirmities which he attributes to parties at Harvard: lack of principle, "honest hypocrisy," "prejudice, vulgarity."

RENÉE D. CHOTINER
Radcliffe '70
Cambridge, Mass.

It should have been apparent from internal evidence alone that Mr. Holroyd was incompetent to comment on the events at Harvard last spring. As Mr. Holroyd notes, the central issue was the abolition of the training of armed forces officers on campus. He asserts, however, that the SDS demand for abolition could not be acceded to because the ROTC program is "a voluntary program from which the university had already removed curricular credit." It is certainly absurd to assert that the demand could not be met, in view of the fact that it subsequently *was* met: the Faculty of Arts and Sciences voted to deprive the ROTC programs of the facilities they needed to continue, and the programs are therefore being rapidly phased out. It is also absurd to argue that no voluntary, noncredit program should ever be abolished. A university has only limited funds and facilities, and must exercise judgment in determining how they should be used. . . . Military training is, after all, conducted in a spirit antithetical to the ideals of free inquiry to which the university is dedicated; and this training serves foreign-policy ends which more and more people at the universities have been questioning.

If the debates concerning the issues surrounding the strike were as inane as Mr. Holroyd's descriptions suggest, it would be difficult to understand how he could consistently judge Harvard to be "the most admired college in all America." It is obvious, however, that the reason he interpreted the discussions

among Harvard's supposed distinguished students and faculty as a case of "grunts," "meaningless intrusions," "parodies," and "oppressions," is simply that he did not try to find out what they were talking about. The second issue to which he refers is the problem of Harvard's contributions to the critical shortage of low-income housing in Cambridge. Here again he shows himself ignorant of a fact known to all who observed the events carefully: that the university really did, as SDS claimed, plan to build down apartments near the future Kennedy School of Government buildings and had so informed the residents.

MICHAEL R. . . .
Cambridge, Mass.

My first reaction upon reading Michael Holroyd's account of the strike was to dismiss the article as a rather unfeeling and juvenile parody of a serious event. I write now only after finding that, for many persons, Holroyd's version stands as the truth.

His parody is premised on the assumption that the University strike was over revolved around fabricated, groundless issues. . . . Unfortunately, Mr. Holroyd is disastrously misinformed. The building takeover has indeed been discussed and debated since March, but the delay in implementation came not, as he claims, from a lack of motive, but from a desire to discuss and publicize the ROTC expansion issues as broadly as possible. Indeed, ROTC's presence on campus had been a major issue since the previous September, and remained so because, as Harvard College Dean Glimp's correspondence reveals, the Harvard administration was determined to keep ROTC, despite a vote which had indicated dissatisfaction with the program. . . .

As for the expansion issue: although it is true that the Mt. Auburn property owned by Harvard will not be the actual site of the Kennedy School of Government, Harvard's plan office has admitted that this land used for "support facilities," and that tenants will be evacuated at the time. Perhaps Mr. Holroyd has not

CORRECTION

In the September issue, page 59, the author of *Ten Days That Shook the World* should have been identified as John Reed.

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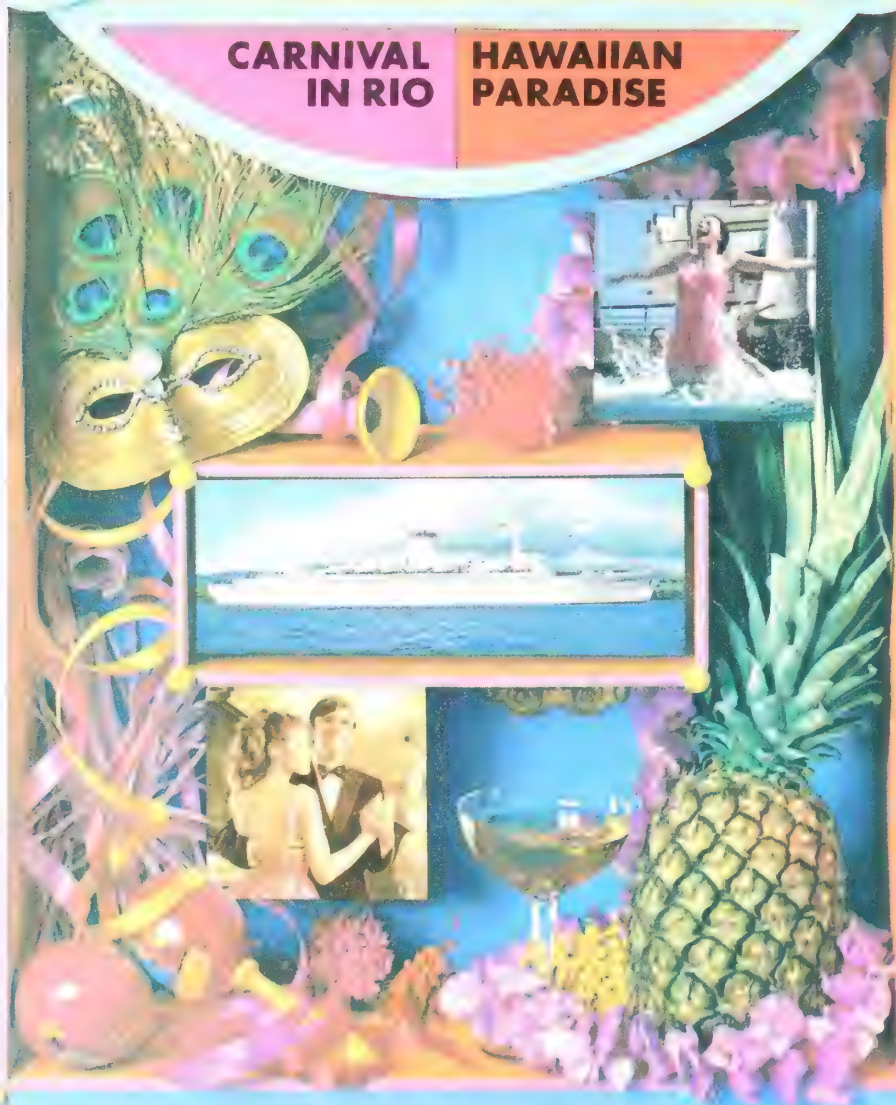
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at a map of Cambridge (was
en there?). He would find
nt years, Harvard, MIT, and
t-supported academic spin-
bbled up huge tracts of land,
ts, and dispossessed Cam-
dents—all in an effort, as the
) Wilson Report states, to
e Cambridge."

ues are crucial ones, for they
Academia's growing com-
ocial immoralities. Not only
ard support the officer train-
leads the war in Vietnam, it
rgely responsible for promul-
ideologies which make such
ritable. Nor is it surprising
haste to remain at the top of
Harvard should show such
egard for the lower-income
Cambridge who get tram-
mad scramble.

nd parody are honorable and
s, but they are compromised
iscrimination. Michael Hol-
y lacks any discrimination.
unable to take anything seri-
lieve that a sincere and heart-
, an event which brought out
and a fair amount of blood-
an event for which many stu-
e willing to be—and were—
nd expelled; that such things
due more than a blithe flip-
have nothing against humor,
say I don't like Mr. Holroyd's
hink it is decadent. I think it
ied. And I think it is danger-
think that Holroyd would do
tick to biographies of Lytton

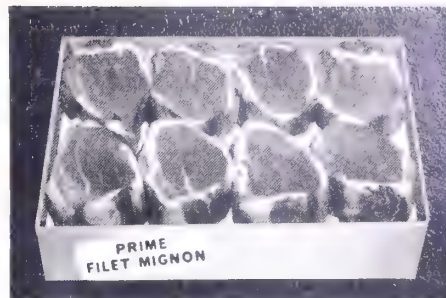
JEFF ELMAN
Harvard '69

Holroyd's "Harvard on My
ows more light on Mr. Hol-
d than upon the recent crisis
d. Evidently his mind was so
made up, about a complex set
ns which he encountered as a
tander, that he did not bother
ouch with those who were di-
olved, even though some of us
med him to Cambridge on his
visit a year before. The pic-
esents is quite unrecognizable
who know the situation, from
angle. To those who do not,
ve more seriously misleading
a some responses to its British
on have already questioned its
v. One might have thought that
ad long passed by when super-
s set the tone for our English
Certainly we should welcome
perspectives based on good will

and serious concern. The fact that Mr.
Holroyd has never been attached to a
university, either as a teacher or as a
student, does not altogether disqualify
him as a witness. Nor does it discourage
him from seizing an opportunity to
indulge in a deep-seated rancor against
higher education in general.

It would require an article of at least
equal length merely to correct his
factual errors, not to mention his mis-
chievous distortions and malicious in-
nuendos. Let me simply claim the
privilege of correcting two typical mis-
statements which touch upon myself;
many other colleagues, speaking for
themselves, could do the same or more.
At a faculty meeting, it is asserted,
"Harry Levin (Comparative Literature)
excused himself for striking a personal
note, but went on to say that his need
was to gain the students' confidence
by presenting them with a tape of the
faculty's deliberations." This is sheer
fatuity, of course; it is also a falsifica-
tion of the record. If the motion (by
Professor Bruce Chalmers) to broad-
cast the proceedings via the university
radio had not been passed (with virtual
unanimity), Mr. Holroyd would not
have had access to the more or less
accurate transcript, which he has de-
liberately garbled here. I spoke of strik-
ing a personal note upon another matter,
taking incidental issue with a respected
colleague, Professor Alexander Gers-
chenkron, whose remarks have been
even more grossly distorted. The ques-
tion of regaining the students' con-
fidence was not my personal need but
that of the faculty as a whole. This is a
point I stand by, and it was supported
in the vote that followed. Given the in-
itial violence of the SDS, which nobody
thought of condoning, the Administra-
tion had played into their hands by
inviting police counteraction, and the
college would have had to close if the
faculty had not managed to hold to-
gether with the moderate students.

Mr. Holroyd has a paragraph about
the exfoliation of committees, which is
impressionistic, to say the least. So far
as I can follow him, he seems to be
blurring together the activities of vari-
ous undergraduate groups. The im-
plication that such committees were
self-appointed certainly does not apply
to the so-called Fainsod Committee, of
which I happen to be a member. The
chairman, Professor Merle Fainsod, is a
distinguished political scientist and the
director of Harvard's libraries. Any
conscientious journalist, if he was ill-
informed, could have looked him up in



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LETTERS

Who's Who. But that would have deprived Mr. Holroyd of one of the most poignant ironies: "Very much in the chairmen were people who were so improbable that at one time they did not know them personally. Many of them have thought they stood for times of action groups." Since the Faculty Committee had been duly appointed by the President some months before, it was asked to take charge at a point when the Administration was somewhat in abeyance. In the interim, responsible for the election at that point in Harvard's history. The Committee of Fifteen, including students, empowered to investigate, judge, and to make further recommendations regarding the organization of the university. This very able group has been issuing an annual series of reports, which I recommend to those seriously interested in the institution whose motto is *Veritas*.

Not Harvard but Holroyd is the victim of provinciality by sending me that which I last quoted. Since you tell us that his home is in London, the institution might be called to the attention of the London School of Economics—not because we lack satisfaction in this counterpoint to our troubles, but because the movement is worldwide. Since we have at least one of the world's best collections of bright and restless and confused minds, it would have been surprising if they had not been affected. Now in close touch with our students, we have been taken by surprise. No longer acquainted with our cumbersome administrative machinery could he be surprised at the ineptitude of the official reaction. For the moment, the dint of much patient effort on the sides, the disturbance has been contained. However, we should be lulled into forgetting that, since young people are sensitive to the changes of society, they will try to bring the universities into sounding for their protest. More to be said in the developing backlash, to which Holroyd has offered his contribution. He would plead with his readers to change their minds open.

HARVARD
Irving Babbitt Professor
Comparative Literature

MICHAEL HOLROYD REPLIES:

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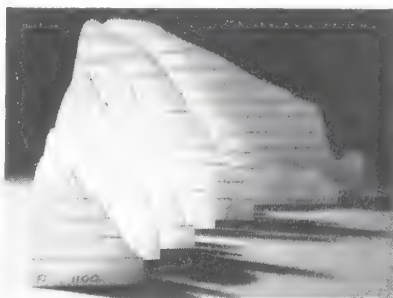
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LETTERS

are not identical to theirs. I
appointed, but really it's a
standards. What they consi
constructive and extraord
tional (the rationality was o
ordinary), I found, to use
Beatrice Webb's, "below
medium capacity." While
sist in writing of "American
"the Black experience" the
hope of sane progress. I was
about "Americans," but of
ings, I suppose.

Mr. Jeff Elman, who sug
spend my life writing "bio
Lytton Strachey" really has
reassure us that he has "noth
humor." How many biogrand
he imagine the American re
lic, a small enough group,
dure? There can be little
Strachey would have appre
Elman's letter, but what his i
have made of the Harvard ri
ble to think.

Finally, I respect Irving Babbitt
fessor Harry Levin's sincer
to my article, though I belie
misunderstood what I was
do. It is true that Irving Babbitt
sor Levin welcomed me at Har
previous year, and that he an
were generous in their hospita
is not true that "Harvard on
was intended as a personal
him, or even on Mrs. Levin.

Irving Babbitt Professor
cuses me of not getting in t
those directly involved in t
Untrue. With a number of sub
I did—it would have been a
possible not to have done so.
also trying to work, sometime
less than ideal conditions, and
time for purely social gath
heard a great deal of what th
had to say, and held several la
sations with various profes
What startled me was the dis
between their private and the
utterances. In this I was naïve
their jobs to keep. Irving Babb
fessor Levin is generous in allo
the lack of a university educat
not "altogether disqualify" me
liable witness. But his sole wa
counting for my bystander's
view—that of gratuitously at
to me a prejudice against "hig
ucation—is pretty feeble stuff. T
which Irving Babbitt Professo
might have observed when we
that I was too idealistic in my
to universities. It was this ideal
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"Cutty Sark first... the rest nowhere"

By 1886, the newspaper headline, "CUTTY SARK First..." was an old story. Year after year, CUTTY beat the fleet home in the annual clipper races from the Far East. But few...except blue water seamen...knew about the extraordinary men who had made CUTTY a legend. For example:



Tony Robson, far right, one of the most storied characters of the clipper era. He was Chinese. As a baby, he'd been discovered in the South China Sea, alone, in a small, rotting boat. He spent his life at sea... and picked up a broad Scots accent from the crews with which he served. Like many of the crewmen aboard CUTTY, he was such a superb seaman, he could have commanded any clipper.



Hercules Linton, brilliant young designer, conceived CUTTY as a 921-ton yacht, and gave her lines that produced speeds up to 17.5 knots. He contracted to build her for £16,150... and went bankrupt trying to meet her owners' almost outrageously strict standards.



Richard Woodget, perhaps the most honorable master ever to tread a clipper's quarterdeck. He drove CUTTY SARK to yet-to-be-equalled records. He forged CUTTY into such a legend, that apprentices and officers frequently paid her owners a cash premium to serve aboard her. More than any other man, he made CUTTY SARK No. 1.



Only the best can be No. 1. And today, Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. Cutty is Number One. The reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: The taste to be savored, the taste of exceptional Scotch. Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be the best of company.

d be impertinent for someone
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Babbitt Professor Levin ends
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an appeal for laughter; it
deserved.

London, England



the image of man in C. S. Lewis

William Luther White

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their loss." —Chad Walsh

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Governor of Michigan for
six consecutive two-year
terms, from 1948 to 1960.
President Kennedy then ap-
pointed him to the African
post.

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International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

THE EASY CHAIR

for the Second America

Electric expected to double capacity and office space within thirty years, you can be assigned a platoon of its executives to figure out the best way to do it. In fact, General Electric is doing that right now. It is doing some of its planning of the future (for obvious reasons) about their specific projects, and is candid enough about their intentions in general. Their job is to answer questions about the future. What should a new factory be needed—refrigerators, or some end product? What should be the capacity, and how much should we make for expansion? Where should we raise the money? Where should we build—taking into account the needs of markets, labor supply, transportation, rail and highway network, quality of local schools, and other similar considerations? Such questions, for example, underlay the decision to build a \$250-million manufacturing and distribution center in the new town of Columbia, Maryland. Within ten years it is expected to employ 12,000 people.

Long-range planning, General Electric is not remarkable. It is simply good sound business practice. The surprise of any consequence is the professional staff at work on its future growth. Every enterprise, except the United States

and the next thirty years, this is expected to double the physical size of its cities. To take care of the growth in population, it needs to build new house, school, and office for every one that now exists. It needs twice as many parking lots, streets, bus lines, jails, garbage dumps, ports, and bars. For the numerical Americans almost certainly will be about 200 million to 300 million by the end of the century; and all of the new people will live in cities. Indeed, our long-dwindling rural population probably will shrink to a few million, as displaced farmers move to the metropolises. This is the job we face of building

a Second America—of duplicating all of our man-made assets—within a single generation. What our forebears did in three hundred years, we have to do in thirty. Such is the inescapable arithmetic of the population explosion.*

The task probably is not impossible. A nation which can explore the moon ought to be able to tend to its own housekeeping, if it sets its mind to it. The odd thing is that, up until now, we haven't. During the years when we were cheerfully spending \$23 billion on outer space, we spent peanuts on the space we have to live in. Even today thousands of talented people are busy planning what to do on the moon, but no agency of government is planning the Second America. Nowhere in Washington can you find anybody who is responsible for figuring out where those 100 million extra people are going to live, how they will get to work, or who will put roofs over their heads.

Many agencies—indeed, far too many—are fiddling with bits and pieces of the problem; but they work at cross purposes, because they have no common goal. Neither the White House nor Congress has set forth an overall policy to guide them. No one in authority has said, "Here is the blueprint. This is what we want the United States to look like thirty years from now. Every one of you bureaucrats, from the county farm agents to the Atomic Energy Commission, is hereby directed to work to this pattern. Your first responsibility is to make sure that we reach these national goals by the end of the century."

Such a blueprint actually exists. It is traced out, in considerable detail and with hundreds of pages of supporting data, in four recently published books. The goals they set are clear, sensible, and well within the country's

*People who enjoy arithmetic can find the detailed figures in two recent publications of the Census Bureau: *Projections of the Population of the United States by Age, Sex, and Color to 1990, with Extensions of Population by Age and Sex to 2015* and *Projections of the Population of Metropolitan Areas: 1975*.

capacity. They are proposed by some of the best minds in America, after many months of argument and grinding labor. So far, of course, the plan has not been accepted by either Congress or the President. (I doubt whether Mr. Nixon has even read the books, although Daniel P. Moynihan and some of his other aides certainly have.) Under our habits of government, it cannot be accepted in Washington until it has been thoroughly discussed throughout the country, and has won a considerable degree of public assent. This process has not even started, because the four books are practically unknown to the public at large. So far as I know, not one of them has been reviewed by the *New York Times* or any other major newspaper, though they have had casual mention in a few news stories. But they will not be ignored forever; on the contrary, they are likely to become central texts for the political debate of the coming decade, because they deal with issues which will shape the lives of all of us, and our children.

The books which comprise *The Plan* were produced by a curious, and uniquely American, process. It would be an exaggeration to call them underground publications, but they were created so quietly that they almost look surreptitious.

Until quite recently, the American credo held that planning was just dandy for businessmen, but was forbidden to politicians and civil servants. *Public* planning was regarded as a sin, indulged in by godless Communists but unthinkable for any right-minded American. This dogma was formally proclaimed some thirty years ago, when President Roosevelt tried to set up a National Resources Planning Board, on the theory that it might be useful to know what assets we had and how they were being used. The elderly conservatives who then dominated Congress promptly denounced the Board as subversive, cut off its money, and drove some of its staff into political exile. This ruthless lesson was enough to make prudent bureaucrats shun the very word "planning" for decades to come.

Nevertheless many people in govern-

ment realized that some planning was necessary for the efficient conduct of the public business, just as it is for private enterprise. Their problem was how to go about it without attracting the malevolent attention of the Eastlands, Goldwaters, and House Un-American Activities Committee. A customary solution—imperfect, but better than none—is to work behind a political heat shield: a commission.

Almost anybody can set up a commission. Usually it is appointed by the White House, but on occasion it may be created by a Cabinet member, a Congressional committee, a foundation, or by some convocation of mayors or governors. Its chairman is a more-or-less eminent citizen without political ambitions, and therefore not too nervous about criticism: his fellow commissioners ordinarily are obscure characters, vaguely described as "experts." Since it is a quasi-official body, it can be financed with tax money, or in a pinch by foundation grants—usually enough to hire a highly competent staff. Such a commission is directed to study some question—almost always a politically ticklish one—and to come up with recommendations. If these recommendations turn out to be palatable, they can be adopted, with hosannas, by the original sponsor. If not, they can be repudiated or ignored.

Occasionally a commission produces immediate results, as in the case of the Hoover Commission which led in 1949 to a useful overhaul of the executive branch. More often a commission's findings will sound so radical, or expensive, that neither legislators nor executive agencies will dare to touch them right away. Nevertheless the findings—and the thousands of pages of testimony and studies on which they are based—are now in the public domain. With luck, they will attract the attention of academics and maybe a few journalists; they will be referred to in books and Congressional debates; and so their once-startling propositions gradually become familiar. At that point they may be ripe for political action. Thus, for example, President Nixon's recent recommendations for reform of the welfare system are the outgrowth of suggestions put forth years earlier in half a dozen commission reports.

Several of Mr. Fischer's reports in "The Easy Chair" during the past year have dealt with current innovations in American government. He is the author of *Master Plan: U.S.A. and other books.*

So it is with the four books which outline a plan to accommodate the country's next 100 million people. They are reports of commissions (although one calls itself a committee). While these groups worked independently of each other, their ideas are remarkably similar; and the recommendations of each one tend to complement and reinforce the recommendations of all the others. Nobody intended that their reports should thus fit together to form a reasonably coherent scheme of action—but it isn't altogether coincidence, either. You might say that the pieces fell into that pattern because the spirit of the times demands it; or, more prosaically, that when intelligent men stare long enough at the same body of facts, they are likely to arrive at similar conclusions. As usual, most of the politicians who are aware of these conclusions have greeted them with wary, not to say stunned, silence. It will take a little time yet for them to become commonplaces of political discourse.

Only one of the reports is likely to be read in its original form by any substantial number of ordinary people. Entitled *The New City*, it is the product of the National Committee on Urban Growth Policy. It was brought out last August in an attractive format, with plenty of pictures, by a commercial publisher, Praeger (\$12.50), and is available through bookstores; moreover, it was edited by Donald Canty, a professional writer-editor. The other three reports were published by the Government Printing Office in its usual drab style: they have to be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents; and they are written for the most part in the Late American Mandarin dialect which is now standard with bureaucrats and social scientists. Consequently their ideas are not likely to reach many readers, aside from determined urbanologists, until they are available in translation.

All I can attempt in this space is to indicate the main thrust of their argument. Each of the commissions concluded independently that it would be a hideous—and expensive—mistake to force the next 100 million Americans to live in our present cities. Yet that is precisely where they will end up, if present trends are permitted to continue. Already two-thirds of our population is living in some 230-odd metropolitan areas: cities of 50,000 and more, together with their suburbs. According to the Census Bureau projections mentioned earlier, virtually all of the anticipated increase will crowd into those

same cities unless we do something to divert it elsewhere. Not because anybody wants to hive up the People are being pushed in the direction by government policies of standing—the farm program, the system, the location of scientific the obsolete rules for building housing and insuring home mortgages the way government contracts are. None of these policies was designed to shove people into the already crowded metropolitan centers. Each of them originally devised for an entirely different, and well-intended, purpose, belatedly did it become apparent they are, as an unexpected by-product, influencing the direction of our growth—and that the cumulative result may well be a national disaster.

How this works is explained in one of the reports: one by the National Advisory Commission on Rural Development, the other by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. The first was a temporary *ad hoc* group appointed by President Johnson; he did not like its findings, presumably because they were critical of measures which he was committed, such as the depletion allowance and the subsidies to rich farmers. For months the report (*The People Left Behind*) lay buried in the White House and might never have been released, if it had not leaked inadvertently to the press. The other commission is a permanent body established ten years ago as a joint enterprise of federal, state, and local governments; in its quiet way it has been doing the most hardheaded and far-sighted planning ever undertaken in the country, and has issued more than fifty reports, many of them highly technical. The most important of these (in my opinion, at least) appeared in 1961 under the title *Urban and Rural Development Policies for Future Growth*. It presents a reasoned criticism of the country's present policies—or more precisely, but also sets forth an array of alternatives. The fourth book, *B*

*Jane Jacobs does, and a certain number of kindred souls who believe the boondoggle is just west of the Hudson. But a poll taken last year indicated that 56% of the people questioned would prefer if they could, on farms or in small towns rather than in a metropolis. Moreover, the steady movement from the core cities to the suburbs demonstrates that a considerable percentage yearns to get as far from downtown as possible. Although urbanologists, novelists, and urban intellectuals have been excoriating suburbia for the last twenty years, it still looks like the promised land for a growing number of Americans.

an City, is better known as the Douglas Report, after Paul H. Douglas, a Senator from Illinois and chairman of the Commission on Urban Problems. It is the longest (more than 1,000 pages) and offers the most detailed analysis of the cities' ills, together with suggestions for curing them.

Who reads the four reports quickly realizes that they are very different documents — perhaps as different as anything published in this country since *The Federalist* papers. And nothing less than a re-examination of American institutions—the structure of local governments, the tax system, labor unions, the welfare state, and many another hallowed tradition—may make such a compelling case. The reader is likely to find here a revolutionist himself be- comes the last page.

Most dramatic proposals are designed to channel our growth away from Megalopolis. The prime goal of all four commissions is to achieve, through each of them applied in a different way.

City recommends the building of new communities within the next twenty years, to provide homes and jobs for ten million people. Ten of them would be cities of at least one million people; the rest would average 500,000 each. The Rural Poverty Commission, in its report, *The People and the Land*, puts more emphasis on encouraging the growth of existing small communities in those parts of the country such as Appalachia, the South, and the West which have been sending out most migrants to the big cities. Isolated and discouraged village communities of 500 people can be converted into thriving and attractive communities of 10,000 to 100,000, if the right steps are taken to bring in new indus-

Urban and Rural America: Policies for Future Growth endorses both of these strategies. They supplement each other, for both are clearly needed since existing new cities would take care of only a fifth of the added population. The study, like the Douglas Report, deserves considerable attention to the steps which have to be done to make the present big cities livable and

governable. All four recommend the setting up of a new and muscular arm of government to handle the detailed planning for future growth, and to see that the plans are carried out. (Mr. Nixon's Council for Urban Affairs, headed by Pat Moynihan, might well evolve into just such an agency.)

My first reaction to this Grand Design was skepticism. It sounds great, all right, but isn't it too grandiose to be practical? And how could the country ever pay for it?

As I prodded deeper into the assembled evidence, however, my skepticism began to erode. I ended up convinced not only that the plan is feasible, but that it probably will be achieved in large part before the end of the century. Moreover, this undertaking could turn out to be more exciting than the exploration of space—and far more likely to enlist the enthusiastic commitment of alienated young people.

Cost is not so big an obstacle as it might seem. The new cities should pay for themselves; indeed, they might actually return a profit to the public purse. And in any case, most of the capital would come from private investors rather than the taxpayers.

That is one of the lessons we have learned from Western Europe, where new cities are an old story. Great Britain, for instance, already has built fourteen of them, providing homes and close-at-hand jobs for half a million people. They have proved so successful, both socially and economically, that fourteen more are now in the works. The latest of these, announced only last January, will be the most ambitious new city yet undertaken; eventually it alone will accommodate a half-million people, and the total population of the twenty-eight projects should reach three million. The experience of Finland, Sweden, and Holland with similar projects has been equally encouraging.

Our own experience has been encouraging too, although few people realize it. For new communities are also an old story in America—so old it has been largely forgotten. Every schoolchild learns that Washington, D.C. was designed from scratch by Major L'Enfant. But how many know that he also planned Paterson, N.J. in 1791 as a new city sponsored by the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures? Or that Marietta, Ohio, Salt Lake City, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Winston-Salem all originated as new towns, to mention

only a sampling out of dozens of such ventures?

Most of these were started before the Civil War, when cheap land was plentiful, by private corporations or religious sects. A few more were built with government money during the Depression years, when private capital was hard to come by: notably Norris, Tennessee, and three so-called "Greenbelt Towns" near Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and Washington, D.C. They served as proving grounds for new ideas in design—the superblock, cluster housing, the separation of auto and pedestrian traffic—which eventually were widely adopted by private developers. At the time, however, they brewed up a storm of irrational emotion, which I had a chance to observe at first hand, because I worked for a couple of years with the Greenbelt Towns project. Real-estate operators denounced it as a socialistic threat to the divine rights of land speculators. And one Congressman, the late John Taber of Auburn, New York, actually believed that the new town north of Washington was designed as a hiding place for arms, in preparation for the day when that madman Roosevelt would dispatch a ravening mob to sack Capitol Hill. He told me so, and refused my pleas to come see for himself that the Greenbelt toolshed hid nothing more sinister than lawn mowers and baby carriages. If you think some Congressmen are peculiar today, you should have known the prime specimens of the Thirties.

Only in the last decade has big business started to invest in new communities, on a scale far larger than is generally realized. Fifty-two such projects were under way in 1968, each of them covering at least a thousand acres and offering all the facilities needed for a community of three thousand or more residents.* The most famous are Reston and Columbia, on opposite sides of Washington, D.C., but most of them are located in California, Florida, Arizona, and Colorado. The largest is California City, embracing more than 100,000 acres and designed to accommodate eventually 600,000 people; it is the brainchild of a rich young man named William M. White, Jr., the head of Great Western United Corporation. Other major corporations involved in

*A full listing, of possible interest to both home seekers and investors, is given on page 78 of *Urban and Rural America: Policies for Future Growth*.

the history of such a transformation: the Lazarus Twins in Pennsylvania; and on Wilkes-Barre Are Rising "Dead" in the November 1968, issue

"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

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EASY CHAIR

building new communities ar
 Electric, Westinghouse, IT& B
 Cascade, and the Del E. Webb compa
 All of them, and a dozen sma r
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In that case, why shouldn't v
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In practice, alas, private en-rrp
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The Parisian's guide to a day in the country.

Voyage par Air France

What the country mouse city cousin? He said: "ec moi à la campagne." at we say too. The country s at the other end of our route. It's the one reason ever leave the city they end a day in the country. It's your kind of country-ush and plush, serene and ch with treasures from me. And only moments Paris by train, bus or car. ou there direct from ia, New York, Chicago, ashington or Los Angeles. e have a car waiting at ort, in case you want ted on your outing ly.

Villages

at least one day in the coun-uis XIV's home away from rsailles. Only 13 miles west of Paris. (By car take Route N. 10 from Porte St. Cloud

or the Autoroute de l'Ouest. Train from either Gare St. Lazare or Gare Montparnasse. Bus from the Pont de Sèvres stop.) Stroll through the majestic gardens designed by Le Nôtre, the same master gardener who planted the Tuileries. There are over 250 magnificently manicured acres of them. Sit and soak up the sunshine by one of the 1400 fountains. Get out of the sun into the Sun King's hallowed halls. Here you'll see the King's State Apartments with the famous Galerie des Glaces. This 235-foot Hall of Mirrors is the longest and most elegant conference room in the world. Peek into the Petits Appartements where the King and Queen and their intimates actually lived. Visit the two miniature palaces: the Grand Trianon, a pink marbled play palace where Louis spent much time frolicking, and the Petit Trianon where Marie Antoinette would occasionally rest her head.

à St. Germain-en-Laye

Pack up all your cares and woes for this wonderful outing along Route N. 13 from Porte de Neuilly. (Or take a train from Gare St. Lazare and bus from Pont de Neuilly.) In

St. Germain-en-Laye you'll see the Renaissance châteaueau where Mary, Queen of Scots lived from the age of 6 until 16. Before you abandon yourself to the beautiful outdoors, enter the castle to get a look at the famous Sainte-Chapelle and the oldest existing portraits of a French royal family. See the Salle de Mars where Molière and his company did their routines for Louis XIV. Then step outside to linger among the charming gardens. You'll especially enjoy the Grande Terrasse that runs in front of the castle. Lined with lime trees a century old, it gives you a vast panorama of the Seine Valley all the way to Paris.

Vallée de Chevreuse

Leave Paris the same way you did for Versailles only continue a few miles farther. The Chevreuse Valley gives you a delicious sampling in miniature of everything you'll find on the Ile de France. Visit the Château de Dampierre, dating from the Middle Ages. It houses some of the world's most famous paintings, in addition to the present Duc de Luynes. Farther up the valley stop at Rambouillet, to see the 14th century Château de Rambouillet where Catherine de Médicis and Henri IV both lived. At the end of the Valley is the National Sheepfold. Not far from there is the Ferme de Mocusouris where

the Rallye Bonnelles stag hunt periodically



rides to hounds.

Return to Paris via Montfort

l'Amaury, an enchanting 15th century village built on a small hill and surrounded by exquisite countryside.

à Fontainebleau

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EASY CHAIR

ning, which no private corporation is capable of handling; only a government agency can, or should, select the site for the 110 new communities. Standards for protection of the environment and arrange inducements, where necessary, to create job opportunities. This does *not* mean government subsidizing business; usually all it takes is to bring new industries into the desired area. It is provision of a good highway, a dependable water supply, and perhaps an industrial park, a government office building, a school, a library, a hospital, a fire station, or a nearby university. What happened when Route 81 was built as a ring highway around

The rest of the job can confidently be left to private enterprise. Experience, both here and abroad, indicates that plenty of businessmen will be ready to flesh out the new communities with homes and factories, once the basic infrastructure is in place: that is, the basic infrastructure of streets and

It makes no sense to calculate the cost of building the Second America according to the four-book plan—without also looking at the cost of the alternative. If we simply let our present cities double in size, in an organic and heedless way they are growing, the cost will be much greater. One reason is what economists call "diseconomies of scale." When a city reaches a certain size, the per capita cost of providing services—water, sewerage, protection, transport, and all the rest—begins to rise sharply. (Nobody knows for sure what the optimum size is, because our political scientists have done surprisingly little research on the question; the most plausible estimates I have seen suggest that the desirable population ceiling may lie somewhere between 200,000 and one million.)

Far greater, however, are the costs of urban elephantiasis, and the costs which inevitably follow. The results of the last five years have made one thing unmistakably clear: when a city gets too big, it pays an enormous price in crime, drug addiction, sprawling slums, decaying schools, and racial conflict.

If he is interested in saving the country, therefore, every true conservative must be a passionate advocate of the Second America. So should everybody who simply wants to see the country to be a decent place in. And, after all, why should we build the Second America in a selfish and humane fashion? If the British and the Finns can do it, why can't we



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PERFORMING ARTS

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The invitation

Elvis Presley makes his first public stage appearance in eight years with his current four-week engagement at the newly opened Las Vegas International Hotel.

—International Hotel,
Press Release, August 1969

It was summer all across the country—but summer in one part of the country is not summer in another. Along the Northeast coastline, we had had rain, chilly days, rough seas, fog hanging over the dunes, mushrooms growing on lawns, mildew everywhere. One wanted, above all, to get away. So that when some conjunction of RCA Victor and Kirk Kerkorian (owner of the International Hotel) invited the quality pop-rock critics to fly to Las Vegas for Elvis Presley's opening performance, the response was more enthusiastic than would ordinarily be expected. For the most part, the rock critics are young, fashionably *engagé*, sharp as whistles, and ceaselessly alert to the dangers of selling out. A junket is not, for them, the pudding it was for the older generation of trade-wise pop journalists who functioned quite outside Culture and, as such, were free as birds of social responsibilities.

Ellen Willis, a rock critic, wrote in *The New Yorker* of her dilemma about the invitation: "... a dilemma familiar to observers of revolution and nuclear particles. To participate would compromise my objectivity; to hold aloof would falsify the experience."

Still, it was raining in the East, everyone had some interest in Presley as the old man of rock, and the trip promised to be gorgeously luxe, outstandingly vulgar, and absolutely free.

As for Las Vegas, it seemed only a little more glamorous than Hoboken but, for most of us, equally unknown. No one I know goes to Las Vegas—at least not for pleasure to this great pleasure city in the desert. If they have been there at all—those Easterners I know who go everywhere else in the world for fun—it has only been out of necessity or passing through from one place to somewhere else.

A Harvard student says, "We drove down the Strip one night at eighty miles an hour. There's nothing there but highways, hotels, and the desert."

And there are stories: "A girl passed out at the slot machine next to me. The security guards trundled in a shopping cart, slung her into it, and wheeled her into the parking lot and left her there. Nobody stopped playing."

One hears that the gaming tables go night and day, that neon is the native quarry stone, and that people are driven mad with greed, with joy.

Bugsy Siegel began it all after the second world war with the Flamingo Hotel on the Strip. Siegel is a long-dead mobster whose name I recall only because I went to school with one of his daughters and on the morning that a picture of him, bloody and murdered, was splashed on the front page of the *Daily News*, she came to school all the same. Alien ways. And Las Vegas has always seemed an alien city which rose from the fantasies of gamblers and gangsters whose daydreams were in turn created by movies and dealt with the stuff of superstars, big easy money, and big easy girls. The vices Las Vegas was built to honor are not my vices; what is the meaning of Sodom to Oblomov? I never, for a moment, wanted to go there.

The journey west

Multimillionaire Kirk Kerkorian's private jet came down at Bangor, Me., for health and immigration check and refueling. As they were taking off, Kerkorian, who's bidding for MGM and has the new Vegas luxury International Hotel, said to guests, Cary Grant and Johnny Meyer: "We should stop here all the time—the gas is about 10¢ cheaper."

—Earl Wilson, *New York Post*
August, 1969

On the last day of July we are on our way to the desert. An air-conditioned limousine is taking us from the center of Manhattan to Kerkorian's plane. Two of the critics, Ellen Willis and Bob Christgau, are riding with us.

"Are you still against abortion?" Willis asks, alluding to a position I had

once taken which gave me, for some small notoriety among the neo-feminists.

"It's a complex thing," I said, "one has to speak for the right fetus."

"Fuck the fetus!" Ellen Willis said. We are on our way.

Kerkorian's DC-9 is enormously furnished like a series of doctoring rooms—functional and impersonal. One quickly adjusts to chairs which convert to couches, space to move in, and the absence of the authentic bows to on commercial flights. We come instantly unruly. The attendant asks people to remove papers from the table during takeoff. No one does. Belts are unbuckled too soon. Dr. Goldstein sits in Kerkorian's swivel chair, is asked to move, and gets to it five minutes later. A couple of critics are lighting up in the bathroom. They float out, red-eyed and hair-shirted. Music is coming from a cassette.

"If the plane goes down," one critic refers to a critic who is not so sure. "Annie Fisher becomes top dog."

We all laugh. This plane, which will not go down. It is not a series of after all.

Kerkorian is sitting alone, looking at some papers. He has the self-conscious manner of Howard Hughes and J. P. Hefner—those other *Wunderkins* who have made so much money so fast that they can afford to be shy.

"You have a very nice plane," says one. "Thank you," he says. "What are you from?"

"No paper," I say, "I'm without a band."

It is much like a conversation I had years ago, with Hefner in the Playboy Mansion. "You have a very nice Mr. Hefner." "Thank you. I'm glad to like it."

We pass over the Rockies and, afterward, we land. It is still early afternoon. For a moment, leaving the standing under the clean sky, the degrees of pure dry heat, with the

Mrs. Hentoff, who has lived in New York "forever," writes frequently for The New York Review of Books, Harper's and other magazines.



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chute jump in an amusement
park. These two are the first major
to be built off that Strip whose pa
filtered into our consciousness
by gossip columns and late-night
shows: ... he opened at the
straight from The Desert Inn.

Entering a Las Vegas hotel
the first time is something of a
shock. There is a kind of re
established hotel practice. Wh
where, would be thought of as
be flamboyantly exposed—the
sun shining on blue pools, the
palms and yuccas—are hidden fr
here as the front door closes. In
bibles of Las Vegas it is alwa
o'clock in the morning. There
clocks, no windows, no seating
only a huge cavern filled with
chines and gaming tables wh
would expect guests to sit or pro
The air is cold and artificial lig
over everything as people tak
from paper cups and feed the
machines flashing the imperat
SERT COIN.

It looks, quite literally, like H
Hidden in corridors off the lo
the International are shops wh
Las Vegas merchandise: men's
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two kinds of miniature slot ma
one of which pays off. In the big
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nameless. There are no pens
tionery, no desk portfolio o
loose lying around. And, strang
at nine each morning a houn
pounds on the door and calls, "C
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—International Hotel

The day we arrive, they are clearing the artificial grass around the lagoons on the rooftop. The sun on your head throb after two minutes. The doors and there are four tennis courts on the roof and nobody playing. In tennis whites sits slumped inside the hotel door.

"How long did you play?" I ask.

"Half a set," he says.

You can't go in the pool because the biggest man-made body of water in Nevada outside of Lake Mead is on the roof and they don't know why. One hotel employee says to another, "I put the pool on the roof and even when the elevator runs, it shakes the building and the pool cracks."

The op

Ecstatic over two genuine standstillations, Elvis was candid about other things. When a reporter asked him, "Why dye your hair?" he replied, "Because I'm gray."

—Earl Wilson, New York Times
August 1969

The room in which Presley is staying has two thousand people. There is a tremendous crush at the door. "But we're invited guests," of the critics says. "So is everyone says the man at the door. I try to get remote and Eastern and unconce

WHEREVER YOU LIVE...

you have a stake in rural America.

Fifty years ago our nation was half rural, half urban. Now 70 percent of our people are crammed into one percent of our land.

Through the years, as millions have deserted the countryside in search of a better life, the problems have been heaped on problems.

And what have we got today? Smog, pollution and traffic jams in the cities. Abandoned farmsteads and blighted areas in the country. And economic and social ills in both. We could have planned more wisely.

Now is the time for us to decide on our national policy . . . what we want our country to be like 30 years from now. We'll have 100 million people added to our population.

We must decide if we want to go on piling more and more people into small amounts of space . . . or if we want a better balance of opportunity . . . creating jobs and building community facilities where millions of people can live, work and play . . . in the countryside.

The consumer-owners of America's nearly 1,000 rural electric systems call upon our President, our Congress, and our country's leaders to adopt AN AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA—a national agenda relevant to the total welfare of the nation . . . relevant to the future . . . relevant to the needs of America's spacious countryside—with priorities.



We urge the President to appoint a National Coordinator for Rural Community Development . . . and the consolidation and upgrading of existing community development programs now administered by different Federal agencies.

We urge development and implementation of programs to meet the following urgent problems of rural America and its people:

Housing. Over half the nation's substandard homes—more than four million—are in rural America. Many live in these homes are old. Many are poor.

Community Facilities. Nearly 30,000 rural communities are without adequate water systems . . . about 45,000 sewer systems. Thousands lack medical centers, libraries, good schools, recreation programs.

Jobs and Training. Few of the nearly 14 million new jobs created in the last 15 years were in rural America. Unemployment figures in many areas run nearly 18 per cent, compared to a national average of about four per cent.

Low-Cost Credit. The effects of high interest are most sharply felt in the countryside where there is a shortage of capital for housing and community and industrial growth.

Attention now on this AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA will lead toward the solution of our nation's ills—in the cities and in the rural areas. The urgency of these problems demands the efforts of us all, acting together with Federal, state and local governments, as well as private organizations in urban and rural America.

Across the land, the members, directors and employees of the nation's nearly 1,000 consumer-owned electric systems are providing leadership in their communities . . . leadership to develop central water systems, sewage treatment programs, spearhead drives for community colleges and recreation projects, and much more. While rural electric systems continue to supply low-cost, dependable electric power to the most remote areas.

The welfare of America—all America—is everyone's responsibility. So, wherever you live . . . wherever you do . . . whoever you are . . . you, too, have a stake in rural America.

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

Owned and controlled by the people they serve



Guatemala: World Neighbors' President and Founder, Dr. John L. Peters, congratulates Pedro (center) on his fine chickens. This is part of the Chimaltenango Project, in an area containing 645,000 persons, much of which is open only to foot travel or horseback most of the year.

Will Chickens Save the World?

Well, not exactly. But for Pedro, a few chickens saved *his* world. Pedro has three children, no education, a few acres of ground to farm, barely survives.

Here is what chickens did for Pedro: as a part of our Chimaltenango project, we loaned him the money to buy a flock of chickens, and our field worker patiently taught him how to tend his baby chicks, and later prepare them for marketing.

Soon Pedro will be able to increase his flock. Then with a little money to buy fertilizer and better seed, he will double his crops and try raising rabbits and apples on his once primitive farm.

And—vital to his family—his children are now eating meat and eggs, receiving precious protein . . . and Pedro has *confidence* that he can help himself, thanks to the help of World Neighbors.

In the little community where he lives in Guatemala corn is the main crop—has been for centuries. But the soil is worn out and corn has little protein. So 50% of the children die

before reaching the age of ten, and nearly everyone suffers from protein deficiency.

World Neighbors has been working in such less developed areas since 1952, implanting the self-help desire, not passing out free soup.

Our job is to help a man like Pedro want to better himself, and then show him how it can be done through rotating loans, disease control, proper use of fertilizers, diet, sanitation, vaccinations, animal care . . .

Your \$10 or \$100 "invested" in World Neighbors multiplies, works hard . . . as a hand up, not a handout, *implanting the self help incentive*.

Won't you join with a small, but thoughtful number of concerned individuals, who support our work, and receive special reports of projects in 21 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America?

We probably won't save the world from hunger and poverty, but here and there our workers are turning on lights in dark corners of the globe.

☐ Yes, I want to "invest" in your self-help program.

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Nothing, I think, is absolu

Later, we are seated against a long table. Rex Reed, who has something of a reputation writing about movie stars, is sitting with us. Reed turns his eyes toward Colonel Tom Parker, Presley's stone, wearing a white coat with stenciled all over it, is walking around the room shaking hands. It looks like all the executives at RCA have come out for the show. Presley's fat is on the table behind us, and the room is full of celebrities whose names I have never heard. It is almost time for Elvis to appear. The younger critics are already ready to feel their age—to see their childhood heroes perform as almost middle-aged men.

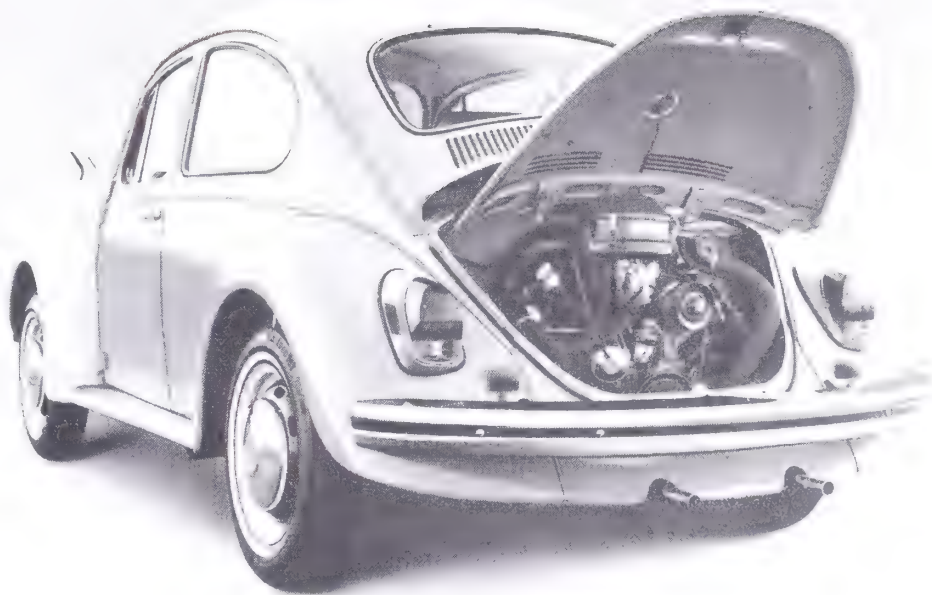
Elvis comes on stage wearing a night-blue karate tunic and black hair. His hair is black and Indian. He is skinny as a knife and looking good. It is perhaps the first time I have ever seen him look good. He has the look they loved—that old sensual quality of being "grease," a truck driver from Memphis who could shake the table. The oily wavy hair is gone, and the pouty baby-round face. There are creases on his face, creases in his cheeks. He has been a superstar for so long he glows just standing there. Like Johnny Cash, he is Somebody—there is a sensual quality all by itself. "Love Me Tender," and the audience is transfixed. I wish, for a moment, that I had been one of my heroes, enjoying that delicious shiver of the senses. The awareness of what he is doing is sweeping over the audience. He is now grown up, sitting at a table with the grown-ups in Las Vegas.

A young writer from *New York Magazine* radiates love. "When I was in sixth grade," she says, "we used to tell each other who we would let feel. I used to say I would only let Elvis feel me up."

Rex Reed, who has eaten at the quarters of his parfait, curls his lip. "Ugh—miserable!" he says, pushing the dish away. His attention reverts to the man who is now scanning the room. He has stopped, and is singing directly at our table—the table whose hotel name has been "airplane press. Suddenly he looks at Reed: "I saw you on TV the other night."

Reed blushes. "Oh God," he says, "I think I'll faint."

The young writer from *New*



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by Sara Davidson

NOTES ON FRENCH MEDIOCRITY

by Friedel Ungeheuer

NEW BLACK WRITERS

by Irving Howe

PERFORMING ARTS

Magazine pouts at Reed. "I thought he was singing to me—and he was singing to you."

I do not think that he will sing to me.

Outside

There's nothing around Vegas. I just fly out to catch a show and fly right home again.

—RCA executive

At nine-thirty in the morning, it is already too hot to walk outdoors. We drive in an air-conditioned car through the desert toward the hills. This is country we know from movies. In the distance is the Valley of Fire and the red sandstone cliffs where the cowboy and Indian movies and television shows are filmed. The temperature is 116 degrees and dust is rising in swirls like Indian smoke. The driver, who comes from Tennessee, tells us how the covered wagons traveled through here on their way to California—and it suddenly seems the most marvelous and extraordinary thing the settlers did. I can see exactly which way the wagons came—perhaps because I had seen it a hundred times before in movies, but also because there is only one way it could have been. Here, where you can see for miles, are the wide plains which the wagons had to cross, and the hills on either side are full of hiding places. And you can see how the Indians or the bandits would wait in the hills, watching for hours, while the wagon train picked its way across the plain in the dust and the heat knowing that there was something waiting up there in the red hills.

"Nevada is the richest state in ore," the driver says. "People keep finding new lodes all the time. The wind blows the soil away and uncovers them."

A friend of his, he says, had been wandering drunk in the hills we were passing through and stumbled over ground that was pure copper. When he sobered up, he had forgotten where it was—so he stayed sober for six months and walked back and forth until he found it again. Now it turns out to be one of the biggest copper mines in Nevada. Anyone could get rich out here, the driver says. Land values are booming. He himself was borrowing money to buy land which would surely double within six months. His uncle was making a fortune in land.

Land, houses, copper, hotels: the whole place is a frontier you can feel expanding. Today you can be a drunk,

tomorrow, a millionaire. Just an and hustle.

"I'll drive you past the two-thousand-dollar homes," the driver says. "a friend of mine just built one."

We go to Hoover Dam in the desert, a sheer cement hulk. So Woody Guthrie would have said—the lifeline of three states or in art moderne. In some odd way, it looks like both Radio City Hall and the murals that covered the walls of public schools built in the depression days. I look at it through the cliffs and wish the Indians still had the country waiting in the hills for the settlers their way to California.

Imperial Room. The ultimate in curean dining in a romantic setting as sumptuous as any gourmet restaurant in the country... jacket and tie suggested for gentlemen.

—International Hotel Book

The night before we leave, the airplane press decide to visit the Imperial Room. It is a place no one would pay to go to—but it is the most expensive food in the hotel since none of us is paying, we go.

I have grown weary by now of the costumey aspect of Las Vegas. Where, someone is dressed in a fancy version of some ancient or modern national dress. Still, a busboy with arched wrists draws my attention. "Are you supposed to be?" I ask.

"I think," he says, "I am an Egyptian slave."

Richard Goldstein sits down at a table dressed as Richard Goldstein which is pretty spiffy and long in for the Imperial Room. The rest of us look a little that way too. The waiter takes our orders for chateaubon and baked oysters, good things—and he says in a low voice, "The busboy with this is the hippest looking table I have ever seen."

Christgau orders pâté de foie. "We are out of pâté," the captain says. "Will you take chopped liver?"

Christgau takes vichyssoise in a bowl. Eating it, he suddenly stops and something out of his mouth. "Then he says, unbelieving, 'a fingernail in my soup.' Among the others there is."

The next day we went home.

For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



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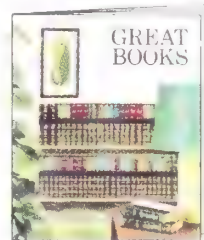
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GREAT BOOKS

LETTERS FROM HAMBURGER HILL

On our way home from Vietnam in the fall of 1966, my wife and I stopped off in London and visited the crypt in Saint Paul's Cathedral. There, engraved on marble tablets commemorating the dead of the Empire's wars, were the names of those who had perished in the two conflicts with Afghanistan in the nineteenth century. Both had been ill-starred wars, in which imperial Britain overreached her limits and sought to subjugate a spirited and hardy people who would not yield. Finally, after much dying, the British armies marched back into India and the men who governed then in London acknowledged that the wars had been unwise. I wondered, reading the names and the places where they had fallen—Kandahar, Kabul, Jalalabad, strange-sounding places like the battlegrounds of Van Tuong, Plei Me, and Ia Drang still so vivid in my memory—whether any of the dead had questioned the meaning of their end. I wondered if they had understood they were to die in vain and if they had rebelled—if only in their minds and in their fear—against such a death. Perhaps there is no difference, but it ought to be one thing to perish on the beaches of Normandy or Iwo Jima in a great cause and another to fall in a rejected and unsung war.

At Van Tuong and Plei Me and Ia Drang there had been no doubts. There was fear and anguish for the loss of a buddy, and the riflemen complained about the heat and the dust, yet they seemed to accept their lot as a bitter and necessary duty for their country. They believed the generals and the diplomats and the President who told them that if they did not win here they would have to fight the yellow-skinned Communists, the eternal Gooks, at Waikiki or San Francisco. So it was better to shoot and bomb in another man's country. As the war went on and the dissent grew at

home, there still seemed to be no doubts among the infantrymen.

At Khe Sanh in April and May of 1967, the Marines cheered as they clambered to the tops of three high hills north of the camp. The cheers were that much louder for their 138 comrades who had been killed on the slopes. At Hill 875 near Dak To that November, the officers shouted, "Airborne," and the paratroopers yelled back, "All the way," and rushed up again and again into the grenades and the bullets until the vocal cords of 158 were permanently silenced and the North Vietnamese were driven from the summit.

But there comes a time in some wars when the killing, or just the manner of dying, appears so senseless that even the obedient soldier who is "not to reason why" begins to question the meaning of his sacrifice. Perhaps that time has come in Vietnam. This August 24, in the first such instance reported during the Vietnam war, a company of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade refused an order to attack. The company had lost more than half of its 109 men killed or wounded during the previous five days assaulting a complex of enemy-held bunkers and trenches in the Nui Lon Valley near the Central Vietnam coast. The 46 men left unscathed said they would not go down into the valley again. They eventually went, shamed into going by the gibes of a veteran sergeant sent down by the battalion commander to lead them. Afterwards, there were many explanations for their refusal, all of which argued it had nothing to do with the futility of the war. The men were tired, it was said, they had had

little sleep and little food and . . . Most of their squad and platoon were casualties. Perhaps these explanations were true and perhaps they were not. What could not be explained was that men had suffered equally before and had not balked when ordered to endure more.

If the time of doubt, of pause, of come for the ordinary American in Vietnam, its advent may only be traced back to an earlier battle in the desolate A Shau Valley on a ridge called Ap Bia by the Vietnamese and Hill 937 on the U. S. Army map. The soldiers, or some imaginative reporter, named it Hamburger Hill. 55 paratroopers who did not survive eleven consecutive assaults to take the ridge from the North Vietnamese.

On May 20, the day the summit was taken, Senator Edward M. Brooke stood in the Senate and protested orders that had ordained these as "senseless and irresponsible" when American youths still being killed for such godforsaken ridge lines. He asked, when the diplomats (having tled on their seating arrangements) were supposedly negotiating a peace in Paris? A week after the paratroopers gained its summit, Ap Bia was abandoned, just as Hill 875, the third north of Khe Sanh, and countless others had been before. The North Vietnamese have since reoccupied it.

"The hill itself had no tactical significance," said Maj. Gen. Melvin Zuckerman, commander of the 101st Airborne Division that fought the battle, but it was "a gallant victory" just there because the enemy losses had been greater. Fifty-five dead paratroopers in short, had been well traded for North Vietnamese corpses. Attrition has been the Bible of the generals in this war. Seek out the enemy wherever he is and fight him wherever he decides

Mr. Sheehan spent three years in Vietnam, reporting first for UPI and then for the New York Times. He is now the Times Washington Bureau's investigative reporter.

enough, they have read out non, and some day he will pound the enemy on Hill 937 where we fought him," Genid. Whenever the American embarrassingly filled too inum coffins, enemy bodies to one have been conjured ication until even the comhave wondered at the matics.

owever, was different from eat-grinder battles. How different in the letters Senator ceived after his denunciation ger Hill, from the obedient o were there. For among s a type of infantryman who ly nonexistent in Vietnam in s—a college-educated soldier s the antiwar movement so on the campuses at home. He combat with the disenchantdeveloped sensitivity of his . He thinks about what is to him and what his country o that tattered Asian land size of the state of Washington as seen the fallibility of the rejected starkly on the screen His letters are a passionate ent protest against both the r the war itself. The appearance dier in the combat ranks is, the apparent fruit of Presison's abolition of graduate erments in February of 1968. al year ending this June, apply 45,000 college graduates, n double the 20,000 of two , were drafted into the Army l because they faced a choice ption or jail.

ers also reveal something else different and important about ow, for the first time, some, at hose simple soldiers who had ered and shouted, "All the longer believe. Through their nocent of grammar but wise ys of war, flows a bitterness, eated, apolitical, and abiding. re just a few of the letters. es and other identifying details n withheld to protect the men. is from a 1968 graduate of an niversity who had hoped to vvard Law School last fall. . . .

present time I am with about 1 of men about 10 miles upom Hué guarding a small Navy his is very easy duty and to pass

the time we sleep, drink, sleep, play cards, clean our weapons, watch movies, swim in the river, talk to the little children who speak incredibly good English. . . . In addition, we think about last week at "Hamburger Hill."

I don't suppose any war has ever been pleasant, nor has anyone suggested it to be. So while watching my partner under the "buddy system" get shot six times in both legs going up the hill, or seeing one guy in my foxhole get shot in the mouth, when we finally reached the top I was simply more depressed than angered. For if we are indeed going to fight a war, all the horrors are certainly going to be there too. No, the test must be whether the war, with all of its attendant insanity, is worth the price. That this war has not ever been, is not now, and can never be, worth the colossal price we have paid, in a thousand different ways (first the 35,000 dead, the hundred of thousands wounded, the wasted years of our youth, the \$ \$ \$ down the drain, the neglect the war has forced on our cities, the atmosphere of violence it has encouraged in our streets) is glaringly obvious. It is simply a *fact* that this war was a mistake.

Perhaps the greatest lesson to be learned from all of this is that our military machine is simply not equipped to fight this sort of political war. We have all the best techniques and equipment, but our generals are apparently baffled when the bombing of the North stops or when we can't pursue the NVA [North Vietnamese Army] into Cambodia or Laos. This mentality was particularly apparent at "Hamburger Hill"—the enemy was on the hill, ergo we had to take it and we talk about the VC "human wave" attacks! There was some CS [tear] gas used and never will I forget the grisly, surreal sight of hundreds of bemasked, helmeted GI's with fiberglass and steel M-16's, scrabbling up a jungle ridge denuded of a trace of green. The artillery and airstrikes have transformed the lush vegetation into plowed earth and blackened stumps. A more unearthly sight I never shall see. Indeed, what sort of victory do we seek?

There seems to be a vigorous national belief among us Americans that any great event must have equally great origins and causes. We have seen it in the tragic assassinations of this decade wherein many found it almost psychologically unacceptable that such momentous events were triggered by such insignificant people. Hence there *must* have been "conspiracies." In the same way most Americans must feel that a



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LETTERS FROM HAMBURGER HILL
war so tragic and costly as t
Vietnam *must* have some grea
That this purpose has remain
is apparent in our nationa
wherein we are often remind
South Vietnam and Laos fall
tually will and must Wyoming
The answer to all this lies
gradual fade out of Vietnam
with face saving devices, but
mediate cessation of all offensi
ties such as "Hamburger Hi
fine to secure the cities and h
is maniacal to seek out every
the country. Five years of fight
proven its virtual impossibilit
claim "Hamburger Hill" as
because we killed five times as
we lost seems absurd. Once aga
advocate the enclave method
can extricate ourselves from t
For we all know that the day
ends not one thing significan
goddamn thing, is going to be
from this May morning or a
morning a year ago except the
of us alive now will be dead the

Sincerely
[

Dear Senator Kennedy.

I am a combat medic serving
infantry company of the []
tation, 501st Infantry, 101st
Division. My battalion is
located on top of Hamburger H
raining now and we're thankful
the odor of decaying bodies is
strong as it is when the sun is
Most of those bodies are North
ese but my battalion has found
two GI bodies left behind on the
leading to this hilltop.

Near the helicopter landing
there is a cardboard sign w
scrawled words, "Hamburger H
it worth it?" That is a questio
one on this hill is asking. App
the brass at division headquarte
to give an affirmative answer. Th
change their minds but at prese
plan to establish a permanent fi
on Hamburger to secure the ar
an air strip in the A Shau Valley
Thus they will save their faces. Th
claim those 39 men died in o
open up this whole area of
Shau.

I want to thank you for stand
for us in Vietnam. Men like you
our side. Perhaps if more of yo
leagues join with you, I will
home to my wife.

Sincerely
[

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**"When I prescribe medicines,
I must be certain I'm right!"**

A family doctor discusses the question of quality drugs

In my practice of medicine, my first obligation is to my patients. When I prescribe a drug product, my purpose is to select a drug that will help the patient and do the job that I want it to do. I expect it to be of correct potency, accurate in dosage, with the precise amount of active ingredient, to be absorbed by the body at the proper time.

My feeling is that when I order a drug and I specify the precise product I want, I can control what my patients are going to get.

For their welfare and my own sense of security, I go with the drug products that experience has shown me work well. They may be brand name drugs . . . or they may be quality medicinals sold by their generic names. But they must be drugs that have proved they will do the job. I want to know their source and the reputation of the manufacturer. This freedom of choice should be mine, based on my knowledge and experience. With the potency of today's drugs, I don't know any safe ways to cut corners.

Another point of view . . .

*Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

Now last but not least on there was hundreds of defeat trying to decide weather to go not. And look up and see the fighting men coming to kill. Surely they had to fight cause to us as well as them. Now point is this the NVA that can tell the story. Something Fight until the last man is dead the American will kill you anyway. motto is fight and kill as long as is a enemy but when a enemy defeated he then needs help.

From a page
of Hamburger
on
Hamburger Hill

Fellow American,

The papers and radio all seemed to give false facts on our wound killed on hill 937. Our Battalion had KIA and well over the 300 men WIA. We of [] Company tried 9 times to take that hill more than half our company who should have been declared incapable the field. Headquarters don't know of our true situation. I believe hill should never been taken in this war. Our Company only had 1 day's rest between operations, was not supplied at all on the operation. Was out there for 3 days, and really out numbered. Also we can not get a 3 day period of leave in our Battalion. The [] listed man] stays on the line prior to his DEROS [rotation] while officers spend only a 6 month on line. The men do not get proper rest and spend too long on a tour. They should serve the last few months on some sort of rear job. I believe this Battalion should be rotated, and go along with you, as you state.

Do you know who will get all the medals. The lifers not the men who went up front with the rifle doing the work. It is a dam shame that the men that get it wouldn't. Thank you much for your time. The men will give you the information you want, if you so desire. Please let us know what is going on down here about the situation. We no longer feel they are fighting for our country but just for there own lives. I had to do over again I'd refuse to go to Viet Nam.

I am short now and only a few months left. I am going to try and

*The return address on the letter was a convalescent hospital.



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St. Thomas, Virgin Islands





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FROM HAMBURGER HILL.
 What's happening here. But
 something for the other men
 to come.

A fellow
 American

[]

Kennedy:
 moment we are on "Ham-
 burger Hill" about 2000 meters from
 the border, which has become
 to our information, so crim-
 inous. As veterans of the as-
 is remote mountain we would
 d our support to you timely
 of the appalling slaughter
 place here. Sen. Kennedy,
 from B52's would have saved
 any of the lives lost here! We
 o continue your investigation
 and other military operations
 e destroying American lives
 and reducing an already low
 nil. There is a great deal of
 here, not only from incidents
 is hill but poor supplies, lack
 of and general disolutionment
 America and its people. We hope
 ing this letter that we can add
 ely support to your efforts to
 blockad in Viet-Nam. It is our
 opinion that America has
 o gain and has lost enough
 by her involvement in this

ely and gladly sign our names
 etter but respectfully request
 reveal our identity as repercu-
 reflect upon us. Then men on
 thank you deeply for your sup-
 peace endeavors.

Sincerely,

[]*

ator Kennedy,
 e to inform you of a situation
 1st Airborne Division, regard-
 tain "Hamburger Hill" which
 in the A Shau Valley. This hill
 e 3rd Brigade Area of Opera-
 our Battalion of the 2nd Bri-
 in to lend a helping hand.

87th was ordered to take a
 less hunk of dirt in the middle
 ere and of no logistic impor-
 the rumored cost of 58 killed,
 s wounded and 3 missing in

rumored, because this informa-
 ns to be quite confidential.

e a member of the [] Bat-
 nd Brigade, of the 501st Infan-
 st Abn. Div.). Since we recently

ter was signed by two paratroopers.



...but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

And just look at her now. She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted,

starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 15,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

How about you? Will you sponsor a child like Su May? The cost is only \$12 a month.

Please fill out the sponsor application below—you can indicate your preference, or let us assign you a child from our emergency list.

Then, in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, and a personal history. Your child will write to you, and a housemother will send you the original and an English translation, direct from overseas.

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 (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me
 most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose
 first payment of \$_____

Send me child's name, story, address
 and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to
 give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

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The Countdown Cameras. This one is so automatic, it even says "beep" when your picture is ready.



FROM HAMBURGER HILL.
 a new Battalion Commander,
 ent out to the 3rd Brigade till
 assigned our own area of
 ne up this hill to lend support
 as taken. After the other Bat-
 ere pulled out, we too had
 leave. Our curageous Lt. Col-
] refused to leave when
 Gateway 3 (3rd Brigade Com-
 because the 187th of the 3rd
 left some of their *dead un-*
 , a trail of thousands of
 f both M60 Machinegun and
 ammunition, M16 rifles, nu-
 grenades, gas masks, a 90mm
 gun with an estimated 30
 over 100 helmets, flack jackets,
 hts scopes, many claymore
 ck sacks, canteens, M-72 laws
 launchers], etc. (enough to
 ily supply an entire Battalion).
 is is not exaggeration, the hill
 n thoroughly searched—even for
 le. If it wasn't for our Battalion
 Bn., 501st Inf. (101st Abn.)
 ou commander, 3 dead GPs would
 a been recovered, along with all
 e quiment which the NVA could
 d against our own men.
 k, w our Colonel [] is
 r considerable pressure from high-
 s men are behind him as well as
 any commanders. We defi-
 o not need any further associa-
 the 3rd Brigade, a sorry outfit.
 ou for your attention.

Cordially.

100 NVA were killed upon this
 % or more of their bodies must
 eporated.

[Signed by 41 men]

Kennedy,
 now I am drunk. Maybe this
 ean anything to you, if not so

ame is []. My peo-
 me Sgt. []. I have
 r a long time a platoon Sgt. in
 Co. [] BN, 506th, 101st
 am what "they" call an "instant
 This means I am a U.S.
 e) who, involunteerly became
 D at Ft. Benning to be sent to
 Republic of Vietnam] as an NCO.
 normal slot for an E-5, NCO, is
 eader—but the only thing is that
 so scarce in RVN that I have
 een a platoon sgt. or Plt. Ldr.
 on leader] since I have been here.
 you are probably asking why I
 iting you.... I am drunk by

Good luck in your search for Masterpiece.



Canadian Masterpiece isn't playing hard to get. It is hard to get. Even at around \$9.00 a fifth. A bottle of Masterpiece takes a long time to make. And that slows us down. So the best we can do is to keep it coming in from Canada in trickles. But one taste and you'll know it was worth the search. Until then, good luck. We're afraid you'll need it.

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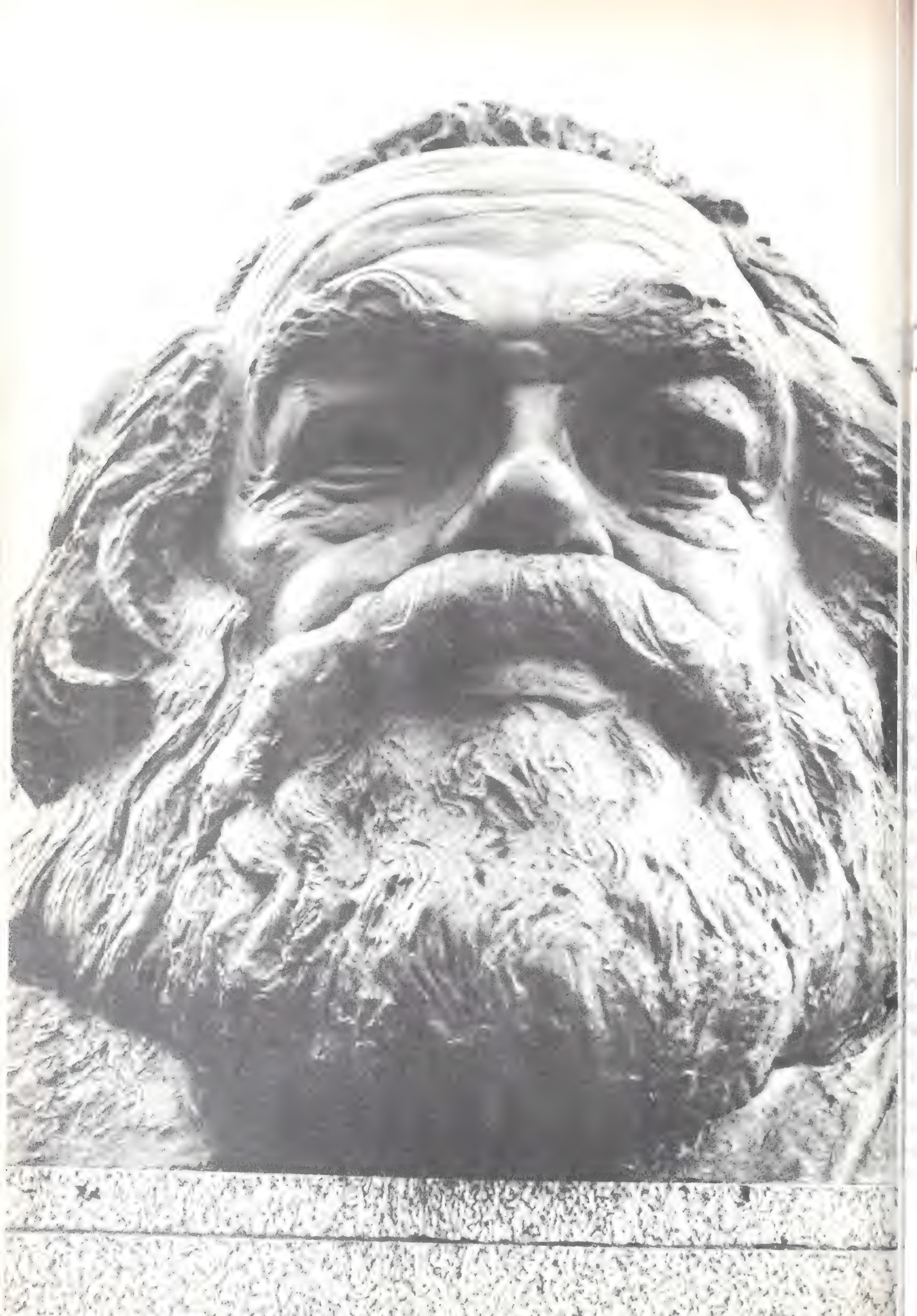
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Sterling
 Do you own a Gorham Original?



If Africa, Asia and South America go communist, don't blame him.

Marx is not responsible for famines in Asia
emics in Africa. It's not his fault that the
e South American earns 75c a day.
e did was predict the consequences.
t a population living in misery will turn to
nism as a way out. Unless something is done
viate these conditions.
the countries themselves don't have the eco-
resources to make these changes. The U. N.
t. Even the United States doesn't.
y need the help of world industry. Particu-
S. industry.
stry is in an ideal position to do this. It can
rectly with the people of a country. It can
e their lives in a way no government can.
small case in point: in 1958, Olinkraft, a sub-
of Olin, bought a paper mill in Igaras, a
town in the remote interior of Brazil.
as was the kind of town on which communism
s—a declining mill, no doctors, shoeless chil-
men working an 84-hour week, etc.

It wasn't hard to increase the production of the
mill eightfold, to lower hours and raise wages, to
reforest the woodlands—but that wasn't enough.

We hired a doctor, nurses, teachers; expanded
the school; built a dispensary, a clubhouse; provid-
ed free medical and dental care (and medicines at
cost to non-employees); financed housing loans and
helped set up a cooperative store.

And then the people joined in. They rebuilt their
own homes, paid for their own teachers, built and
operated their own store and, in effect, revitalized
the whole town.

But the people weren't the only ones to benefit.
Olinkraft did well enough from the mill to start an
extensive expansion program.

Igaras, of course, is only one town. But Olin is
only one company. Imagine this kind of success
multiplied by tens of thousands of companies and
towns all over Africa, Asia and South America.

The deeds of industry may well be as
important as the gospel of democracy. **Olin**

Now the finest costs less than \$200.



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Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera.

Kodak

LETTERS FROM HAMBURGER HILL
choice (I leave V. Nam in elev
and discusted because I have
the glory hungry so called pro
officers (major and above) thk
of their record and not of the w
of their troops.

Maybe if the troops were all
they would function better (I
an all-volunteer army is "nor
But as it is, the draftees are
ously asked to give their lives
in order that Battalion and cer
gade Commanders can make th
or bird [eagle insignia of a
colonel].

I am not saying that your crit
"Hamburger Hill" is justified. E
body that participated will thin
ent (at least because of pride).
say is why have you waited so
expose these rank seeking, imp
self satisfying battalion comm
the truth producing showdown
lic exposure.

I may be a fool (which is m
likely) but I believe in mysel
that "something" with the 101st
very, very wrong; why should
be slaughtered to prove or to
the promotion of some "prof
officer"???

I am twenty-four years old
four years of college (without
but drafted anyway) maybe I a
like all the older NCO's say (uz
"instant"). But my opinion of
is that many, too many decis
made with the soul criterion "W
contribute to my chances to ma
or my first Star?"

War is hell, and I have many
war behind, "war is hell" But
least a man should feel that hi
will not be shallow, not lacking
otism (which you would be su
how many men base their act
such—when you come to the
gritty").

Like the white wash that is a
place right now. Col. []
is "mentally ill." The Col. of
187th is hurting also. He didn't
proper military procedure—b
lost almost three-quarters of his
killed or wounded. (The talk
professionals is that this insu
first star—let alone the bird.) . .

I was not with my platoon
Plt., [] Co., [] Bn.
101st ABN, when they took
(Hamburger). But all I can say
quite a few people are suffering
of how fucked this war (of sen
cers) has become.

Sgt. []

Good to your taste. Good to your purse.
Ask the men who drink it.



PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH
\$5.75
Fifth





**How to help keep America beautiful
...plant a lawn in a deep freeze**

The North Alaskan Tundra is topped by a fragile mat of green growth. If you break it, heat from the never-fading Midnight Sun slowly turns the frozen mud into a swamp. Water runs. And irreparable erosion could occur. For that land has little ability

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grow -- all so that the tracks of man, as he searches and develops the riches of the wilds, will not mar or destroy a well. It's just one of the many steps ARCO is taking to see to it that the world we live in is just a little bit better than when we started.

Kenneth Galbraith

1929 AND 1969

FINANCIAL GENIUS IS A SHORT MEMORY AND A RISING MARKET

ay last January I was in Los Angeles on a ical errand that called for a press confer- th an air of obvious thoughtfulness a re- ked me if I expected another stock-market eplied, as I have a hundred times since I ook on the 1929 experience, that of course ould be. The only difficulty was telling when. of some unnatural shortage of news this adline next morning without, of course, the tion. Last summer when the market was y large coarse steps, I got a number of calls ating me on my foresight and one from urch businessman telling me that I had anyhow saved, him a great deal of money. ed a contribution to some good cause. I felt guilty about these compliments, though I them gracefully, for I still wouldn't venture t when the next crash will come or whether. e in late August, the market slump of 1969 ginning of a larger collapse. The only thing on the fortieth anniversary of the 1929 s that *some* day, without fail, there will be such disaster.

ason is that the stock market is inherently the instability being related to its superbly ated ability to attract people with a promise ess riches, give them a taste of such gains, n the promise of a great deal more gain, them that it is rewarding their financial at of the people who are managing their and then, usually after overcoming some ary setbacks, which greatly adds to the gen- e of confidence, destroy these illusions in tal thud. What is necessary for a new dis- only for memories of the last one to fade one knows how long that takes.

article has primarily to do with what hap-

pened forty years ago this fall. But first I must say a word as to the way the stock market, in combina- tion with the avarice so celebrated as the prime incentive of the free-enterprise system, contributes to mass illusion, even insanity, and cite some of the evidence of fading memory which encourages my conviction that, sooner or later, we will have another debacle.

2.

The anatomy of the self-destroying speculative boom is rather simple. Over a period of time with advancing technology, an increasing national product, and a reliable tendency in the economy to inflation, most common stocks will rise in value. As this happens people are attracted to the market and this causes the stocks to rise more. This further gain attracts yet more people and gradually, perhaps over some years, the purchases of people looking for this increase in value come to determine what stocks are worth. Prospective earnings are still mentioned but as an afterthought—or to show that there is still some tie to reality. The knowledgeable man, as he considers himself, is concerned with the way a stock (or stocks in general) is attracting buyer interest. That, quite rightly, is known to determine value.

Then, at some stage, the supply of buyers runs out—or dries up. Or there may be public action to dry up the spring. The increase falters. This causes the more knowledgeable or the more nervous to get out. This causes the market to falter more. More decide to get out and the slow upward climb is replaced by a precipitate drop. As I suggested earlier, there usually will be some earlier episodes of nervousness before the climactic fright arrives.

Forty years after the Great Crash, a student of that disaster draws some startling parallels between 1929 and now, and warns us that today's myopic overconfidence could lead to equally dire consequences.

The greater the preceding buildup, the more stocks have come to depend on a continuing influx of buyers attracted by the prospect of the capital gains, the more violent will be the eventual collapse.

3.

This simple design is, on the whole, less interesting than the secondary insanity which it induces. Because the market is going up, almost everyone associated with the market makes money. Almost anyone can thus look like a financial genius with a minimum of qualification or none at all. In the late Twenties the nation was replete with instant Rothschilds. There have been even more in these last years. Then as now they were not engaged in a put-on. Most of them were perfectly sincere men who had fooled themselves as to their financial genius before they began to fool other people.

The most common vehicle for manifesting this genius in the Twenties was the investment trust. Instead of buying shares in the ultimate companies, the investor bought shares in a company managed by a man of genius who in turn did the investing. There was an explosion of these investment trusts in the late Twenties. If they sound suspiciously like a mutual fund, of which in these last years there has been an even more spectacular explosion, that suspicion is well founded. There is a technical difference between the closed-end trusts of those days and the modern fund. The former had an authorized capital which it sold and used to purchase common stocks. The investor who wanted out did not cash in his stock for its share *pro rata* in the current value of the stock held by the company, as in the case of a mutual fund. Up until the time of the Crash, he simply sold the stock on the open market. After the Crash he practiced Christian forbearance or its appropriate counterpart, for the stock in most of the investment trusts became unsalable.*

One of the breathtaking discoveries of the late Twenties was leverage. Nothing so marked a man

of financial genius as his bold and knowing use of this device. It meant that an individual firm in one fashion or another bought stocks with borrowed money or preferred stock. Consequently the individual or firm could own stock for a little investment and when the stock went up in value, since the debt (or its equivalent) remained the same, all the gain accrued to the small stake. Margin buying, which means, consequently, that the individual borrows money to buy stock, is a manifestation of leverage. The big utility and railroad promoters bought control of their various companies with borrowed money. And investment trusts sold bonds and preferred stock in large volume in order to buy common stocks and thus win the advantages of leverage for their stockholders.

It was also learned, in the very late Twenties, although no one had much thought of it before, that when stocks went down leverage went brutally in reverse. For now, since the claims of the bondholders (or preferred stock) are undiminished, a stock price fall is taken by the stock. For those who own common stock it is a formula for becoming poor very fast. Leverage also has a severe reverse effect on the pretensions for financial genius. In recent years, however, leverage has been rediscovered. The hedge funds, especially, have been operating on borrowed money in order to concentrate the capital gains of their customers. And the great conglomerates have been put together by a new generation of financial geniuses who have borrowed to buy into the companies in need of managerial wizardry. Only margin trading has been circumscribed as the result of the earlier explosion.

In 1928 and 1929 the investment trust business was investing extensively in each other's securities (one leverage trust invested in a leverage trust, creating a terrific leverage.) Here again the law has become inconvenient: the more obvious manifestations of this incest are forbidden by the SEC. Fortunately, for financial genius, if not for the investors involved, the SEC's jurisdiction stops at the water's edge. This manifestation of genius has survived, and many American entrepreneurs operating in Europe are creating great excitement in Geneva and elsewhere.

In the Twenties there was a great interest in glamour stocks, among which an electronic stock, RCA, was far and away the speculative favorite. On September 3, 1929, it reached 505, up from 100 in the preceding year and a half. It had never paid a dividend. Glamour stocks, especially in the field of electronics, have been greatly celebrated in these last years.

The late Twenties was a period of Napoleonic mergers. These led in turn to great exchanging and reshuffling of securities, the rumors of which led to great action on the exchanges. Principally involved were the utilities and railroads — Samuel Insull, the Van Sweringen brothers, and Howard Hopson then enjoyed an eminence that would be the envy even today of James Ling or Charles Bludhorn. The basic technique was to issue common or preferred stocks with which to buy the common stocks of the companies being merged. There-

*One of the greatest investment trust promotions of the Twenties was by Goldman, Sachs and Company (since become more austere) under the auspices of Waddill Catchings, the most notable of the contemporary financial geniuses until the Crash. In 1929 Goldman, Sachs sold nearly half a billion dollars' worth of securities in its investment trusts. In 1932 the following colloquy took place before a Senate Committee in Washington:

Senator Couzens: Did Goldman, Sachs and Company organize the Goldman, Sachs Trading Corporation? (One of the investment trusts.)

Mr. Sachs: Yes, sir.

Senator Couzens: And it sold its stock to the public?

Mr. Sachs: A portion of it. The firms invested originally in 10 per cent of the entire issue for the sum of \$10,000,000.

Senator Couzens: And the other 90 per cent was sold to the public?

Mr. Sachs: Yes, sir.

Senator Couzens: At what price?

Mr. Sachs: At 104. That is the old stock . . . the stock was split two for one.

Senator Couzens: And what is the price of the stock now?

Mr. Sachs: Approximately 1¾.

AGE

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WALL ST. LAYS AN EGG

CULLEN PICTURES

glomerates. Only days after the 1929 Crash, ng appreciably to the gloom, the first of ded up. It was the Foshay enterprises of olis, owners of hotels, flour mills, banks, ufacturing and retail establishments at sites in the United States and Canada. y-two-story obelisk in downtown Minne- d been dedicated only a few weeks before tary of War James Wood, who had called Washington Monument of the Northwest." ing has been so remarked in recent years e discovery of the conglomerates. Most of e been built by issuing debentures or other ome obligations to buy stock in the firms gglomerated. In the case of Ling-Temco- he common stock equity was recently esti- around 7 per cent, the rest of the capital ng-term debt or the minority interest in tituent firms along with a small amount red stock. Around half of all net earnings orbed by fixed charges. Several others of e admired conglomerates—Bangor Punta, Host, Rapid American—had a common uity of 12 per cent or less. Some had even roportions of their earnings absorbed by arges than L-T-V.

e 1920s the combines and conglomerates exceedingly good as long as they could new companies—this expansion took the the more tedious kind which involves new customers. But such expansion proved possible only when the market was rising. o has been the recent experience. When ket fell in 1929 reverse leverage had an ugly adverse effect on these aggregations. een operating on their successors in these rths of the late 1960s and if the slide in et continues and is combined with a reduc- arnings a number of the new agglomerators he way of Foshay, Insull, the Van Sweringen s. Howard Hopson and the other men of genius. In this connection, it might be noted ne of that earlier genius consisted less in

earning more money than in so keeping the books as to seem to be earning more money. That manifestation of genius has also been rediscovered.

In 1929 money to borrow was scarce and interest rates were painfully high. That meant that a banker with his privileged access to funds could do a great deal for himself and his friends. The Chase National Bank was shortly to suffer painfully for the conflicting private operations of its president, the redoubtable Albert H. Wiggin. (The president of the National City was to give his bank an even worse time.) Only recently an officer of the Chase has been explaining how he happened to give a loan to one of the sportier of the conglomerates, Gulf & Western, just before departing to join that firm.

In 1929, as of late, the brokerage houses had trouble keeping up with the volume of trading. Back-office problems became particularly oppressive at the time of the Crash.

In 1929, as I have observed, margin trading was far more important than of late. And there was probably a more developed tendency to lose sight, entirely, of the underlying security and the firm that had issued it. (One speculative favorite was Seaboard Air Line, a railroad security which many thought was an aviation stock with consequent growth prospects.) But at a homier level the parallel is sustained. In April of 1929 an article in *The North American Review* told that women had become important players of "man's most exciting capitalistic game" and that the modern housewife now reads that "Wright Aero is going up [sic] . . . just as she does that fresh fish is now on the market." In August of 1969 *The New York Times Book Review* carried an advertisement for *Teen-agers' Guide to the Stock Market*. "Absolutely the first book to give young people who show the slightest interest in finance. Only \$5.25. Worth millions. . . ."

In the months before the 1929 Crash much reassurance was derived from men of academic reputation and substance who looked at the market and the mergers and put their blessing on everything

that was going on. The most eloquent of these by far was Professor Charles Amos Dice of Ohio State University. Looking in 1929 at the current generation of financial geniuses (some of whom were soon to be broke and a few in bad trouble with the law) in a book unprophetically entitled *New Levels in the Stock Market*, he was especially struck by their "vision for the future and boundless hope and optimism." He noted that "they did not come into the market hampered by the heavy armor of tradition." He described their market impact in the following splendid sentence: "Led by these mighty knights of the automobile industry, the steel industry, the radio industry . . . and finally joined, in despair, by many professional traders who, after much sackcloth and ashes, had caught the vision of progress, the Coolidge market had gone forward like the phalanxes of Cyrus, parasang upon parasang and again parasang upon parasang. . . ."

Naturally no academic figure in this prosaic age has matched Professor Dice's parasangs. But one, Dr. Neil H. Jacoby, on detached duty from his job as Dean of Business Administration at UCLA to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has recently held at intolerable length that "a foundational concept of the American economic system is that business enterprisers should be free to try out new organizational patterns, management concepts, and financial structures, as well as new products." He concludes that the modern conglomerates, including by aggregation the wholly outrageous ones, attest "in a broader perspective . . . to the flexibility and adaptability of the U.S. economy in response to underlying structural changes." And of their assaults on other corporate managements he says encouragingly, "No institution of a democratic society should be above challenge," which would seem to mean they must have been before. After such thoughts one yearns for Professor Dice and his parasangs.

In 1929 any suggestion that anything was wrong was badly received. The principal offender was Paul M. Warburg, the banker and a founder of the Federal Reserve System. In March of 1929 he attacked the orgy of "unrestrained speculation" and said he feared it would "bring about a general depression involving the whole country." He was accused of "sandbagging" American prosperity. Some implied that he was short in the market. He described the experience as the most difficult of his life. It is not at all clear that anyone who compares the present generation of geniuses with those of the earlier age can entirely escape reproach.

But my concern is not to find or even to suggest precise parallels between now and then any more than it is to predict when the present enthusiasm will have run its course. I am concerned with reminding everyone that financial genius consists almost entirely of a well-developed capacity for self-delusion combined with a rising market. And I would like to do anything possible to keep bright the memory of the events of forty years ago. To the latter end let me turn now to the chronology of those days.

4.

The speculative market which ended in the October of 1929 was some five to six years in the making. For a long while the movement was far from violent. At the beginning of 1925 the *York Times* average of the prices of ten representative industrial stocks stood at 100. It rose to 135 by the beginning of 1926 and closed up to 135 by the beginning of 1927. At the close of trading on January 2, 1929, it stood at 338.35. Apart from mild setbacks, notably in 1926 and early 1928, the advance was steady. At the beginning of 1929, the speculative bubble which I have adverted had fully arrived. It was with capital gains that people were fully occupied; this being so, stocks were being bought extensively on margin. This was also a source of market instability. If the value of a stock dropped, the creditor made calls for the margin, i.e. more cash, or further collateral. If the owner of the stock could not provide it, he was, of course, forced to sell his share. Such sales of this kind could greatly accelerate the downward movement of the market.

There was nervousness in the early months of 1929 caused by some highly diffident remarks about speculation from the Federal Reserve. The Federal Reserve was made even more nervous by its own warnings and soon became silent. In late 1928 stock prices started on their last great surge. Every day that summer the market went on to new highs. By the end of August the *Times* index was at 449, up 110 points since the beginning of the year. Margin accounts expanded enormously and from all over the country—indeed from all over the world—money poured into New York to finance these transactions. During the summer, the amount of loans to carry the margined stocks increased at a rate of \$400 million a month. By September the total had reached more than \$700 million.

Not everyone was playing the market as a professional holds—the great majority of Americans were as innocent of knowledge of how to buy stocks as they are today. Subsequent estimates have suggested that as many as a million people were involved in the speculation. During that summer, almost all of them made money—at least on paper.

5.

In September of 1929 the market faltered. The break was blamed on Roger Babson, a commercial economist and prophet who in early September said with stunning accuracy, "Sooner or later a crash is coming, and it may be terrific." In consequence, he added, "factories will shut down . . . men will be thrown out of work . . . the vicious circle will be set in full swing and the result will be a serious business depression." Babson was roundly denounced. His reputation was damaged by his premature pessimism. And for a while the market held steady. Then things went bad again. On October 29 the papers told of a very weak market on the previous day—there were heavy declines on late

New York Times industrial average had about seven points. And word came that market was behaving badly. In the second Saturday's trading in history, 3,488, were changing hands. At the close of the *Times* industrial index was down twelve. Friday, October 20, the break was front-s—the *New York Times* headline read: Driven down as wave of selling engulfs. Its financial editor, who along with the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of the few financial journalists who had erred in his conviction that the speculation one day end, suggested that, for the moment Wall Street seemed to see the reality of The news stories also made two points papers were to make wonderfully familiar at fortnight. It was said that, at the end of trading, an exceptionally large number calls went out. And it was being said that line continued the men with a stake in the could do something about it. The market ve "organized support."

became worse on Monday, October 21. taled 6,091,870, the third-greatest volume y. There was a further and disturbing non. The anxious men and women who vching the market throughout the country way of telling what was happening. Pre-n big days of the bull market the ticker fallen behind, and one didn't discover un- after the market closed how much richer become. That, however, was information a one could wait with safety if not with pa- low with a falling market one might be uined, and not know it. This was informa- needed to have. Also, even if one were not be ruined, there was a strong tendency to it, so late tickers added to the rush to sell. e opening on October 21, the ticker lagged oon it was an hour late. Not until an hour v minutes after the close of the market did l the last transaction. Every ten minutes selected stocks were printed on the bond ut the wide divergence between these and es on the tape only added to the uneasiness the conviction that it might be best to sell. ver, this was not yet disaster. The Monday closed well above its low for the day—the net the *Times* industrial averages was only ix points—and on Tuesday there was a akay gain. Some credit for this improvement Wall Street's academic prophets. Thus on in New York, Professor Irving Fisher of niversity, the most brilliant and original ist of his time, said that the declines had repl only a "shaking out of the lunatic fringe." t on to explain why he felt that the prices s during the boom had not caught up with al value. Among other things, the market yet reflected the beneficent effects of Pro-, which had made the American worker productive and dependable." Others echoed mism.

By Wednesday, October 23, the effect of this cheer had been dissipated. Instead of further gains there were heavy losses. The opening was quiet enough. but toward midmorning automobile accessory stocks were sold heavily, and volume began to increase throughout the list. The last hour was quite phenomenal — 2,600,000 shares changed hands at rapidly declining prices. The *Times* industrial average for the day dropped from 415 to 384, giving up all of its gains since the end of the previous June. Again the ticker was far behind, and to add to the uncertainty an ice storm in the Middle West caused widespread disruption of communications. That afternoon and evening thousands of speculators decided to get out while—as they mistakenly supposed—the getting was good. In fact for many it was too late. Other thousands were told they would have no choice but to get out unless they provided more collateral, for as the day's business came to an end a flood of margin calls went out.

Speaking in Washington, even Professor Fisher was somewhat less optimistic. He told a meeting of bankers that "security values in *most instances* were not inflated." But elsewhere it was predicted that, on the morrow, the market would begin to receive "organized support." That was a major source of reassurance.

6.

Thursday, October 24, was the first day that history associates with the Crash of 1929. On that day 12,894,650 shares changed hands, most of them at prices which shattered the dreams and the hopes of those who had owned them. Of all the mysteries of the stock exchange there is none so impenetrable as why there should be a buyer for everyone who seeks to sell. October 24, 1929, showed that what is mysterious is not inevitable. Often there were no buyers, and only after wide vertical declines could anyone be induced to bid.

The morning was the bad time. The opening was unspectacular, and for a little while prices were firm. Volume, however, was large and soon prices began to sag. Once again the ticker dropped behind the market. Prices fell faster and farther, and the ticker lagged more and more. By eleven o'clock what had been a market was only a wild scramble to sell. In the crowded boardrooms across the country the ticker told of a frightful collapse. But the selected quotations coming in over the bond ticker also showed that current values were far below the ancient history of the tape. The uncertainty led more and more people to try to sell. Others, no longer able to respond to margin calls, were sold. By 11:30 panic, pure and unqualified, had taken over.

Outside the New York Stock Exchange on Broad Street a weird roar could be heard. A crowd gathered. Police Commissioner Grover Whalen sensed that something might be wrong and dispatched a special police detail to Wall Street to protect the peace. A workman appeared to accomplish some routine repairs atop one of the high

"In 1929 any suggestion that anything was wrong was badly received."

buildings. The multitude, assuming he was a would-be suicide, waited impatiently for him to jump. At 12:30 the visitors' gallery of the Exchange was closed on the wild scenes below. One of the visitors, oddly enough, was the former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill. He had never better revealed his instinct for being on hand for history.

At noon, however, things had taken a turn for the better. The long-awaited organized support materialized. The heads of the National City Bank, Chase, Guaranty Trust, and Bankers Trust met with Thomas W. Lamont, the senior Morgan partner, at 23 Wall Street, the Morgan citadel. Bankers in those days were men of prestige—indeed they were the folk heroes of the age. These were the greatest bankers of all. They quickly agreed to come to the support of the market and to pool resources for this purpose. Lamont then met with reporters to offer one of the more remarkable understatements of history. He said, "There has been a little distress selling on the Stock Exchange." He added that this passing inconvenience was "due to a technical situation rather than any fundamental cause," and he told the newsmen the situation was "susceptible to betterment."

Meanwhile, word had reached the Exchange floor that the bankers were meeting and salvation was in sight. Prices promptly firmed and rose. Then at 1:30 Richard Whitney, known to be a floor broker for Morgan's, walked to the post where Steel was traded and left with the specialist an order for 10,000 shares at several points above the current bids. He continued the rounds with this largess. Confidence was wonderfully revived, and the market now boomed upward. In the last hour the selling orders which were still flooding in from afar turned it soft again. But the net loss for the day—about twelve points on the *New York Times* industrial averages—was far less than the day before. Some issues, Steel among them, were actually higher on the day's trading.

However, this recovery was of distant interest to the tens of thousands who had sold or been sold out during the decline and whose dreams of affluence had gone glimmering. It was eight and a half minutes past seven that night before the ticker finished recording the day's terrible misfortunes. In the boardrooms, speculators who had been sold out since early morning sat silently watching the tape. The habit of months or years, however idle it had now become, could not be broken at once. Then the final trades were registered and they made their way out into the gathering darkness.

In Wall Street itself lights blazed from every office as clerks struggled to come abreast of the day's business. Messengers and boardroom boys, caught up in the excitement and untroubled by losses, went skylarking through the streets until the police arrived to quell them. Representatives of thirty-five of the largest stock-market houses assembled at the offices of Hornblower and Weeks and told the press on departing that the market was "fundamentally sound," adding, by way of emphasis, that it was

"technically in better condition than it has been in months." The host firm dispatched a memorandum which stated that "commencing with Monday trading the market should start laying the foundation for the constructive advance which will characterize 1930." In a small corner of the Exchange these saintly men are now required to assemble in the morning and read aloud these predictions.

7.

On Friday and Saturday following the Thursday debacle, trading continued heavy—just under six million on Friday and over two million on Saturday. Prices, on the whole, were steady—the averages were a trifle up on Friday but slid off on Saturday. Not only were the averages better, but everyone was clear that it was the bankers who had made them so. They had shown their courage and their power, and the people applauded them warmly and generously. The *Wall Street Journal* observed that "the financial community relaxed its anxiety" for now it was "secure in the knowledge that the most powerful banks in the country stood ready to prevent a recurrence of the panic[]."

But, secure knowledge notwithstanding, the market was left to chance. Not only were financial resources mobilized, so were those of public bamboozling. Colonel Leonard Ayres of Cleveland, another regarded prophet, assured the people that the country could have survived such a crash. Eugene M. Stevens, the president of the Commercial Union Bank of Illinois, said, "There is nothing in the present situation to justify any nervousness"; J. P. Morgan's son-in-law, John D. Teagle, the oil magnate, said there had been no "fundamental change" in the oil business to cause concern; Charles M. Schwab, the steel tycoon, declared that the steel business had been making "mental progress" toward stability and added that this "fundamentally sound condition" was "essential for the prosperity of the industry"; John D. Vauclain, chairman of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, declared that "fundamentals are sound"; and President Hoover said that "the fundamental soundness of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis." A Boston investment trust took space in the *Wall Street Journal* to say, "S-T-E-A-D-Y! Everybody! Calm thinking is in order. Heed the words of America's greatest bankers." Only Governor William D. Roosevelt, one day to become the scotchman of Wall Street and the bankers (as they saw it), criticized the "fever of speculation." No one paid attention to him.

On Sunday in the New York churches there were sermons suggesting that a certain measure of retribution had been visited on the Republic. There were hints that it had not been entirely merited. It was evident, however, that almost no one believed that this heavenly knuckle-rapping was over and that speculation could be now resumed earnestly. The Sunday papers were full of the prospects for next week's market. Stocks, it was ap-

cheap and, accordingly, there would be
ush to buy. Stories from the brokerage
d of a fabulous volume of buying orders
in anticipation of the opening of the
market. In a concerted advertising cam-
paign, Monday's papers, stock-market firms urged
n of buying stocks promptly. On Monday,
8, the real disaster began.

g on Monday, though in great volume, was
an on the previous Thursday—9,212,800
red with the nearly thirteen million. But
ned drop in prices was far more severe.
s industrial average was down 49 points
y. General Electric was off 47½; West-
inghouse 34½; Tel. & Tel., 34. Indeed, the decline
ne day was greater than that of all the
week of panic. Once again a late ticker
one in ignorance of what was happening
it was bad.

there was a momentary respite—Charles
M. Schwab, the highly publicized head of the Na-
tional City Bank, which with the Chase National
was then one of the two largest, was detected
to Morgan's and the news ticker carried
the word. Steel rallied and went from 193½
but at this time Richard Whitney did not ap-
pear. "organized support" was not forthcoming.
on the strength of later evidence, was al-
ready negotiating a much-needed personal
loan. The lesser men he too had been caught by
the panic, and for the next ten years he would be
in and out of various courts in consequence.
The market weakened again and in the last hour
million shares changed hands at rapidly de-
clining prices.

Bankers also assembled that day at Morgan's
meeting in session from 4:30 to 6:30. They
described only as having a "philosophical at-
titude" and they told the press that the situation
showed "hopeful features." But, alas, it was also
at the conclusion that it was no part
of the bankers' purpose to maintain any particular
prices on the market. Their operations were
not to seeing that the market was orderly—
orders would be met by bids at some price,
"air holes," as Mr. Lamont dubbed them.
Not to be allowed to appear in the market. In-
stead, the bankers had decided to go short
of securities. This was chilling news. To the man
who had bought stock on margin, disaster wore only one
face—that of falling prices. He wanted to be
out of the market. It was poor comfort that his
losses could be accomplished in an orderly and be-
coming manner.

8.

ay, October 29, was the most devastating
in the history of the New York stock mar-
ket. It may have been the most devastating in
the history of markets. Selling began at once and in
great volume. The air holes, which the bankers had
decided to close, opened wide. Repeatedly and in
succession there was a plethora of selling orders

and no buyers at all. Once again, of course, the
ticker lagged—at the close it was two and a half
hours behind. By then 16,410,030 shares had been
known to have been traded—more than three times
the number that had once been considered a fabu-
lously big day. Despite a closing rally on dividend
news, the losses were again appalling. The *Times*
industrial averages were down 43 points, canceling
all of the huge gains of the preceding twelve months.
Losses on individual issues were far greater. By
the end of the trading, members were near collapse
from strain and fatigue. Office staffs, already near
the breaking point, now had to tackle the greatest
volume of transactions yet. By now, also, there was
no longer any certainty that things would get bet-
ter. Perhaps they would go on getting worse.

During the first week of the Crash the slaughter
had been of the innocents. Now it was the well-to-
do and the wealthy—the men of affairs and the
professionals—who were suffering. During the first
week the boardrooms were crowded; now they were
nearly empty. The new victims had facilities for
suffering in private. On this day at noon the bankers
met again and they met once more in the evening
but there was no suggestion that they were even
philosophical. In truth, their prestige had been fall-
ing even more disconcertingly than the market.
During the day the rumor had swept the Exchange
that, of all things, the "organized support" was
busy selling stocks. Lamont met the press after the
evening session with the trying assignment of deny-
ing that this was so. Nor for the moment was there
much effort at reassurance from other quarters.
James J. Walker, then the remarkably indolent
Mayor of New York, offered the only constructive
proposal of the day. Addressing an audience of mo-
tion-picture exhibitors, he asked them to "show pic-
tures that will reinstate courage and hope in the
hearts of the people."

On the Exchange itself it was felt that courage
and hope might best be reinstated if the market
were simply closed and everyone given a breathing
spell. This forthright thought derived impressive
further support from the fact that everyone was
badly in need of sleep. The difficulty was that the
announcement of the closing of the Exchange might
simply worsen the panic. At noon on October 29 the
issue came to a head. So as not to attract attention,
the members of the governing committee left the
floor in twos and threes to attend a meeting; for
reasons of secrecy the meeting itself was held not in
the regular room but in the office of the Stock Clear-
ing Corporation below the trading floor. The panic
roared on a few feet above. Richard Whitney, who,
besides being the instrument of salvation the pre-
vious Thursday, was also vice-president of the Ex-
change, later described the session. (Later still, and
no longer a financial genius, he would go to jail
for covering his losses making applejack and other
products with other people's money.) Nervous
brokers lit cigarettes, stubbed them out, and lit
fresh ones. The air soon became blue. Everyone
wanted a respite from the agony. Quite a few firms
needed a few hours to ascertain whether they were

"Bankers in those
days were men
of prestige—
indeed they were
the folk heroes
of the age."

still solvent. But caution was still on the side of keeping the market open until it could be closed on some note of strength and optimism. So the reluctant decision was to carry on. Again in the financial district the light glowed all night. In one brokerage house an employee fainted from exhaustion, was revived, and promptly put back to work again.

Next day those imponderable forces were at work which bring salvation just when salvation seems impossible. Volume was still enormous, but prices were much better—the *Times* industrial average rose 31 points. Individual issues made much greater gains. No one knew why; maybe it was because all the available prophets had again gone all-out with optimism. On the evening of the 29th, Julius Klein, a leading figure in the national Administration, took to the radio to remind the country that President Hoover had said that the “fundamental business of the country” was sound and prosperous. He added, “The main point I want to make is the fundamental soundness of [the] great mass of economic activities.” On Wednesday, Waddill Catchings, the financial genius hitherto mentioned, announced on returning from a Western trip that general business conditions were “unquestionably fundamentally sound.” (The same could not be said for the stock of the great investment trusts he had launched—Blue Ridge, Shenandoah, Goldman, Sachs Trading Corporation. Reverse leverage was reducing the value of their stock to next to nothing.) Of more importance, perhaps, from Pocantico Hills the aged John D. Rockefeller issued his first public statement in many years: “Believing that fundamental conditions of the country are sound . . . my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stock.” Eddie Cantor, describing himself as Comedian, Author, Statistician, and Victim, said later, “Sure, who else had any money left?”

Just before the Rockefeller statement arrived, things looked good enough on the Exchange so that Richard Whitney felt safe in announcing that the market would not open until noon the following day (Thursday) and that on Friday and Saturday it would stay shut. The announcement was greeted by cheers. Nerves were everywhere past the breaking point. On La Salle Street in Chicago, a boy exploded a firecracker. The rumor spread that gangsters whose margin accounts had been closed out were shooting up the street. Several squads of police arrived to make them take their losses like honest men. In New York the body of a commission merchant was fished out of the Hudson River. The pockets contained \$9.40 in change and some margin calls.

9.

No feature of the Great Crash was more remarkable than the way it passed from climax to anticlimax to destroy again and again the hope that the worst had passed. Even on the 30th, when the Crash was over, the worst was still to come. It was only that it came more slowly. Day after day during the

next two weeks prices fell with monotonous gravity. At the close of trading on October 29, the industrial average stood at 275. In the rally of the next two days it gained more than 50 points. On November 13 it was down to 224 for a further loss of 50 points. By then the stock of investment trusts was largely unsalable. Their creators, by now, ceased to be men of genius. So it was one day, with the men of genius who now controlled the mutual funds—or some of them.

The levels of late 1929 were wonderful compared with what were to follow. On July 8, 1932, the average of the closing levels of the *Times* industrial average was 58.46. This was not much more than the average at which the average dropped on the single day of October 28, and considerably less than a quarter of the closing values on October 29. But by that time, of course, business conditions were no longer fundamentally or otherwise. The United States, indeed the industrial world, was in a state of depression.

10.

In later years when considering the cause of the Great Depression, economists were inclined to exculpate the market. Looking back at the situation before the Crash, evidence was found that the rate of consumption of consumer's goods was outrunning production. Business investment was thus due for curtailment. The stock market, it was held, was only reacting to this change in underlying factors. None of it was convincing. If the economy was in recession in the early autumn of 1929, it was certainly unbalanced. Unnoticed, it couldn't have affected the economy so much. And if there was weakness, on the basis of their recent experience and current doctrines, economists would expect it to be self-correcting. The market Crash was the inescapable consequence of the preceding speculation. And the collapse had an immediate, powerful, and unmistakable effect on the economy.

In the weeks following the Crash, spending on automobiles, radios, and other durable goods fell off sharply as people reacted to their own misfortunes or those of their neighbors. Investment funds were promptly scaled down as the firms found themselves pressed for cash, worried about existing obligations, and unable to raise new money. As security failed, business and bank failures increased, further contraction of spending and investment followed those affected. The Crash of 1929, along with the speculation that caused it was, in short, a major cause of the Depression that ensued. My own conclusion is that the further consequences of the next relative episode will be less alarming. There is a knowledge now of what the government might do to offset the deflation in consumer and investment spending that would follow such a collapse. The danger could thus be contained. Naturally it would be better not to have the speculation in the first place. But that is the price we pay for financial genius which, to repeat, is a short memory in a rising market.

SUMMER VACATION IN BIAFRA

ted by telephone by a Committee for Biafr-
riters and Artists and I accept at once.
at the other end of the wire in New York
about shots and preparations and then
giggle. "You mean you're really going?
ot going to think about it and call back
ou can't? Do you know there isn't any
leep and you may not eat for a week?"

to hear her laughter across the continent.
ng to get some information, I telephoned
relief organization in San Francisco. The
in charge was in conference, but I spoke
stant. "I'm going to Biafra on Monday,"

going to be off on Monday?" he asked.
!" I said.

Biafra," he said. "Yeah, man. Cool.

called an editor to whom I suggested writ-
this trip. "Oh Jesus, we're up to our ass
n babies." I agree. I skip those articles,
ve an image of the swollen belly and the
eyes, and it's classified like the Vietnam
error with which I continue to live, like
else.

Getting there

makes bad dreams for people who refuse
eam.

the moon rocket splashes down, and all
front pages, the red-haired babies are
the News of the Week in Review. I'd heard
washiorkor, "the red-man's disease." But
looks more like a crispy grayish-red, and
t look like hair—more like something
extruded by a disoriented body, and it
if it would break if you bent it.

er is a legitimate weapon of war," says
e Nigerian generals. The Nigerians use it
y the Biafrans. The Biafrans use it to try
e the atrocity-drugged conscience of the
ne children die to these purposes.

abstractions are not the truth of it. The
e is suffering and the sufferers cannot tell
am trying to write my way out of shock.
through the suffering, immune and shaken,
and immune, full of rage and immune.

arty: Leslie Fiedler, literary critic. Miriam
ofessor of English ("Just call me Dr.
Diana Davies, who calls herself "The Pack-

horse," photographer and black-belt judoka. H.
Gold, who wonders what the devil he is doing here.

Jews and Ibos. "The Ibos should go home to their
region."—Alhaji Usman Liman. "These people
know how to make money."—Mallam Muhammadu
Mustapha Mande Gyari. "There are too many of
them in the north. They were just like sardines"—
spawned in some estaminet? as T. S. Eliot said—
"and just too dangerous."—Mallam Mukhter Bello.
(These quotations are from an address by Colonel
Ojukwu to the African Unity Consultative Commit-
tee meeting, Addis Ababa, August 5, 1968.)

Fourteen million people in Biafra! Hardly a
tribe. We don't call the Irish or the Jews a tribe,
not without some malice in there someplace.

I wouldn't have chosen this trip, but neither could
I refuse it. I can only bear witness, and it's all
I can do. Who is the meddler described as having
lost some fine opportunities to remain silent?

*Herbert Gold will have
a new novel—his eighth
—published in January:
The Great American
Jackpot (Random
House). Born in Cleve-
land, he has traveled
widely, taught at many
universities, and lives in
San Francisco.*



DIANA DAVIES

"Captain Genocide" is the bomber pilot who boasts on the radio of killing children. He flies an Ilyushin, but they think he's a Belgian. About 40 per cent of the children are dead from starvation, so Captain G. is not a major producer and packager of child mortality. He relieves the protein shortage by reducing the demand. "Never to be born would be best for mortal man, but this happens only to a very few." The melancholy joke has another meaning in Biafra. Babies are born who are not born. Babies are born with death as their only and their immediate future.

Biafra was an ancient African kingdom of which little memory but the name endures. However, the name is magic and its history is becoming real again at the command of modern war.

From the *Guardian*, May 28, 1969, an editorial urging freedom for Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian playwright held in prison because of his sympathy for the Biafrans: "In order to improve Nigeria's public relations, General Gowon has lately made commendable efforts to scale down the bombing of Biafran civilians. He could win more sympathy by releasing an artist who is regarded abroad..." etc.

San Francisco-New York-Lisbon-Luanda-São Tomé-Biafra. The crashing through time zones, confusion of nerves in day and night, is an appropriate prelude to mass murder and desperate hope in an African rain forest.

The Portuguese island of São Tomé

May 29: The Biafran official has a habit I recognize—the Haitian one of grabbing his balls at odd moments when he needs reassurance. I don't think it's merely the heat and tight underwear. "I went to law school at Tufts," he beams.

We wait at the Geronimo Hotel for permission to fly in one of the relief planes, Caritas or World Council of Churches, Catholic or Protestant. We get drunk with the fliers. The pilots are (a) Steve McQueen, (b) Steve McQueen's Best Friend, the Crazy Kid, (c) The Old Boy Who Drinks Too Much But Give Me One More Chance, Steve. There are also the British flying officer who got into some unmentionable trouble with a guardsman, a smiling Japanese, a deformed Texan whom I think of as the Forceps Baby, and subsidiary do-gooders, ironic intellectuals, machined Canadians on leave from their airlines—the full cast of an outmoded flick. They are idealists in it for the ideal of money: they can make up to \$3,000 a week. I especially like one whose real name is Johnny Cash (he showed me his driver's license to prove it) and another called Jack Frost from South of the Equator, Jack for short. When Jack heard Leslie and I are writers, he began to tell us about the Biafran children to whom he transports Formula 2, rice, and beans through the blacked-out, Mig-haunted sky.

A crowd of us hangs around the airport, trying to catch on to a flight. "The Princess" flirts with a Biafran official; she looks like Princess Radziwill, but she's a real princess. Like stop-action photog-

raphy of growing vegetables, first you see the Pucci pajamas and then one frame later the starched combat suit and then in a sweet little frock. We drink cokes with the pilots and nervously visit toilets overflowing *à la po*. The weepy American who wanted to rejoin his wife, the Italian reporter who has been turning day after day, the Swedish team, the Swedish journalist, and the four of us with our letters, citations, passes, and Dr. Reik to speak for us. Three of the six planes which went out returned without landing in Biafra. "Intruder" was back.

The ground crews in shorts, stained T-shirts, and the frazzled faces of old softball coaches. "Bring me a coke!" one mechanic was yelling at the waiters. "No ice for the coke on this goddamn job."

Jack Frost: "Now you just stick close to me if you want to know all about the war—what do you say you write for?"

Johnny Cash: "Now here's my wife and here are my four kids in Glendale..."

Jack Frost (as we climbed on a Super Constellation): "So you're playing Bet Your Life—are you?" We signed the No Harm agreement. He told us the Joint Church Aid flights are called Jesus Christ Airlines. He has a whole repertory list.

We lumbered off the runway on a Super Constellation called *Snoopy* with nineteen tons of rice and milk. We stretched out on the sacks. "You'll get rice mites if you sit on the rice," the pilot said amiably, "or milk worms if you sit on the milk."

The radio man said, "Shit, the Bomber can't fly with one of our pilots. He'd radio in and say, 'Man, I'll get you tonight.' " He was a South African.

"What about the Migs? Don't you have any trouble with them?"

He grinned. "Egyptians. Six Day War," I said.

I fell asleep, rice mites and milk worms swarmed through the sky over tropical sea and landed in Biafra and Uli Airport. He woke up with a grin to see the flak below—pretty fast flashes following the sound of the aircraft.

Uli Airport

We arrived in a pandemonium of blacked-out airfield. Planes unloading food, fuel, screaming—they have to get out before dawn. They don't want to be bombed down here, either—no grinding and backing, officials greeting us and smiling. "Welcome to Biafra. Welcome to Enugu. Though Enugu has long been in the possession of the Federals, they still carry on the fiction that Uli airstrips are really Enugu Airport. Nearby is a blacked-out building, I heard, no kidding, and a band playing, "I Ain't Got No Satisfaction"—celebrating two years of freedom.

We wandered about helplessly, looking for contacts, nameless officials in the faceless uniforms. Diana asked to take a flash photograph and immediately an eager-beaver soldier boy arrested her. While he went to get an officer, I wandered toward the music: "I Ain't Got No Sat-is-fac-

UNH!" Vaguely I understood we were rest, but at four in the morning in the n a strange land fighting a strange war, c seemed realer to me than a red-tape standing.

ldier caught me at the door to the dance. ve very fast," he said, and in his voice was suspicion, stupidity, and bucking for e were passed from bureaucrat to bureau- lly we reached the commander of the base. oolish soldier said, "She took a picture." id not. She asked if she could take a pic- said.

ammit, the Committee for Biafran Writers ts is hereby dissolved!" Miriam cried.

opinion, sah," said the soldier, "she was take a picture."

ommander said, "Tut-tut." He had been school principal. He explained to us that e fighting a war for survival, to the soldier were friends of Biafra. and wrote out an ece of paper declaring everyone innocent lier, officers, himself. We need this man in

ow in the mess of being arrested, soaked in shuttled about, we lost our contact. We c chairs in the customs house. Someone is cold corn and coconut for breakfast, and ee. A man from the Ministry of Informa- e to get us, carrying his copy of *Le Grand* n, par Raymond Chandler.

ove like a madman down roads blocked nps so the Nigerians couldn't use them as strips. At the checkpoints the guards said, e," as they pointed their antique weapons *Grand Sommeil*? Is he putting us on?

A day or two later

od vessel in my right eye has broken. Days hout sleep, much heat, much strain. Our ren't dry since the soaking of a few nights ery official says, "This war, these condi- ings are rather difficult, really. We are de- ed, you know."

entralization" is the euphemism for the cap- he capital, Umuahia, and all other cities. e the Biafrans have recaptured Owerri and ing services back into it, it is burned out, e, nearly deserted, with a few stunned and people squatting beneath the riddled Pepsi l.

ed by the side of the road, waiting for a ich we needed in order to get to the place e could get a pass which would, in turn, en- to get a pass, I handed out protein tablets had carried with me. They are compressed f fishy dust which had turned my stomach ampled them in the States. They were deli- iana had water in her canteen, a mouthful of us. The driver looked as if he were eat- day cake and I gave him another handful. very thin and I asked him if he had lost

weight since the war. "No, no, oh no, I was always like this."

Ibo pride, ebullience, and optimism. Plus a bit of fibbing.

We got gas at a military camp. The Biafrans have created backyard refineries, sometimes even using wood as fuel for Rube Goldberg distilling contraptions.

Can they be defeated by the combination of English, Soviet, Arab, and Nigerian energy directed against them? No, not without extermination. And this would be a great loss—a gay, energetic, inventive people. Is there a possibility of reconciliation with Nigeria? No, not after the mutual hatred and mass murders. Father Doheny estimated over a million Biafran dead already, a generation of men and children. He sighed and his Irish Cary Grant face crinkled: "Polygamy is unavoidable. There are so few men left."

But can Nigeria be defeated? No again—not with its overwhelming advantage in population, material, and allies. However, it can fall apart.

Is there something besides murderous stalemate in store? The Biafrans grin. "Nigeria will dissolve, it's unnatural." The separate states will follow natural (linguistic, racial, geographical) rather than colonial boundaries. And then perhaps there will be alliances and trade, as between the U.S. and Canada, which were enemies in 1812, or among the Common Market, where wars were fought rather recently, rather than the Nigerian exploitation of tribe by tribe and struggle for power and corruption.

I asked a Biafran why American blacks, if they are interested at all, seem to support Nigeria. "Because they think we are like Katanga, the creature of someone else. Because they don't know how the Arab hates the African and they fancy themselves Muslim and we're Christian. Because they don't know the truth, the world doesn't know, either."

Kwashiorkor in the hospital at Ihiala

An Irish nun shows us a heap of about a dozen children on a mat. "Of these," she says briskly, "three may live—this one, this one, this girl."

When one whimpers, another dying child strokes it with a withered hand.

"*Agu, agu, agu*," a child is crying. This means Hungry. But he's a healthy one; the lost ones can no longer assimilate food.

"If they live, are they retarded?"

"They were so keen before," she says, "it takes a lot to put them down. But it's the first time for kwashiorkor. How can you know?"

One of the priests teases and chucks the chins of the soon-to-be-dead, calling to them in Ibo, trying to make them answer. These are the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Rosary Sisters, the Hospital of Our Lady of Lourdes at Ihiala. They have given up missionary work for the duration.

Sister: "We're slack at the moment. If you think we're busy, we're not. We're slack. When the fight-

"Polygamy is unavoidable. There are so few men left."

ing was here, we worked twenty-four hours a day."

Wounded soldiers outside were playing checkers, joking, laughing, and studying mathematics and engineering textbooks. The priest got a group of children to sing a Biafran song for us. Leslie and I, escaped from the kwashiorkor ward, were happy to be among the legless, the armless, the eyeless. "Mending bones. Ah, that's nice," the sister said.

No dogs, no birds. They've all been eaten. I saw a woman with a target painted on her dress. She is the target. A priest is telling us how they have cultivated everywhere; how chicks are growing, but they need corn; how salt costs as much as \$30 a cup. Along the roads there are signs such as "The Universal Insurance Company (Inc. in Biafra)," advertisements asking for clerks, typists, offering barristers, herb doctors (Diplomate in London).

The King of Ihiuala

That's the translation of "Oluoha": King. His name is J. M. Udorji. He gave me an audience though he was not well; he looked as if he were dying, burning with some fever, exhausted, emaciated, and tottering in his robes.

Poem dedicated to King Udorji on painted scroll in the antechamber:

*What the joint growth of arms and arts foreshow:
The world's a monarch, and that monarch YOU.*

He offered me the ritual kola nut, a bitter mild narcotic which relieves hunger. He offered me other food, but his hot hand and burning eyes made me think of germs everywhere. Women in the courtyard were singing and chanting for his recovery. Sometimes his voice gave out and he seemed to lose his thought in the middle of a sentence. I would guess he is about forty years old.

"There will never be a proper peace and understanding with Nigeria. Someone will always remember the horrors, the happenings, so many happenings. We will not fight a war of survival and then lose. Gowon will find it difficult to say, I am tired. Britain who supplies ammunition is not tired. When Britain is tired, Gowon will be tired."

I excused myself early, wanting to save his strength.

I walked back to the Mission, past the gun emplacement with its battery of homemade anti-aircraft—greased pipes. The trench and dugout had been flooded by the rains last night. The soldier guarding the anti-aircraft symbol said, "Yes, sah! We are here all the time, sah! My brother and me, sah!"

"The word redeemeth, and food and weapons give life," said one of the priests.

I walked through a ward of children with kwashiorkor. These were babies well enough to be moved by plane to Gabon; they are expected to recover. But there was one child who had suddenly toppled over and seemed to be dying. "Flora! Flora!" cried her little brother. And in the Ibo language: "Wake

up! Wake up, Flora!" There was a black man bending over her and talking to her brother. "This is a scandal. You must wake her up."

The Leaders of Thought

Somewhere in Owerri province, in the night, we were driven to hear General Ojukwu address the Leaders of Thought on the eve of two years of Biafran independence. It was a wrecked church. We were searched as possible by a soldier who murmured, "Welcome." Black-beret honor guard, pride of Biafra, a Handel hymn played by a record. "Blockaded, starved, and massacred, we give thanks to Almighty God for preserving Biafra as a sovereign and independent nation," said General Ojukwu.

Wearing clean fatigues, a shining-eyed, bearded, handsome young man with an Oxford accent and a solemn manner, he invoked "the crime of genocide." While he read the speech, an aide took the pages one by one as he finished the dead on the other side of the conflict, may their souls rest in peace.

"Amen," came the response from the officials, officers, priests, nuns, wives, and children. The red, black, and green Biafran flag was about him; also a banner with lions rampant, knives, palm tree split by lightning and the words "TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE." He denounced British imperialism, Soviet bolshevism, Arab Zionism, white colonialism, African servitude, feudalism. And with all these enemies, he was optimistic about the future—and I think he is right.

"Some people are frightened by the world's situation—good gracious! It is simply a quick change for the better." Once again he made the crucial distinction for Biafra; they did not secede from Nigeria, they were expelled in a series of pogroms.

Leslie and I collaborated on a name for him: Monseigneur J. Pierpont Guevara X.

The speech took too long. It seemed to be an educational program—history plus consecration, history plus a program for the future. Several disjointed speeches by separate hands seemed to have been yoked together and read with enthusiasm by a healthy young man who lacks a natural Oxford rhythm. But the Oxford accent and slightly staccato manner encouraged hope that he is not a demagogue or rabble-rouser. Everything came in threefold: corruption, malfeasance, and inefficiency; "arrogance, insolent, and overbearing." Or in twos: "Lack of friendship," "distrust and hardship," "pride and courageous." "Responsible, trusting, and loyal," "industrious, resourceful, and inventive," "brave and courageous."

"Colonialism and genocide."

"Honor, pride, and glory."

But it's a relief to find a non-charismatic speaker. We've seen the others lately.

Afterwards we were taken to a buffet supper. General Ojukwu and other dignitaries. It

weary and somewhat stiff occasion. Fied-
circled warily about the other Americans
r. Ferguson, Nixon's fact-finder, a light
ntleman with two aides, one from the Red
e from Washington; they circled warily
Impression: that they thought us Biafran
lists, that we thought them pro-Nigerian.
ans, unskilled politicians, seemed to enjoy
ess writers, who could do them little good,
mostly ignored the official mission from
on, which was in a position to do them
d.

ards, few cops and soldiers: for a nation
ge, their confidence is astonishing and
ig.

meeting Fiedler in strange places

ed by Migs at Ihiala. Two Migs made two
ges at us—that is, at the hospital and the
house.

(to me): "We seem to meet in strange
At a Princeton psychiatrist's house, at
fner's mansion in Chicago, at Harvard
chool, in a men's room in New York—and
e mission of the Irish Fathers of the Holy
Ihiala, Biafra, being rocketed by Soviet
iloted by East Germans or Egyptians.

ked at the crater a few yards from the mis-
en we went to see the wounded, dying, and
ne hospital. No panic; much hatred. I see
ombing of civilians doesn't end wars. The
o resist is very powerful. *Don't Touch Me!*
nber the American Revolution.

The rehabilitation center in Orlu

oke: "Once I was a doctor. Now events
made me a politician."

ank palm wine, a sweet fermented cider,
African pears and rice with bits of what I
e chicken gristle; it was stockfish—smoked,
ltd cod. The house was painted with the
lock of Ages." Dr. Imoke told us about the
ny; we saw the plantings everywhere, yams,
kra, groundnuts, cassava, plantains, ba-
weet potatoes. "The Land Army fights the

oke: "It is not possible to lose a war for
That has not happened in history, has it?"
sited some refugee camps. At Umuhu we
rl—homeless, emaciated, without family—
a French grammar. Walter gave her his
old copy of *Le Monde*. She was a lovely
lbo. I wiggled my ears for the children, and
ns disappear, and was told by a spokesman
rowd that I am a trickster.

ly begged. We saw lines of children at feed-
ons, carrying their bowls every which way,
, in hands, juggled. The laughing optimism
ffering people makes you believe in some-
ngenital, hormonal, inbred about good na-

ture. The building painted with the letters: "Little
House of Small Regrets."

We visited a backyard oil refinery: gas being
dripped out amid hellish heat and a constant hiss
and roar and penetrating smell. An Ibo tribesman
(trained at Purdue) directed the operation. Near-
by, a crowd of mechanics was cannibalizing auto-
mobiles. Two years without spare parts and still
the transport moves. Batteries are the great prob-
lem, but wherever a car needs a push, the nearest
bystanders lend their shoulders. (My back aches.)

Uli Airport going

Jack Frost of South of the Equator will get us
home, maybe.

The State House customs routines, a parody of
British habit which they cannot shake off, continue
in blackout, under air attack, with war and starva-
tion all about. In a smoky, lamp-lit cubicle, an ema-
ciated clerk with glasses sliding down his nose asks:
"State of birth?" "Ohio," I answer, and he nods
sagely as if I have told him something, and he writes
O-h-i-o.

On the form which asks for Port of Entry, he
says, "Write Enugu." But the Nigerians have
bloodily captured Enugu months ago and we were
not at Enugu.

"If you're going to be a correct official," I say,
"why tell me to write Enugu?"

He smiles in the flickering yellow light. "Let me
see your medical certificate," he says. He checks it
and says, "Now follow Carol."

Carol is the girl studying a five-year-old copy of
Modern Screen. She stands up, smiles, and disap-
pears into the dark. Single-file, we shuffle through
the crowd behind her. I'm afraid of losing her and
put out my hand to touch her shoulder and a girl
looks up at me and says, "Pardon, sah?" It's not
Carol Modernscreen. We've lost her. I start to giggle
at the lady whom I have grabbed in error. Carol
finds us.

Despite all the pretense of customs and exit for-
malities, this is a parody, a society being bombed
and starved into chaos, but persisting in keeping
the forms and ledgers filled. They ask us to open
our baggage, but can't see inside because there is
no light. And what is there to smuggle out?

Now we have to find a relief plane heading for
São Tomé. The pandemonium of the blackout air-
port. We drive about, bumping lorries, men, planes,
crowds of workers. When a flight comes in, the run-
way lights flash on for about thirty seconds, to get
the plane down, and then off at once. If you're on a
runway when the lights go on, you get the hell off
before you have a Super Constellation in your hat.
It's hot, jungle-wet, dusty, noisy, and dangerous.
All the flights seem to be Red Cross flights for
Gabon or Fernando Po. We wonder if we can get
out at all. The props spread filth on us. All we need
is a plague of frogs. Six hours pass, rushing in the
dark from plane to plane.

Father McGlade, three times injured at this air-

"No dogs. No birds.
They've all been
eaten."

point, says, "Don't worry, you'll get on." I'm ready to believe. We chat and I express admiration for his... I say sternly, I mean however, "I'll take a vacation in 1970 or '72, when this is over." He is a wizened energetic priest, who reminds me of Barry Fitzgerald, with a cheerful hard face and a hand twisted into a claw by the Nigerians.

The airmen land their tons of food and stand screaming at the hatches as they open. "Get it off! Get it off! We got to get out of here!" They are making thousands of dollars a week, but they still don't want to be shot up on the ground. Their life in São Tomé: too much drink, not enough women. They are saving the money for trips to Lisbon or to buy a car in Glendale, California.

The pilot I called the Forceps Baby (smashed short from both ends, bulging and deformed fat, bermudas, white socks, black shoes, an alligator sports shirt) stands looking at the mad blackout, moonlit scene of trucks, shouts at the work gangs. "Those bastards, they don't wanna work. They're animals, they'll grab that Formula 2 right off the runway—yeech, filth—and stuff it in their mouths. Christ, the pigs. I wanna get out of here in five minutes." And shouts, "Get me outta here! I'm leaving in five minutes, fuck it!"

Father Finukin (sp.?), three hundred pounds of... the bags down and hoisting them into trucks. "Quick now! Get it off! Hurry up, quick, you lazy..."

... They're tired. ... Back up the lorry, you, back it up! Quick, quick, quick!"

Jack Frost winces: "Hell, if he saw those little... little geezers, he wouldn't say that."

The men looked like gray ghosts, exhausted, bone-tired. They work all night. I remember their cheerful song of greeting to us: "Wel-come to Biafra, welcome!"

The kwashiorkor children were being loaded from trucks in the dark onto planes bound for Libreville. There were 115, I got very close to... seventy of them, for whom there was hope of survival. I met a sister from the hospital. "So you're here now!" she sang in her Irish lilt. And the Princesse de Bourbon-Parma: "*Bon soir, monsieur.*" She was nervous as a doll in her crisp fatigues, fatigue hat, crucifix gleaming as she leaned to talk with Father McGrade. Having met repeatedly during the past ten days, we are old friends and she tells me how good my French is and I, somewhat maliciously, tell her that her French is also very good.

A line of bloodied soldiers passes by: Are they too being shipped to recover in Gabon? Bandages, casts, crutches: and they help each other.

The seminarians are helping load the children. I see the one who said, "*En-emy plane.*" the day of the air raid, who has given me a pin which says, "Hail Biafra." I show him that I'm wearing it. "How are the children?" I ask. He grins. "Fair," he says. I promise to send him books through Caritas.

Father McGrade promises to again. "I'll go." Thank you, Father. I'll see you're re... Paul James, our friend from São Tomé, recalling, as the night passes, his favorite. "There are some difficulties in these times. There are years of sweet... seems... of the back... the... to his hair... of your... be... smiling... "There are some difficulties in these times."

At last we find a plane, a Joint Churchaid (the Caritas Airlines). Something... Tomé. Leslie and I say goodbye, kiss Mirna, Diana, and scramble aboard. The huge tub on... shuttle back and forth with the food. A... we are bearded, we are probably journalists or good creeps: "Welcome aboard the Fly... mula Two. If you will proceed into our... before 'Intruder' comes back."

The doors... and there's... rise, hoping again to be too slow and low... engine failure. It was the one we came in on... that one of the Red Cross planes we had...

... landing gear and crash-landed.

The airmen were passing a jar of lemonade... "That's for San Francisco." The... Club for steak. That way I never do get is pointed...

The plane smelled of stockfish. I was... there were orange bursts like rotten tangerine... but of course all they had to go on was the...

I was thinking that the... have the joy of believing in God, which means they can curse Him. Now I return to San Francisco and all I can curse is... I'd like to join my pilot at the Domino Club... They, despite their hunger and suffering, are...

THE FLIGHT FROM CITY HALL

mayors who aren't running again

to be in this country that a mayor was a genial town fool. He presided at some meetings; the city councilmen were in- out to get him, and usually succeeded with- much difficulty. He managed a hardware a movie house. He was competent enough obons without hurting himself and pleasant o welcome foreign visitors without insult- , but he was about as imaginative as the ctor. He was relatively harmless. Occa- he would come out with a statement about ion or higher pay for firemen, and the would read about it and wonder what he o now. Or, in the larger cities, he would himself just before reelection by doing a ing, planting, and dedicating. There were exceptions, of course—the La Guardias, the eys, the Mavericks—but this was the gen- . Mayors of both large and small cities end a good part of their time begging be- state legislators, who were their intellectual but owned the checkbook. It was a hum- istance, and a thankless one, but not too train on a man.

something happened. It started about the in Kennedy gave his inaugural. The cities more important. Someone discovered that s were in the cities. In the early 1960s, a of mayors of the new style took office. them were liberal Democrats; many of d no previous experience in elective politics. passed the machinery and the machines l dominated city politics before, and they ed anyway, and then reelected.

joined a much smaller group of new-style who had been around, lonely but active ductive, for several years—Richard Lee in ven, who was elected to his first term in oseph Barr of Pittsburgh, who started out Within a few years there had been some- a revolution in the city halls of the im- cities of the nation: Ivan Allen in Atlanta, in 1962; Arthur Naftalin in Minneapolis rome Cavanagh in Detroit in 1961. Later come Floyd Hyde in Fresno, Joseph Alioto Francisco, John Lindsay in New York City, kes in Cleveland, Richard Hatcher in Gary unfortunately, no one new in Gary's neigh- cago.

of these men have now decided to retire

from office. (Others may retire soon without mean- ing to.) Naftalin, Lee, Allen, Cavanagh—the four mayors whose thoughts are recorded here—are leaving office this year. Arthur Naftalin has already left. They are not the only ones. Joseph Barr of Pittsburgh decided this year not to seek a third four-year term. Milton Graham of Phoenix is leav- ing; Floyd Hyde has already gone to run what is left of the Model Cities program for President Nixon. Thomas Currigan, mayor of Denver for seven years, resigned last January in the middle of his term to work for Continental Airlines at a salary considerably larger than the \$14,000 he was getting in City Hall.

It is unlikely that many of the new-style mayors are quitting because of money. They cite various reasons for retiring, from bad health to assertions that they have accomplished what they set out to accomplish. Privately, some of them say that they suspect some of the *others* are quitting because their polls show they couldn't win again; they all say their own polls show them capable of winning handily.

The more fundamental reasons probably have something to do with the end of an era. The new- style mayors started out, many of them, in a time dominated by John Kennedy, by his concern with the cities and the people who lived in them. And then came Lyndon Johnson, who put millions of dollars behind the ideas the Kennedy Administra- tion had started to formulate. The cities were in their heyday. Now the prospects are not so great. As one mayor, who did not want his name used, put it, "If you think anybody with any integrity or any executive ability in the field of public ad- ministration is going to hang around for four years and watch this guy screw up, then you're crazy."

It is not just the prospect of lean days to come that makes these men decide to quit. Jerome Cavanagh of Detroit says, "It is *expected* that the mayor deal with crises day after day. And this is one of the major factors contributing to the tre- mendous physical and mental frustration which eventually wears guys down in these jobs after eight years. You can't sit and think about what you should be doing in this city five years from now, or ten years from now, because you're dealing with the politics of confrontation constantly. It's the only political job in America in which that's true.



Mayor Arthur Naftalin



Mayor Richard Lee



Mayor Ivan Allen



Mayor Jerome Cavanagh

Fred Powledge has been free-lancing since taking off from the New York Times in 1966. He is now at work on a book about cities, to be published next year by Simon & Schuster.

How INA is working

Jack McWilliams was a professional nurseryman till a fall from a tree put him in the hospital. The diagnosis was a fractured spine. In all probability, he'd be paralyzed for life.

Jack was insured by Insurance Company of North America. And a candidate for INA's innovative rehabilitation program called MEND.

As soon as possible after the accident, we had medical, rehabilitation, and training specialists start his treatment. If they had been located in another part of the country we would have flown the patient to them.

We didn't do all this with Jack's blessing. In the beginning that's what worried us most: his retreat into himself. But we didn't stop the physical treatment; we just worked harder on the psychological aspects.

At the same time, we had one of INA's specially trained MEND nurses begin looking after Jack and his family.



o mend lives.

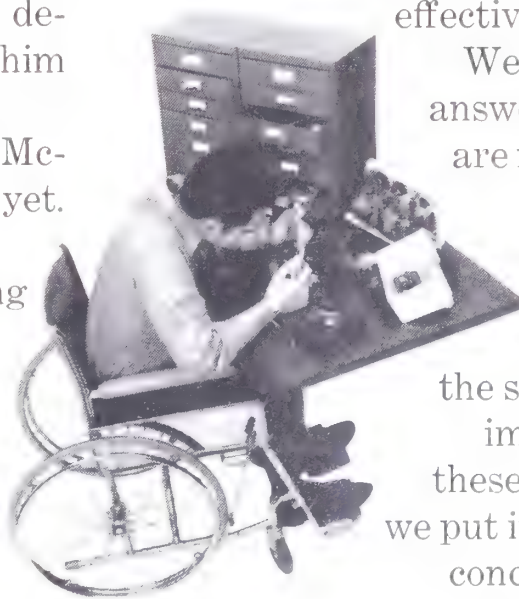
arranged for INA to advance the
Mrs. McWilliams needed for
ential expenses. She helped them
the emotional strain by sharing
them the confidence we had in
's ability to return to a useful life.
By the end of the first month, INA
ed him on a vigorous program of
ical therapy. We had special de-
made for his hands to help him
for himself.

After a year of therapy, Jack Mc-
Williams' treatment isn't finished yet.
He needs special nursing care
home, and INA's still working
with him. But emotionally
we've seen him and his family
come a long way. He's
recently opened a kennel
specializing in the breed-
ing and training of Irish
setters.

Had it been necessary, INA
ld have seen to it that Jack Mc-
Williams had as much vocational
ning as he needed to earn his own
in society.

That's how we've already helped
more than 8,000 disabled people.

As a rehabilitation concept,
though, MEND goes still further. Re-
cently we created the INA MEND In-
stitute where creative research is help-
ing us learn how to make rehabilita-
tion in the future broader and more
effective.



We don't have the
answers yet. But we
are not quitting on
problems that
need to be
solved.

We're putting
the same effort and
imagination into
these problems that
we put into the MEND
concept in the first
place. That's how
INA works to help people.

IMAGINATION

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

Life Insurance Company of North America, Pacific Employers Group, 16th and Parkway, Phila., Pa. 19101

That's the job. It's fine to deal with crisis and confrontation if you have resources to meet them. But when all you have is a limited amount of money and a few programs, and you're long on rhetoric, that just isn't enough."

The new-style mayors are probably the hardest-working men in public life today. They are among the most articulate; many of them even write their own speeches. The people who are articulating the needs of the cities—and who are, in some rare but important cases, coming up with tentative solutions—are not the black or white militants, who still are working manfully at the task they started back in the summer of 1966 when the cry of "Black Power" was first heard by the Mississippi roadside: the task of organization and "togetherness." Nor are they the foundations and sociologists and schools of social work, whose accomplishments remain bureaucratically dull, unimaginative, and safe. Nor are they the elected and appointed officials in Washington, for Kennedy's promises and Johnson's passion soon gave way to Johnson's disenchantment, to Agnew's blunders and then his silence, to what many expect to be Romney's demolition of most of the Democrats' programs. Nor has much of the press been intelligent and realistic on urban problems and solutions. It is the mayors—maligned, abused, underpaid, and generally powerless men—who have been stressing these needs. And they have been doing it before Congressional committees, before Presidential commissions, in dedication speeches at public facilities, in welcoming speeches to the conventions they work so hard to attract, and often to any half-bright citizen who wants to sit and talk with them.

They have very little institutional power, and what they do have they are now being asked to give away in the name of community participation. This is frustrating, because the new-style mayors believe, at least in theory, in community participation. They have troubles within city hall as well as out in the neighborhoods. They find and develop good staff assistants, bright young planners and theorists, and then watch them disappear to Washington or into private industry.

The systems they use to get information—to find out what works and what fails in other cities—are crude and often unreliable. A city's newspapers and broadcasting media do not carry what happens in another city unless there is a riot, a catastrophe, a particularly interesting murder, or an election. One thing certainly can be counted on: whatever happens in New York City, as atypical as it is, is going to happen sooner or later in other cities. If the police and firemen strike in New York, they will soon strike in Detroit and New Haven; the same goes for battles over school decentralization, the failure of a telephone system, transportation breakdowns.

Many of the mayors have walked into the middle of their riots, and they remember the details of the summer of 1967 the way the rest of us remember

precisely what we were doing the moment we heard of John Kennedy's assassination. They have had successes—notably in devising new programs, many of them developed nationally by Washington, and then getting federal money to execute them. And they have had severe failures—typically when it turns out that Washington does not have the staying power to see an urban program through to the end.

An amazing number of law-and-order candidates are running this year.* Minneapolis has elected one. In Atlanta, the list of candidates for the primary included what an observer called "one law-and-order man, one law-and-order justice man, one justice man, and one black man." In New Haven, the Democratic party organization deprived of power for years because of Lee I. Brown (he preferred to appoint competent men rather than party hacks), became so excited at the prospect of reentry into the political mainstream that it rammed through for nomination a candidate who had neglected to say what he was for, thus alienating even more the other hopefuls, two of whom were black. In New York City Mayor Lindsay is running for his political life in an uphill struggle against two law-and-order opponents in the general election.

The new-style mayors who are leaving office, however, that they have created a momentum which cannot be reversed by any but the most drastic law-and-order replacement. And they think they have added something else. Ivan Allen of Atlanta says one of the things he feels most strongly about his eight years in office is seeing "an acknowledgment of the integrity of the city government."

Such a claim might be hotly disputed by the citizens of urban America who still do not participate, by the blacks who still have no power, by the whites who still feel unrepresented, and, in Atlanta, by the thirty-eight hippies Mayor Allen's police department had arrested the night before he took his observation. But, still, many cities seem different now. Perhaps one of the differences is integrity.

Naftalin of Minneapolis

[If you know that Minneapolis recently elected its law-and-order man as mayor, you might be surprised when you step off the airplane. There are practically no Negroes. In the menial airport shops those reserved for blacks in the rest of the country one sees young white men with Scandinavian features.

[At a motel, they give you *two* keys. One of them is for your room; the other is for the front door of the motel. "To keep the neighborhood kids out," an employee says. Later you learn that there is a public housing project not far away.

[Minneapolis has a population of something

*See "The Forgotten American" by Peter S. Harper's, August 1969.

a million, only 3 per cent Negro, and you that the whites are afraid of. At 9:00 A.M. amplified chimes plays "Fascination" all downtown. The air is remarkably clean. There are drives along the Mississippi River, and there are several well-kept lakes. You can park downtown for eighty cents. But they are doing something.

The night before, a black leader had called off riot lines in front of two stores at the corner of South and Queen Avenues, on the grounds of the new mayor, Charles Stenvig, a former detective with the burglary squad and president of the Police Federation, had torpedoed the blacks' attempt at negotiation. There had been some brickbats. The demonstrators had alleged that the stores were charging exorbitant prices and were kept like pigpens. There was another edition of the *Tribune* that morning quoting some of the Negroes had discriminated against the poverty program.

South Avenue was quiet that morning. Many windows were covered by plywood; it was hard to tell whether the boards were new or left over from the riots of 1966 and '67. At least they were new wood, and therefore they seemed temporary. Detroit, store window after store window filled in with cinderblocks and bricks, and this is permanent. In Minneapolis there were boards on some of the sheets of plywood. "Love It's At," someone wrote. On others there were posters: "We Need Stenvig for Mayor." There was a poster depicting a kindly cop, and the slogan "Let us . . . Serve You. Sponsored by the Police Officers' Federation of Minneapolis in Conjunction with the FBI, Henn. County Sheriffs, and

Mayor Naftalin sat in a small, windowless base-ment office in a building near the University of Minnesota. Before him on his desk was a yellow pad covered with handwriting. He had gray hair, a tolerant face, the look of a university professor who liked life better outside the tower than within it. Last July Naftalin was elected mayor of Minneapolis after serving two-year terms. Before that he had been a professor of political science, a political columnist, appeared in Minnesota newspapers, and had been secretary to another Minneapolis mayor, Humphrey. Now he had become the first member of the university's new School of Public Affairs; his work will consist of teaching and writing in the field of public policy.]

Naftalin announced last December that you didn't run again, and you were succeeded by a new mayor. What were your reasons?

Naftalin announced I wasn't going to run, that's all. In the very start I've never regarded myself as publicly committed to public life—as starting a public career in which I'd first be mayor, then for Congress, then for governor, and finally in the Senate and eventually become President.

I figured I'd run for mayor and see what would happen. What happened was I got elected. I wasn't sure I was going to run for a second term, but by and by I decided there were things I wanted to finish off. The third time there wasn't much opposition, and I was coasting along with reasonably good public acceptance, so I ran again. I can't explain why I sought the fourth term, because by then I think I had done pretty well all I was going to do. But some problems had begun to emerge, especially in human relations, and I felt an obligation to go on. My decision not to run again, I suppose, was basically that I felt that there were other ways I might spend my time, pursue my interests; I might do some lecturing and some writing, some teaching, more relaxed and more privately, and enjoy life.

Mayor Stenvig's campaign slogan was, "Take the handcuffs off the police." Is there that much of a problem with law and order in Minneapolis?

What the voters did in the election can't be explained by just one factor. Several conditions were present, and it would be very hard to weight their importance. But certainly one factor was the growing reaction against what many, many people came to feel was an improper assertion of pressure on the part of, let's say, militants. This can't be denied.

Are the whites here all that frightened by fifteen thousand Negroes?

It doesn't take very many to cause a reaction. An entire city can be thrown into panic if it thinks there are three men with high-powered rifles out on the street sniping at people. Of course, that was not happening here. What happened here was that a very large number of people in the city felt that the militants, whatever the justice of their cause, had far exceeded the proper bounds of public be-

"A city's newspapers and broadcasting media do not carry what happens in another city unless there is a riot, a catastrophe, a particularly interesting murder, or an election."



GEORGE GARDNER

And Powledge
THE FLIGHT
FROM
CITY HALL

havior. And many people came to feel that the militants' expressions of protest, their demonstrations, could be curtailed and checked if there was somehow a more vigorous law enforcement.

Did you share those feelings?

No. My view is somewhat different from the prevailing one, which was that the way to handle these disturbances was to have a fierce assertion of law and order—and that somehow this would be an answer to the problem. While the demonstrations were exasperating and the expressions of the militants threatening and disturbing, the proper reaction should have been not to go out and meet this in a direct confrontation, but rather to attempt to identify the *real* causes of concern and to work hard on those. I never felt, during the time I was mayor, that we ever had anything less than proper law enforcement in Minneapolis....

[In early 1969 a group of students, mainly black, took over the administration building at the University of Minnesota. Naftalin and the university president, Malcolm C. Moos, agreed that the city police should not come in unless they were needed. But the Hennepin County grand jury returned indictments against three black students. Demonstrations were planned against the county officials. As it turned out, the protest was to be held at Nicollet Mall, a downtown shopping promenade. When the mall was created, the city council had passed an ordinance prohibiting parades there.]

...I decided I was not going to try to argue them out of their demonstrations on the grounds that they were illegal. And I was not about to mobilize the police department for a confrontation because I knew this would cause a pitched battle. I asked members of the city council to come to my office, along with the leaders of the police department, the courts, and everybody else involved, and I persuaded them that the better part of our judgment was to permit the students to demonstrate and not to invite a confrontation. The policemen on the street were instructed to be friendly and courteous, and they were. The thing had a kind of carnival spirit. There was no damage; there wasn't even much litter. Nobody was interfered with in their shopping. They had their demonstration; they made their point about their opposition to the grand jury's action.

Mayor Allen, of Atlanta, believes the office of mayor has a liberalizing influence on even the most strident law-and-order type. Have you had a chance to see that theory tested since Mayor Stenvig took office?

There's no question about it. Unless a man is wholly irrational and given to extreme conduct, the responsibility of office is going to point him in the direction of respecting the due process.

I'll give you a good illustration of what happened after Stenvig took office. Again on the Nicollet Mall, as the weather got nice during the summer, some of the young men and girls, the hippie crowd from the university, decided to go down to the

mall, as they do in cities all over the nation and over the world. Wherever you've been young, long-haired kids downtown, bathing and doing whatever their thing is. So they get amorous and do things that to many are rather offensive. So the cry has gone: Stenvig became mayor, that they ought to go there and clean these kids out. I was actually surprised to learn that when Stenvig was being pressured to drive the students off, the first thing he did was to ask the city attorney what his authority was. The city attorney said that the Loitering and Vagrancy ordinances, under which he might take action, were probably unconstitutional. To my knowledge, Stenvig hasn't done anything.

Has the job of mayor increased in importance in recent years?

Yes. The position of mayor has become more conspicuous, more the target of public criticism, because the problems have become so serious in our urban centers; everybody's thrashing around trying to find effective leadership. The mayor, especially the mayors of the larger central cities, have begun to play a more crucial role. As the problems grow more and more difficult, the public is more likely to come to demand more, although they don't know where to look for it. They demand more of the state legislature, of the county government, of the city districts and agencies to deal with these problems. While the mayor may have emerged as a critical figure, that doesn't mean he has become as a more *effective* figure. He's got all the old baggage, all the old inadequate machinery to deal with, and he finds it increasingly impossible to provide the leadership that's expected of him.

Given all these restraints, plus the added weight of the weak-mayor system in Minneapolis, are you able to accomplish?

I would point to three things. One, and that has been hotly contested in some quarters, I think, has been a broadened sense of community involvement and community responsibility for rights. My position throughout was that these problems were symptomatic of deep-seated problems. My position is now being reacted against by all the law-and-order talk. But I believe that by my position and my conduct in office, I educated a lot of people to accept my point of view. Our business community and our leadership generally feel now that the community can deal with its problems if it rouses itself to do it.

Two, the creative and very extensive redevelopment work we've done in Minneapolis. That has been largely the work of our housing authority, the city planning commission, and I would say the city council credit, too. My critical function was to be an unflagging supporter of redevelopment, renewal, rehabilitation, and public housing. This pressure has made it difficult for the city council to react to neighborhood pressures, which have been to be against redevelopment.

Three, and this is probably the most controversial, I have been outspoken in supporting moves like metropolitan government.

ould you describe the problems that con-
cities now?

a long, long list. Everybody knows them.
ysical side, you name it: transportation,
sposal, airports, housing. In some respects
problems aren't more obvious, but they
ominous. Discrimination and poverty, in-
alienation. Modern life is in many ways
tory and oppressive. From my experience,
ple—not all of them, but so many black
eel oppressed in our society. And they are
l. Many of our young people feel op-
black young people feel doubly oppressed.
nd sensitive people feel oppressed by the
congestion, the noise, the emptiness, the
sm—so many things that only bewilder us.
people often feel oppressed, feel that they've
l and are being discarded. The manifesta-
is whole sense of oppression takes patho-
forms: divorce, alcoholism, drugs, insecur-
ad m.

e in a time of profound revolution. We
lerstand very clearly what these pressures
ating, and they worry us; they frighten us:
bviously creating magnificent new oppor-
that we don't quite know how to utilize.
ed by our myths and prejudices and our
t of the past. We're terrified by the destruc-
tional and by the *actual* destruction that's
ace. Only against this background can one
it racial disturbances, law and order, the
of youth, the problems of cities. I regard
what I see as obscene. I regard the Con-
n *retreat*. I don't think Congress and Presi-
on have an awareness of the real depth of
rbance that is going on in this country and
rld.

may reflect the retreat of the public. But
ism of the President is very severe, be-
lon't think anybody ought to aspire to be
t unless he has an awareness of the char-
his enormous transition and is prepared to
the full resources of the nation. What we
ead is business as usual: wait until the war
am is over; wait until we've gone to the
Mars, to where not; wait until we've given
duction to the middle class and the upper
ait, wait, wait, wait, wait. And then this
rying to use the states—this new federalism
junk, really. There's no other way to de-

naction is all because it's supposed to be
y hep to do what the American people
ere's *never* been a time when leadership
e challenged the way it ought to be now.
ught to be talking like I'm talking, saying
merican people that we've got to massively
the resources we need for a public school
for higher education, for distributing in-
we *really* destroy poverty. We don't have to
years to destroy poverty; we can do it in a
two. There'd be some waste in it; maybe
ondoggling. Maybe some scoundrels would
y with a little more than they should. So

what? American businessmen have been doing that
for two hundred years.

The cities are immobilized. That's the key: the
city. You can't escape in the city. But the city can't
act, either.

We have to do two things. We've got to have a
reassumption on the part of the national govern-
ment of its responsibility. We have to have national
programs, and we have to have massive national
commitments. Second, we've got to do something
about the fragmentation at the local level. The de-
fault there has got to be ended by reconstituting
local governments in a naturally organic way. That
means, to begin with, that we should take the 212
Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas in this
country, the SMSAs, and reconstitute them into
viable governments. We don't need four hundred
units of government in this metropolitan area of 1.8
million people. We ought to reduce them to one
effective government and permit it to use proper
computers, all the modern instruments of tech-
nology.

*Would the public ever accept metropolitan gov-
ernment?*

In time they will, just as they have begun to here
with the Metropolitan Council. If the President of
the United States were to talk in these terms, to say
that we've got to begin *now*, it would help.

Would the voters approve it?

It might be one of the worst donnybrooks you
ever saw. But it would be a donnybrook worth hav-
ing. All we have now is paralysis. Some people in
the suburban communities think they've got an ad-
vantage. They think they don't have any poor
people, which is true in some cases. They figure
they've got their petty little operation and that



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they can have their own restrictive zoning patterns; they figure they know the cop on the corner and if they get drunk they don't have to be worried about being clapped into jail in downtown Minneapolis. They figure they're going to *hide* from the rest of the city. I think it would liberate all our communities if we had one metropolitan government.

If this happened, would the logical central point for a metropolitan government be the office of mayor?

Yes. I'm what I sometimes call a "structuralist." I have confidence that if the system is properly organized, a lot of things are going to happen. If you get a good structure—and that structure ought to be metropolitan, organic, regionwide—it ought to be presided over by a chief executive. And that chief executive ought to be the mayor. The structure itself will generate its own momentum. It will even push a weak mayor in the right direction. And if the structure is properly developed, it's going to attract leaders of quality to it. Why should anybody want to be mayor of a city today, when it's so paralyzed? It isn't because people don't want to work hard at these problems. It's just that they can take only so much frustration.

What will happen to the cities if none of this is done?

What I see happening is the continued deterioration of our physical environment. I don't see anything reversing it. We *could* reverse it pretty easily. It's a matter of having the public will to do it. But our problems are going to get worse and worse, and more and more wealthy people will retreat from the urban centers. It's going to become more and more expensive to build the island in the city, the luxury skyscraper. It almost looks like a garrison already—uniformed men outside, patrolling with guns, padlocks on every door. The inner city is going to become more riddled with difficulties. The suburban rings are going to become more defensive and protective. Industry is going to become more decentralized, creating complications in transportation. And we'll see further fragmentation. And I suppose, then, by and by, when we seem to be almost at the breaking point, maybe we'll undertake some massive programs.

Socially, the situation is even more ominous. The lower one-fifth of the population is going to continue from bad to worse. And the rest of us are going to rationalize that this problem isn't as bad as everybody makes it out to be. But I see nothing that's even answering the problem of *starvation*, much less the other problems.

Is the public at this point ready to do anything massive?

There's no *leadership* asking them to do it. We're blinded; we're so caught up, the 70, 80 per cent, the affluent, in enjoying all the wonders of this great wonderland that we really don't see the poor. Black people are still invisible for most Americans. It's so very difficult for most people to really understand what it's like to be black. Just as it's difficult for a well person to understand what it's like to be handi-

capped. And just as it's so hard for the married mother of five who's made it through to understand why that woman who's should have an illegitimate child and who's run out by a night-rider; *offended*.

There are disjunctions in this society hung up; all kinds of people are just hung up going to remain hung up until there be channeled into the national dialogue, the White House, and permeating the country such as those we've been talking about.

This is my big disappointment with Nixon. He has succeeded in getting little into the margin of the problem. And I figure little defeat. And then people like James R. protecting his news sources, I suppose, are getting ready to take over for Teddy White, protecting himself by writing all those nice things about Nixon.

And it's just—

[Here the former mayor paused, trying find right word. He tried a couple, but rejected them cause they were too emotional.]

—and it's just not even a start.

Lee of New Haven

[On July 7, Richard C. Lee, who had been mayor of New Haven since 1953, surprised people by announcing he would not run for another term. "Sixteen years covers portions of the span of life of four Presidents of the United States," and in Connecticut of three governors; and it has taken me from the age of thirty-seven to forty-five and fifty-three."

[In his sixteen years, Lee and his city have had tremendous influence on the national government's relationships with the cities. Many programs started in New Haven which later became national, Lee was always in Washington with a bushel basket, as the saying went, in which to take the new federal money home. Willard W. he was Secretary of Labor, called New Haven his greatest success story in the history of the city. Robert C. Weaver, when he was Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, said it was the closest to our dream of a slumless city. As slums were being eradicated, they were being replaced with imaginative, sometimes exciting architecture—a parking garage by Paul Rudolph and Eero Saarinen and Philip Johnson.

[Using flattery and artists' conceptions of what the housing would look like after it had been cleaned up, the city talked residents of Wooster Square of the older but nicer neighborhoods, into voluntary rehabilitation. Public housing of the traditional type obviously was not acceptable to many citizens. Lee concentrated on scattered-site and cooperative housing for low- and middle-income families. He had a lot of help: Edward Logue, who later

nd then to New York State, was his re-
nt czar. Before the rest of the nation had
think seriously about physical renewal,
of New Haven was in the hands of the re-
s and Lee, with the help of the Ford Foun-
as running a pilot program in human
alled Community Progress, Incorporated
nner of the Office of Economic Opportu-
hell Sviridoff, a labor official, was chosen
at program. Later he went to New York
on to Ford.

Week after the Detroit riot in 1967, New
d its violence. Many interpretations were
he one that seemed closest to the truth
while the city's ambitious programs had
in raising the expectations of the poor
black, those citizens had not adequately
rporated into the planning and execution
ograms.

is day in the summer of 1969, sometime
had announced his retirement, the Knights
bus were in town, holding their conven-
Lee was participating in the ceremonies,
the dedication of the new Knights of
Supreme Office Building. The building—
sive concrete towers, 320 feet tall, con-
y planes that formed the floors, and
in glass—boggled the imagination. It was
by Kevin Roche-John Dinkeloo and Asso-
e obviously was excited and proud, and as
at the dedication he slipped into an Irish
at is not present in his normal conversa-
building seemed to be some sort of a me-
his years as mayor. Later, Lee relaxed in
n the seventeenth floor of the Park Plaza
hich was built as another part of his am-
owntown-renewal program—and he talked
s administration. From time to time he
out the picture window at the K of C build-
it a skeleton of concrete and wooden forms
taking shape beside it. The skeleton would
coliseum.]

city be governed these days under the tra-
democratic system?

k so. It all depends on the quality of the
es who stand for office under the two-party
a. You can't have 1928 candidates running
60s. You can't have 1928 philosophies bur-
andidates now. There are too many people
o still feel that a city should be run in ways
appily, have long since disappeared—the
a city as a source of jobs for friends and
e for the faithful, and a mayor who has no
nding or concept of the social ills of the
e mayor is perhaps the most important
cial force for good or evil in America to-

happens when you get a mayor who is at-
all this?

gnized a long time ago the social evils of
nd the tragedy is that, like a voice crying in
erness, or the man who cries out too often,

"Help, help," when finally the day of atonement
arrives, no one pays any attention. When I reached
my tenth anniversary in this office, I guess, I began
to realize that people just weren't paying attention.

*You and New Haven have been credited with ini-
tiating a lot of programs and efforts that have been
tried on a national scale—*

Like riots.

—Yes, but yours came late in the summer of 1967,
so you were behind a lot of cities. Have you found
out which of your programs work, and which don't?

The important thing now is neighborhood and
community participation. People become involved
in planning their own destiny and working out their
own problems, neighborhood by neighborhood, and
this can be the most exciting and perhaps the most
rewarding of all. We did do this in the beginning,
back in 1957 and '58. We were trying to instill into
this somnolent public of ours the idea that they
should get in and take an oar and help paddle the
canoe. But the motion was not real: the motion was
all mine, running all over the city. We would get
these crowds of people out and I would exhort them,
and they would applaud and smile and we would
have coffee and cake and I'd pass out certificates,
but there was not as much involvement as I thought,
not as much as I wanted, not as much as was neces-
sary.

*If real involvement occurs, doesn't that mean that
those who are involved are going to become a political
force, a force that might become a threat to you?*

I think a person like me can adapt.

*Some of your critics are black militants, or mem-
bers of the white radical community. Are they any
real threat to you, or to the traditional way of elect-
ing mayors?*

Ah, the Radical Left. The reformers don't have
staying power. The two-party system is going to
continue, and those who try to bring it down will be
unsuccessful, because the country is built on it, and
those who are trying to bring it down will be ab-
sorbed into it, and some will stand for election
under it.

*What do you know about changing a city that
you didn't know sixteen years ago?*

When I first began, I thought of changing the city
in terms of brick and mortar and steel and concrete.
I learned that a city is far more basic. It's people
first. I found, as I really dug into it, for instance,
that this nonsense of high-rise public housing for
low-income families, without social services, is hog-
wash. We need scattered-site, low-income public
housing. We need rent-certificate public housing,
where people can literally fade into the woodwork
and not have anybody recognize that they are low-
income families. We need all kinds of special pro-
grams aimed at the low-income family, or the mar-
ginal-income family, or the family with social
problems. The problem of physically restoring a
city is almost secondary.

And we have to lure back the middle class. We've
tried to make living in the inner city attractive to
the higher-income whites and the whites who could
provide leadership, many of whom have fled be-

"Willard Wirtz
called New
Haven 'the
greatest success
story in the
history of the
world.' "

Fred Powledge THE FLIGHT FROM CITY HALL

cause they simply wanted suburban living, or because they didn't want to live in a city whose population was increasingly black, or whatever. We have to have a balanced city.

You once said, "The question is, where are the cities going? And nobody has that answer." Do you have even a tentative answer?

We haven't any choice but to fight for their survival and for improvement in the lives of their people, because the cities are the bastions of civilization. They're the great centers of all our resources, financial and intellectual and cultural and traditional. Sure, they're in trouble; and sure, we despair. But we have it in our capacity as a nation not only to solve the problems of the people, but to rebuild our cities and finally to make them more beautiful.

Could the election of a "law-and-order" candidate stop the momentum you've started?

No. He might slow it down.

You've said that few other mayors have served as long as you. What about those mayors, such as William Hartsfield, who preceded Ivan Allen in Atlanta, who served almost quarter-centuries in office?

Those were different years, and this is a different world. In those years, all you had to do was economize, keep the peace, and maintain the status quo. In 1969 it's a totally different ball game than it was in 1960, and this decade has probably been the most trying decade for mayors in America.

The war in Vietnam, we've been told, is going to draw to a close. The President has said troops are coming home. Well, let's hope that some of those thirty billion dollars which are now being poured every year into Vietnam can be rechanneled into the cities.

*Do you really think the Vietnam money will be diverted to the cities?**

I don't know what they're going to do. I don't have a crystal ball. But let me put it this way: they had just better do it, because these problems are so

pressing, so urgent. Even the states have recognized more than ever before that the city is a corporate entity, and they'd better begin to pay attention to them. Because all the problems of the state in America are inevitably bound up in the cities. And this is the story of my life. I've been saying it so long.

Should we consider such cities as New York as beyond salvation, and concentrate on density programs and smaller-scale efforts in the suburbs, such as New Haven, where success is more likely?

I don't think you should forget New York. You can't afford to forget the big cities. Inevitably they're the magnets which attract the numbers of people from poverty-stricken areas. The slogan now is: "Is New York governable?" I agree with John Lindsay when he says, "If it is governable." Because we haven't tried to make it work. We've begun to cope with the problems of the cities. We've uncovered some problems we didn't know existed. We've been out over the land, of some of the most colossal failures in our programs. But as we approach the end, I have optimism about the future simply because America has no choice but to be optimistic.

As for what will and won't work: we've only been able to make our programs work in smaller cities on a limited scale. The New Haven Square program is rehabilitation in its first year, but we haven't been able to apply that all over the city. All kinds of bureaucratic red tape and inefficiency in administrative leadership have created problems. The result is that we haven't been able to do what we should. And if we are not able to do that in a city that is much more easily controlled, I don't know how you can begin to apply the lessons to New York. New York is eight million people. New Haven is 145,000 people. New York is something like 600,000. Detroit is close to a million. Chicago. But one thing we all have in common is that they all have neighborhoods. Perhaps the way to make progress is on a neighborhood basis.

We developed a theme called "community involvement" until we, like all American cities, came caught up in a militancy which almost, but not quite—sidetracked our goal of trying to build and restore and rehabilitate. And by sidetracking, I mean we got to the point where the leadership of these neighborhoods felt it was more important to take over programs, almost, than it was to improve programs.

Was that sidetracking perhaps necessary?

I think it was, and I think it is. Because it really was, and is, is a development of leadership from an area and a group which never had leadership before, and where you previously simply appointed the leadership by anointing people to be the leaders.

Co-opting them?

*Shortly after this interview was conducted, the Administration started saying that the diversion of money was minimal.



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ing them. Some people called them Judas
other people called them Uncle Toms.
*job of mayor set up in the most efficient
ould it be changed?*

European countries, and in London and
the mayor is purely a ceremonial creature,
ties and towns are run by business types.
rs wear a badge or something or other
eir necks, but the real work is not done by
. In America, in New Haven as well as
and Boston, the mayor does everything
ep the kitchen floor.

I not change this except in this way: no
successful corporation thrives without prop-
ion of responsibilities. There is a corpora-
you have an executive vice president, and
n of the board, and a president, and there
resident for planning, and a vice president
istration, and so on. Yet under the Ameri-
n, we're not allowed—simply by public
o have deputy mayors, because we would
d of padding the nest. If we don't give the
is mayor some flexibility in the operation
em which runs the cities—if we don't give
flexibility—the cities are going to be in
ou've got to have today a vice mayor for
ou've got to have a vice mayor for *opera-*
e mayor for *planning*. Yet none of these
ilt into anyone's budget, simply because
st people don't recognize the need, or bet-
t mayors dare not bring it up.

really what any mayor needs. Staff recom-
ns should be blended so that the mayor is
with a program that's comprehensive
operate the city on a day-to-day basis, but
can plan in a very sound way for the city,
beyond the decade, beyond the operation
e man's term in office, but literally almost
ne balance of this century!

you do it all over again?
would. Yes, I would. [He laughed, long
.] I was just thinking of those lines from
Connor's wonderful book. *The Last Hur-*
remember that? The old man, Frank
on, the Irish politician, had expired, to all
d purposes, and this hypocrite—this monu-
aud—looked down on the man whose life
rently ebbed, and he said, "Well, no matter
e of us may have thought in the past, it's
nt now. And I think we can say this: That
what he knows now, if he had it all to do
in, there's not the slightest doubt but that
all very, very differently."

uddenly this old man, Frank Skeffington,
arently was dead, rose up and he looked
raud in the eye and he says, "*The hell I*
... "*The hell I would!*" Oh, what a line!

ek later, Lee attended the meeting of the
tic Town Committee, a meeting at which
s nominee for mayor would be picked. Lee
eynote speaker. It would be, he said before-
ostalgic speech. But when he got inside he
row away most of the speech. Crowds of

angry people—some of them partisans of candidates
who stood no chance of getting the nomination,
some of them angry at the party, some of them
angry at Lee, booed and shouted at him and at al-
most everyone else who dared to step to the rostrum.

[At one point a group of angry young people,
most of them black, formed at the end of the plat-
form, shouting, "The people want to be heard!"
They said they wanted to address the delegates on
the subject of housing-code enforcement, and espe-
cially on the issue of lead-paint poisoning, which is
a serious problem in New Haven's remaining slum
areas. A black police inspector held them off. A
television crew turned on its lights. The crowd,
which had been only yelling before, started waving
clenched fists. The television lights went out, and the
fist-waving stopped. A little later two persons had
been arrested, and Mace had been used, and by the
time the meeting was over there was an almost solid
wall of policemen between the officials and the
crowd.

[Lee had left quickly after delivering his speech.
On his way back to his limousine, he was asked if
he had been worried, or disappointed, or angry, at
the reception. He said he had been none of those.
He smiled. "I can adapt," he said.]

Allen of Atlanta

[The symbol of Atlanta is a phoenix, the Egyptian
firebird which was said to live for five hundred
years, to be consumed by fire, and then to rise again
from its own ashes. The phoenix got on the official
shield of the City of Atlanta because General Sher-
man burned the city down one time. Much of the
city's history since then is explained among Atlan-
tans by good things issuing from tragedy. Integra-
tion, some of them think, was a tragedy of sorts;
out of it Atlanta has emerged as the leading city
of the South.

[Ivan Allen, Jr., a stationer who became mayor of
Atlanta in 1962—defeating, among other candi-
dates, the chicken fancier who was later to become
governor of Georgia, Lester Maddox—keeps a
wooden phoenix on a shelf in his office. There is also
a gold Coca-Cola bottle, which represents the other
big part of Atlanta's history.

[People could stop drinking Coke and Atlanta
would not collapse, although a lot of citizens would
wonder what to have for breakfast. But the phoenix
remains vital. There is in Atlanta an emotion that
is not found in many other American cities—a feel-
ing of deep and simultaneous involvement with the
past and the future. Guilt has something to do with
it. Desegregation, for some white Atlantans, was
almost a religious act. They learned something from
it. They *wanted* and *planned* to learn something
from it, and they would have been disappointed if
they hadn't. (See how Mayor Allen uses the word
"agony" below.)

The hotels desegregated with great anguish and
secrecy and fear on the part of the innkeepers, who
believed that nobody would stay there any more.

"People could
stop drinking
Coke and Atlanta
would not col-
lapse, although
a lot of citizens
would wonder
what to have for
breakfast."

Fred Powledge
THE FLIGHT
FROM
CITY HALL

Now you can fight to pay \$27 a night for a hotel room that is reached by glass bubbles gliding up through a courtyard in a hotel topped by a giant revolving barroom that looks like a flying saucer.

[I had lived in Atlanta back during the early sixties, and had watched the black students from Spelman and Morehouse and Atlanta University sitting in the hotel lobbies with tiny suitcases, trying to get themselves registered. When I showed up not long ago to claim my reservation at the fancy hotel with the bubbles and the flying saucer, my room was not available. The hotel had overbooked because of the convention of the Negro funeral directors' and morticians' association.

[Near the phoenix and the Coke bottle in Ivan Allen's office are symbols of the city's present: thirty-eight silver-plated shovels and two gold-plated ones. Each silver shovel represents a construction project under way in the city whose cost, according to its building permit, will exceed one million dollars. Gold represents ten million. The mayor presents the shovel to the builder upon the completion of the job, along with a tax bill.

[And there are footballs and baseballs on the mayor's shelves, representing the city's entrance into major-league sports. "We built a stadium," Allen says, "on ground we didn't own with money we didn't have for a team we hadn't signed." Atlanta is audacious, but, unlike Dallas, it is not audacious in a right-wing way.

[Ivan Allen, aided no doubt by audacity and phoenixes, went before the Senate Commerce Committee in 1963 and testified in favor of the public-accommodations section of the civil-rights bill then before Congress; this surprised many people. In 1965 he as much as anyone else was responsible for the dinner that was held in Atlanta in honor of Martin Luther King's winning the Nobel Prize. In 1966, when violence struck in Atlanta, Allen walked through the middle of the riot and thought, for a few moments before he keeled over, that because he was on the right side the tear gas wouldn't bother him. Last January he announced he would not run for reelection, and the Rotarians who heard him make the announcement shouted, "No! No!"]

Why did you decide not to run again?

I came into City Hall in middle age. My responsibilities were to project a major program of development for the city. And even larger than that—although I don't think we fully recognized it—I had the responsibility, being in a position of leadership, to bring about social changes. This has been accomplished in Atlanta. It has not been completed. But the major racial change is well on the road, and I've basically completed the program I came into office for. We've accomplished everything except rapid transit, and we've brought that as far as the people were willing to let us go with it.

I've served for eight years. I've been subjected to constant confrontation. I feel that I've done my job, and the time has come for me to think about myself a little. I don't think that I'm physically able to go

on forever in a job like this, and after that it's time for me to step down.

What satisfactions have you gotten out of the job?

By far the greatest satisfaction any of my life is the opportunity of doing something for people—particularly the underdog. And that by far the most satisfactory product of eight years has been the opportunity to take on the civil-rights issue and to be able to see the material accomplishments and the expansion of the rights of the Negro citizen.

Do you think the job of mayor has changed in status or responsibility, in recent years?

It used to be a static job. This was before we started our big urban growth, and before the impact of the civil-rights crusade had hit. Former Mayors were more or less running an efficient operation that went through conventional channels to get things done. But suddenly we reached an era of demand that has required a building of the cities. At the same time there has been a shift in the population, and so in recent years urban centers for the first time in history have now having to furnish services to a large percentage of the population, basically Negro, which had had any real city services before.

You told the National Commission on the Problems that the big problem was the cities of people who were not prepared for living. Are you getting much help in coping with that problem?

No. Many cities, particularly Atlanta, are absolutely strapped by the limitations imposed by the corporate charter by the state legislature. We do not have the right to levy anything except the forms of taxation. And in today's increased market, with everything going up rapidly and the new demands for services for additional people who never received them before, we are simply confronted with financial problems that we are at the least capability of answering.

Governments never accept a problem in the way to pass it along to some other government. There's some way for the City of Atlanta to deal with the problem on Fulton County, you'll find that handled in that way. And vice versa. The state is able to bypass the racial issue, and to force the cities. The Negro and the poor were treated in rural areas that they have fled to the big America. The cities have no entrance requirements. We are inheriting thousands of people who simply not prepared to live in the urban centers.

This is really where the buck stops. There is no place to pass it any further. Being ignored by the states—and they're all involved, in the bitter racism—all we can do is turn to Washington.

How has that relationship turned out?

As far as Atlanta's concerned, it's been very productive, and it's provided the major catalyst for the growth and development of the city. We managed to get hundreds of millions of federal funds pumped in here to provide thousands of units of low-income public housing.

live great urban-renewal areas, and to re-areas of the city—and now the Model gram, and many secondary programs. It's still not enough. With the lack of re-m state and county governments, and the y of city financing—the federal money has self, been enough to take us entirely out ns.

ities are the focal point of society's prob- e focal point with the city the mayor?

yor happens to be the one public official idily available to all the people he repre- just a short spin down to City Hall. I'm z that all this is not good. But being in- these daily confrontations will upset any- mach after a period of time. You don't the middle of a race riot without losing a off your life. You don't meet unruly en- to your churches or anticipate take-overs ts of colleges, or go through a firemen's all the picketing and boycotting and dem- ts that have come out of the racial issue— Martin Luther King's funeral. Of course, in event of a magnitude that doesn't hap- thank goodness. It was the biggest event napped in Atlanta.

than Sherman's March?

Sherman's March look like a nickel. I yourself a liberal. Yet in 1953 you were saying, "Negroes have got to learn to e traditional rights of 'segregation,' and praising the county unit system [the in- evicive through which political power in as placed almost entirely in the hands of moribund counties and their small, mor- ivers]. How can you square that with being today?"

I was a segregationist in the Forties and early "You don't walk into the middle of a race riot without losing a few years off your life."

—Mayor Allen

I don't know that I ever *believed* in segregation so much as I *accepted* it as a way of life. I was never smart enough to see how things would ever be resolved. It was the same way with the county unit system: it was an accomplished fact, and I had to adapt myself to live with it if I ever wanted to move into politics. It was political suicide to say that you were opposed; no man could be elected who was opposed to the county unit system. This was one of the agonies we went through.

Some of those agonies occurred back when you were thinking of running for office. Your liberal education really started, didn't it, in the early Sixties when the sit-ins started in Atlanta, and when you were the president of the Chamber of Commerce?

That was probably the event that moved me toward being a candidate for mayor, and it might subsequently have had a great deal to do with my being elected. . . .

[The sit-ins in Atlanta started in 1960 and went through the spring of 1961. Manned by students from the Atlanta University Center and with the eventual leadership and help of Dr. King, the demonstrations threw white Atlanta businessmen into the sort of misery businessmen can feel. Money was being lost; the city, which had long prided itself on



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being better than Birmingham, was having severe image problems. Allen had just been elected president of the Chamber, and the city's leaders asked him, with the help of a white lawyer, Robert Troutman, and a black lawyer and leader, A.T. Walden, to try to work out a solution.]

... They told me that I had a responsibility, as president of the Chamber, to furnish the leadership. Well, you really don't know how to do these things. There was no experience in it, there were no textbooks, there were violent feelings on both sides, and we sat down, the three of us, and began to discuss the problem. We got the promise of cooperation from the press. Then Robert Troutman and I went before the white business community. They said in so many words, "For God's sake, see if you can settle the issue. Go ahead, take the necessary action, tell us what you want us to do, and we'll back you up." Businessmen understand that you send a man to do a man's job and you don't treat him like a boy when he comes back with a solution that doesn't 100 per cent suit you.

It was an entirely different question with the Negro community. There were things involved which we didn't understand. The Negro citizen here had never had the opportunity of making decisions, and he suddenly found himself confronted with decisions that were momentous. He wasn't accustomed to meeting with the white man in a relationship that provided for equal treatment. He didn't understand the integrity of the business community. He questioned any agreement. And all of this was reasonable, for the white South had never done anything for him. He had long negotiations with the

Negro leaders. We learned some interesting things. When you went to a meeting in the white community and you had twenty-five people there, the first man up provided the right solution and the right answer, everybody else voted aye. The meeting was over and you went home. The lack of participation in decision-making was vivid in the Negro community. The first man up, A.T. Walden, would state their position, and then he would be the position, but everyone had to make a decision on his reasons for supporting it. So what was a minute decision among the whites was a traumatic trauma in the Negro community. But all this had to be learned. . . .

[After months of negotiation, Allen and others worked out a settlement: the store would desegregate shortly after the schools opened, and token desegregation, the following fall. This date angered some of the younger Negroes. King was to play an important role in resolving the movement. Ivan Allen was being mentioned as a potential candidate for mayor, to replace the retiring William B. Hartsfield. The stationer who had accommodated himself to segregation and the county unit system had become a liberal man.]

... I was beginning to understand and appreciate the great indignity and indecency that had been heaped upon the Negro people by the segregation system. This was something that we had never fully understood, because we had never tried to understand it. And this was my first real introduction to it.

How much effect does the existence of the black and liberal white voters have on a city's life?

There's no question that the tendency of the Board of Aldermen of Atlanta to enact fair legislation, and not to discriminate against the Negro community, and the conduct of the mayor's office, protected by the strong voice of the Negro community here. You just don't go out and alienate 40 per cent of the vote by misusing your position.

You don't aspire to any other political office?

No. If I had been ambitious to run for the mayor or for governor I would not have taken some of the positions I have.

If I ran for governor, the issue wouldn't be the fact that Atlanta's the most successful, prosperous, biggest part of Georgia. There would be just the issue, and that would be *nigger* and Martin Luther King. They would absolutely whip me to death every time I got up before a crowd in rural Georgia. I had to face this in the beginning and put away any political ambitions I might have had. I had time to do my job properly here. I think the correct thing I ever did was to testify on behalf of the public-accommodations act. And I did this with the full knowledge that that ended my career as mayor of Atlanta. Both the white and the Negro communities told me this. It didn't turn out that way. But no person in political office with any political ambitions is going to take that kind of chance.



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about "community participation"? Did the sentiment of the electorate in Atlanta make it you to guarantee citizen participation in renewal and antipoverty efforts?

luent white community in our cities has own how to communicate with City Hall. ing done what needed to be done came ough a very orderly process of appearing per committee meetings. They were the their voice *was* heard; and this pattern ally established all over the nation, and it e acceptable pattern of government back ic days of the cities.

he advent of television and the civil-rights , all of a sudden the desire arose for ood meetings, because this section of d not know how to get to City Hall, did voice in it. Among other things, its work- prevented its being there. We started ood participation—basically as sound a exists—to bring the underprivileged into nt and to create a stable society, which is re *working* for. But though in theory this f participation is excellent, developing it is tony. It's like a child with a quart of ice he likes the ice cream, he's going to eat of it. When you start involving the poor eighborhoods, you build up more liabili- use you've answered only a small part of m. You open up a Pandora's box. the solution for that?

aining as a businessman helped you dur- it-in negotiations. Has it helped you as

s both ways. In some fields it's helpful; in ative techniques, delegating authority, eople responsible for their accomplish- t there are other business practices which ork in government. In business you can agmatic decision based on the facts and mplement it the next day. This is not nec- ue in government because the power of nt goes down to the people themselves. A ect may come up, and it may be perfectly ut you cannot successfully implement it rst having sold it at a public level. And frequently makes emotional decisions. an excellent example of that. I once had a f a huge grant from a private foundation. ted to give the city about \$9 million to eat cultural center in Piedmont Park. It yonymous gift, and I could not disclose giving it to the city. I thought we should ecessary bond issue to provide the match- . I never conceived there could be any . What I didn't understand was that the esn't fully understand philanthropy; I explain it to them, and we lost the bond e issue was defeated because of a rumor as Negro money being given to the city te the parks. The parks were already inte- d, besides, anyone should know that the munity, even in Atlanta, didn't have this

kind of money. The project lost because of the racial issue. So it was the same old thing: in the South, we've never been able to make realistic decisions without being warped to some extent by the racial issue.

It doesn't matter whether it's economic, or social, or educational, or financial, or political. *All of our decisions for a hundred years have been warped by the underlying background of depriving the Negro of his equal rights.* And until we get past this stage, until we accept the Negro as a full American citizen, which he is going to be—until we reach that point, we're not going to be able to make intelligent decisions in the South.

Cavanagh of Detroit

[Mayor Jerome Cavanagh skimmed once again the brief welcoming speech he was to deliver to the AMVETS at their national convention, alighted from his limousine, and walked into the Sheraton-Cadillac. A few passersby said hello, but mostly they just stared politely. He was a celebrity to them, someone they see on television like Ed McMahon and the fellow who sells orange juice. He mounted the escalator that rose to the lobby, and greeted two men who had boarded the down escalator. "Hello, Mayor," one of them said with a smile. Cavanagh ascended to the lobby and the two descended to the street level. One of them said to the other, "He's a nice fellow. isn't he?"

["Yes, he sure is. It's too bad. He's had his share of troubles."

["Yeah, he sure has. And that's too bad, because he was such a *nice* guy, wasn't he?"

[If Jerome Cavanagh had heard that exchange, he might have objected to the past tense. He believes he may someday serve again as a governor or Senator. But there are difficulties in being a prodigy. A lawyer with no record in elective politics, Cavanagh became mayor in 1961 at the age of thirty-three, and became known as the "boy mayor." Now he is forty-one and people, naturally, call him the "aging boy mayor."

[Cavanagh is one of the most articulate of the big-city mayors. His description of the urban crisis is one of his greatest contributions, along with the more ordinary accomplishments of renewal, fiscal overhaul, and the liberation of money from Washington. He is also probably one of the most candid and open of the mayors: "He does not hide his emotions," the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* once observed. This tendency to be frank is unusual in a politician, and it leaves him wide open to shade-tree psychoanalysis. One writer said Cavanagh "hides" behind dark glasses when he is out on the street. "It's as if the intensity of the sun had nothing to do with it," the mayor said. His openness, along with several well-publicized setbacks in his personal life and the devastating Detroit riot of 1967 in which forty-three persons died, made Jerome Cavanagh more a sympathetic figure than a target in the months following his announcement that he would

not run again. It has been said that assassination threats against him have fallen off sharply since the announcement.

[Big, pleasant-faced, looking like an intelligent football tackle, he occupies an office high above the Detroit River. On his desk are the *Holy Bible*, two volumes of the *Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas*, Eric Goldman's *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, and Rod McKuen's *Lonesome Cities*.]

What has happened to the job of mayor in recent years?

It's increased in both importance and in status. Politically it's been called a dead end. If that's true, it's because of a number of factors. One is the impossibility of fulfilling the expectations that people have of the job. Just about all of our major present-day problems are centered in the mayor's office. The mayors have contributed, I think, to a very sharp definition of the problems that face the country. And in most instances they have also identified many of the solutions. But they don't have the resources to put the two together. This frustrates a mayor who is extremely active within his job, and at the same time contributes to the discontent generated by his holding office.

Are the mayors getting any help from the states?

The governors have become forgotten people, particularly under the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. They haven't really faced up to the problems that affect their states. They're what I call the "silent spectators" of the plight of people who live in urban areas. As inadequate as the federal-city programs have been, those that have bypassed the states have had a far greater impact upon the lives of people in the cities than the programs that have filtered down from federal to state and then down to the city. The manpower programs are a classic example of this. It's not just the inefficiency and the waste of money, but the fact that they haven't really made a dent in the lives of the people that the programs were designed to help. One of the reasons for that is the old-line bureaucratic structure of the state employment services and their counterparts in the Department of Labor. They really don't know the gut problems down on the streets of a ghetto, or the problems of identifying, first, the people who need employment—which sounds easy but isn't—and then developing programs that not only provide job opportunities but also offer some hope and dignity.

The mayors, their status or prestige, increased immeasurably in the past seven or eight years. Under the Nixon Administration, however, it's a completely different bag. Vice President Agnew, who is supposed to be the liaison between the national government and the cities and the states, had admitted this in an article in *Fortune*. I asked him about this at the U. S. Conference of Mayors. He said it's very simple. He said the governors in the main are Republican and the mayors of the big cities are Democrats, and that the Administration was going to put the money through the governors.

He said that state government was just as important an institution to bypass. And in that I would agree. But the problems are so great in the cities that we can't afford to wage a long job training course for state government over the next five or ten years and hope they'll begin to alleviate the desperation of the situation inside the cities. The state people are going through a similar process. The mayors went through ten years ago. They're still mainly in rhetoric. In the early Sixties, they were involved with all sorts of flourishing rhetoric, too, but they soon discovered that rhetoric doesn't pay off. Out there in the streets you have to try and produce other things.

How have the mayors managed to rise to the level of importance?

In my own instance, I had never been interested before. I had never run for any office. I had been interested, but I was a lawyer practicing in this city, in '61, like just about every other lawyer in America, we were sort of drifting along in the Eisenhower years, economically in backwash. There was a lot of volatility in the city. There were no candidates who were—I thought—taking themselves to the real problems of the city and the incumbent mayor looked as if he was going to win in a breeze. That was one of the reasons I decided to run.

Well, with that came the Kennedy Administration. Now, the Kennedy Administration realized that the votes were located in the major cities. In the 1960 election they concentrated on the cities. So whoever was the political head of the city occupied a little more important position nationally.

You had the interest of the officials in Washington. You had the problems locally that were coming to surface, and then you had new metropolitan cities who decided to try and do something about them. A lot of the federal programs then were the products of some of these new mayors, and they were in the mayors' offices, including my own.

I could identify a whole series of programs that we helped to shape in terms of legislation. We had a very receptive Administration in Washington. One that was looking for programs that would make them look good. People used to say, "What's the trick? How do you get all that federal money?" Well, what we used to do is come up with a program, take it to Washington, sell it to the Administration, and at the same time have a stack of applications ready on their desk for the moment the legislation was passed. The idea was to get there first. That was the mostest. Dick Lee and I used to have fun to see who was going to get to Washington first.

[Cavanagh was active in getting the Accelerated Public Works Act through, and was on his way when President Kennedy signed it into law and named an administrator to run it. The official was perplexed about formulating rules and regulations by which to administer the act, so Cavanagh suggested he would try to draft some guidelines. He went home to Detroit on Friday and worked on his staff all weekend.]

Monday morning I went to Washington
les and regulations—the *suggested* rules
ions—and, at the same time, a big batch
ions. All the work was done for the peo-
hington, so they adopted practically all
nd at the same time they started to hand
They wanted the act to get moving; they
d the money in a year; they wanted to
progress in these cities. And where else
in Detroit, which was all geared up and
o? We got \$40 million under that act,
k there was only \$150 million or \$200
the whole country. The Kennedy Admin-
recognized not only the socially redemp-
of the programs but also the obvious
due.

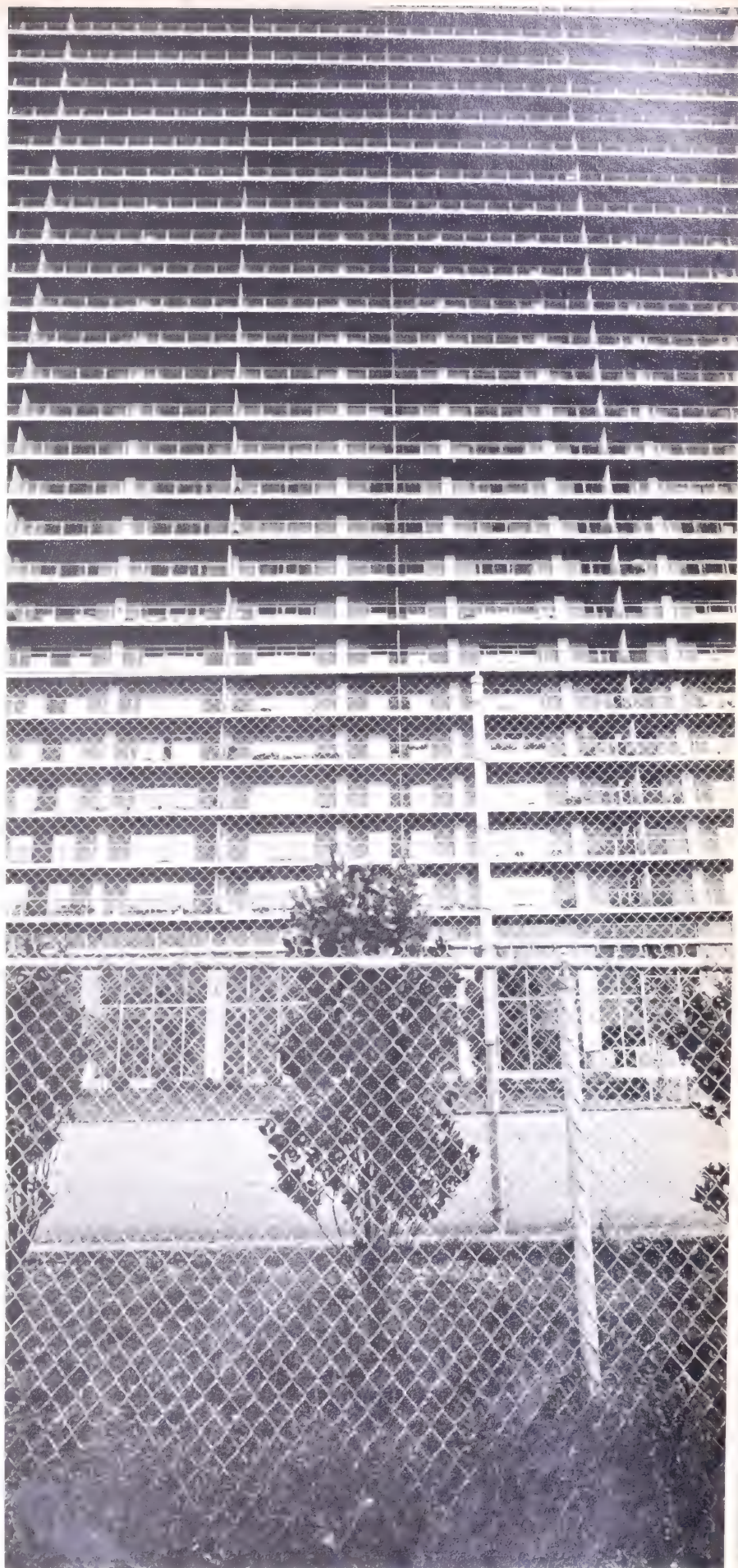
*u've described is a very sophisticated use
Mayors have only started to use that
recent years, haven't they?*

as no place really to use it before. The
or the last twenty years have been some-
or than the city. They were at the state or
vel. It wasn't until the early Sixties that
s discovered that they finally had a place
ot some of this money. So they bypassed
And it was really the first time that there
ch help for the cities, other than local tax-
ch the mayors were just swimming up-
So it is little wonder that the mayors
ngly about maintaining directly the one
p that has provided them with at least
ef.

the cities know as well as, if not better,
ne else how best to spend the money.
y "the cities," I'm not just talking about
There's a great added dimension today
s that forms, either legally or extralegally,
e whole picture of local government, and
tizen participation." Some of the mayors
rn it the hard way, but learn it they did.
ould you define citizen participation?

it as a concept of shared power, in that
uld be able to control their own neighbor-
rticularly the poor neighborhoods. The
neighborhoods have been doing it for
ey didn't *call* it "maximum feasible par-
" or "citizen participation," but that was
as. The response of local city government
s been extraordinarily good to high-tax-
ll-white neighborhoods, to homeowners'
at were organized and wanted streets re-
nd trees removed or planted, and parks
n everybody suddenly got very concerned
maximum feasible participation" when
d poor people started to say *they* wanted
their own destiny, and in identifying what
ed and felt they needed in their particular
ies.

linsky was organizing a neighborhood
e a couple of years ago, and I invited him
e office. Alinsky said to me, "I was told by
r people not to come down to see you be-
r an hour or two down here you'd have me
ocket." Or something like that. He and I



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understood each other well. I said, "Flattery's going to get you no place, Saul." But he in effect said, "You know, you're killing us. I can't organize that neighborhood; every time somebody hollers, you're out in that neighborhood putting a park in," or something like that. And I said, "You're damn right. That's the way I survive. The way *you* survive is for me *not* to put a park in so you can organize the neighborhood against the so-called Establishment. That's *your* side of the street. I've got mine."^{*}

There are, though, certain rules that the game has to be played by. There has to be a clear understanding that the responsibility for administering the program is vested in the mayor. He can't abdicate that responsibility. I used to bother a lot of people when I said categorically that if there ever was an impasse, it would be resolved by my making a decision on it.

Was there any fundamental difference in quality between the programs that were planned by the communities themselves and the programs that were planned by the bureaucrats?

It is a fact that it's slower making a program visible out in the neighborhoods when you do it with the community. But there's a purpose, and a good and valid purpose, even in that. It upsets a lot of people in city government that a program stutters and stumbles out in a neighborhood for a couple of years while community boards argue and fight about commas and colons. It is a very frustrating thing, too, when you know the program's a good one. You know the neighborhood's going to benefit by it, and so on. You would like, at times, to go full speed ahead and put the park in, or whatever it might be. But local people, officials in government, mayors, and everybody else, just had to learn that it's not only the *program* that's important, but the involvement of the people in the neighborhood. And that is almost the most important thing.

Why did you decide not to run again?

My stated reasons were my real reasons, too. One, I wanted to devote more time to my children. I have a large family; the four oldest boys are in my custody, and the four youngest children are in my former wife's. That, coupled with the realization that after a while you get punchy on a job like this. I hate to use the sports analogy—most politicians *do* use it—but it's almost like a fighter who answers the bell, you know: in the first few rounds you're coming out, right off that stool, and then by the tenth or twelfth round you're just dragging off that stool. And you find yourself almost wishing the bell wouldn't ring, forcing you into the center of the ring.

There were days, sometimes even weeks in which that would happen in this job. And I stopped and talked to myself. The excitement of a campaign, a winning campaign, shouldn't be the reason why I would decide to run, as interesting as it is.

^{*}Alinsky remembers it a little differently. Advised of the mayor's recollection, the radical organizer said, "It was not anything even remotely along that line." Furthermore, he said, the poor people never did get control of their own programs.

But the question I had to answer to myself it was posed, interestingly enough, by Julius Stein (Julius C.C. Edelstein, now the vice-clerk for urban affairs at the City University of New York and former braintruster to Mayor Robert Wagner) one day during conversation a couple of years ago in New York. He said, "Do you really want to be mayor for the next four years? Do you want to sit in that job?" And I found that I had major reservations. And if I have major reservations about it, well, then, I shouldn't be elected, even if I win an election—and the polls showed I could win again, and I'm convinced that I could have, too.

You have spoken about the "renewal of the values of the city." Can you see some of the renewal?

Yes, I can. I can probably see better today the distance we have to travel than I did eight years ago, or five years ago, or four years ago. That great long distance to travel doesn't register. I haven't traveled at least part of the way. I've taken some first, and even some second, steps.

What frequently isn't understood by a lot of people is the complete disenchantment with the process and with the mechanics of city government on the part of the black community in this city before I took office, in 1961 and prior to that. This feeling that they were just not a part of the process that made decisions in this office had a very real effect, in the city.

And now, the Negro or black community is an integral part—and not just in numbers—even the alienation and polarization that subsequently has developed as a result of the riot and other things—is a very integral part of the decision-making process of this office today. And that's a sound like sort of a superficial thing, but, in the end, it's not.

What do you think is going to happen to the city?

If we continue to leave unattended, neglected, the problems of poverty and social and racial alienation and discrimination—and when I say "attended," I'm not trying to minimize all the things that have been done in the way of legislation—in my judgment, it's only nibbled at the periphery of the problem—if we continue that—then the problems are going to get worse. And even some of the institutions that people refuse to touch—some of the priorities, but particularly the institutions—are going to come tumbling down in a hard way.

It's a bad thing to contemplate. I don't like thinking about it. But I think it's almost inevitable. Either we can commit ourselves to change the institutions of our society that need to be changed, to make them—to use a term which I don't like—"relevant," to make them responsive, or we can sit back and try to defend them, and at the end of the time we know that eventually they are going to be toppled, because they will be attacked from the outside. There's no escape from a job like this. You can't turn the phones off. You can't turn the riots off. You can't turn the problems off.

Andrei Platonov

THE THIRD SON

A woman died in a provincial town. Her husband, a seventy-year-old worker living on his own, went to the telegraph office and sent off messages to various districts of the country, all with the same wording: "Your mother has died."

The telegraph clerk in the telegraph office counted the messages for a long time, figured it wrong, and sent back the receipts and stamped them with shaky hands. The old man looked gently at her through the window out of his reddened eyes, and thought absent-mindedly about something, trying to pull his heart from its grief. It seemed to him that the clerk had a broken heart, too, and a soul that was permanently confused—maybe she was a woman whose wife had been abandoned in ill will.

But she was, working slowly, getting the messages fixed up, her memory and her attention were not; even for ordinary, uncomplicated work she needed to have happiness inside him.

The father went back home after the telegram had been sent: he sat down on the bench next to the table, at the cold feet of his dead wife, and smoked, and whispered to himself a few words, looked after the lonely gray bird sitting on the little perch in its cage, sometimes cried a little, and then calmed down, took out his pocket watch, looked at the window through which the weather was changing back and forth, and leaves would fall with flakes of wet snow, then it would rain, then the late sun would come, as cold as a star—and the old man would wait for his sons.

The eldest son arrived by airplane the next day. The other five sons had arrived by the end of two weeks. One of them, the third in age, came

with his daughter, a little girl of six who had never before seen her grandfather.

On the fourth day their mother was still lying on the table, but her body did not smell of death, so neat and tidy was it from her illness and from her dry exhaustion: having given abundant, healthy life to her sons, the old woman had kept for herself only her small, spare body, and she had tried to save it for a long time, no matter how wretched it was, so she could love her children and be proud of them until she died.

The big men—ranging in age from twenty to forty—stood around the coffin on the table without talking. There were six of them, and the seventh was the father, smaller than the youngest of his sons and weaker, too. He held his granddaughter in his arms, her eyes blinking in terror at the sight of this strange, dead old woman, who barely looked at her out of unblinking white eyes all but closed under their eyelids.

The sons silently wept their occasional, controlled tears, twisting their faces to endure their grief in silence. The father was no longer crying, he had

MICHAEL GROSS

Andrei Platonov was born in a Russian village in 1899, the son of a metal worker, and died in 1952. His poems and stories were suppressed by Stalin and only recently have become widely known in Russia.

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THE
THIRD SON

cried himself out before the others, and now he was looking at his half-dozen powerful sons with concealed emotion, and with inappropriate joy. Two of them were sailors—ship captains; one was a Moscow actor; another—the one with the daughter—was a physicist and a Communist; while the youngest son was studying to be an agronomist, and the oldest was working as foreman of a department in an airplane factory and wore a ribbon on his chest awarded him for his achievement as a worker. All six of them and their father stood quietly around their dead mother and mourned her wordlessly, hiding from each other their despair, their memories of their childhood, of the vanished happiness of that love which had welled up without interruption and freely in their mother's heart and which had always found them—across thousands of miles. They had felt this constantly and instinctively, and been made stronger for feeling it and bolder in achieving success in their lives. Now their mother had been transformed into a corpse, she could no longer love anyone, and she lay there like any indifferent, strange, old woman.

Each of her sons felt lonely now, and frightened, as if a lamp had been burning somewhere on the windowsill of an old house in a dark field, and it had lit up the night and the flying beetles and the blue grass, the swarms of midges in the air—the whole world of childhood around that old house abandoned by those who had been born in it; the doors had never been locked in that house, so that anyone who left it could come back, but no one had returned. And now it was as if the light had suddenly gone out in that window in the night, and reality had been transformed into remembrance.

When she was dying, the old woman had instructed her husband to have a priest celebrate a requiem for the dead over her while her body was still lying in the house, but then to take her out and bury her in her grave without a priest, so as not to offend her sons and so that they could walk behind her coffin. The old woman did not believe in God as much as she wanted her husband, whom she had loved all her life, to mourn her more deeply and to grieve for her to the sound of prayer-singing and in the light of the wax candles above her lifeless face; she didn't want to part from life without a celebration and without leaving some memory of herself behind.

After their children's arrival, the old man looked for a long time for some kind of priest and finally in the evening brought back with him a man, also elderly, dressed in ordinary, nonclerical clothes, pink-faced with the flush of vegetarian. Lenten eating, and with lively eyes in which some sort of small thoughts, for some special purpose, were glistening. The priest arrived holding an army officer's map case against his thigh; he carried his spiritual requirements in it: incense, thin candles, a book, the vestment to hang around his neck, and a small censer hanging on a chain. He set up the candles quickly around the coffin and lit them, blew on the

incense burning in the censer, and with a warning started to mutter, as he walked, what read from the book. The sons who were in the room stood up; they felt uncomfortable and somewhat little ashamed. They stood there in a file in front of the coffin without moving, their eyes cast to the floor. The old priest sang and muttered there in front of them without hurrying, almost ironically, with these sons of the dead woman out of small, unsteady eyes. Partly he was a little afraid of them, partly he respected them, and it was clear that he was not far from starting up a conversation with them, even from expressing his own enthusiasm for the building of socialism. But the sons were silent, no one—not even the old husband—crossed his arms, and this was an honor guard around a coffin and no participation in any divine service.

When the priest had finished his requiem, he quickly picked up his things, blew out the candles, and burning around the coffin, and put all his papers back in the officer's map case. The father picked up some money in his hand, and the priest, without delay, made his way through the ranks of the six boys, without looking at them, and meekly disappeared outside the door. Actually, he would have stayed in this house for the funeral repast with pleasure, but he would have talked about the perspectives of socialism and revolution, and been comforted for a long time by this meeting with representatives of the new world which he secretly admired but which he couldn't make his way into; when he was a boy he used to dream of sometime accomplishing some kind of heroic feat so he could burst into the brilliant future together with this new generation. At this end he had even submitted a petition to the military airfield, asking that he be taken up to a great height and dropped by parachute without an oxygen mask, but they had given him no answer.

In the evening the father fixed up six beds in the second room of the house, and he put his granddaughter beside him in his own bed, and the dead old woman had slept for forty years in the same big room where the coffin was, and the sons went off into the other room. The father stood in the door until his sons had undressed and lain down, and then he closed the door and lay down to sleep next to his granddaughter, after having put out all the lights. The granddaughter was already asleep, alone in the big bed, her head on the blanket.

The old man stood over her in the dim night light: the falling snow outside picked up the glow of the sky and with it lighted the darkness side the room through the window. The old man walked up to the open coffin, kissed his wife's forehead, her forehead, and her lips, and told her, "No rest." He lay down carefully next to his granddaughter and closed his eyes, so his heart would forget everything. He drowsed off, and soon he woke up again. A light was shining under the door to the room where his sons were sleeping—they had turned on the electric light again.

and noisy talking could be heard. The little girl began to toss and turn from the maybe she wasn't sleeping but only afraid her head out from under the blanket, afraid of the dead old woman.

The eldest son was talking about hollow metal bars with enthusiasm and with the pleasure of conviction; his voice had a satisfied and strong sound, and one could imagine his healthy body had been taken care of in good time, with a full red throat. The sailors were telling of foreign ports, and giggling because they had given them old blankets they had used themselves in childhood and adolescence. Pieces of coarse calico had been sewed onto the heads and bottoms of these blankets with the words "head" and "feet," so the blankets could be used correctly, without covering your face with the sweaty part where your feet had been. One of the sailors started to wrestle with the blankets and they rolled on the floor as they had when the boys and all lived together. The youngest son pushed them on, promising to take them both with just his left hand. It was clear that they all liked each other and were glad at this.

They had not been together for many years, and no one knew when they might meet in the future. Perhaps only at their father's funeral. While they were wrestling, the two brothers rolled over a chair, and for a minute they were laughing, but then, apparently remembering that their mother was dead and could hear nothing, they stopped what they had been doing. Soon the oldest son asked the actor to sing something in a low voice. He must know the good new Moscow songs. The actor said it was hard for him to start cold.

"Cover me up with something," the actor said. They covered his head with something, and he began to sing from under the covering, so he didn't feel embarrassed. While he was singing, the youngest son did something which made another fall off the bed onto still a third who was lying on the floor. They all laughed, and they asked the youngest one to lift his brother up again with his left hand. The youngest son answered the others in a low voice and two of them burst into laughing—so loudly that the little girl stuck her head out from under the blanket in the dark room and said out.

"Grandfather! Oh, grandfather! Are you

asleep, I'm all right," the old man said. He coughed shyly.

The little girl gave way, and sobbed. The old man wiped her face: it was all wet.

"Are you crying for?" the old man whispered.

"Sorry for grandmother," the little girl answered. "All the rest of us are alive, and laughing, and you're the only one who died."

The old man said nothing. First he puffed a little with his nose, then he coughed a little. The little girl was frightened, and she raised herself up to tell her grandfather better and to find out why he

wasn't sleeping. She looked at his face, and she asked him, "And why are you crying too? I've stopped."

The grandfather patted her head, and answered in a whisper, "It's nothing. . . . I'm not crying, it's just sweat."

The little girl sat down near the head of the bed. "Do you miss the old woman?" she said. "Better don't cry: you're old, and you'll die soon, then you won't cry anyhow."

"I won't," the old man answered quietly.

Silence suddenly fell in the other, noisy room. One of the sons had said something just before this. Then they all were quiet. One son said something again in a low voice. The old man recognized his third son by his voice, the physics scholar, the father of the little girl. His voice had not been heard before this; he had said nothing and had not been laughing. He quieted all his brothers somehow, and they even stopped talking to each other.

Soon the door opened, and the third son appeared, dressed for daytime. He walked up to his mother's coffin and leaned over her dim face in which there was no more feeling left for anybody.

Everything was quiet in the late night. No one was walking or driving on the street outside. The five brothers did not stir in the other room. The old man and his granddaughter kept watching his son and her father, so attentively that they didn't breathe.

The third son suddenly straightened up, put out his arm in the darkness and reached for the edge of the coffin, but he could not hold on to it and only shoved it a little to one side on the table, as he fell to the floor. His head hit the floorboards, but the son did not make a sound—only his daughter screamed.

The five brothers in their underclothes ran in to him and carried him back to their room, to bring him around and to calm him. After a little while, when the third son had recovered consciousness, all the others were dressed in their suits or their uniforms, even though it was only two o'clock in the morning. One by one they covertly scattered through the rooms and the yard outside, through the night around the house where they had lived their childhood, and they wept there, whispering words and sorrowing, just as if their mother were standing over each of them, listening to him, and grieving that she had died and forced her children to mourn for her; if she could have, she would have gone on living forever, so that nobody should suffer on her account, or waste because of her the heart and the body to which she had given birth. . . . But the mother had not been able to stand living for very long.

In the morning the six sons lifted the coffin onto their shoulders and carried it off to bury it, while the old man took his granddaughter by the hand and followed after them; now he had already grown used to sorrowing for the old lady and he was satisfied and proud that he, too, would be buried by these six powerful men, no worse than this. □

ASK NOT WHAT TED SORENSEN CAN DO FOR YOU...

The Chutzpa Cup, sponsored by this magazine, has not been easily awarded this year. In a country so affluent and full of contradictions as ours, the competition has been intense, and many worthy competitors come to mind. Mr. Richard Nixon of San Clemente, California, Key Biscayne, Florida, and Washington, D.C., who told us that Vietnam is our finest hour while holding his job precisely because it is not, ran well in the early rounds but, as a previous winner on many other occasions, the judges eliminated him. Mr. Joe Willie Namath of Beaver Falls and 62nd Street, while pleading innocence and purity and yet taking his ghost writer into a final private showdown with Mr. Pete Rozelle of the National Football League, also had a fine year. Mr. Robert S. McNamara, who published a book about his policies as Defense Secretary which devoted one single sentence to the subject of Vietnam, also showed well. Unfortunately Mr. McNamara is likewise a previous winner, and the judges held this against him.

Mr. Theodore C. Sorensen also had a full and productive year, having participated in some of the nation's worst decision making in Hyannis Port on the question of Chappaquiddick, then having helped write one of the nation's worst speeches since 1952, and then having gone on television in search of his own candidacy and criticized the speech. Well done Mr. Sorensen! The judges were not unimpressed, and you went right to the top of the competition. In addition to his fine television appearances mixing in a little Kennedy accent and style with some vintage coyness about his speech-writing, denying his role in a way which at once implied that it was far greater ("... all President Kennedy's speeches, as far as I'm concerned, were his speeches. I worked with him: I assisted him: I did drafts: but he had the final responsibility as to what he said and what he did not say. They reflected his policy, his sentiments. I think that we should let history credit him with all of those speeches and all of those phrases... [applause]"). Mr. Sorensen has written a book, and it is that act which has won him our coveted Chutzpa award.

The name of the book is *The Kennedy Legacy*.

Macmillan, \$6.95.

and the point is that there is a Kennedy legacy, though Mr. Sorensen is not terribly good at defining it, he holds it as a standard against which his words and acts are viewed: "It will be hard to judge objectively Dean Rusk's contribution to the Kennedy legacy until the harsh judgments of history can be weighed in historical perspective. I served President Kennedy with complete selfless loyalty, more as a channel to and from the State Department than as a creative leader or bold proponent of ideas. This was not altogether bad, for the items *not* originated were any more my own defense commitments reminiscent of the John F. Dulles era, or any nuclear wars, or the loss of free nations. We survived, as the Secretary might boast, and there are worse boasts." I copy the passage correctly, and did not even take it out of context. You can't dream up sentences like that there it is and it will give you an idea of the general intellectual and literary level of the precious book is. The book starts with this Sorensenian gambit—not this but this: the first sentence reads, "I write not out of sadness, but out of hope." It closes with perhaps the most frazzled mawkish peroration in recent political literature: "Perhaps I am an idealist in believing that these principles of the Kennedy legacy can be carried out. But like John Kennedy I am an idealist without illusions; and I have no illusions of a man's eagerness to make sacrifices for the common good, only faith in his ability to change our country radically, swiftly, and peacefully, if he would try. Try we must for our own sake and for that of our brothers. For if ever a man loved his young brothers, that man was John Kennedy. If ever a man loved his older brother that man was Robert Kennedy. If ever two men taught us all to love one another like brothers it was John and Robert Kennedy. That is the heart of the Kennedy legacy."

The book is written for a genuinely terrible reason. It is to be a campaign tract aimed at the connecting Mr. Sorensen with the Kennedy legacy and legend so that he can run for the Senate in New York State; it is in part aimed at undoing some of the damage Mr. Sorensen suffered on his own hand last year. He had a bad 1968, missing the antiwar aspects of that campaign, and

David Halberstam is the author of The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy and other books, including two about Vietnam. He recently completed a book on Ho Chi Minh, to be published by Viking.

hard Goodwin, a once comparable intellectual in the Kennedy camp, who had a very good far as the opponents of the war and the concerned, Mr. Sorensen is aiming at up some lost ground and reputation. First public evidence of his intellectual and decay came when he represented General against Ralph Nader in 1967, a Bad Day on Frontier: the second came when he con- and strenuously objected to Robert Ken- making the 1968 race against Johnson, g apparently that a great part of the Ken- ystique had been the idealism they invited moral judgments they offered on the society realizing that if Kennedy failed to run in could run in 1972—as a hack. There is a able effort in this book to justify all that, how that Kennedy and Sorensen had the ections to the race at the same time— as not entirely true, Kennedy was edging the starting line all the time. Sorensen tionalizes the decision: “*It was not because to feel deeply about the war and other t because I did feel deeply about them— t him.* [Italics mine.] As much as I shared ss at the Administration’s blind reaction et offensive, I feared only that RFK and ves would lose influence if he entered the s against Johnson, and win or lose, tear the tic party apart. I saw no chance of his policy before 1972 if he entered the race, e chance if he waited further develop- .” Well, one must wonder what further de- ts Sorensen was waiting for: Johnson to nnedy Secretary of State? One can only bout someone who writes like that: tear the tic party apart? It was already torn apart. hoolchild knew, and even if it wasn’t and o preserve it was to support Johnson and hen it damn well deserved to be torn apart, uicker the better.

Young, of course, are a good deal smarter Sorensen thinks and this book is not make him a new pop culture hero; one tll if the soggy results because the ideas or the writing is soggy, or perhaps a little At any rate Mr. Sorensen lays to rest once all any possibility or suggestion that he ve written *Profiles in Courage*. He doesn’t v enough for that.

Sorensen is curiously weak at defining what the Kennedys were in American politics. It ws struck me that the answer is a relatively e, and that indeed foreigners have tended and it somewhat better than Americans, it serious lay Americans have understood e than many in the Kennedy inner circle arly those who have stayed there too long). e foreigners knew that the Kennedys, given lties of our society, stood for what was by the best in us, fresh, unprejudiced, mod- contemporary, that they brought to politics

a candor, a lack of cant, and a sense of reality. In addition, they represented the bringing of moral responses to difficult issues.

Where the Kennedy circle—and Sorensen in this book—make a big mistake is in believing that this is all something that started in 1960, that it is a personal family thing (as if the torch started with Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.). Rather what the Kennedys came to dominate in the Sixties was something evolving in society, and particularly the Democratic party; much of what took place in 1968 began in the 1952 campaign of Adlai Stevenson. The Kennedys and their supporters have always been noticeably ungenerous in admitting their intellectual and political debt to Stevenson. That is, that much of what they later espoused he had stood for, and stood for at a particularly difficult time. Nineteen fifty-two, after all, was the height of McCarthyism, and it was the end of twenty years of Democratic reign, and Dwight Eisenhower was about as much a hero as you can buy, and no Democrat was going to be elected. Stevenson ran knowing full well what he was getting into; he took the Democratic party, which might have completely come apart in post-New Deal lethargy and corruption, and gave it new issues, new faces, and indeed a new style. The kind of people he attracted were to prove invaluable to the Kennedys a decade later (some of them, like Fred Dutton, would be idealists with infinitely more professional experience, but their idealism would still be intact). Indeed a good deal of what was discussed in 1968 was more derivative from Stevenson in 1952 than from Jack Kennedy in 1960, much as this might have annoyed Robert Kennedy, who, while espousing liberal ideas, hated to be thought of as a liberal (since there was something still quite deep in him which viewed liberals as being soft).

There is no reason at all why Sorensen should have to write a book extolling Adlai Stevenson, except that if he is going to talk about a particular legend he ought to trace it. Stevenson barely appears at all, a fuzzy little man (“weak and indecisive in the convention and preconvention maneuvering”) who would not have made a good Secretary of State. “He [Kennedy] also thought Stevenson, like Chester Bowles, was too likely to become a prima donna as Secretary of State. . . . At no time did JFK regret appointing Stevenson U.N. Ambassador or not appointing him Secretary of State. This was a judgment in which RFK fully joined and which Stevenson’s own performance during the Cuban missile crisis—as a wavering adviser in the National Security Council, but as an articulate advocate in the U. N. Security Council—fully confirmed.” Well maybe Sorensen and the Kennedys never had any regrets about not naming Stevenson Secretary of State, but some of the rest of us would like to reconsider that one.

I remember last fall, after it was all over—the campaign, the assassinations, the whole painful year—some of my friends in the Kennedy camp

“*The Kennedy Legacy* was written for a genuinely terrible reason.”

IN THE BADLANDS

by David Wagoner

When we fell apart in the Badlands and lay still
As naked as sunlight
On the level claybed among the broken buttes,
We were ready for nothing
The end of the day or the end of our quick breathing,
The abolishment of hearts—
And saw in the sky a dozen vultures sailing
With our love as the pivot.
They had come in our honor, invited by what could pass
In their reckoning
For the thresh and crux and sprawled languor of death,
Too much pale skin
In that burning bed where we lay at our own banquet,
Being taken in
As thoroughly as the fossils under us
When they lay down;
And the sea that once was there welled up in our eyes
For the sake of the sun.

were talking about Teddy and his future. And one of them, a man known for his detachment, said that the vital thing was to get Teddy (whose own political instincts are cautious and conservative, he is politically more like Bob's older brother than his younger one; Bob was more a high-risk man than Ted; Ted was better with the Boston pols) with the younger people from the Kennedy circle, and away from the 1960 people; that the older advisers had been ill-informed in 1968 and by 1972 they would have been around too long; and that many of them would begin to smell like fish who had been around all summer. Their advice would almost surely be low-risk, self-promoting (as it had been in 1968) and indeed the country would look at those faces, Sorensen, Salinger, O'Brien, and think, oh my God, it's like those New Deal faces. They, of course, were moving in on Ted with the ferocity of sharks, not about to give up their connections with the dynasty (Arthur Schlesinger, jr. has always been a notable exception: he has proffered good advice, kept himself in the background, and pushed younger men forward). There were many fine things about the Kennedys in politics, my friend was saying, but one of the less attractive things was what they did to some of the people around them.

These bright young men like Sorensen and others were swept up by the powerful pull of the Kennedy world and it often proved too much. They had been brought in because of their beliefs and their particular talents which the Kennedys so ably utilized. But then they stayed on and became a part of the machinery, blending in, losing their particular dis-

tinctiveness, losing their sharp edges in the success. What would become important for them not any given issue, not how they felt, but their relationship to the Kennedys, and the protection that (under the alleged title of protecting the Kennedys). Their main hold in life—indeed, their identity—became their relationship with the Kennedys: what became important when a great crisis arose, was not so much the question of whether or not they were summoned to the White House, Port, photographed entering the compound, viewed for their No Comments. This gave them prominence and an identity they had never had before, but finally an identity which was not theirs own, for it existed at the whim of the Kennedys, thus a tendency toward self-serving and caution. Sorensen would become a classic case. Finally in the end he was neither a Sorensen nor a Kennedy. He had lost the sense of himself in trying to imitate their toughness? Now he would recite on his own the same prose which had been written for them, but it sounded peculiarly alien from his mouth. (I remember once in the assassination days hearing Adam Walinsky in a speech that he might have written for Bob Kennedy about feeding hungry children and ending the war in Vietnam. It might have sounded impressive from a Kennedy, there was something grand about words like these being spoken by someone with a rough Irish background, but it sounded odd and truisitic from Walinsky. Of course he felt this way—what else was new?)

The young Kennedy brothers of course were the hand-me-down intellectuals gratefully accepted by Kennedy after all replaced a fallen brother. He admired and thought worthier intellectually; in spite of his own credentials, he was glad to be the brother's intellectual. But the advice he received tended too often to reflect the lowest common denominator—advisers trying to preserve the Kennedys instead of risking before the public what which had made them special in the first place.

So that Chappaquiddick would become another example. It was handled from the start along the lines of the Cuban missile crisis, with all the men of 1963 scurrying to the compound with attaché cases. It was, after all, an affair which raised questions of simple human decency, and the situation demanded candor, honesty and simplicity. Lots of lawyers who told him—and he listened to talk. Finally he would break too long a silence, read a statement for television on his own without answering questions of reporters. A very kind of thing which Kennedy enthusiastically liked so much in Nixon. The statement itself had such cheapness and bathos as to be a rejection of everything the Kennedys had stood for in politics and style. It was as if these men had forgotten the thing which made the Kennedys distinctive in American politics and simply told the younger brother that he could get away with what he wanted because he was a Kennedy in Massachusetts. One knew, when one heard that speech, that Sorensen had written it.

THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG, PART II

the young wish to make society over in the image of their idealism, they need all the force of personality they can muster. They will need quite simply exceptional men, exceptional in mind, imagination, sensitivity, and courage."

cannot observe the student activist drama very long without beginning to feel, with Moore, that "there are things that are beyond all this fiddle." At one time we have needed to be reminded what those are. But after nearly a decade of activist and at least two decades of being brainy the doctrine that whatever is young is naive have become ashamed to admit a truth we might too self-evident to need stating: that these are not primarily rebel encampments, political debate, or media for the distribution of pamphlets, but institutions whose first duty is to train intelligence and preserve standards.

It is perfectly true that historical precedent exists. In Europe and South America, for both political and the educational roles of the university. Very often in the past students have served as sensible agents of public conscience, using their freedom from the pressures of expediency to compromise to impress upon the adult world the reality of moral issues on which there was no compromise. But almost always in the history of the university two roles have existed in some sort of balance to each other, and except in times of extreme ideological crisis, the one did not displace, or threaten to vitiate the authority of the other. Today, however, the activist role has become inflated in our universities and the educational role so diminished, where not downright absent, that we now accept it as customary to have students whose function on the campus is primarily that of agitation and only marginally that of being educated. Obviously, there are serious exceptions: students who are dedicated to action. Since we can hardly assume that the many thousands or even millions of young people now engaged in one degree or another in campus agitation are serious or intelligent enough to be dedicated to idealism, we must presumably seek elsewhere an explanation of their behavior.

In addition to the reasons I have already offered for the complicated psychological motives for their action, the need, among other things, to be opposed by, adult authority in order to establish personal identity—one might suggest that the college population is so constituted that

many of its members are bound to be drawn to activism simply because they are suited to no other role. This is, after all, the first student generation to be admitted to the universities on the principle that higher education is a right that should be available to all, and at the same time a necessity for anyone who hopes to achieve some measure of success in middle-class society. The result is that for the first time in our history the universities have had to accept large masses of students who may have proper credentials from the secondary schools—because those schools have themselves been obliged to lower their standards to accommodate the mediocre majority—but who possess neither the cultural interest nor the intellectual incentive to benefit from higher education. Such students, when confronted with complex ideas or stringent academic requirements, tend to sink into a protective lethargy or to become resentful because demands are being made on them which they are not equipped to meet and have no particular desire to meet. Most of them did not want to go to the universities in the first place but did so for reasons of practical expediency: parental pressure, fear of the draft, or the promise of a better job after graduation. But these motives, since they are imposed from without rather than generated from within, are not sufficient to sustain them through the rigors of their course work or give them a sense of purpose inside the structure of the university. Hence, their natural impulse is to try to compensate for their failure of ability or interest by involving themselves in some extracurricular activity which happens today to be political activism.

This kind of involvement has at least one important advantage over involvement in football and fraternity life: popular opinion has sanctified it as a worthy, even a heroic cause. Students with only marginal interests in anything else can, therefore, give themselves up to it not only without feeling guilty or frivolous, but with the pious conviction that they are doing something far more valuable—and certainly far more "relevant"—than training their minds, and something also which requires no special talent or mental capacity beyond a certain talent for indignation and the power to be vigorously inarticulate while trying to express it. Thus, they are afforded moral justification for not doing what they do not want to do, and at the same time

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an approved outlet for hostilities resulting from the pressures that are exerted upon them to do what they are not readily able to do.

But perhaps the most crucial factor of all is simply the boredom of the vast majority of students, a boredom which must be at least equal to, if not considerably worse than, that of the population as a whole. Without strongly internalized ambitions and interests that are satisfiable within the university system, average students, like average people everywhere, are entirely dependent upon outside stimuli to provide them with the distractions needed to make life bearable. The greater the intellectual vacuum, the greater the need for distraction, a vacuum in people being presumably even more abhorrent than it is in nature. Thus, run-of-the-mill students are especially vulnerable to the enticements of activism as well as to those of its soul-brother philosophy of hippyism. Activism supplies them not only with abundant opportunity to be active without having to think, but with a sense of concrete physical involvement in a kind of experience from which normally they feel rather tragically excluded. Here, after all, they are: young, vigorous, hairy, horny, not terribly bright, and aching for murder, and all the great occasions for challenge and adventure seem to have passed them by. They were born twenty years too late to have a part in that knightly crusade against tyranny which World War II now seems sentimentally to symbolize for their fathers. They did not even have the small but appealing satisfaction of going hungry in the Depression. And to make matters worse, the only available war is one they cannot morally accept and which they would consent to fight in only under the gravest duress. Obviously, there is a vacuum here more insidious than intellectual vacuum, an absence of the opportunity for therapeutic bloodshed, and for the really imperative confrontation between man and his fear of death.

The virtue of activism is that it provides a fair substitute for this lost opportunity. It restores the primitive connection between belligerent virility and a hostile environment, and, in so doing, makes it possible for the young to get a little of their own back from history. It allows them to fight their own morally acceptable war, carry on their own knightly crusade against tyranny, in brick-throwing street battles with the police and in stalwart confrontations of nerve with authorities old enough to be as enviably favored by history as Dad. They can taste blood in these encounters, and they can taste fear, and with a little luck they can contrive to become martyrs and spend a night or two in jail. The police may not be entirely satisfactory replacements for the Nazis (although there are differences of opinion on this score), but they can be as easily charged with brutality as the universities can be charged with corruption, and so can be conveniently transformed into enemies one can hate with a clear conscience and attack whenever one needs proof of one's courage or relief from one's boredom. Through activism, in short, life can become once again a frontier and a battlefield. The bland ab-

stractedness of university life is canceled out by violence and melodrama, and those who cannot act effectively on the frontier of ideas are brought back into touch with a reality they can understand.

The main difference between activism and hippyism—at least where the question of their appeal to the young is concerned—seems to be that hippyism appeals to an even more feckless and intellectually empty sector of the student population than activism does. In other respects they are much alike, particularly in the respect that they offer powerful distractions from boredom and provide more powerful rationalizations for that sentimentality of being without identity and purpose which afflicts so many mediocre students in the mass university society. If activism flatters the mediocre by leading them to believe that their search for direction is really a heroic political crusade, hippyism particularly flatters them by allowing them to believe that their ineffectuality is in fact a serious metaphysical position and connected in some portentous way with the power of positive feeling, courageous individualism, and the mystical wisdom of the ancients.

Thus, the hippie notion of complete freedom to do your own thing in your own way is attached to a translatable into the notion that to be accepted by the group you don't have to have very much to do, or be able to do very much with it. All that matters is that it is your own and *you are free*. Hence, you are free, and respected for being free, to be your own limp and aimless self. The demands, furthermore, are enormous. In doing your own thing you are performing an act of total creativity and individuality entirely without regard for yourself. You are emulating the artist while ignoring none of the agony and needing none of the talent of the artist, for the stipulation that you do as you like relieves you of the necessity to produce anything interesting or important. This is a totally onanistic. It is for your benefit alone. Therefore, if doing your own thing happens in your life, you are to be doing nothing but listening to your beat or sitting under a tree and plucking that old guitar, or some other equally meditative activity which is perfectly all right.

The hippie interest in uninhibited feeling has very much the same kind of appeal. Feeling, after all, is a private affair. Nobody can be sure what you are feeling or if, in fact, you are feeling anything. Also, the etiquette governing hippie behavior requires that you not talk about it or express it except in a grunt or almost any intestinal non-verbalifying ecstasy. Your only obligation toward others is to feel it. But the person of defective emotional equipment or limited vocabulary is poor on all counts. He does not have to describe what he feels, so if he feels nothing, nobody is the wiser.

2.

This philosophy, when applied to sexual behavior, yields similar protective benefits. The doctrine of more or less random, free-for-all sex would of course appeal irresistibly to any

A vibrant, stylized illustration of a social gathering. In the center, a man in a dark suit stands with his back to the viewer, holding a glass of red liquid. To his right, a man in a light-colored suit and a woman in a white dress are engaged in conversation. Other guests are visible in the background, some seated and some standing, all holding glasses. The scene is set indoors with large windows in the background. The artist's signature 'WEEK' is visible in the bottom left corner.

4. *Journal of the American Veterinary Association*
 5. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Surgeons*
 6. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Practitioners*
 7. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pathologists*
 8. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Radiologists*
 9. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Therapists*
 10. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pharmacists*
 11. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Anesthetists*
 12. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Surgeons*
 13. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Practitioners*
 14. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pathologists*
 15. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Radiologists*
 16. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Therapists*
 17. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pharmacists*
 18. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Anesthetists*
 19. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Surgeons*
 20. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Practitioners*
 21. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pathologists*
 22. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Radiologists*
 23. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Therapists*
 24. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Pharmacists*
 25. *Journal of the American College of Veterinary Anesthetists*



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raunchy adolescent who has harbored the dream of one day discovering a paradise in which he could have a quick lay whenever he felt like it without having to worry about the girl or feel anything beyond the joy of ejaculation. Suddenly under the copulative offices of hippyism he is at least theoretically allowed to do just that, and what is even more delightful, he is allowed to do it on the very best of all possible moral terms. He can tell himself that while indulging in this form of coital masturbation he is actually performing a service to bourgeois society by helping to liberate it from its repressive sexual attitudes, and even that in the enjoyment of his freedom, he is attaining oneness with the Infinite, God in this case being, to update James Joyce, not a shout but a screw in the street. Thus, all the major pieties of the hippie moral canon—personal freedom, defiance of social convention, the sacramental nature of orgasm—are marshaled to the support of the urge for erotic anarchy among those of the young who have nothing on their minds but their groins.

It is also interesting to notice how much of the attraction of hippyism derives, like that of activism, from its power to provide an outlet for the nostalgia felt by the young for a past they were born too late to experience. If activism gives them an opportunity for violence and a sense of heroic mission emulative of the more adventurous moments of history, hippyism allows them to affect the manners and costumery which have become identified with the life-styles of past ages. Thus, one sees the hippie young wandering the streets dressed in the U.S. Army tunics of World War I, in the broad-brimmed hats and plunging sideburns of the Western plainsman, in the headbands of Comanche braves, in Edwardian suits, the smocks of French Bohemian painters, or the gaudy saris of guru-land.

One supposes that in itself there is no particular harm in this sort of masquerade. The young need to have something to do with their banality. But its social and psychological implications are depressing in the extreme. At the most serious level it is obviously meant to represent an act of rejection of the modern age and a declaration of preference for drama, individuality, and romance. The World War I uniform is presumably cherished as a sacred relic of a war fought according to the principles of a now-debased idealism. The Western plainsman, with or without his sideburns, enjoyed the distinction of being a loner, a law unto himself, the master of his manhood, and of using his strength in honorable contest with the primitive forces of nature, a kind of contest no longer possible in the denatured society of the present time. The Indian of course was the original American frontier Negro, the first victim of our corrupt bureaucratic system. He was also our first innocent, happy and free in his native Eden, until the white man conquered and brainwashed him so that he would be content to live miserably on a reservation. To emulate him is not only to remind the Establishment of its ancestral guilt. It is to suggest that the young too were once happy and free like the Indian and might have re-

mained so if only they had been left alone to do as they pleased.

All this is understandable, if rather flaccidly regressive. But the sad thing is that as a defiant self-assertion it is so singularly ineffectual, so utterly without force or originality, so lacking the power to make a critical or even satirical statement or disturb in any serious way the complacency of those it is supposedly intended to provoke. As a protest it is empty because it offers only a futile futility in ostensible rebuttal of another's futility. If modern life seems meaningless, it is absurd to attack it by resorting to an even more blatant meaninglessness. Walking around in the exhumed costumery of another age is no more interesting or daring than capitulating to the system and becoming a General Motors slave. In fact, the most radical gesture these days would be to do just that. But both have equally little relation to the question of how to achieve real identity and individuality in the modern world.

Yet this is undoubtedly just the point: that the young have no interest whatever in achieving real identity, and the only individuality they are capable of is a most curious kind shared by thousands of others to all appearances exactly like the rest. This corporate, ready-to-wear idiosyncrasy is clearly their means of evading for as long as possible the trauma of self-confrontation and the attendant trauma of finding themselves gazing into the pit of their own bottomless vacuity. So long as they enjoy the camouflage of interchangeable theatrical decor, they will be protected from contact with the real and with the self. They become as children and exist forever in that fantasy in which children dress up in the clothes of their parents and in so doing imaginatively escape the awesome mystery and glamour of adulthood. These particular children would not be caught in the clothes of their parents, for the very death they most abhor is adulthood. They prefer to remain at the stage of development where they are playing, the amusing charade of the nurse's costume, end in itself, and where, through the costume they can put on and take off, they can make and unmake imaginary selves, secure in the knowledge that what they do is real, that life is a fiction, that what it appears to be, and everything appears to be, is something else.

All that I have said here may seem to be merely descriptive only of the dullest and least accomplished members of the student population. They are logically the most susceptible to being taken in, as well as sufficiently uncritical to be taken in by such mindless entertainments as hippyism. But the sort of close contact with the young soon convinces one that the tendencies dramatized so flamboyantly by the mediocre can also be found among their more gifted and intelligent contemporaries, whose distinction is perhaps that, being more intelligent, they dramatize them not flamboyantly but in a kind of leaden self-righteousness. But mediocre and gifted alike appear to share the same common need for diversion and excitement, the same

if not downright hostility to ideas, the same of adulthood, the same obsession with pro- questions and material solutions, and the ire to inflate the role of student into a life- professional career.

3.

common experience in the universities to students who, regardless of their capabilities, absolutely no notion of what they want to do for lives, and to whom the idea of doing anything beyond what they are already doing is tainted with a foul smell of compromise and, therefore, of sin. Integrity for them appears to consist in the refusal to commit themselves to any proposition that might challenge their moral pre- scriptions or force them to leave behind the sanctity of studentism. The worldly ambi- tions of earlier generations to become doctors, law- yers, businessmen, or artists—and the very best of them as possible to become—are of course still to be found. Regressivism even among them is not always infantile. But such ambi- tions are rare and they are suspect because as a rule they are frightened both by what they con- sider the arrogance of any aspiration to excellence, and by the likelihood of having sooner or later to meet the requirements of expediency, the limits imposed by life and human weak- nesses. It seems to them better not to aspire at all, and to keep one's idealism intact, than to aspire in the face of almost certain compromise and be forced to settle for something less than absolute fulfill- ment. Their need for instant gratification demands that success be guaranteed before they will consent to it. Hence, it is the usual thing to find them living in the future in terms of self-protective strategies and their plans for the future, if any, in the form of strategic withdrawals and postponements. Many after graduation to go to Europe for a look around; one will apply to the Peace Corps; one will hitchhike out to Berkeley and do a little protesting and street-fighting; one will stay forever in graduate school.

It is hard to understand how anyone in his right mind can hesitate to embrace the joys of adult- hood at a time like the present. The options open to them for the pursuit of an adventurous or pro- fessional career may not actually be, but do certainly seem to be, far more limited than they were, and the conditions are very good that before one has had a chance to discover what they are, one will get killed in a meaningless war. This is no country for young men right now, and it has never been a good one for old men. But the failure of a sense of purpose in the young is not the result simply of conditions peculiar to this age. They also have the handicap of having formed their impres- sions of adulthood largely on their parents, and the example of their parents has given them little except strongly nega- tive attitudes toward the possibilities of adult life.



Sleeping Groovy:
at the Woodstock Festival in a polyethylene bag
on a mattress of mud.

*Photographed by Anders Holmquist
from the forthcoming book The Free People to be published
in November by Outerbridge and Dienstfrey*

John W. Aldridge
IN
THE COUNTRY
OF
THE YOUNG

To the extent that they are certain of anything at all, they appear to be in agreement on one point: they do not want to become like Mother and Dad. The prospect of settling down in a dull job and a dull house, working to pay off the mortgage, seeking identity in reproduction, and then living for the children—with all that this implies in boredom, self-sacrifice, and generalized atrophy of the soul—fills them with a special kind of terror. Yet their experience of their parents has given them very little understanding of what the alternatives to this sort of life might be, and very little impulse to create their own alternatives. The best they seem able to do is lose themselves in their own form of middle-class anesthesia and live in the hope that some benevolent catastrophe will destroy adult society before they are obliged to enter it.

A large part of their problem is that their relation to both their parents' way of life and the social environment in general has been so lacking in abrasiveness that they have not been impelled to create their identities through opposition or insubordination. If, as I said earlier, this deficiency has given them a singular indifference to questions of quality and an overriding concern for procedural problems and material solutions, it has had an even more crippling effect on their power to think independently about the future and to initiate the kind of intensely personal rebellion *toward* the future which can only result from an intensely personal rebellion against a restrictive past.

Thus, it is not enough for the young simply to feel alienated from the way of life of their parents and to have no wish to emulate it. They must be *productively* alienated in the sense that they are stimulated or provoked into wanting to create for themselves a more vital and meaningful way of life. Unfortunately, the trouble with their particular form of alienation is that it is too complete to be productive in this way. It involves apparently a breakdown of understanding, sympathy, communication, and even mutual hostility so total that they are simply abstracted from their parents' world altogether and left stunned by the utter incomprehensibility of everything their parents represent. Hence, the effect of their alienation is not liberating but stultifying because it closes out every opportunity for effective connection with the home environment, and in particular the kind of connection that is produced by overt conflict. The generation gap is thus, contrary to middle-aged opinion, far more damaging to the young than it is to their parents, for the psychic health of the young can well depend on their being able to communicate with their parents, even if communication consists of shouting and screaming at them, so that they themselves can, if they so choose, create the gap on their own initiative and discover such freedom as they can in that ritual stroke of umbilical surgery. But when they are deprived of this possibility, the young tend to fall *into* the gap and to flounder there in a state of bewilderment, or they will simply desert from adult society without ever having belonged to it or declared war on it, and spend their time seeking ways—and

usually the most insipid ways—to tranquilize feelings of confusion and ineffectuality. In the end, need is, and must always be, to reach their parents, to be able to identify with them or do better than them, and in so doing to define themselves.

This is to suggest that if the young had not entered genuine resistance from their parents, if their mothers had been strict disciplinarians rather than meekly permissive and their fathers had been stern, sneering, bigoted, and hypercritical, thus lacking the figures of influence, however negative, on which some of their children, there might have been some ground for confrontation, some palpable provocation to defy or overthrow. But the parents of this generation were evidently so often bland, tolerant, unmeaning, and anxiously solicitous of their children that the only possible response to them was indifference or sad contempt, neither of which could provide a very sound basis for rebellion, self-definition, or even a usable Oedipus complex.

Such a basis has of course been provided to some degree by the universities, which represent for many of the young their first contact with a structured and potentially resistant environment, and therefore, their first opportunity for the kind of confrontation denied them by their parents. The trouble with the universities is that they provide this opportunity too late in a young person's psychological development to benefit him to any important extent, so late, in fact, that it more often than not does him important harm. By the time a young man has reached university age he should ideally have already formed the emotional and intellectual structures on which he will create his place in adult society. He should already have acquired the wounds and frustrations needed to propel him toward some goal of personal fulfillment. He should already have begun to convert his hostile impulses into determination and his sense of inadequacy into ambition to excel. But if he has had to wait until university age to encounter an environment that can generate these compensatory impulses, he is more likely to become arrested in the role of passive victim of confrontation and reconfrontation of authority, because his experience is, in effect, forcing him to regress to a stage of development which is inappropriate to his age. Instead of being free by the time he reaches university to use the facilities of the university to develop his mind and prepare himself for effective action, he is compelled to use the university as an arena for the enactment of the parent-child conflict that he had, for getting rid of aggressions which he had not yet had, or have got rid of or learned how to turn to his emotional advantage years before. Thus, the opportunity for rebellion provided the young by the universities is essentially an opportunity to allow the adolescent to carry forward the missed business of their childhoods, and while so doing to remain safely within the benevolent protection of adult tutelage, to make a fetish of concern for the ideal conditions of university life—in the course of making them seem repressive and unwelcome, to deserve being rebelled against—and to excite a fever of indignation over the evils of adult

ill seem morally justified in not joining
real sense the child is indeed the father
and if the child does not have a chance
man at the right psychological moment,
to remain a child forever.

4.

ng new to say that a little material hard-
uld also have had a liberating effect on
One does not wish to reanimate that
ché with which self-made men used to
their indolent sons, the one about getting
lawn, milking six cows before breakfast,
g four miles through hip-deep snow to
l schoolhouse. This is our mythic appren-
r greatness, but it has turned far more
bores than it has created heads of state.
human organism is so constructed that,
isturbed, its natural tendency is to lie
e all day and pluck that old guitar. Some
necessity or irritation, whether external
, is required to get it on its feet. It must
rst, lust, itch, or aspire, come into some
elation with either its physical environ-
s guilts, before it is motivated to go to
s, the children of affluence and permis-
ave a double problem. They have been
y as well as intellectually impoverished
e irritant of necessity is missing from
cal environment and the irritant of guilt
from their psychological environment.
been so heavily indulged by their par-
been the recipients of such massive quan-
ery kind of unearned largess, that they
d to ingratiate themselves with their par-
der to win their attention or approval.
ady have more approval than they can
mply by virtue of being the marvelous
hey are. If there is a burden of proof or
feel guilty, it belongs not to them but to
ats. They are the ones who must earn the
f their children, for they, after all, bear
sibility for having caused the children to
nto this dreadful world, and that is an
which no amount of atonement is exces-
dition, they have caused their children to
ith a sense of economic security so com-
he traditional obligation to do something
e somebody seems downright anachro-
he opinion of the young, it is absurd to
s life worrying about money when there
ly so much of it around. And if parents
the face of this fact to spend their lives
about money, that only proves the truth
e young have all along been saying: that
generation has been corrupted by ma-
und has lost touch with the things of the
ch of course can only be properly appren-
ne is relieved of the necessity of having to
out money.

at virtue of economic depression is that
es a very low degree of opportunity with
h degree of motivation. It creates limits

within which one is forced to function and, in cut-
ting down the range of available choices, it dispels
the confusion about where best to apply one's ener-
gies. One *has* to apply them only where conditions
permit, and one has to apply them in order to stay
alive. Hence, one takes the available job and in time
that job may become a career and an entire way of
life. But if the pressure of economic necessity is
missing, not only is motivation reduced to a mini-
mum but one is confronted by such a plethora of
possibilities for using one's energies that one may
become paralyzed with indecision and end by doing
nothing at all—or, like mice in an overly compli-
cated maze, turn psychotic and simply sit down and
goggle at the wall.

This is the kind of paralysis afflicting so many of
the young at the present time. Affluence and their
relative freedom from the motivations of guilt have
allowed them to view dispassionately the possible
choices of career open to them and to have very
little compulsion to choose one over the other. The
choice, if it is to be made at all, must be made more
or less arbitrarily, as if they were trying to decide
between two identical glasses of sour milk. They
must simply pick a career and say to themselves
that that is what they will do with their lives; if
they have to become something, they might as well
become that. Such an attitude is not likely to pro-
duce ambitious men, and it is certain not to produce
dedicated men. What it does produce is a college
generation and a young professional generation
whose concern, when they select a career, is all with
externals, who make a certain choice because it will
enable them to live in California where they can go
skin-diving, or because it provides high fringe ben-
efits, or, in the case of teaching, because it offers
security and long vacations. Their deepest interests,
their most basic psychological drives, are not in-
volved at all—indeed, cannot be involved since their
work is neither an extension nor a vindication of
themselves. They are not called, chosen, or com-
pelled but are simply working because they are
obliged somehow to fill up their time and get paid
for it. Hence, they fill up their time not in making
original contributions to their fields, not in the
creative investigation of ideas, but with the busy
work of professionalism. They camouflage their lack
of genuine involvement by serving perpetually on
committees, by becoming experts in the art of poli-
tical intrigue, by analyzing the administrative poli-
cies of institutions, by showing extravagant concern
for the methodology, but rarely the content, of uni-
versity instruction—by engaging in the trivial
backing-and-filling that represents the diversion of
the intellectually uncommitted.

It is perhaps fortunate for such people that af-
fluence has produced a particular social etiquette
which tends to discourage self-fulfillment and to
promote self-effacement. The uncommitted young
are naturally obedient servants of this etiquette, and
it is not surprising that they have inflated it into
very nearly the proportions of a new world religion
—since whatever their ineffectuality impels them to
do, they are inclined first to make holy. But one

“He is compelled
to use the univer-
sity as an arena
for the enactment
of the parent-
child conflict he
never had.”

notices that as the economic and psychological pressures to distinguish themselves from others, whether through aspiration or achievement, have declined, new pressures are being exerted among the young to enforce cooperation with others and deference to the feelings of others. Subservience to the interests of the group has come to be regarded as the supreme virtue as well as the most valuable attribute of the ideal society, while competitiveness of any kind, like intolerance of any kind, is considered very bad form indeed and may result in one's expulsion from the group. To be gentle and unassuming, to be solicitous of one's peers and sensitive to the delicate shifts of their emotional temper—in particular, to project an image of oneself as having no personal being apart from the being one shares with others and which is their communal property before it is your private property—all this is to be not merely humane but to affirm one's membership in the universal brotherhood of man, which enfolds us all in a warm placenta of togetherness and makes us one flesh and one soul.

The rather cloying interest shown by the young in the phenomenon known as "communication" has its significance here. Communication is an experience which they value particularly highly not only because it is the ultimate expression of their other-directedness but because it frees them of the necessity to raise themselves above others through individual achievement. If you are devoting your energies to trying to communicate with others, your psychic eye is turned outward rather than inward, and you are counting on an intimate relationship with another person to supply you with the gratification you would otherwise be forced to create through the solitary cultivation of your own resources. Besides, the two interests are political opposites. The desire for self-fulfillment makes for unpleasant competitive tensions between people and is by nature aristocratic, since it presupposes that what you make of yourself is more important than what you make with others. Communication, on the other hand, democratizes in the sense that it necessarily takes place between people who wish to share themselves with each other and who are, therefore, equals rather than egotistical snobs. Hence, if you have no particular ambition to fulfill yourself or suspect that you have very little self to fulfill, it is a great comfort to be able to rationalize the deficiency by insisting that reaching others is actually far more socially valuable than self-fulfillment, that, in fact, it may even be the *highest form* of self-fulfillment.

It is also comforting that the kind of communication most favored by the young just happens to be the nonverbal kind, which can neither be described nor objectively evaluated. You can say that you are communicating with someone, and it is impossible to prove whether you are or not. The whole thing is beyond the power of mere language, and of course it is so beclouded by specious religiosity that to question it would be as gross an infringement of the right of worship as asking the devout to demonstrate the efficacy of prayer. It is all a matter of soul

speaking to soul, lovers passionately sweating to skin, blown minds exchanging psychedelic notes—non-thoughts floating in non-words between nonentities.

5.

All this may help to clarify one of the most fascinating paradoxes underlying the psychology of the young: the contrast between their collective vociferousness and their individual inarticulateness, their public militancy of manner and personal limpness of manner. This is an incongruity which causes everything about them to exude a double focus and to take on more than a little of high black comedy. It seems logical to assume, for example, that the violence of the obscene screaming, brick-throwing student mob would be a fairly reliable indication that the rioters are a people of violent temperament, whose aggressive behavior as a mob accurately reflects their aggressive character as individuals. Yet all it appears to signify is that the young are schizoid. For once removed from the barricades most of them behave so differently that one suspects that their public blather has no relation whatever to their true natures but is simply a kind of ferocious costume they put on in order to play a convincing role in the generational hostility rites. Apparently they have a manner, just as they have various idiosyncratic peculiar clothing, which they consider it appropriate to wear on ceremonial occasions and at which they keep for every day, and the two are as dissimilar as the faces of Eve.

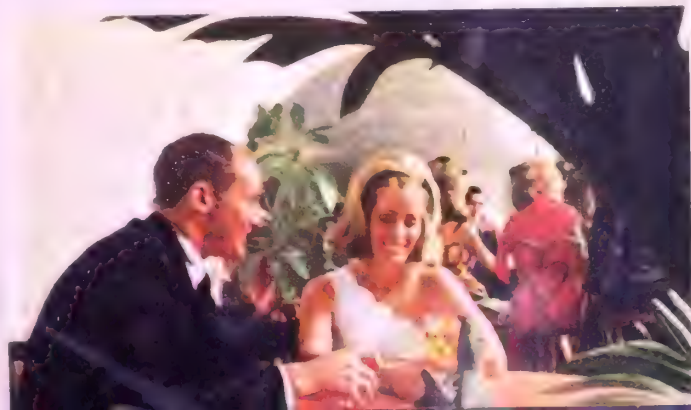
In ordinary circumstances, when they are operating as a Tartar horde, the great majority of the young seem to be creatures of remarkable feline personality. One senses in them a simultaneous blandness, even a temperamental nullity. In their tactics and crotchets ought to be, one finds vast reaches of spiritual moonscape, cold, sunless, as vacuous space. Talking to them is rather like talking to an electronic box that takes messages for people who are not at home. Part of the problem is that many of them are so entirely without self-consciousness and idiosyncrasy that it is immensely difficult to get any clear impression of the person behind the face. It seems that the fashion now is to have a face but a facade, a decor personality to give the decor costumery and consisting of features that are equally standardized. But where the costume is at least flamboyant, the personality is so colorless that one is obliged to describe it almost entirely in negatives. It is possible to say that it is to be basically insensitive, often as if under the kind of sedation; intellectually untidy, perhaps because the capacity or the paranoia required for intellectual precision is simply not there; frequently discourteous, although seemingly more outwardly distracted than of any specific urge to be rude; lacking in grace and guile as a child of two; poised, relaxed, urbane, and always comically self-assured. There is as much surface presence as internal absence in the type as one would expect

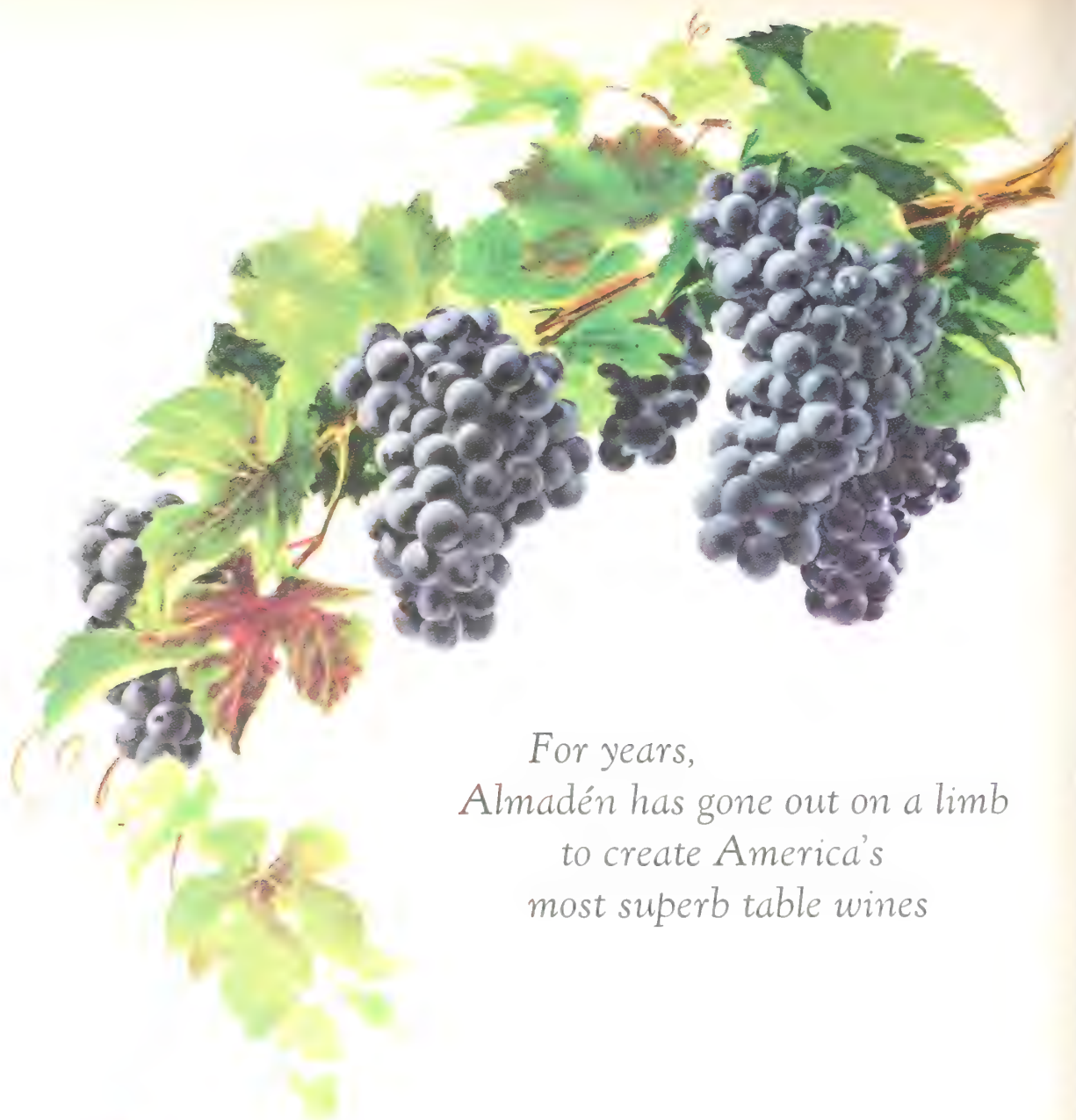


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most promising junior executive at Gen-s. The electric, tense, exacting, cantankerous, abrasive, ambitious, and obsessively self-personality so characteristic of past generations seems to have become as obsolete as the freckled-faced redhead with one very, very seldom encounters any young person who is sufficiently maladjusted to be shy, or who appears ever to have at it is like to blush or tremble with stage nerves required to perform in public. The act comes early these days, and whatever the young may or may not be, they are confident and accomplished troop of performers in our history.

style of delivery is as much a piece of stage decor as their style of personality. It is what we have achieved, after years of painful struggle through steadily widening gyres of unreality, a mode of speech that is the verbal expression of our democratic heritage. The young have carried the evolutionary movement forward—if that is the correct direction—through another phase, and in so doing, have increased the number and variety of registers.

which colloquial American is able to draw from its linguistic materials. The result is that there is a sort of patois of most of the major registers uttered by human lips within their range. The Mississippi Negro dialect, Appalachia, the jargon of technology, the jargon of science, the jargon of psychiatry, the jargon of the ghetto, the jargon of rock-music culture, the jargon of the dope addict, and the jargon of the Avenue—to name only those that come to mind. Americans—perhaps because they are deranged by the babble of so many tongues—have always been the most limpy and tone-deaf people on earth. Listen to them talk, particularly after one has been in the country long enough to have stopped hearing sound for granted, is like listening to voices coming out of ether. Our women are everywhere throughout the world for having voices that proceed from some vengeful agitation or blades immediately behind the nose. As this sound must be symptomatic of a quality of soul, the slack and derivative quality of the young seems to be the perfect idiom of emptiness.

It takes no special knowledge of human psychology to understand why the young are so limpy if they are people of notably limp personalities very probably because certain factors have contributed to the development of strong personalities from their experience. This is to say that strong personalities, like all neurotic diseases, are made rather than inherited, and they are made, as a rule, not by conditions of jolly good fortune such as are enjoyed by the masses of the world but by conditions of a far more stressful

required for strong ambition: some degree of psychological isolation at the right moment in life and some productive relationship with an accessible but resistant environment. To define himself, to become aware of himself at all as an individual human being, a person needs to acquire what Henry James called the perspective of "otherness." This can only be acquired if he has the opportunity to be physically alone for extended periods during adolescence, and creatively alone in the sense that he is deprived of the usual social distractions and soporifics and therefore is forced to turn inward and seek satisfaction in the consciousness of his own powers, the cultivation of his own unique perceptions. In time, if the isolation is prolonged, a person will develop a powerful awareness of his own identity and a correspondingly powerful awareness of the very different identities of other people. He will take on the spectatorial attitude, the habit of seeing what is happening in the world of others as interesting or remarkable or preposterous just because it is happening to them and not to himself, because they are strangers or actors performing a play in which he has no part. It may even be that the role of the spectator is essential in a very basic sense to the development of perception, for conceivably we see only to the extent that our eye is attracted by the incongruous and unusual. If nothing within the range of our vision seems remarkable, we are likely not to notice it at all or we may simply register it unconsciously as normal and therefore as forgettable. On the other hand, the greater our sense of the incongruous, the greater will be our effective range of vision, for we will be like children perpetually seeing the world as if for the first time. Freudian psychology suggests that intelligence begins when the individual begins to separate himself from his environment, when through psychological isolation he ceases to perceive his environment as merely an extension of himself—and so, it seems, does personality begin.

6.

But the state of isolation, however valuable it may be for a certain period, is neither desirable nor supportable if continued for too long a time. It can only lead to permanent withdrawal, a distortion of the perspective of otherness into a sense of estrangement, and eventual immobilization of the psyche. Luckily, the tendency of healthy people is to try sooner or later to break out of their isolation and achieve some kind of productive relationship with others by impressing their personalities on them, perhaps through idiosyncrasy, emotional warmth, intellectual excellence, or creative accomplishment. It is necessary to confront the human community and to make use of the energy or wisdom required in isolation to earn one's membership in the community or to define one's differences from it. For this to be possible, the social environment must be accessible, and it must also be at least initially resistant. It must put up barriers which will stimulate one to impress one's personality

"The electric, tense, exacting, cantankerous, abrasive, ambitious, and obsessively self-monitory personality so characteristic of past generations of rebels seems to have become obsolete."

John W. Aldridge
IN
THE COUNTRY
OF
THE YOUNG

upon it and try to subdue it. This is why access to the small, provincial environment such as the neighborhood and town, or to an oppressive home environment, is so necessary to vital rebellion, just as it is necessary to creation of vital personality. One is goaded into self-definition by the pressure exerted by the environment to force one into conformity.

But the problem for the young is, as I have suggested, that so many of these essential influences are missing from their lives. They are, above all, a generation which seems never to have been alone; hence, they have never endured psychological isolation or been compelled to develop the perspective of otherness. The experience of the small, provincial environment is as historically and culturally remote from them as the English country-house life portrayed by Jane Austen, and they most assuredly show no signs of having suffered from an oppressive home environment. To most of them the social world has not been an arena of personal confrontation or conflict but the very embodiment of irrelevance, for they have always known the vast, vacant, structureless world of modern suburbia, which it is impossible to identify with and even more impossible to rebel against, which does not encourage the spectatorial attitude or provide one with a sufficient sense of incongruity even to see it as effectively *other*. Everything about it conspires to make one wish not to see it, to make one turn away from it, but turn not into the self—since that would only complete the process of estrangement—but frantically outward to the society of one's contemporaries. For it is undoubtedly because they have been unable to identify with the physical character of their social environment that the young have identified so completely with one another and sought in the society of one another the sense of human connection denied them by their environment. In fact, it would seem that the society of one another is their only accessible social environment, their only medium of satisfactory social experience.

Thus, it follows with sound Darwinian logic that their personalities should be perfect adaptations to the requirements of the collectivist society which they inhabit, that they should be self-effacing, colorless, politic, and free of all competitive tensions and idiosyncrasies. They have not needed to prove their worth or compete for the approval of the group because approval is instantly granted as a condition of generational membership. They have not needed to develop themselves intellectually because the group does not believe in ideas, only in actions. They have not needed to learn how to express themselves in language because the group has learned how to communicate without resorting to language. They have never felt estranged from one another, only from everybody else, so there is no question of their ever having had to impose their personalities upon their environment in order to provoke or subdue it. They already *are* their environment—and it is perhaps not a sufficiently militant irony to daunt their deadly earnestness that their qualities of personality are remarkably similar to the qualities of their physical surroundings, that

they are just as bland, vacant, and structureless as the dreck culture with which they cannot identify but which now seems to have reclaimed even the jungle sooner or later reclaims even the most domesticated of its creatures, as its spiritual counterparts and human counterparts.

All this bears rather strikingly on the character of their rebellion, and they do rebel only to determine whether they are as irrelevant to strangers as they are to one another. But it is evident that if the young display individuality or none of the aggressiveness they display collectively, the reason must be that their emotions are engaged by the issues which they collectively support, that there is something impersonal about the public anger and programmatic about their demand for reform. They are demonstrating, it would appear, in the name of abstractions and theoretical constructs of issues rather than the concrete specifics of issues, and one supposes they are doing this because they lack direct personal experience with those issues, because they are precisely as alienated from the world in which those issues exist as they are from the realities of their social environment.

This is to say that their activism seems to result more of ideological commitment than of direct personal frustration and suffering, and that is why they cling to it so passionately, because it is what they have instead of direct involvement, because it is a structure of ideological intensity which has all the appearance of directness without having been derived from feeling. It is their only means of confronting experience in a dynamic way. They are very probably a generation of American rebels not to have rebelled to some degree personally as a result of the injustices and inequities which they seek to end, and this has created a crippling separation between their principles and their emotions, between their official idealism and their practical understanding. If they had ever actually been the victims of persecution or persecution, if they had ever known the ugliness of discrimination, lived among the poor of Appalachia or Harlem, gone hungry, fought a war, or tried to survive under Russian or Chinese Communism, they might have found a living basis for their outrage and discovered the technique for an effective personal rebellion. They might have found a corrective for their tendency to romanticize the masses as well as the joys of building a socialist republic. But affluence, Americanism, and their favored or unfavored position in the world have deprived them of these experiences, leaving them physically and psychologically alienated from the objects of their official compassion, anger, theoretical in their concern for other realities.

This quality of abstractedness is revealed in the oddly obscure vocabulary they use to describe the evils which they wish to overthrow. They talk compulsively and ritualistically about *power structures, systems, establishments, bureaucracy, anomie, and the vagueness of these words*.

hen used singly, to describe specific con-
a real world, is symptomatic of their func-
empty pejorative metaphors for problems
ally engaged in by those who use them. It
ems that such language is intended to
eality, or to lay false claim to the existence
y, which the young can then attack—as if
an objective correlative for their sense of
sufficient justification for their impulse
By the same token, they appear to be far
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nstrate against *technology* but do nothing
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ut do nothing to help the real victims of
a, who are most certainly not themselves,
wer structures but do nothing to curb the
their own power structure, which is rap-
ning the most powerful and bureaucratic
l. But the point, of course, is that the un-
and oppressed are unreal to the young
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e, while the abstract catchwords of their
ie Newspeak of the very technology they
hate, give them the only sense of connec-
have with experience beyond the society
other. It would seem that to the abstracted
ructions are real, just as modes of pro-
e more real to them than concrete goals.
dministration of universities is more im-
an the content and quality of the ideas
within them. Clearly, the young are suf-
m a massive dissociation of sensibility, a
ationship with living realities.

7.

ve that it is just this isolation which has
e young the impetus for their rebellion. It
at their militant actions represent an effort
about a confrontation not with authority
eality, the kind of face-to-face confronta-
have been unable to achieve in any other
it is one of the many sadnesses of their
ent that their search for reality leads them
back to authority, since, given their isola-
ere is nothing else for them to confront.
locked into the programmed circuits of
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llion must be carried out within them. Just
ogy can only be described and attacked by
in the language of technology, so power
can only be opposed by the erection
em of new power structures, those of revo-
oming finally as repressive of individual
as those they are intended to destroy.
ar more poignant irony lies in the fact that
a of the future so widely shared by the
also the result of technological program-
it would appear that their isolation from
ics of experience, inside the bureaucratic
given them such a horror of experience
have incorporated into their image of the

ideal society precisely the bureaucratic restrictions
they now find restricting, and so project a society
purified of risk, uncertainty, and every form of
physical and intellectual challenge, the aim presu-
ably being to make life safe from every possible in-
trusion of life. Their abstractedness, in short, has
caused them to conceive of a paradise of abstracted-
ness, to escalate the nightmare of their alienation
into a dream of utopian alienation.

This is of course exactly the kind of society that
technology has been endeavoring all along to bring
into being, and it is a logical extension of the one
the young are now demonstrating against. If left
alone, our present society will naturally evolve into
it, and if the reforms of the young are instituted, it
will most certainly do so more quickly. But what is
especially interesting is that this is also a more
highly disinfected version of the society which their
parents created for the young when they were grow-
ing up, one in which measures could always be taken
and solutions could always be found and happiness
consisted of discovering infinite distractions from
the real. Thus, it is possible to wonder, when they
envision a world without risk, whether the young
are not in fact expressing their nostalgia for the
secure, permissive, and instantly gratifying lost
Eden of their childhoods, where every day was
Christmas, and Mother and Dad were the Good
Fairy and Santa Claus for one brief shining moment
before they turned into ogres. Surely, the controlled
environment which they anticipate for the future
and which technology will inevitably provide is not
so very different from the controlled environment of
the nursery, and it is perfectly appropriate to the
child's fear of the dark forces of contingency that
seem, in his nighttime imagination, so monstrous
and threatening. But these happen also to be the
forces that give the adult life its edge of adventure
and provide the only assurance we have that life is
something more than a bubble of contentment drift-
ing between the security of the nursery and the per-
fection of the grave.

Apparently the young are so abstracted from ex-
perience and so fearful of adulthood that they find
this simple truth either incomprehensible or unbear-
able. Yet one supposes that a crucial event of adult-
hood is the discovery of virtue in the imperfect and
the unexpected. However disturbing it may be to
the emotionally delicate, however obstructive it may
be of our progress toward sociological Godhead,
there is excitement in the refusal of things to be
safe, pure, rational, and predictable. The young, of
all people, should know this, since it is because we
have problems that they have been able to enjoy the
excitement of agitating for their solution. Once
they are solved, the young will have agitated them-
selves out of work and right back into boredom.
Yet, paradoxically enough, this most rebellious and
bo- table of generations seems to be excited by prob-
lems without believing in them. They may derive
their emotional sustenance from them at the present
time, but they fail to see any value in them either
for themselves or for the race in general, and their
first act of legislative business when they come to

"It would seem
that the society of
one another is
their only
accessible social
environment."

create the ideal society of the future will evidently be to declare them illegal. Hence, they do not understand how there might be very real benefits to be derived from experiences that have nothing to recommend them except the fact that they are imperfect or expose one to uncertainty. There is, for example, that much excoriated phenomenon of their university careers, the bad professor, whose badness might be their only reliable gauge of what a good professor should be or simply prove so abrasive that some enterprising student will be goaded by it into becoming smarter in the field than he is. If, on the other hand, students are confronted by nothing but good professors, they are likely to become overawed by the proliferation of expertise and go away convinced that the best that is known and thought in the world has already been known and thought. It is quite possible that much of the current boredom of university students is the result of their not having encountered sufficient stupidity in their instructors. Sometimes there is no greater stimulus to intellectual ambition than a good dull mind.

The young also apparently find little exhilaration in those other hazards and dislocations of life which can often prove so challenging. They appear to dislike, and to do all they can to avoid encountering people who are capricious, crotchety, intolerant, or just plain bigoted rather than reasonable, understanding, and colorless. They find no stimulus, regardless of the final cost, in the experience of economic uncertainty, in the risk of getting a girl pregnant, or flunking out of college, or choosing the wrong career, or being absolutely alone and against the crowd just because it is a crowd and all those people cannot possibly be right. At the moment they may seem to be taking their chances with the police, but they are taking them not as isolated individuals, not as rebel-outlaws, but as buck privates in a vast army of righteous orthodoxy, whose actions have all the choreographed daring of battle scenes in Vista-Vision. They are also taking their chances in the name of reforms ultimately aimed at the abolition of imperfection from the earth, the removal of all cause for even their own dissent.

8.

This is not quite to suggest that, in order to be worth living, life needs to be as dreadful or dangerous as possible. Yet it does seem to be true that difficulty brings more of our essential humanity into play than tranquillity does and so heightens our responsiveness to life, in very much the way that disease rallies the body's defenses or the eye works more energetically in the presence of varying intensities of light than it does in an all-white room. If, as T. S. Eliot said, "human kind cannot bear very much reality," it also cannot bear too little. We need the challenge of an untrustworthy and resistant environment to wake us from our psychic sleep and give us again the adrenal charge of panic that kept us alive in the jungle dark. We also need to be reminded, as imperfection and risk

do remind us, of the possibilities of renewal. Of cosmic surprise, the miracle of the fortuitous individual and original, that we can dare to take guns at the shoot-out, that there is still an alternative to lockstep, some room left on the frontier of becoming.

But if imperfection and risk reopen their connection with life, perfection, if it were attainable, would be a state of death, and a desire for it must be a desire to die. The solution of a problem, the eradication of some source of enigma or mystery, represents one more instance in which we have relinquished our hold on the unpredictable. We have capitulated to stasis, because we live in a world tombled in some scheme of order, and so need a world what was once capable of explosive and vital surprise. We necessarily reduce the possibilities of life in our struggle to make it coherent, and we reduce the number of areas in which we can actively engage it. In a sense we struggle not simply to understand our experience but to solve it so that it will no longer have the power to hurt us. Life becomes explicable; the dark is illumined. When we see that the shadow under the trees was only a tiger after all; and we are not frightened any more. But we are also less alive.

The fear of life must be powerful in the young because nothing enrages them more than imposition of order, the innate refusal of people and institutions to die into order, and nothing obsesses them more than the necessity to dissolve ambiguities, rectify inequities, and absorb all extremes into a new condition of equilibrium. Such a desire, in the name of some ideal of creative liberation, is heralded as the altogether inevitable and necessary urge of a new generation to free society from the paralysis in outmoded patterns of conduct by instituting new patterns more productive of growth. But it would seem that for this generation the opposite is the case. Their desire is apparently not to expand possibility but to contract it, to tame experience in its infinite and disturbing variety, to harness men in their infinite and disturbing individuality, to harness the contingent in the name of the safe—in short, to free society from the pressures of adventure and make it eventually possible for the race to evolve to a point of equilibrium where it will be able to exist without having to feel the pain of life.

It is only through a profound alienation from the dynamics of experience that the human mind can think in such coldly generalizing abstractions. I have experience, and I have already suggested that this kind of alienation is particularly common among the young at the present time. It appears to be responsible for their tendency to see social problems in terms of large manipulable masses of people rather than in terms of individuals, and to be concerned with issues rather than ideas, with quantitative rather than qualitative values, with political and economic reforms rather than the rehabilitation of the physical and cultural environment. It also appears to have produced in them a narrowing of sensibility.

in emotional and intellectual responsiveness in the face of challenge, and a rigidity of the ambiguous. Just as the urban landscape has been uglified as a result of utilitarianism and environmental insensitivity of those who exploit it, so personality has become by this same insensitivity to the qualities beyond the material, by its inability to see the world except in the abstract, from the point of social theories and technological

is particularly unfortunate because if the effort to make society over in the image of perfectionism, they will need all the force of personality they can muster. They will need quite a few exceptional men, exceptional in mind, in sensitivity, and courage. But the effort to provide all men with the opportunity for a decent life—and the social philosophy responsible for such an effort—is not congruous with either the need for or the existence of exceptional men. We can attempt to cater to masses of people only at the risk of destroying the individual. We can become so concerned about rights that we forget about privileges and responsibilities. In trying to abolish distinctions we can wash out distinction. The individual life can be diminished for all in the effort to raise the standard of living for all. We can easily, and may, in fact, have already produced—on a scale in which more and more people have less and fewer and fewer have really enough. The more we concentrate on providing security and sustenance of the whole population, the more sterilized of uncertainty and risk will it become. For a collectivist utopia must above all be bureaucratically organized and efficiently run, and its action must be judged on the basis not of its utility and daring but of its value in producing the greatest good for the greatest number. Unless, before the young can create such a society, they must somehow manage to become more daring themselves. If they expect to be free of the constraints of its conscience, as they have tried to be, they had better acquire some direct experience of the specifics of moral experience, and cannot do without exposing themselves to other more potent than those they have so often sought at the campus barricades. If they wish to embody a revised and liberated American individuality, they had first better become men of action. If they wish it to be free of materialism, they had better stop thinking so exclusively in material terms. They had also better begin now to conserve human resources to put in place of the materialism, resources which will enable them to survive in a world from which not merely the material but all imperfections will presumably be abolished—survive *and* create a civilization which will have the power to preserve the quality of individual life at the same time that it guarantees tranquillity of the collective life. It is just where the young seem to be singularly ill-equipped to be the administrators of a

trouble-free society, for they have left out of account one vital factor: their own inability to live in such a society without going out of their minds. With no more problems to be solved, with no more injustices to demonstrate against, with no more repressive authorities to confront, they would need precisely the dedication to ideas, the interest in aesthetic values, in creative expression, in intellectual analysis, in the amenities of the leisured, affluent life which their preoccupation with solving material problems has prevented them from developing. Thus, in the long hard winters of utopia, they would have complete freedom to do their own thing and nothing to do but face the vacuum in themselves. They would be able to smoke pot all day and all night, pluck their guitars under every tree, screw on every street corner, and go naked whenever and wherever they pleased. But even the young can be diverted only so long by their diversions, by the soporifics that dull, by the psychedelics that substitute a chemical intensity for a life of meaning. Even the naked body grows familiar in time and becomes one more experience of life which is canceled out, which even the most assiduous voyeur is finally abstracted from, through boredom. It is possible that hang-ups would, in the process, be eradicated, and that would represent the achievement of one of the most vital social goals of the young. People would then be liberated from guilt as well as from imperfection and be free at last to feel absolutely nothing.

Undoubtedly, a society of this kind would eventually become polarized by two extreme psychological types, both of which would be mutations of types that are now rather familiar. There would be the catatonic, and there would be the berserk: the passive vegetable man and the violent mechanical man, opposites in their modes of behavior but identical in their paralysis of feeling. The catatonic would have ceased long ago to strive or respond, for all irritants would have disappeared from his sphere of consciousness. He would have no needs that were not supplied, no desires that were not instantly gratified. For days or weeks on end he would simply stare at walls or watch, fascinated, the copulation of insects. Having been relieved of the struggle of becoming, he would exist simply to be. The berserk type, on the other hand, would react very differently to the absence of irritants. He would become nervous and disoriented, would roam the streets with mayhem in his heart and nothing behind his eyes except perhaps a baby-blue look of death. Unable to discharge his hatreds in socially approved skirmishes with the police, he would periodically tear up the pavements and throw bricks through store windows and shout obscenities at the sky. It would be violence for its own sake, in the name of no cause except his need to remind himself of feeling, of the way it used to feel to be alive. In between these two extremes there would of course be the millions of normal people like ourselves, people going about their business as usual, seeing nothing amiss, finding nothing remarkable, being tolerant and forgiving, having learned long ago how to live tranquilly together in this best of all possible worlds. □

“Difficulty brings more of our essential humanity into play than tranquillity does and so heightens our responsiveness to life.”

THE UNDECLARED WITCH-HUNT

Recent events suggest that the new-style security snoopers, while not looking for Commies under every bed, are now out for the homegrown troublemaker—and with far less opposition than was heard in Joe McCarthy's day.

Last summer, the Defense Department made another attempt to revoke the security clearance of one Benning Wentworth, a thirty-five-year-old homosexual who works for a private company that does secret tasks for the federal government. Wentworth showed up at his hearing before the Industrial Security Clearance Review Office in New York wearing a button that said, "Gay Is Good," and with the president of the Mattachine Society and one of its members as his advisers. So the question was not whether Wentworth was homosexual: rather, it was the essence of his defense that he was a publicly admitted, openly practicing, mentally competent adult homosexual, and was not, therefore, liable to the possibilities of blackmail, bribery, coercion, and pressure that have caused other homosexuals to be regarded as "security risks."

The real question appeared to be whether homosexuals, merely for being such, are automatically security risks. Barbara Gittings, one of Wentworth's advisers from the Mattachine Society, said that "the only relevant question should be, 'Is this person [Wentworth] capable of safeguarding classified material?'" That might seem logical to anyone giving casual thought to what constitutes a "security risk": in fact, however, no charges of betraying or compromising secrets had been brought against Wentworth, and the appeal board that ordered the New York hearing said it would enable the Defense Department "to submit information concerning matters relevant to a determination as to the probability that applicant will continue in the future to engage in sexually perverted conduct."

Now perhaps it is psychologically or even medically true that homosexual persons, in the nature of their per-

suation, are somehow less trustworthy and stable than heteros. But this seems to laymen a difficult and sweeping judgment to make, particularly to one who knows many heteros and is not all that impressed with their virtues. The more charitable and probably the wiser conclusion is that the reliability and trustworthiness of all human beings, regardless of mating preferences, varies widely.

But when I discussed last summer's newspaper reports of the Wentworth case, for instance, with an intelligent and sophisticated young black, he said he knew many homosexuals and had to confess that he would not want to see the nation's highest secrets entrusted to them. It might be all right at lower levels, he suggested, but not in the rarefied world of secrets affecting national survival.

Aside from the question how many such vital secrets there really are, this disturbed me—not merely because he believed homosexuals as a group were less trustworthy than others, a view which is no doubt widely shared, but because he assumed that at some undefined high level the ordinary rules of the game are off, that some matters are so important that the Constitution, in effect, can be suspended, that *subject matter*—nuclear war plans, for instance, or missile sitings, or certain CIA operations—if vital enough can override procedural guarantees, civil rights, the law itself. (Unfortunately, there probably are a good many people in this country who would feel the same way

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about blacks that my black friends would say about homos: you can trust some secrets but not with really important secrets.)

Governments have always taken the line that at some point so-called national security overrides rights. Lincoln, who would be considered a hard-nosed lawyer today, suspended the right of habeas corpus in certain areas. In the war years numerous inequities and injustices have been tolerated in the government's concern for national security; many of the Japanese-Americans then living were guilty of no crime, but their callous indifference to the rights of the Japanese-Americans during World War II was a stain on the nation's conscience.

The tendency of governments to sacrifice its own survival and, all too often, nothing more than its highest principles as it sees them, beyond the normal procedures of the law was seldom more insidiously demonstrated than in the findings of the "security board" in 1954 considered the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer, the "father of the atomic bomb." This famous proceeding was concluded in a remarkable and surprising reversal of logic and common sense despite its findings that the scientist was not only a "loyal citizen" but had "a high degree of discretion," "an unusual ability to keep top secret vital secrets," the board recommended that Oppenheimer's security clearance be revoked. He had, it said, a "high ability to influence" that might have "serious implications"; he was "less than candid" and showed "serious disregard" for the security of the nation; and he had not been forthcoming about building the hydrogen bomb.

The board could revoke only the security clearance because it ac-

—as it may seem fifteen years ago—that security had become a central concern in the Cold War. “undue restraints upon freedom and action” were necessary, all, “the protection of all our people.” The board majority asserted, “it would be a disservice to mount to all other considerations, viewing its own work more as a history is likely to do, the fact included that it had demonstrated that the government can search out and the soul of an individual whose relationship to his government is in question with full protection of rights and interests of both.” Of course, profoundly dangerous, in addition to a higher knowledge of responsibility, rendering null the restraints and guarantees of the kind of thing that could happen. The Oppenheimer review board to mention only that he had not been in double jeopardy. despite security clearances on essentially the same charges, because the jeopardy principle was “for the protection of the individual, whereas the measures are for the protection of the country, whose interests should be foreclosed.”

Is this kind of thing merely a relic of an excited past, when McCarthy stalked the land and China had been “lost” to the communists; the persecution of J. Edgar Hoover is one bit of evidence that the security mania still lives and who among us has not expected to be visited from a crewcut man—too many federal agencies are staffed with them—who in the final instance, to know some acquaintance of ours is an American”—after having first, of course, inquired into what we know of him from his sexual habits to his material. Philip M. Stern, in a book about the Oppenheimer case, published in November 1968. U.S. Appeals Court in which the Navy said it had rejected a candidate from a college training program because he was the president of an organization in favor of “race relations, poverty, peace, and university reform” because he “became interested” in writing “some of their views” on Vietnam.

It gives a detailed and passionate account of Oppenheimer’s fatal involve-

ment with the slowly grinding mills of a security apparatus that had its ominous birth in World War II and achieved malignant growth in the ensuing Cold War. But his book (*The Oppenheimer Case: Security on Trial**) is much more than that. Oppenheimer was such a fascinating and contradictory human being that the story of his downfall becomes something more than mere political drama, and he did himself less than justice in commenting on a European play (later produced in New York) about his security hearing, when he said, “The whole damn thing was a farce, and these people are trying to make a tragedy out of it.” But most of all, Stern’s book is a searing indictment of the security mania itself, and of its corrosive effect on American life and liberty. In his account of the fall of a giant, one senses a tragedy dwarfing even that of Robert Oppenheimer—the tragedy of a great people struck by unreasoning and unworthy fear.

Stern documents his contention that this fear and the resulting outrages are as much “a thing of today” as of the Fifties, at the height of the Cold War, when the “Communist conspiracy” for world domination, hatched in Moscow and Peking, was as much an article of American faith as was the proposition that God was unwaveringly on our side. In fact, “security” may be today a more menacing concept than it was then; Joe McCarthy, at least, made everyone aware, back in the Fifties, that the witch-hunt was on. Dismal as was the atmosphere of the time, McCarthy and the other inquisitors did arouse strong and effective opposition, and forced a lot of Americans at least to think about the implications of the “security state” as well as of a holy-war attitude toward Communism.

It may well be questioned whether Americans are today as sensitive as they were then to the official tendency to take shortcuts and questionable steps, justified only by “security” considerations. The anti-Communist hysteria of Cold War days has surely abated, and even Oppenheimer, before his death, was “rehabilitated” when President Johnson personally tendered him the prestigious Fermi Award in a White House

ceremony. But what seems more threatening than ever is that, while they may not now be seeking a Red spy under every bed, the ubiquitous security apparatus are out for more difficult and dangerous game—the homegrown agitator, troublemaker, and “militant”—and with far less vociferous opposition than was heard in the McCarthy catch-a-Commie-for-Christ days.

What was the most immediate response of Congress to the outbreak of racial violence in dozens of American cities? It passed a law making it a federal crime to cross a state border with the intent to stir up a riot—as if it were possible to tell what a man had on his mind when he flew from, say, Montgomery to Atlanta, and as if, even if you *could* tell, what he had on his mind was a criminal matter for which he could properly be prosecuted, regardless of whether any riot ever took place or whether, later on, he had in fact tried to stir one up. Attorney General Ramsey Clark refused to use this dubious instrument but it was there waiting for Attorney General John Mitchell, just as the national fear turned from the black ghetto to the unruly campus; and Mitchell promptly put his department to work trying to catch those who were hurrying from campus to campus stirring up all the trouble among the otherwise decent, contented, panty-raiding Joe Colleges.

“The federal government,” Mitchell said in a copyrighted interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, “should look to the hard-core nihilists who intend to destroy our educational institutions and who have so demonstrated by moving among the institutions across state lines to carry out these intended functions. . . . I would say, as of this moment, that there would be indictments.”

Nor is it only the federal government that is out to protect us from the dissidents and the “nihilists.” New York City, for instance, is apparently doing its part with its aptly named “Bossi”—the acronym for the Bureau of Special Services and Investigations of the city police. Bossi has collected literally thousands of dossiers on residents of New York who might be considered radicals or “far-out”—including, according to one report, a file on Mayor Lindsay. With all its other problems, the city manages to find about \$666,000 a year for the salaries of the 68 men regularly

*Harper & Row, \$10.

assigned to Bossi, as well as whatever it costs for another 55 who were on temporary assignment in 1967, and still are, so far as is known. Among its achievements, Bossi counts the provision of vital testimony in the conviction of William Epton, a Harlem Progressive Laborite, for conspiring to riot and advocating the overthrow of—brace yourself—New York State!

In Chicago last summer, when the warring factions of the SDS met for a tumultuous convention, security men from various agencies swarmed about so thickly that even an amateur could pick them out of the crowd. In fact, said the Illinois State Police Superintendent, James T. McGuire, there were more than a thousand federal, state, and local secret agents, an all-time high, then operating in the Chicago area because “our growing concern about subversives and militants, with their talk of armed revolution, has brought us a temporary shift in emphasis away from the organized crime problem.”

This same melancholy metamorphosis of interest was disclosed in more frightening terms in a blatant grab by the Nixon Administration's Department of Justice for virtually unlimited authority to wiretap and bug almost any individual or organization that might incur its suspicion. The Administration took office with what could probably be fairly called a public mandate to use, in a war on crime, the wiretapping authority that had been voted by Congress but which Attorney General Clark — that stubborn libertarian ornament of the Johnson Administration — again had refused to use. There was a respectable, if not entirely convincing, case to be made for wiretapping against organized crime in the experience of District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York, among others. So there was never any doubt that Mitchell, as he has done, would use his authority to tap the phones of suspected criminals, under legally imposed guidelines.

But various court rulings, or refusals to rule, also have given the executive branch, over the years, the essential freedom to tap and bug (presumably foreign embassies) for “foreign intelligence information,” without prior court approval and without the necessity of informing a defendant that he

had been overheard during the course of such a tap. This means that the executive branch of the government has virtually unlimited authority to eavesdrop for “foreign intelligence information.” In a brief filed, appropriately enough, with the court trying the so-called conspiracy case of those alleged to have stirred up the violence that surrounded the Democratic National Convention in Chicago last year, the Justice Department asserted that the executive branch had the same unchecked right to tap and bug “domestic organizations which seek to attack and subvert the government by unlawful means.” As if to drive the point home, the document pointed out that “in recent years, there have been an increasing number of instances in which federal troops have been called upon by the states to aid in the suppression of riots . . . [F]aced with such a state of affairs, any President who takes seriously his oath” will use electronic surveillance to gather intelligence about organizations which may be trying to change the government illegally or “foment violent disorders.” This could obviously be anybody from a black nationalist group to a student militant organization: it could, in fact, be almost anybody because the Justice Department also was careful to say that the decision whether to eavesdrop on suspected subversives was “one that properly comes within the competence of the executive and not the judicial branch.”

This is an important distinction because it is the judicial branch, under procedures established by Congress, that must authorize the executive branch to tap or bug a suspected criminal. To get a court order to do so, the Justice Department has to show a judge that there is a reasonable probability that a crime is being committed, and that the eavesdropping is going to be used to prevent or detect that crime; in effect, the government is required to get what amounts to a court-sanctioned search warrant before it can tap or bug a criminal. Under the Justice Department's new claim, this protection for criminals need not be extended to suspected subversives or dissidents; nor need they ever be informed, even in resulting court actions, that they have been victims of eavesdropping, as a criminal defendant would have to be.

That is about as open and sweeping

an assertion of the government's right to set aside the law, on its own and on its own unsubstantiated claim, as to evidence and probable cause as has ever been made. Whether the bombast and ballyhoo of Joe McCarthy or the drama of the destruction of the Reich by the Gestapo, it is a logical outgrowth of the same security mania, the same there is some point at which the rights of the individual must disappear before the claims of the state.

If that is so, of course, the government only has to keep looking for critical points, as happens in a war, until the rights of the individual disappear altogether. And even if that does not come about, if the Nixon Administration's snoopers, and those of other administrations after, stop short of the true price of the security, the price is still high—too high to be measured in the mounting thousands of personal dossiers in the government's secret chambers, with their often ridiculous information, which cites an actual security-risk which the defendant was charged with having hung on his walls “Cubism,” which turned out to be a work by Picasso, Matisse, Rodin, or “Modigliotti”). Just how protected against abuse these things are was well illustrated recently when two national magazines, *New Yorker* and *Life*, were able to print what turned out to be information derived from the scripts of FBI wiretaps of Joe McCarthy's phones in his Bachelors III apartment. And the effect of the government's determined collection of every scrap of gossip and information about its citizens cannot, in the long run, to impose upon one, out of fear of proscription or prosecution, something like a new kind of loyal, American behavior. Benning Wentworth, who will find himself out of luck in the long run, day nears.

The price can be measured, perhaps, in the fixation upon conspiracy that is the root of security mania. As long as we bemuse ourselves with the idea of the ghetto blows up and the camels are the rule and our young people are drafted only because of agitators and subversives and conspirators and we are unlikely to see ourselves in the clear, and “nameless, unknown fear” will remain a formidable barrier to sensible and timely action.

Stravinsky: ON ILLNESS AND DEATH



1966. New York to Paris. Airplane con-
tact between strangers seem to follow a pat-
tern: first stage usually begins with a rummage
through acquaintances, shared opinions, shared
places. The common knowledge even
of a restaurant or hotel will help people to feel
together, proving to them that "the world
is small," when in fact it proves only that
prosperity incomes tend to be found in the
same places, and hence on the same highways lead-
ing to the same places. Stage two, distinguished from
stage one by the settling-in-of-cocktails, moves on to
the exchange of scraps of personal confidences. And
stage three, more than scraps. My remarkably un-
friendly neighbor, a New Man type—Foundation
type, I think, or political economist, or
ideologist, the sort of person who would
talk to you about Quine's set theory or Bohr's
stability principle if you knew anything
about it—manages to deliver himself of a very
long installment of autobiography, between
two or so foot-trampling trips to the lav-
atory. It turns out he is on his way to an im-
portant meeting tomorrow in the Congo, I confess
I had some "contact" with the Congo my-
self, but that this was limited to flushing the
toilet on a flight to Rhodesia.)
The conversation depends on the amount and effective-

ness of the libations. Owing to the tensions of
flight and the limbo psychology that abrogates
not only responsibilities but even the sense of time,
the Establishment Narcotic is an especially potent
confessing drug in airplanes (to say nothing of its
biochemical effects, on blood sugar for example, and
the salt content in the hypothalamus). High-altitude
alcohol seems to push forward suddenly-remem-
bered connections, stories, comments, all for a mo-
ment of supreme importance and all insisting on
being voiced, but which turn away as peremptorily
as a cat, and a moment later defy recalling. If we
are but loosely in control of our thoughts ordi-
narily, how much less so are we under alcohol and
over 40,000 feet?

Stage three, flirtation, depends on individuals,
but a great deal of it transpires in airplanes. The
reasons reinclude those for stages one and two, with
the added factor that flying itself is sexually stimu-
lating, both mentally—all flying dreams are sexual—
and physically, if not in tingling sensations aroused
by the wheels touching the ground, or in the pres-
sure of braking, then at least in the desire to re-
embrace life, each landing being a birth. The cen-
tral sexual ingredient in air travel is none of these,
however, but the stewardess, toward whom the male
passenger harbors, and often openly attempts to
navigate, the most ardent wishes.

These entries from the diary of Robert Craft will be part of Retrospectives and Conclusions, a volume by Igor Stravinsky and Mr. Craft, to be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf. Mr. Craft's newest recording is Gesualdo's Sixth Book of Madrigals (issued by Columbia).

The stewardess is not merely a new amalgam of receptionist, party hostess, geisha, waitress, mother, mistress, nurse (bringing napkins every few minutes as if symbolically changing our diapers), but an entirely new aspect, or hitherto unexploited aspect, of Woman. Just as landscape painting did not exist before Giotto, though landscapes evidently did, nor the cult of literary tears before *Manon Lescaut*, though the flow of actual ones must have been fairly constant, so the commercially invaluable combination of beauty and bravery was unknown before the age of air travel. A handsome girl, ever the most desirable traveling companion anyway, is now the most exemplary as well, her valor, or indifference, shaming the passenger and helping him to collar his cowardice.

Our stewardess's lecture on flotation seats and life-raft inflating, on the donning of life jackets and the manipulation of lanyards, sounds like so much fun-filled fashion modeling. But her perpetual cheeriness gives way for a moment nearing the French coast when the plane begins to bump coltishly and to yaw and shake. In fact the sternness of her command to buckle seat belts and gutter cigarettes is then in such contrast to her usual manner that I suddenly become aware of the Holy Bible on the magazine rack, along with *Playboy* and *Time*.

Stravinsky objects to the stewardess tone of voice, nonstop smile, salesmanship ("Your personal airline," she says, repeating the legend of this giant, totally impersonal airline), and interminable translations: "Captain Smith hopes you have enjoyed your flight. Bye now." "*Le capitaine Smeet...*" I might add that the busy path of the stewardesses to the cockpit with trays of vodka, wine, cognac, champagne, and even Pernod has not greatly increased my store of confidence in Hauptmann Schmidt.

December 13. Hollywood. A visit from Yevgeny Yevtushenko, which the I.S.'s much enjoy, the family affection Russians are able to turn on at first acquaintance, even Russians holding such unpromisingly different views as the I.S.'s and Y.Y., amazing me once again. Yevgeny Alexandrovitch—the conversation is immediately on first-name terms—arrives with translator and publicity team in tow, but as soon as he has been pictured peeling his jacket under the tropical glare of his photographers' lamps, the entourage retires to another room. V. (Mrs. Stravinsky) chats with him about Gorodetsky, Kuzmin, Vladimir Nabokov,* and other writers she had known in the Crimea during the Revolution, and of whom, she says later, Yev. Alex. reminded her. He listens carefully to her description of Osip Mandelshtam in the Crimea in 1918. "Mandelshtam was always ardent and always hungry, but as everyone was hungry at the time, I should have said even hungrier than other people. Having very few clothes, he parsimoniously hoarded the most presentable ones, which included an emergency shirt, as he called it, and a pair of almost-

fully-soled shoes. Once he called on us near raincoat and nothing else, then paced up and by our cupboard the whole time like a philosopher, not to keep warm but to sniffing like a Platonic philosopher—wonder if larder had any food. I also remember a raid with him to Simferopol. The cars were swarmed with soldiers and refugees that babies sleeping the floor were helmeted with pails to keep from being accidentally crushed by people jostling to push through. I sat between Mandelshtam and Sudeikine, who dressed me like a woman on account of the soldiers." Yevtushenko tops this tale with an account of Mandelshtam's death, "drowned by bread, literally choking on his dying request was for *Russian bread*" (words, my italics.)

Of all the cultural ambassadors from the U.S.S.R. to have visited the I.S.'s, Yevtushenko is the first to notice the contents of the house. In fact he looks at everything, lifting and inspecting objects that he might do in a flea market, and admiring paintings, especially one by V., thereby being rewarded with it on the spot, which is called Russian hospitality. Near the end of the visit he suffers a setback, when the talk suddenly turns to Yev. Alex. I.S. gives him a point-blank dismissal of his vitch. But he recovers in time to mention his favorite compositions by I.S. himself.

Why am I recording this not very morose counter? I had not intended to, in any case. I was very attentive during it until I saw how the I.S.'s became speaking their *lingua franca* not, for a change, with other *émigrés*, but with a representative of the Russian political establishment. It seems to me that they were more natural with Alex. than they are with their closest friends.

January 9, 1967. New York. A breakfast on a night. Dinner with Marcel Duchamp, who is lipped and *sec*, but in aspect only. Another aspect! The profile might have been used for anaissance numismatic or medallion portrait, the posture, the backward tilt of the head, is aristocratic of equestrian heroes such as Pisanello's Ginepro d'Este, which farfetched comparison is due partly to something equine about Duchamp himself, partly to his table talk about the scorpions. He is neat, well-barbered, tight-lipped. He sports a daunting pink shirt and blue trousers, too, though when complimented on the combination dismisses it as a Christmas present. A conversational opening is provided by Michelangelo's *Giacometti*, but when someone remarks that a mutually lamented friend must have been a person," Duchamp objects to the word: "not tortured." Certainly neither descriptive nor ever have applied to the raptorial intellect of Duchamp himself.

But what *are* the feelings of a man who talks gravitates to airplane crashes—I am sure tomorrow—contributes the thought that "Death by air is a good way to go because you explode

*Her English tutor in Paris was the novelist's brother, Serge Nabokov.

ed from a heart attack because you im-
ney are not morbid feelings, certainly,
t being purely logical to him, with no
ional coloring than one of his chess
at may seem untrue to type in a crystalliz-
te such as his is the easy susceptibility to
usements. He tells a story of the Queen
visiting an exhibition of his work at the
y and questioning an embarrassed cura-
in object that, as Her Majesty did not
e, was ithyphallic. But this drollery is
owed with the observation that, "A free-
all much in need of at present is freedom
vit."

toronto. A CBC concert in Massey Hall,
ting the *Pulcinella* Suite, after which I
Oedipus Rex. Leaving the hotel, I.S. hap-
s before a crowd come to stare at Prin-
dra; what compounds the irony is that
it can be aware that the unscheduled
he little old man is a far rarer sight than
y are waiting for, artistic geniuses being
er to come by than merely well-born

th first time in his life I.S. conducts sitting
B this probably gives him more trouble
ids by not standing. He is very unsteady
, though, and in spite of the chair, he
odium railing with his left hand during
the performance. V. is alarmed watching
remembering how vigorously he con-
Chicago a mere five months ago. Worse
e can plainly see, the orchestra is not
wing him but the *tempi* of my morning
h of the piece.

ormance over, I.S. moves to a chair at
of the stage, averts his eyes from triple-
V exposure, listens to the accolades in
English of two dignitaries, is bemedaled.
ony very evidently affects him, as it
have done a year ago; in fact he would
contemptuous of it then. It is not merely
ny, either, but the special warmth of the
those applause and reluctance to let him
stinctly said, "This is the last time we will
or Stravinsky." No one is more aware of
S.

able to sleep after the concert, seeing, as
ide of a divided movie screen, the I.S. of
tipping across the stage to the podium,
ents twice as fast as anyone else's, and in
everything he did, his energy, physical and
iving everyone around him far behind;
other side, I.S. tonight, old, frail, halt-
fear, conducting in public for the last
life. What makes his case the more dis-
his terrifying self-awareness. A long
l withering away would be a great cruelty

New York. The findings of an electro-
gram and of other tests performed on I.S.
are amazing, says his physician, Dr.

Lewithin. There is no sign of senility, of the brain-
softening normal in a man of his age, nor any onset
of brain sclerosis. But then, I.S. lives entirely in
his brain. The receptivity tests have in fact shown
his responses to be as rapid as they are in a man of
thirty. I.S. is greatly interested in the encephalo-
gram, which he compares to "an electronic score,
with six-line staves and unreadable avant-garde
notation," adding that the eighteen electrodes at-
tached to his head made him look like "a bald
woman trying to scare up a mane of hair."

At the same time, says the doctor, the composer's
body is a ruin. Two blood-lettings and three Roent-
gen-ray treatments are scheduled for the week, and
they are a matter of life and death, as I.S. knows—
he is in fact already processing and overcoming the
knowledge in his formidable psychological machin-
ery. Armed with an understanding of the appre-
hensible biochemical facts, he will thus begin to
"think positively," harnessing his powerful "esem-
plastic will" to all the favorable factors and ignor-
ing the unfavorable. But the most difficult enemy to
subdue is another part of the same mind, that power-
ful intelligence which has not aged with the body
and remains so ruthlessly aware of it.

June 18. Hotel del Coronado. Coronado Beach,
California.

"Are you Mr. Stokowski, the conductor?" the
receptionist asks, and I.S. nods affirmatively. He is
less amused later seeing his own name in a letter
from Public Relations asking whether he would
mind being photographed. . . .

I.S.'s birthday party* is launched with slugs of
Stolychnaya vodka and docked with a cake, baked
by Milène, Stravinsky's daughter, and brought into
the room by her in a parade with V., who carries a
tray with eighty-five lighted candles. We sing "Hap-
py Birthday" and I.S. says that that makes it "*Son
et lumière*." But he says little else, and it is hard to
know his feelings.

After I.S. has cut the cake, we open some of the
four hundred cables and telegrams that have been
piling up all week from all over the world. But
whereas, for example, the President of Germany
has sent a two-page homage, no word has come from
any public official in America, where "The poor
procession without music goes." Nor, of course, has
any message come from that despoliation of the
desert in which I.S. has lived for twenty-seven years.
In fact the only acknowledgment of the anniversary
in his home community was a concert by the
"Beverly Hills Symphony," conducted by himself
four months ago at a greatly reduced fee not yet
received. So let the record stand. While the greatest
living composer's eighty-fifth birthday is being cele-
brated all over the world by entire festivals, and
countless individual concerts and performances, no
organization in the vale of smog-induced tears that
he has so long honored by his residence so much as
thought of dedicating a program to the event. In
fact, the *art* critic of the Los Angeles *Times* alone

*He was born June 18, 1882, near St. Petersburg.

recognized the necessity, for Los Angeles's sake, of a concert, but when permission was sought for the musicians to contribute their services for it, the Musicians' Union refused on grounds that it would "set a precedent." A precedent for whom? Is a deluge of Stravinskys imminent? In Los Angeles?

July 15. Hollywood. Nureyev and Fonteyn come for aperitifs—directly from a rehearsal, which partly excuses his getup: white tennis shorts, white sweater, white sandals. From the front he may be "faun-like," as is said, but seeing the back first, with the long, shaggy Beardsley-period hair, one could take him for a tousled woman. He is quite unlike the thrasonical exhibitionist of newspaper copywriters, nevertheless, and in fact I have rarely seen anyone more gracious and gentle with I.S., to whom his first words are: "This is a very great honor for me; I only hope I am not taking your time."

He talks about Bronislava Nijinska's revival of *Les Noces*, saying he had learned a great deal from it himself. The I.S.'s then talk about their red-carpet reception in the U.S.S.R., and this makes him uneasy. When V. quotes Nancy Mitford on the "clean feeling in the Soviet Union that money doesn't matter," he cannot help breaking in: "Of course it doesn't. There is nothing to buy: no automobiles, no houses, not even food." But he speaks gratefully of Madame Furtseva, the Culture Minister, who discovered him during the Bolshoi Ballet's season in Paris. "One afternoon at a reception for the dancers she pointed to me and told one of her minions, 'Next time this one will dance the solo.' That did it." Explaining his defection shortly after, he says that "The Soviet dancers were quartered in a very poor hotel near the Place de la Bastille, where we never saw anything of Paris. Then one day I learned how to use the Métro and took it to the Champs-Élysées. Walking from there to the Seine, I resolved never to leave: Paris seemed to me the most wonderful place on earth. But tell me, why are Russian *émigrés*, in Paris and California and everywhere else, so nostalgic for a Russia most of them have never seen?" V. suggests that part of the reason is in Russian literature, and it is true that many of the refugees she knows exist in a world of Russian books and have never learned other languages. Nureyev's rejoinder is that "A refugee should live according to the way of life in the country of his adoption." Just as *he* lives?

Next to I.S., who is as thin and shrunken as Mahatma Gandhi, Nureyev is impertinently healthy-looking. Entering the room, he identifies a postcard-size Klimt, and he continues to study the art objects on tables and walls, glancing back and forth from them to I.S., as if trying to crack the "object language" of the house—people being implied by their possessions, after all—which is simply I.S.'s obsession with the minuscule.

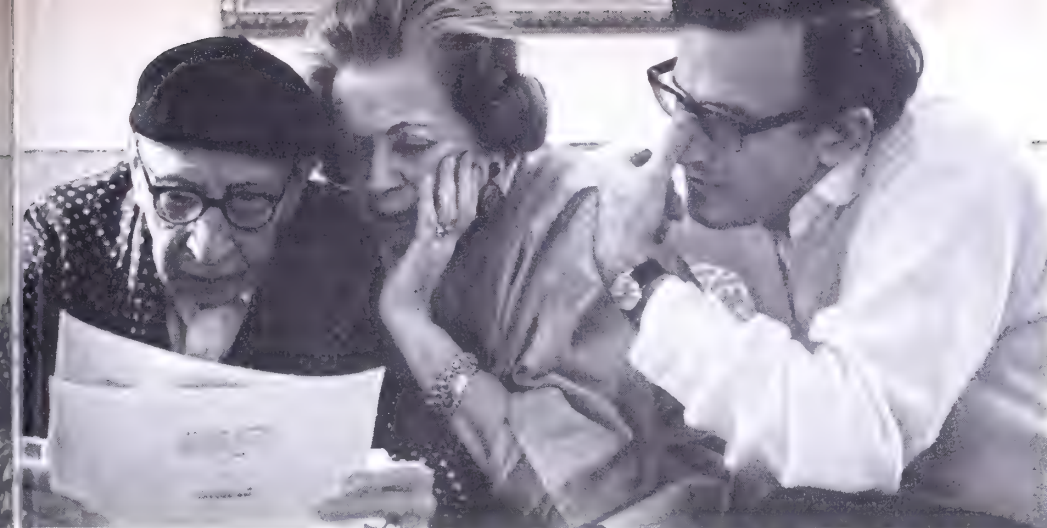
July 27. Hollywood. Seeing the I.S.'s again after even a short separation moves me nowadays almost more than I can bear. They are the two most marvel-

ous people in the world, the last survivors of a richer and better humanity, a whole culture of themselves. But they are so old and so fragile now, and so terribly alone. The hour of my flight, and when to expect it, late they will go to the window again and play their rounds of *solitaire* more anxiously. I do arrive, the sight of them in the doorway which they come at the sound of my taxiing. They seem, especially after that riot in the junkyard and the dreck of Los Angeles, desperately out of place as well as out of time. I tend to think about them, when I am away, were in the past. To see them after a long absence, therefore, is a sudden acute reminder, full of the pain of impending loss.

August 21. New York. An alarming call during my recording session tonight says that I.S. has a bleeding ulcer. He has been taken to the Cedars of Lebanon, that he has lost more than half of his blood, and he is to fly back immediately.

September 13. Hollywood. The fourteen days in hospital and nine subsequent days in bed have been extremely weakening. I.S. has lost sixteen pounds—one wonders from where he was so tiny anyway—not much of which he has gained on his present frugal diet. His heart reminds us of photographs of Buchenwald, complains that every nerve ending in his hand-and-bones body is raw and painful. His weight still stands at only 35, too, while his platelet count has risen to 1,200,000. The component of the blood is anemic, in other words, the other too rich, and to complicate matters further, the indicated medication for each is "contraindicated" for the other. His uremia is high, as well, and each finger of his hands throbs like toothache from what has now been diagnosed as gout. Worst of all, and unspectacular, pressing to observe, is the defeat, I think temporary, of that powerful will. He does not read today, and when I switch on the television, he refuses to watch his favorite African animal, he refuses to turn toward the screen, saying he likes to look at it in Vera's room." He tells me he saw his birth certificate in a dream, and it was "very yellow."

September 25. A marked upturn today, marked by an old-time tantrum over some contents of the mail: a fulsome fan letter; a *Who's Who* form; a request to fill in questionnaire (I.S. is regularly circulating this); a tape of a "ballad composed on a flight by an airline pilot during flight," here submitted for I.S.'s opinion, which is: "I'm afraid to fly again." Reaching for a Kleenex, finding it to be the last in the container, he empties the box to the floor. V. gently asks him, as one would a small child, telling him the box will probably have to remain with



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accumulates: "Then perhaps the throw-
ze that we have no one to pick up such

Balanchine comes for dinner, snorting
as if from hay fever, twitching as if he
tting the *tic douloureux*. In check pants,
e shoes, double-breasted blue jacket
l buttons, sideburns to the ear lobes, he
s, but on arrival puts in a half-hour of
vative piano practice. He describes the
let now planned for Suzanne Farrell,
a-like movements, and asks me to sug-
or it by Berg; but *Reigen*, the only pos-
n think of, is too large orchestrally, and
riations and Adagio from *Lulu*, which
been considering, is too brooding in
nd too explicit dramatically. I suspect
his conception hinges on the circum-
the seven-veil striptease, like that of
lar, would nowadays conclude in a com-
ing, and that the dance would be able
olome, like the Queen in *Alice* ("Off
ad"), really wanting a different part of
than the one she gets.

r. B. first enters I.S.'s bedroom, I.S.,
f-conscious about his loss of weight, says:
e, like all Americans I am reducing."

At about 4:00 P.M., I.S. complains of a
his teeth, as he says, begin to "*klapper*."
er, he has a 101° temperature, which, in
ed state, is very alarming; he can hardly
ross the room now, and his shoulders
ore as fleshless as a coat hanger: pneu-
ven influenza could kill him. His lungs
be clear, however, and the fulminant pains
as of are obviously abdominal. But when
describe them, he sits bolt upright and
R." Soon after this he begins to mictur-
w minutes, which could indicate an in-
a bladder crystals formed by the high

g the room at 7:00 P.M., I find him
Gospodi, Gospodi," over and over,
d turned to the wall. At length a doctor
prescribes Gantrisin. At the beginning

of the doctor's examination I.S.'s pulse is fast, but
as soon as he is convinced that a bladder infection
is the true complaint, the pulse rate drops to normal
and the temperature to a bit below; he has had a
death scare, and was as frightened of flu and pneu-
monia as we were. All night long, says V., who
spends it on a couch at the foot of his bed, he
twists, turns, fumbles with the sheets trying to make
a nest, but is unable to forget the specter.

I realize now that in recent years I have so often
hidden my true feelings for him precisely because
of the dread of this moment. Yesterday evening
those feelings came irrepressibly flooding out as the
result of an extraordinarily clear hour with him,
during which he talked to me and discussed his
ideas with me in the way it used to be between us
years ago. I understood then that he has no thoughts
of *not* going on. And he can go on of course, in that
undamaged and undaunted mind of his, but only
there, which is the tragedy.

Ever since I have known them, I.S. and V. have
kissed each other at first sight of every new moon,
a promise of renewal. The moon is new tonight, but
they do not see it, and there does not seem to be
any future.

November 2. I.S.'s "gouty" left hand has suddenly
turned black. A new team of doctors, after consulta-
tion early this morning, attributes the discoloration
to circulatory blockage from a sludge of platelets, a
rate of some 2,000,000 at last count, versus a normal
200,000. The finger pains of the past eight weeks
were caused not by gout, in other words, but by
circulatory failure, and the anti-gout medicines
were not merely powerless to relieve the hand but
were dangerous for the ulcer. The discovery is in-
furiating as well as frustrating. Why was a gout
specialist not called two months ago, and a com-
petent vascular cardiologist?

It is decided to try to dilate the coagulated capil-
laries by blocking the nerve with Novocain injec-
tions, and as this entails a risk in a man of I.S.'s
age, the operation can only be performed in the
hospital. Choking with tears and fears, I pack his
bag and take him there in early afternoon, prac-
tically carrying him from his room to the car, for

he is heavily drugged and scarcely able to walk.

The injection is not administered until seven o'clock, after a second *consilium* with a second vascular cardiologist, but when we return to the hospital at eleven, the fingers are even more horribly black. The surgeons now speak of it as gangrene and mention the gruesome possibility of amputation, further warning us of a high danger of pneumonia, I.S. having been in bed for so long. I take V. home, then go home myself, but I cannot pass I.S.'s studio and bedroom, or look at his dark window from my room, or, of course, sleep, and when going to bed I remember and use all of my childhood prayers.

November 3. The finger color has improved slightly after the third Novocain injection, but the hand is still gangrenous. Sick as he is, however, and despite the haze of pain-killing sedations, I.S. shines like a beacon, replying precisely, ironically, originally, I.S.-ishly, to the forensic inquisition of his doctors, and replying to them in English and German, moreover, and to myself and V. in French and Russian, without once mixing or confusing the languages or fumbling for a word.

His extreme fastidiousness is giving him no end of trouble. He insists on staying in the *gabinetto* unaided, and even on brushing his teeth unseen, and he charges me to explain to the nurse that he does not mean to be rude, but is unable to converse with her. To me he says, "I can offer you nothing here but *ennui*." As we leave him, the nurse, noticing my anxiety and probably seeing me trying to stifle my feelings, follows me into the corridor with the advice that "It is a mistake to get so involved," as if "involving" oneself were a matter of choice, and as if a noninvolved life, if it were possible, would be worth living.

November 5. The index finger is slightly less black this morning, and the palm of the hand is a little rosier; the nerve will not be blocked today. As the amelioration is ascribed in some degree to a trickle of alcohol in the intravenous fluid, it is further decided that I.S. should be allowed to taste the stuff, if it *can* be tasted through the milk he would have to swallow before and after. Accordingly he is to receive three half-jiggers of Scotch, at wide intervals, and each one blended to obliteration with milk. The prescription provokes a great flap among the floor nurses, who say that it is the first time in the history of the hospital that "drink" has been administered in the social fashion.

Returning to the hospital in the afternoon, I spoon-feed I.S., and hold his bad hand: he says the warmth diminishes the pain. Always a naturally affectionate, as well as a deeply lonely man, feeling now pours out of him. And not a little of it pours into me, for we are very close now, as we were in our first years together; he asks me to sit by him all the time, and will allow me to leave only if I promise to return immediately.

To what extent death is in his thoughts I have no idea: that will appear later, if he lives. But it is clear

that much of his mental suffering in I.S. is caused by the absence of a proper sense of time as aged. In his own mind he is not eight

A resurrection has occurred between my second and third visits tonight, and of all the ironies the whiskey may have turned the tide, his face has more color, his hand-grasp is stronger, his voice is stronger, his conversation is quicker, his criticisms of the nurses are as caustic as they would have been a year ago. He wants to know the date, and, on hearing it, seems as surprised as I. Van Winkle was on being told how long he had slept; only yesterday I.S. was uncertain he was in the hospital, at one point asking the nurse for the hotel and the city. The finger is clearer tonight, as the doctors concur in ascribing at least partly to the improvement to whiskey, we tipple

November 11. I.S. has a new nurse today, an old trout with scabrous tongue and the manner of a warden. She treats him as if he were an ancient, puling baby, and deeply concerned with decorum with remarks such as, "Do you mind Grip on your dentures?" and, "I've worn out my bottoms in my time. . . ." The patient is given compensation in her own life, as I have seen in the think most patients are for most nurses; she resents V.'s place next to the bed and the attention of I.S. toward V., as if she were a person in the other world. "Can you see this?" V. asks me to pick up a book of photographs for him to peruse. I says, "I think so, but I would rather look at the patient. I am now beginning to fear that V. will die unless I can find a way of spreading his hands

November 13. A *Dies Irae*, the worst since the war. A new abscission must have occurred in the index finger, which is blacker than ever. Equally disturbing is I.S.'s semi-delirium. His sense of time and sense of distance are virtually inoperative, and his memory has become a total jumble. He asks me where he is, and confounds names and places, partly because of verbal resemblances; when I say "Marcus" starts him off on Markevitch. He asks the nurses in Russian, too, mistaking them for Russians. Worst of all, he says he cannot see, and he is unable at times to identify objects in the room, even ourselves. Once he tells me that "my passport is behind and cannot return."

Fearing he has had a major stroke I schedule a consultation, convene the two neurosurgeons, and return to the hospital in the evening to witness the examination. The result is an amazing and still very much an always amazing and still very much the same mind. It is true that I.S. has always been cooperative in medical interrogations, but tonight he rises to the occasion with some impish *mots d'esprit*. Dr. Rothenberg: "Will you answer a few questions, Mr. Stravinsky?" I.S.: "No." But questions come. "Do you see double, Mr. Stravinsky?" "Yes." "How long has this been going on in your life, when I am *soûl*?" "What month is it?" Here the best I.S. can say is "autumn." "Do you see people or animals in the room at night?"



Why the butler is always British.

any fan of the late, late show. Invari-
man who takes the coats and mixes the
and announces dinner and stokes the
e library speaks with a pronounced
cent.

use it has always been understood, by
asting in Hollywood and the world at
t behind the accent is a centuries-old
that service is all about.

which wine is to be served with what
nd at what temperature. Of how to be
when needed. And how to remain dis-
most invisibly, in the background.

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America's First Monthly

realize later that they weren't there?" boys were sitting in that chair all after-
d you see a black cat?" "No." But he
e vivid mixtures of color in the curtain
t the same time telling us that he knows
was a drab brown yesterday. Dr. Roth-
ceeds to examine his eyes with lights
his ability to read a paragraph from a
he reading proves to be very laborious,
sees the letters a half-inch to the left of
the same time as the print itself. What
him still more, he confesses, is his in-
elate events. "Something is wrong both
e of time and in the reasoning faculty,"
d goes on to describe the symptoms of
state with an awareness and a power of
a philosopher a fourth of his age and in
lth might envy. In fact one of the doc-
interests of an analogy I fail to follow,
stion to him about time in music, but
s concepts, whereupon I.S. sets him
distinguishing "time as a matter of
rhythm as a matter of design."
ors seek to assure him that his new com-
due entirely to the effects of his new
m *consolé*," he finally concedes, adding
ked hard in myself for the cause of the
I was anguished because I was unable to
ut it exactly enough. I want to be more
y thoughts." But is he "*consolé*"? He
"a more powerful pill, so that I do not
think about it anymore tonight." But
edatives are forbidden because of the
pneumonia if he fails to move enough.

14. Finally, eight weeks later, I.S. is in-
rially with radioactive phosphorus, by a
uring a rubber suit and what looks like a
helmet. Three nurses wheel the patient to a
room in the basement, making me think
e queens accompanying Arthur to Avalon.
s, a thrice-daily series of abdominal and
ous heparin injections is begun.
atal wanderings are worse than yesterday.
e trip to the X-ray room, he asks us to
his wallet, which of course he has not
person in months; the mistake probably
habit of concern about his pocket valu-
n disrobed for X-rays in the past. On the
the room, however, he asks if we have
rantsuzski Geld to tip the porters." Then,
ner comes, he insists on eating from his
thinking he is in his room at home, and
says it isn't there, he points to where she
it. As we leave for dinner ourselves, he
ome to the restaurant with us. I tell him
able to very soon, and after considering
moment, he replies, heartbreakingly, "I
am not able to eat with you, but I could
e also begs to be taken for a "promenade"
t, and no doubt troubled by his mistake
g he was home, asks how it is there now.
I say, for we miss him all the time.
s a bad period of hallucinations, a side

effect of the heparin, the doctors say. He appre-
hends people who are not present but fails to see
us and his nurses when we are only inches away,
and once he asks why there are two watches on his
right wrist from which even the one has now been
removed. V. says that his Russian comments are
"nonsensical" and "delirious," which greatly upsets
her, of course, nor is she impressed by my argu-
ment that this unreality is better for him now than
truth. Then suddenly, in the midst of the rambling,
he drops a remark showing such a perfect sense of
reality that we know his mind is holding on tight.
Overhearing us mention a certain music critic,
whose name has not come up in years, he wants to
know whether the said critic is dead or alive.
"Dead," says V., but I.S. is doubtful. "No, he is
probably alive and in Argentina."

The mind seems to be divided into two parts, of
which only that part dealing with the outer world
and the present is confused. And surely this is
natural, considering the disruption of the time sense
by drugs and medicine schedules, and the disloca-
tion in consequence of staring at hospital walls,
which are not so unlike the walls of his bedroom
at home.

The other, the creative part of the mind is un-
disturbed. In the evening, during one of his lucid
spells, I tell him that the BBC wants him to compose
six to ten seconds of music to be used with a multi-
colored eye by Picasso as the signature of a new
color-television channel. The creative mind instan-
tly seizes the idea and moves ahead with it like a
prow. "The time problem interests me, the six
seconds ruling out chords and rhythms in any con-
ventional sense, but of course many notes can be
used at a time. An eye means transparency, too,
and that the sound should be produced by very
high instruments, possibly by flutes, compared to
which oboes are greasy and clarinets oily."

November 18. The depredations are showing; I.S.
is so thin now that his nose seems to have grown,
and his long-untrimmed moustache overhangs his
lip, suggesting a walrus or fox terrier. But the
finger remains blue-black, and it is painful, less so
in the mornings when he is still comatose from the
sedatives of the night before. As for the intensity
of the pain, the doctors assure us that he performs
for our sympathy, which is normal patient be-
havior, and that he has often dispatched a nurse
for codeine or Darvon, only to fall asleep before
she has had time to give it to him. Some pain he
has, nevertheless, and he moans from it throughout
the afternoon. Once the nurse gives him a pill,
warns him it is a big one, goes to fetch water to
help it down, but when she returns I.S. says, "Al-
ready done."

The result of yesterday's midnight consulta-
tion, which introduced a new vascular surgeon into
the medical-opinion pool, is a compounding of new
ingredients in the intravenous, the commencement
of arm and hand exercises, and the application of
mild heating therapy to the entire integument of the
forearm and hand.

November 19. The new intravenous formula, with the new anti-coagulant, Priscoline, has not changed the finger color, but it makes I.S. so drowsy that we get only a few words out of him the whole day. The blindness is far more frightening than the finger. He identifies us by our voices, hardly turning his head to left or right, while what he *does* see—the anti-corona of someone walking past the bed—is not there.

November 20. "Where are you?" he asks, hearing me enter the room this morning, and as I reach the bed he puts his good hand to my face as if he were totally blind. He is so heavily drugged, too, that speech occurs only at great intervals. Once he wakes up saying, "How long will it last?" and again, "How much longer?" Then for the first time in all these months, "I don't want to live this way." I try to make him believe that he will soon be home and composing, but he nods his head weakly toward his hand saying, "I need my hand; I am maimed in my hand." I am more worried about his eyes, nevertheless, and most worried of all about the amount of fight left in him; already, as Lear says, "The oldest hath borne most."

November 23. It is Thanksgiving Day in the most wonderful possible way: the long-prayed-for miracle has happened. Not once in seventy-two hours has I.S. complained of pain or taken a pain-killer, and the finger color has returned almost to normal. His sight is not normal, and he is still unable to distinguish faces in what seems to be, as he describes it, a dioramic blur; but his eyes turn much more rapidly toward, and focus more quickly on, us than a few days ago. He sits in a chair for awhile, which makes him look much thinner than in the bed. Milène reads to him, too, and he is quick to pounce on her mistakes in Russian pronunciation. Incredible man! Only three days ago he was in a semicoma, his left hand a half-silted estuary of gangrene, his body worn out by months of pain. And he has come out of it, actually recrossed the Styx. "How much is it costing?" he asks me suddenly, and in all these weeks no words have sounded so good. I.S. is back in decimal-system reality. Thank God.

He is pepped up from glucose and jumpy, brittle, anxious, ready to fly off the handle at any and everything. "I have had enough medical philosophy," he tells one of his physicians, and to a nurse who advises him to "relax," his retort is: "What? And leave the driving to *you*?" He is suffering drug withdrawal, of course, and a mountain of after-effects, but I like the friction.

V. is ill and in bed today, with flu, she says, though it is more likely battle fatigue. The crisis of last weekend was too much for her, and she has kept her fear inside too long.

November 28. I go at noon to bring I.S. home, but his departure is delayed by requests for autographs from every nurse on the floor, which he gives, even embellishing some with musical notations. Out-


doors, out from that stultifying hospital life is as pale as junket; dressed in a suit he is terribly thin, shrunken, and frail.

As I lead him from the car into the hospital, that it must seem to me as if I am "towing" him, but weak as he is, he props himself off the car and will not go to bed. He is contemptuous of medicines and balks at his doses of morphine. "Milk is the Jesus Christ of the affair," to profanity V. responds with: "Now at least how much better you are." But he will not hear of that. "Not better, bitter," he corrects me. But V. plays some games of patience to divert him and asks him to keep the tally for her, his scores, she says, and meaning his are perfect.

He asks about the newspapers (which, sad to say, Zadkine, another coeval, has died) and the *Paris Review*. The latter contains a package from André Malraux, a copy of *Anti-Mémoires* with the author's dedication: "Pour Igor Stravinsky, avec mon amitié fidèle." But I.S. jumps on this. "When was I ever *fidèle*? He once said that music is a kind of religion. And so I.S. is still I.S."

Later in the day the doctors call to check on themselves, but he flummoxes them, to each done at every stage, telling them that "she" and the eyes are from the same cause." The chief neurosurgeon corroborates this privately, saying that there have been no more than three thromboses, and that some peripheral in the left eye is permanently lost. I.S. is no less distressed by his poor sight, at times more so, however, than by a gas pain, and when I attempt to remind him that he has no gas pain alone, he snaps at them with, "Maybe, but you have this gas pain." (Apostrophizing them, he adds that "It was very well-paid suffering from them.") But he is beginning to talk like himself. "Is the pain merely spasmodic," he asks one point, "or could it be organic?" (The medic tells him, in parting, that "Heeding longer at eighty-five, Mr. Stravinsky," but I.S. on this with "Damn eighty-five.")

He watches *Daktari* in V.'s room to go to bed, tosses and turns in his bed afterward, and he says, about the state of his mind. At 11 o'clock I go to V. to see if she is all right at her room dark and herself quietly crying, her face streaming down her face. Not once during this horrible ordeal did she ever lose control. Now it is clear that she was losing belief. He continued to pray that he would ever be again. After an hour of trying to talk her into "peace of mind," I am summoned by the nurse to help with I.S., who is not sleeping of his pills. I try to fake some more good news to him, but he says he is "in a bad way physically." When finally I leave him, he answers last inane "Please stop worrying" with "worrying any more, only waiting," which remark kills the possibility of any sleep of his own. "Old people are attached to life," she says, condemning it as a fault.



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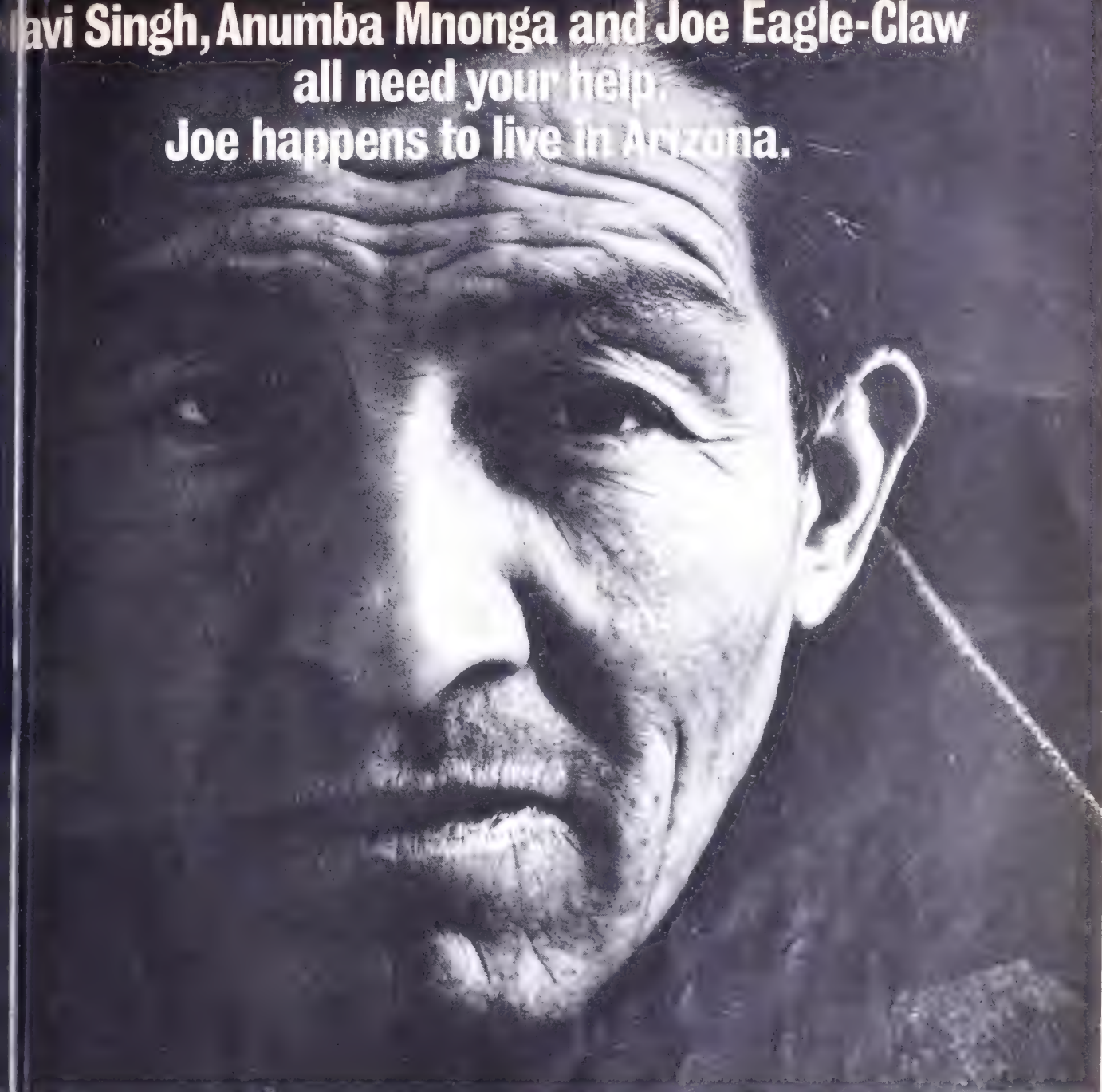
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avi Singh, Anumba Mnonga and Joe Eagle-Claw all need your help. Joe happens to live in Arizona.



ryone knows about needy
India, Africa and
veloped countries all over
l.

there are proud nations
e right here at home.
Eagle-Claw lives in one

a Navajo Indian.
s way of life is tied up
erty, disease and
tion. His family exists on
year—\$29 a week for
e family.
sing for nine out of ten
n Indians is typically
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sanitary facilities, no safe
le methods of heating,
icity, no floor but dirt,
unning water.
st of what water there is
om contaminated or

potentially contaminated sources.

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sensitive, intelligent, and de-
y useless millionaires, our
have made many dazzling
out themselves and the state
call high culture, among
toy Lichtenstein?): "Paint-
of fun to paint, but they're
ok at." Just so, the fun that
rabble had in writing her
Waterfall is evident in every
ry mark of punctuation. But

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is an ungracious activity;
nehow this book is one that
to discussion, it is one that
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you may want to take a read-
ll. (Two other books of fic-
discuss in a moment and
ry to persuade you to read.)
Drabble is, supposing there
a phrase, a Cambridge
o has published a book in
ch year since 1964. Her
ished here have not gained
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dy of awesome talent" who
"extraordinary art," and
mpared to Elizabeth Bowen
Spark. In England she is a
writer.

ly clever, totally literary,
ring like expensive crystal
of Jane Austen, Charlotte
d John Keats. She is twice
and almost as clever as our
McCarthy or Elizabeth Hard-
minine as Françoise Sagan,
omises to be as fecund with
symbols as her sister undine
academic stream, Isis rather
ris Murdoch. But she was, as

son, poet, teacher, and critic,
or of *The Talking Girl* and
is. His memoir, *"Yesterdays in
ds,"* appeared in Harper's last

we used to say when we were kids, vacci-
nated with a phonograph needle. If only
those English girls would learn from
Mlle. Sagan, as from our own ladies,
that two words are not necessarily better
than one.

To say at once the worst about Mar-
garet Drabble, before I tell the good
things, the things one wants to talk
about: she has addictions not only to
making everything explicit and then ex-
plaining it, but to doubling epithets like
a thesaurus, and then quite literally to
saying everything twice. These are
strange habits and may well have the
effect on other readers that it does on
me of making one feel slightly embar-
rassed as when you see someone else
looking at himself in a mirror. "... No-
body could see me but my children:
mute witnesses, helpless inheritors. ...
I was merely hastening on an assassina-
tion, a massacre. ... He saw me, myself.
This is no fancy, no conceit. ... Some
possible heaven, some unknown goal.
... So what could I do but seek in
abnegation, in denial, in renunciation.
... The hair shirt, the sack cloth. ... I
thought I could negate myself and wipe
myself out. ..." These doublets are all
from one passage of less than a page in
length.

Of course it is a style deliberately
chosen and cleverly described by the
author herself. (In every book, if you
can but find it, there is somewhere a
phrase at least of self-description, con-
scious or unconscious.) "... They
stood by the car door, talking of cars;
she listened to their voices, which were
dull with an authentic rapture. When
James talked of such things his tone
took on a hypnotic, even chant such as
she had rarely heard, such as people
use in their obsessions: she had heard
it once, its apotheosis, in the voice of
an elderly poet she had met who had
described to her, late at night at a party,
the new decorations he planned for his
new house. 'The ceiling a dark blue,'
he had been saying, 'a dark greeny blue,
not black blue. green blue, and the
molding in green, and the curtains gold
with blue...' and so on, meandering,
beautiful, mad, dull, obsessed, the rap-
ture of another passion. ..." This is
Margaret Drabble's voice, and she is

very clever about it: *dull with an au-
thentic rapture!*

The rapture attained by the heroine,
Jane Gray, is a successful sexual union
after life-long frigidity. It is Jane Gray
herself who is charged by the author
to tell us of it so authentically. She re-
counts her story in the form of fiction,
and then from time to time comments
on her fiction, usually unkindly, and at
length. "It won't, of course, do: as an
account, I mean, of what took place.
..." Her fictional account of the love
affair is, she says, too favorable to her-
self, although it doesn't seem to the
reader especially laudatory. Jane Gray
in the beginning is giving birth to her
second child, casually, even carelessly;
she is almost unattended in her scruffy
house from which her unloved, nearly
unremarked, husband has departed.
She drifts in an ennui as thick as that
surrounding any of Françoise Sagan's
heroines. Conversing with her cousin:
"I wonder why people marry?" Lucy
continued, in a tone of such academic
flatness that the topic seemed robbed of
any danger.

"I don't know why," said Jane, with
equal calm. "Why does one do any-
thing? So much of life seems so unnec-
essary." Like a Sagan lady, Jane takes
up a love affair with her cousin's hus-
band, amidst racing cars, dangerous
roads, whiskey, and a long mend in
hospital; but it is all slatternly and
lower-middle-class, no Sagan glamour
at all. Still, the passion is made to seem
very convincing, the lady's intellectual-
izing is quite intellectual, and the char-
acters are as dim and inexplicable and
useless, most of the time, as real people
are. It is something to have given this
age-old tale of the awakened beauty an
odd new setting, dull with authentic rap-
ture. In the end, we visit a "real" water-
fall to take its well-described place be-
side the heroine's metaphysical outpour-
ing. It must have been great fun to have
written all this, and addicts of the novel
and collectors of new reputations will
want to look at it.

A *Special Providence*, by Richard
Yates, is a straightforward, in-
telligent, and clearly written story of a

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BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

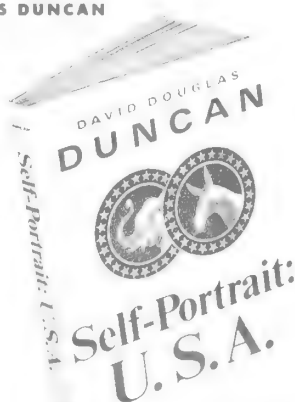
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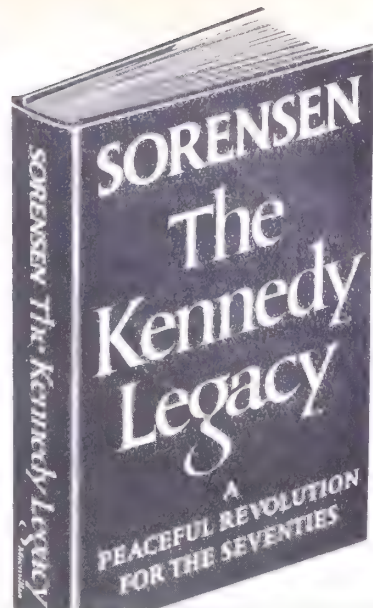
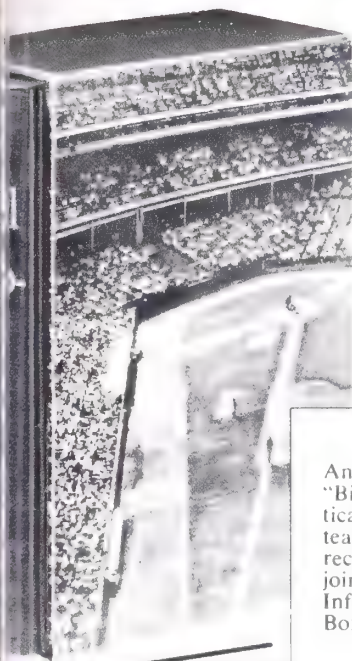
boy's growth and his mother's. It has all the clear, cool, accurate observation that marked the novel, *Revolutionary Road*. The intervenes between the author's edge and the reader's uncertainty but simple English that transmits knowledge. There are no ruminations here, no reluctance. These are people, and neither the author, nor the people themselves, nor the idea any difficulty in recognizing the things, in knowing what has caused and in finding their consequences.

"'Oh, Bobby,' she said. Her frizzled gray head scarcely came to his breast-pocket flaps and he frail as a sparrow, but the first love was so great that he had to absorb it. 'You look wonderful,' said. 'Oh, let me look at you,' he allowed himself, uneasily, to be inspected at arm's length. 'Well,' she said. 'My big, wonderful boy.'"

Robert Prentice is eighteen in home on his last pass before going a rifleman to Europe. His father died when he was a child; he was brought up by his mother in a state of to-mouth insecurity after another is a would-be artist with a talent for bad luck of a kind so quick and possible, so plausible, that it is terrifying to read of it than the disasters and massacres of war is enough to make one fear the next meal, for one's spouse's survival at home, for one's children from orphanages or the dry, hated foster-parents. Loss and pervade this book not with alarms or plagues but in everyday, every job, every missed attempt at friendship. The each dialogue—long, dreary, as boring as a chronicle is such that the very recording seems to make them worth reading.

It is an old story, of course, of how a boy becomes a man, it costs. Robert Prentice has to his mother to do it, and enough of a survivor's skill by his experiences in war. The scenes, like those of the rest of the are told matter-of-factly, never access of eloquence, and though while often deadly, are never dramatic and usually, as events are, more or less confused and clear issue. Robert Prentice's gains all her life and he finally, of, against all odds, the peculiar vision, ineptitude, and aching in

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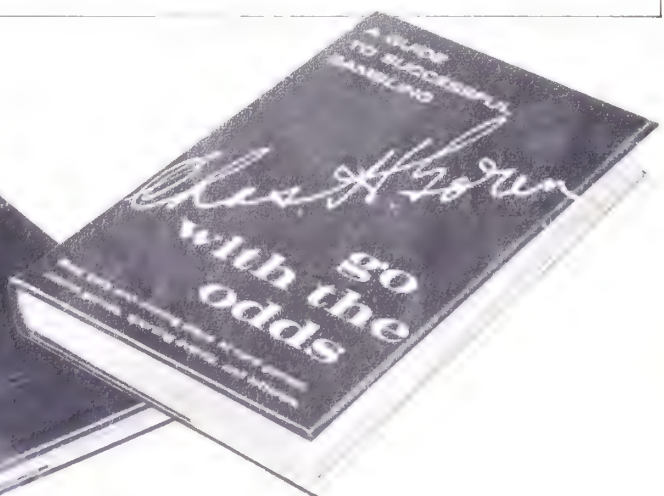
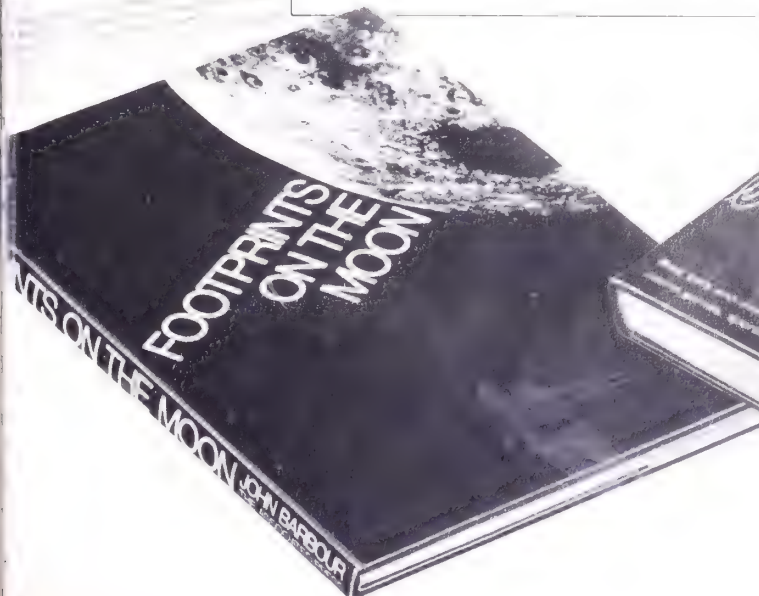
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BOOKS

love in the right way at the time that curses adolescence and never get beyond it.

Richard Yates presents with a mentality a story that is always breaking, that is, as I said, life is cruel, most of us are cruel or cruel to one another, most of us are rather stupid, and we live out of squalor from one day to the next. Survival is indeed a special feat. Whether or not it is worth the question in this book. And the old-fashioned view that a story should make us better: for at least, Richard Yates' books make us more aware, more frightened, if this is possible, less horrid other.

Peter Taylor has been writing marvelous short stories for years: a writer's writer, much imitated by other storytellers, as well as by other critics, much studied in the classroom and anthologized and rewarded with prizes. He has his popularity; many of his stories have been published in *The New Yorker*, and there have been five previous collections of them. He has published one novel and a number of plays. Although he is not mentioned in the usual lists of major American writers, he belongs there at the top, and sooner or later one of his books will hit the best-seller list and he will become as generally celebrated as he now professionally celebrated.

The world of his stories is one in which most of us live in, the middle class. It is often also the Middle South, of his home state of Mississippi, its small towns and cities. His people go beyond this world, but they have ties to it, as they have ties to their parents, to their children, to their friends, to their husbands and wives, to the hardest of all worlds to understand: just because it is ours, and he understands it better than anyone else alive.

We often remark how this world is arranged precisely to avoid the worst: avoid those confrontations of love, of violence or death, that have always been the substance of man in most lands and times. Yet we do not really escape these things: the human condition any more than Odysseus did or Hamlet or Andrei or Captain Ahab. Our world muffles them but we too hate to live and die, only in confusion. Berryman once remarked that

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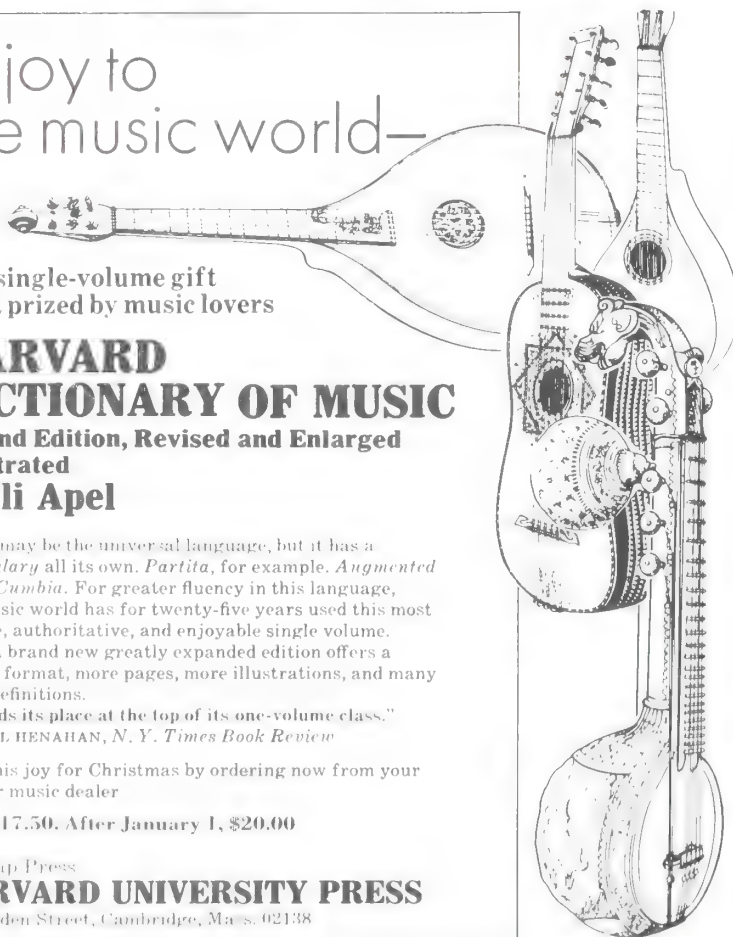
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The Anti-Tuesday League.

We were shocked to learn that certain prominent parties are reported to have formed the International Anti-Tuesday League.

We know little about it, except that petitions are already circulating in Altoona, Ankara, Lisbon, Ft. Worth, Djibouti and Council Bluffs.



Why on earth? Our modest claim to Tuesday (every Tuesday) as the day for drinking Teacher's Scotch leaves six perfectly good days for the rest to share.

We trust you will sign nothing without reading the small print and will encourage any League member who comes to your door to forget all this foolishness and pick a day of his own. Wednesday, anyone?

Teacher's Scotch

It was the finest hour.
It was the most delicious hour in the day.

It was the Hour of Ghosts.

In Timothy's room, an extraordinary mist spun round, took shape.

In Ralph's room, a second phantom of incredible size and mysterious mien reared up.

In Alice's hideaway, across the hall, a third and mournful stranger wove itself from shuttling light, air, and pollens of dust.

In the parlor, below, Father enjoyed his Visitation.

And Mother? She moved and worked in the kitchen while the Brewing Witch leaned near upon the warm bake-oven air, pointing to spices, riffling cookbooks, advising mixtures.

You would have had to thrust out your hand to find which was real. Your fingers would have gone right through the Wise Old Thing. Your fingers would have stopped on summer flesh: the Lady of this house.

"Gosh, this is great!" cried Timothy.

"You can walk all the way round them!" said Ralph.

And this was true.

And they circled all around their Ghosts, the private electronic miracles beamed into their rooms.

"They're real!"

"And yet not quite . . ."

"Say it all again," said Alice to the bright air.

"Yes," said the boys. "Speak!"

And in Timothy's room, Marley's Ghost shook his money-box chains, grieved for his lost soul, and fixed the boy with a pale oyster eye:

"O woe is me! I wear the chains I forged in life! . . . No rest. No peace! Beware, Ebenezer Scrooge!"

While by Ralph's bed, the spectre of Blind Pew clutched a bit of paper with a dark circle inked thereon and cried:

"The Black Spot! I'm doomed!"

And sank in a half-swoon as, from the shadowed corners of the room, came the bang, step, bang, the tread of a one-legged man striding a dark road by some far-off sea.

Alice was in raptures.

Her Ghost, a young woman
ing in the wind, tapped at a
window and called a wild mar
"Heathcliff!"

And swiftly, in the midst
door swung wide on the wint
man, answering, plunged out a
away from Wuthering Heights
zards of white that fell to ton
room floor and melt without t

a short story by Ray Bradbury

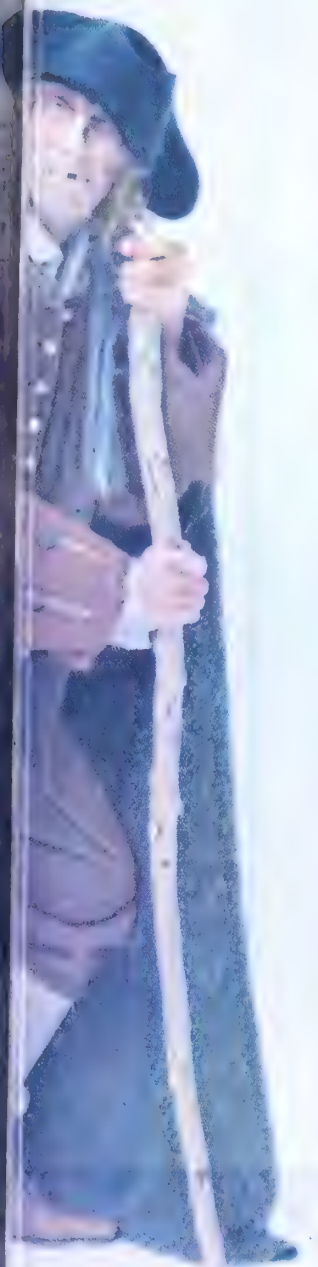
The Hour Of Ghosts



"i," whispered Timothy. ations. All done with laser special machines. . ."

said Ralph, younger but 't know that. I just want re the greatest things ever. v I got King Tut and the haw and—heck! why not

l a button. The laser light stry. Blind Pew unraveled d by a one-legged tattoo. orland fogs, in a crack of a drizzle of rain, a Hound rose up and bayed. Hound," said Ralph. "Good !!"



In the parlor, the ghost of Hamlet's father mourned:

"List. O List! Hamlet . . . remember me!"

"One cup of cooking sherry," said the Cooking Ghost, the computerized memory of how to work well between oven and table. "Two . . ."

"Much obliged," said Mother, and touched a switch.

The Kitchen Ghost, obedient to lighting, vanished.

"Dinner!" called Mother, in the hall.

"You," said Timothy-like-Scrooge, "are nothing but a blot of mustard, a fragment of under-done potato . . ."

At which old Marley collapsed upon his bones with a final despairing cry, and was no more.

"Come back at eight!" said Ralph.

And the Hound hid deep in the moorlands grass of the carpet.

"Oh, such lovely Ghosts." Alice wept as the figures of Heathcliff and his love ran away through the walls.

At Elsinore, dawn lit the parlor airs. Hamlet's Father withdrew. And the father of *this* house stood up and went to dinner.

As did all the real children, drawn by a real mother with real food.

The hour of Ghosts was done.

The dusk of laser Visitations was through.

But night lay fresh ahead. And waiting in their rooms, after homework, after studies, other spectres stood alert. The Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, Future abided in the walls. The Phantom Signalman beckoned his spirit lantern at the top of the stairs. The house was indeed Haunted. . . .

"I've taken the liberty," said Father, "of inviting Plato and Aristotle to dinner . . ."

"They talk too much!" said Ralph.

But suddenly, the two old men were there, gently, at their elbows.

"How goes the Republic?" asked Tim.

"Well . . ." And Plato told him, sweetly, fine, and true.

And even Ralph was astounded after awhile and sat up, blinked, and said, "That last. Tell it again."

And Plato told.

And it was *almost* as good as Blind Pew and the whine and bark of the far Hound on the moors . . .

. . .

Are these the Ghosts of Christmas Future?

Yes.

Not so far off across the sill of Tomorrow, three-dimensional holograms will 'visit' your house.

These friendly Phantoms, invited in through your telecommunications system, will delight, edify, and educate. Or, if Mum's the Word, be still, as you wish.

These are such stuffs as dreams are made of.

Built upon the very fabric of light and air in any room. View them from north-south-east-west. Walk around them. They'll have as many sides as you have angles.

Watch for these friendly spirits.

Ray Bradbury

"Every line of Kenneth Galbraith's book on India is pungent and alive. I found it impossible to put down. This is indeed a discerning and board-sweeping account of how a great Embassy works under a great but most unconventional Ambassador."

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sible to grow up in America and not know whether or not one is a Jew. I don't know if this is true, but certainly it was during the 1930s. The serenity of our middle class

Peter Taylor has the rare gift of recounting events that are not only in that they are events in the lives of real people, but they are *true*. They are true in a deeply, biologically, and unadorned way. There is no doom-twisting aspect of his characters in their predicaments; he is as an author (and as a man) with ironic humor present in a man who has deliberately chosen the modest and the familiar, but who also slowly, in astonishing ways to his readers, the modest and familiar can ever erupting with "hidden" or such contraptions, but with strange ambiguities and the complexities of courage, chilling and revocable choices. His accurate chronicle of the culture of the country in its very texture always stands that all culture, a social trivance, country club or *Amv*, or corporation, knife and fork and automobile, all these are only the necessary contrivances that exist between us and the essential human animal condition. I would like, in a few words, to translate the language, what those "truths" in his tales tell: only you might say "There," a gossip story of an American theme, that of the woman at home and those who go away to live elsewhere, and a tale of the ways they have; and they wonder, at the end, if perhaps the things the story tells us is that home is embracing death, and we are fleeing death, and how they are the same thing in the end.

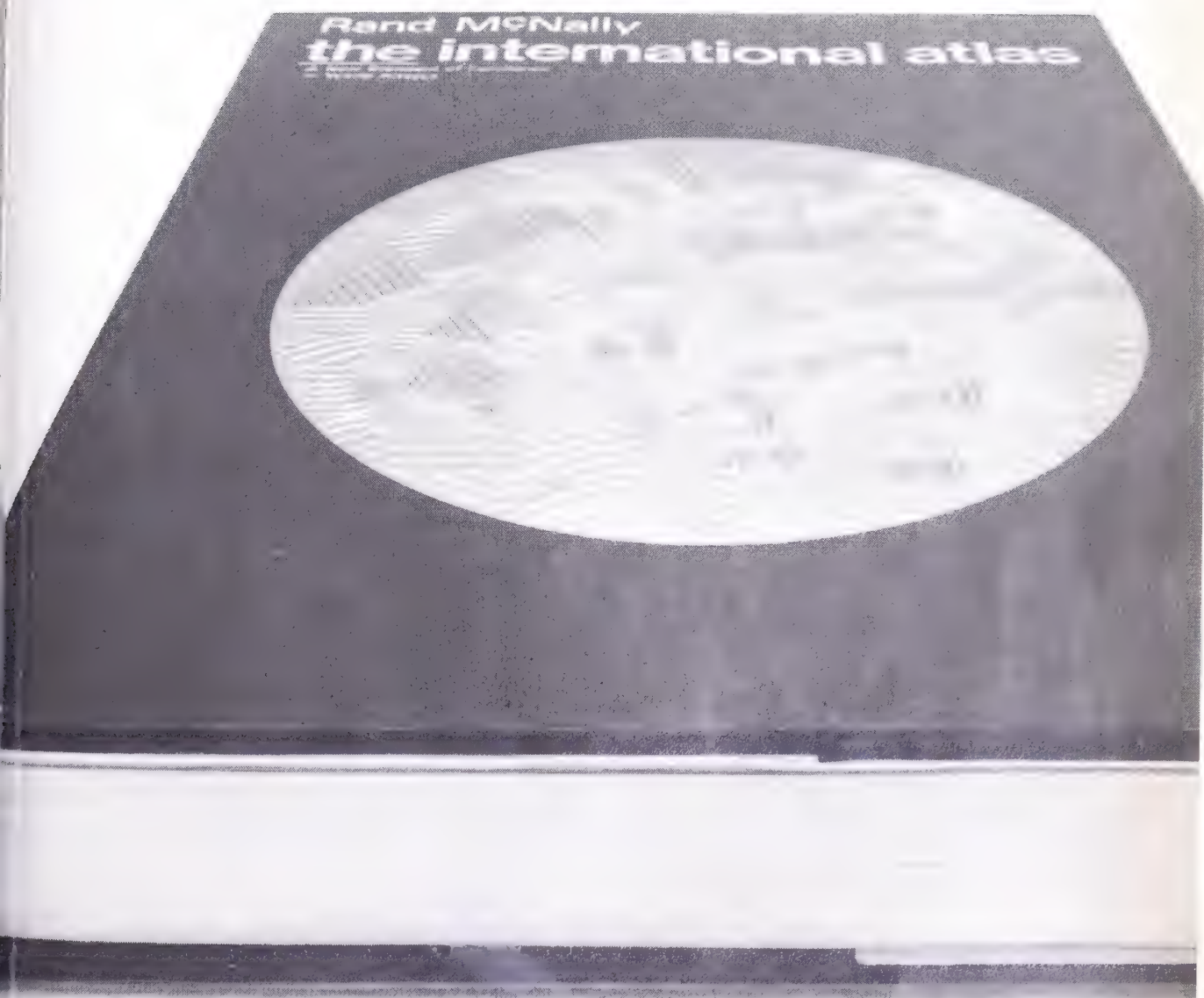
Peter Taylor may have taken his place on the big electric not only because of his mode because he has in such very ure that quality that leads certainly to underestimation pompousness does to ove and this is, charm. His sto guiling, humorous, enfoldin ter how grim their judgment better reading them than y you are doing most other want him to go on: charm.

For all his courtly manner and affection for genteel folk, P writes a lot about sex and toilets. From the *Stories* at my favorites are missing, "Heart" and "Bad Dreams."

The world today may seem smaller to some of you—but not to us. The all new maps in Rand McNally's International Atlas are unusually large in scale because the events of each year demand more detailed geographic knowledge. They were created by a team of cartographers from many nations, each contributing his special knowledge. Only six different scales are used to facilitate direct visual comparison of continents, regions, countries and even most of the world's major metropolitan areas. To publish an atlas required new skills and a unique creative approach. It's available wherever fine books are sold. **Rand McNally**, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.



small world? large maps!



BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

Sanctuary V, by Budd Schulberg. NAL-World, \$6.95.

I guess Budd Schulberg intends *Sanctuary V* as a novel of ideas. In it, the figurehead president of an unidentified Caribbean nation—clearly modeled on Castro's Cuba—falls out of favor with the regime, takes refuge with his family in an Embassy that is doing a thriving business as an asylum for political and nonpolitical escapees. There he has entirely too much time to discuss with himself and his fellow inmates the realistic inadequacies of his idealistic liberal creed and of the ones they represent as well. None is as difficult to comprehend as Mr. Schulberg seems to think. Nor is it as interesting as he seems to think to have his cerebral hero subjected to a succession of experiences that remind him of his—and mankind's—basically animal nature. Then, too, there is a matter of style to consider. Since the book is narrated in the first person by a Latin, the locutions are fake-simple (or Hemingway Spanish), which is tiresome even though it does make for easy reading of a very gassy book.

Mr. Schulberg, well known to be the son of a movie magnate, once had no less a Hollywood personage than Irving Thalberg try to talk him out of a youthful flirtation with Communism. In time, obviously, he talked himself out of it and into a very agreeable humanistic position. There can be no quarrel with it and one even believes there is something socially useful about a popular novelist so earnestly espousing a decent and increasingly difficult position. The trouble is, however, that he still thinks and writes in terms that Thalberg would have approved but which scarcely qualify him to take his place in the company of Malraux and Silone, whom he obviously admires. Much of the action of the book is vulgar (in particular, the ending, where he is led by an unbelievable lust to sacrifice his sanctuary and, worse, his political honor), but that vulgarity would be bearable if it were not part and parcel of a vulgarity of

thought and expression that is, finally, numbing. Neither the political novel nor the novel of ideas has a particularly strong tradition in America. As a result there is a vacuum in our literary life which fools rush in to fill. —R.S.

Listen to the Silence, by David W. Elliott. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95.

For its first hundred pages or so, *Listen to the Silence* threatens to make Orville Prescotts of us all. In them, Timmy, the book's adolescent narrator-protagonist, sinks, through a series of accidents, to the innermost circle of that popular hell of contemporary fiction, the insane asylum. By the time the boy is locked up in a ward for violent adult males one is wondering, as surely old Orville would have, why David W. Elliott's enormous talent (imagine *Stop-Time* written by Genet) should be employed merely to overwhelm us with disgust, why he must be so horribly vivid about the physical as well as the mental states of Timmy's being, why he insists on sharing this ghastly experience with us, who have, after all, done him no harm (except insofar as we acquiesce in the existence of institutions like the one he describes).

By the end of the book, however, one comes to admire deeply both the courage and the art Elliott has brought to bear on what may be the record of a part of his own experience, not to mention the stubbornness with which his alter ego clings to sanity, guilefully fighting his way out of the violent ward, through the scarcely less harrowing experience of a wardful of teen-age crazies, and back to the outside. By that time, too, one comprehends his literary strategy in full. He must make us smell the stench of this place, its food, its inhabitants, feel the endless depravity of its sexuality, know in our bones the hopeless anarchy of its administrative style, if it is to become what Elliott clearly intends it to be, a paradigm of twentieth-century institutional life. More important, it is only by bringing it so sensually alive that he can make us appreciate the magnitude of Timmy's

victory over it. For in this is a man—and certainly a boy—excused for selling his soul in a kind word, a companionable moment's surcease from pain. We see, when they occur to Timmy, how sweet, how precious they are.

Out of the vividness of Elliott's writing we begin to sense how rare it would have been for the boy struggling against the inescapable automatic definition of himself to give up his insistence on being endlessly buffeted definitionless as sane. At any moment we might give in; at many moments we might. I am certain that we, surely, would find it quite clear that Timmy-Elliott survives this ordeal unchangingly clear that he does not look back with calm acceptance. But Elliott did—and well enough to write with exemplary clarity, relevant precision, terrible fascination.

Listen to the Silence is not to be carelessly urged on everyone engaged with it there is no way to rate oneself from the work enough to admire the considerable craftsmanship Elliott has brought to it. It is, to put the matter simply, those reading experiences that transcend the customary definitions and when one submits oneself almost automatically, certainly dutifully, at the expectation of the customary rewards. Still, some amount to do that, for Elliott, of all writers, has earned, some knowledge of his audience and a respectful hearing.

No

Notes on a Cowardly Lion by Bert Lahr. Illustrated. Knopf, \$7.95.

Bert Lahr was, of course, a unique performer. Those recent, knowing eyes peering suddenly out of that little, scrunched face which was simultaneously infantile and ancient; the willingness to go to great lengths for the laughs which made him, the only worthwhile man in his often desperate life, comb

ontrol of his technique; iad, toward the end of his somehow he contained the whole history of the or. He never became a ar partly because movies, ild never quite figure out ith him (it was a small him that his potato-chip made him more of a celeb- ill his great roles and did), partly because there m a touch of evil, or at of conventional niceness, ed the mass audience. ppropriate that his biography ndard show-biz hack job, s unique in its style and was in his. *Notes on a on* is by his second son, is, besides being a thorde life, which places Lahr t the social context (New ant slums, low-grade bur- i-grade vaudeville) that i, the record—interestingly rst- and third-person nar- son's search for his father. em, you raise them." Bert his second wife about his l although John Lahr re- nnesses of conduct to equal of these words, it is also orting this book while his till alive gave the son the to get to know him by the ique of interviewing him. one gathers, as a form of nunication and it certainly he basis for an excellent. cinating book, which not ructs Bert Lahr's life but cords an era in our theatri- that is vanished—if not all, then beyond hope of rootless life, the elaborately ical jokes the comedians one another, the sudden qually sudden despairs of all Time and The Big Time forth as Lahr would surely it with humor, humanity, no false nostalgia. ply: John Lahr has written terature, a work of history, hological study, and a book ot be dismissed by serious ely because his subject was v—"comic (the phrase was dentally, by one of Lahr's to put him down). It can be read by everyone still esponding to a truly singu- —R.S.

The Complete Masques, by Ben Jonson. Edited by Stephen Orgel. Yale University Press, \$12.50.

With a kind of fortuitous timing that only accident can manage (for this edition has been some years in the making), the Yale Ben Jonson series has brought out its fourth volume, that of Jonson's masques, superbly edited by Stephen Orgel, at a relevant moment in the history of the current stage. Audience participation in the contemporary avant-garde theater—groping and being groped at—is perhaps only a debased counterpart of the seventeenth-century revels. After spoken poetry, song, and masquing dances, players and spectators would conclude an evening's entertainment with a carefully integrated bout of social dancing, whose very imaginative milieu (the "theme" of a modern ball, say) was provided by the decor and mythology of the preceding masque.

The twenty-eight entertainments that Jonson wrote for two English monarchs between 1605 and 1630 are crucial to his greatness as a poet and to our understanding of his conception of the moral role of poetry in society, praising, rebuking, celebrating, and explaining to a central aristocracy its own *raison d'être*. But the masque form has remained virtually inaccessible to modern understanding. More an allegorical speaking vision, an animated poem, than a drama, the avowed predecessor of both opera and ballet always depended, in Jonson's hands, for its total effect upon the relation of poet to aristocratic audience, who themselves would participate in the spectacle as well as in the final, central revels.

Until now, Jonson's masques have only been available, with the notes and commentary they needed even in the seventeenth century, scattered among three of the eleven volumes of Herford and Simpson's standard scholarly edition. Professor Orgel's meticulous text, in a responsible modernization, and his detailed and revealing annotations add up to what may constitute a new definitive edition for professional scholars. In any case, it is the perfect text with which to introduce the non-specialized reader to this major corpus of poetry and theater. Professor Orgel's splendid introduction is both learned and critically profound. The format is remarkably attractive, the handling of footnotes, commentary, and Jonson's own elaborate annotations is a small triumph of arrangement. —J.H.

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—Book Week

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Romanticism on the make

The summer festivals and lush new recordings indicate that the pendulum of fashion really is swinging.

Is a romantic revival in the offing? Several years ago a festival of forgotten romantic music was started in, of all places, Indianapolis. Last summer an equivalent festival, though one dealing with smaller forms, was inaugurated at Newport, Rhode Island, and pieces by composers the likes of Alexander Fesca, Karl Reinecke, Peter Cornelius, and Joachim Raff were gravely trotted out. Everybody seemed to like the music. Even the avant-gardists seem to be swinging over. At least, in last August's issue of the *Stereo Review*, a concert (on discs) of the late Arthur Loesser was reviewed by Eric Salzman; and Salzman, a bushy-headed young man who himself composes far-out music and is a spokesman for a segment of the musical avant-garde, allowed as how the record was "no mere bit of camp but a musical experience not to be missed." The point is that Loesser plays music by Raff, Moszkowski, Grieg, Jensen, and other salon composers. Appreciative mention of this kind of material by a critic as twentieth-century-oriented as Salzman makes a man think. It is as if a Cardinal in the Curia came out with an ode in praise of miniskirts.

We have recently, all of a sudden, been getting a great deal of hitherto neglected minor romantic music on records. Perhaps the pendulum really is swinging. It may be that the record companies, having recorded the Beethoven symphonies for the last *infinitum*, and having played out the baroque phenomenon, have decided that the next big thing is romanticism. If they so have decided, watch out. It was the record companies, after all, that spawned the baroque period; and it is the record companies that are making a household word of Mr. Moog and his electronic instrument. If the big record companies decide that romanticism is in, their artists will play romantic music, first on records, then (being economical and not wanting to waste repertory) in the

concert hall. Certainly, if the recorded repertory of the last several months is any indication, something new is in the air.

Among the recordings are two piano concertos that are so rare even experts know them only by name. They never have been previously recorded, nor can they remotely be considered repertory items. One is the **Concerto in F minor** by Adolf von Henselt and the other the **Concerto in B flat minor** by Xaver Scharwenka. The Henselt, composed around 1840, is played by Michael Ponti and the Philharmonia Hungarica under Othmar Naga (Candide 31011). The Scharwenka, dating from 1877, has Earl Wild and the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf (RCA 3080). Both pianists use the second side for solo material—Ponti for the hitherto unrecorded **Twelve Etudes (Op. 2)** of Henselt, and Wild with three equally rare specimens: Balakirev's **Reminiscences of "A Life for the Czar,"** Medtner's **Improvisation (Op. 31, No. 1)**, and d'Albert's **Scherzo in F sharp minor**.

Both concertos represent a look into an aesthetic of romanticism that is held in generally low repute today. These works exalt the virtuoso. The idea was to present him with insuperable material, for him to show how he could overcome the insuperable. Immovable object, irresistible force. At its worst, the romantic virtuoso concerto is a collection of rather silly fireworks. At its best, as in the two Chopin concertos, there is the athleticism of virtuosity coupled to the mind of genius. The Henselt and Scharwenka fall in between. They are flashy enough, but they also have taste and even charm; and if they fall back on platitudes, they nevertheless use the platitudes with a certain amount of style. They provide a jolly experience, and listeners who can enjoy music that lacks the big statement should have a fine time with them.

Henselt's concerto stems directly from Chopin, with Schumann and some Men-

delssohn thrown in. Adolf was an early romantic who acquired a pendulous reputation as a pianist when he went to Russia, and his influence on Rubinstein and the Russian piano writing has yet to be fully appreciated. His F minor Concerto, like its companion, is amazingly sophisticated, even in its date of 1840: and the concerto is the progenitor of every romantic piano concerto of the century. It is a pity that for Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, and others. Of the twelve etudes, No. 11 is very famous in its day—No. 11, *J'étais*. A study in double chromaticism, melodic, effective, and was played by pianists of an earlier generation; Maninoff recorded it around 1900.

The Scharwenka throws its influence into the writing—Liszt, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein. It is a piece of a period piece, not very original, but absolutely first-class in its keyboard inventiveness. And the formidable virtuoso, eats them up. Less can be said of Ponti's Henselt. He goes through it with style but without the feeling for the piece. Wild brings, and his playing is a style or color. He also has a strong orchestra backing him up. Earl Wild has the Boston Symphony under Leonard Lewenthal has recorded the Henselt for Columbia, and those who like this kind of music should wait until that record is released.

I was still rocked with astonishment over the near-simultaneous appearance of two such forgotten romantic concertos when in came the Scriabin ball. It included the first recording of Scriabin's **Symphony No. 1**, by Georg Semkow and the London Symphony Orchestra (Columbia 7285) and the **Wine Poem (Symphony No. 4)**, by Yevgeny Svetlanov and the USSR State Symphony (Angel 40098); and the **Etudes (Op. 8)**, brought to the first time on records and discs by Morton Estrin (Connoisseur 2009).

Scriabin, with his experi-

asic (music accompanied
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ning to be talked about
a while he was anathema,
dered to represent every-
the late-romantic move-
true that his Second and
tonies are ostentatious,
ndulgent, frankly erotic,
undisciplined. But they
ing: originality. No other
ld have conceived them,
r composer could have
t weird kind of theosophic
swirls around the *Divine*
ivine Poem is Hollywood
before Hollywood, with
of sunset-colored sound.
ions are so gorgeous, so
stunningly orchestrated,
their harmonies, so enig-
r message, that the score
nating.

s of Op. 8 are a different
e were composed before
red his religious, mystical
mself was one of the best
Europe, and at that time
rd music in an idiom that
from Chopin, less from
ith an underlay of Russian
Scriabin's piano music, up
th Sonata, has been dis-
sistative. It really isn't. The
too much grace and char-
l, the entire late-romantic
s no more elegant short
than the E major Etude, a
ork than the well-known D
that concludes the set.

I am at the end of my
a no space to discuss some
tic oddities that have sud-
red: the sweetly sentimental
lding *Symphony* of Karl
conducted so convincingly
Bernstein and the New York
c (Columbia 7261); a
of Schubert *Part Songs*,
abethan Singers conducted
lsey (Argo 527); the long,
uiced-up *Variations on a*
iller by the much-despised
as presented by the Ham-
monic conducted by Joseph
Telefunken 43064); Cha-
erful *Pièces pittoresques*
ano works, played by Aldo
ngel 36627); and the only
rding of excerpts from
eron, with Jess Thomas
important singers, and the
mphony conducted by Wil-
hter (Cardinal 10063).
e another day. □

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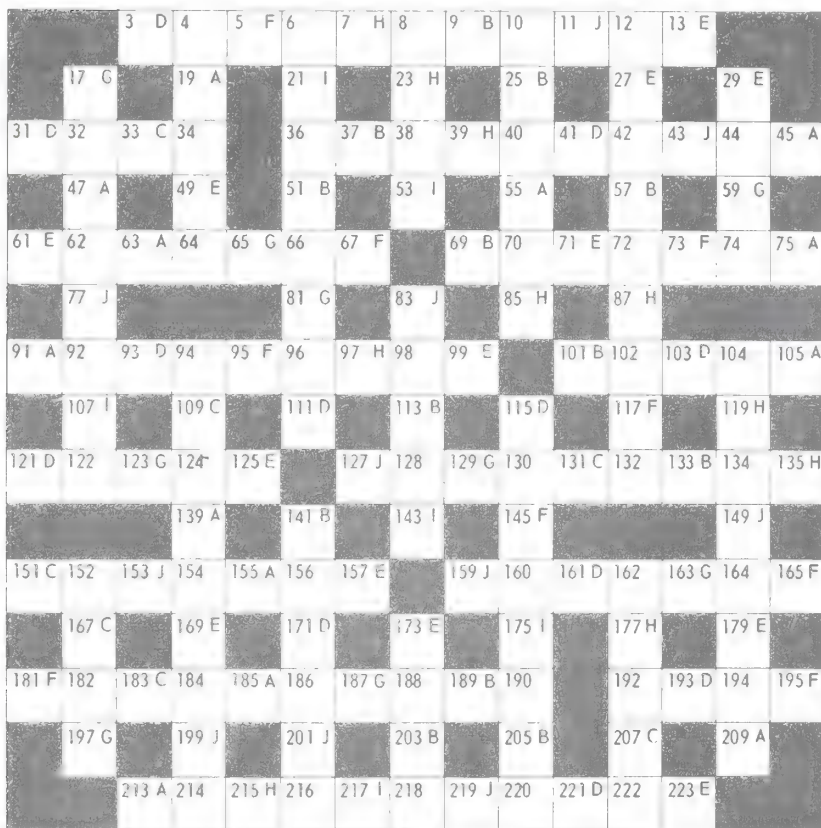
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4. The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

3. In such a forest life, poetically, you don't sound busy. (6,5)
31. Kind of pop perhaps used in baking.
36. Able policeman or a non-counterfeit penny? (4,6)
61. Kind of matches with pound and shilling once virgin in Rome.
69. Completely and to count up, perhaps.
91. Lack of money or stature.
101. Skillful, perhaps in a small department.
121. Follow along the rail.
127. No way for a nudist to appear, certainly. (5,4)
151. See 10 down.
159. Resembling baseball equipment or an airborne mouse? (3-4)
181. The closer leg or edge of the apparent disk of a heavenly body? (6,4)
192. A British queen found in Sylvan, New York.
213. You would come 127 across to such an affair. (1,5,5)

DOWN

4. The rising element in Yeats' poetry.
6. Is the gilt vain? Be watchful!
8. Palindromic high time.
10. Followed by 151 across, vehicle of the Acrostician.
12. Pertaining to an area which disappears when its inhabitants stand up?
17. If 2,3,3 the aim of a Don Juan; as 8 shows unity.
29. A flow of water? That's satisfactory.
83. The outcome is a girl, perhaps.
94. Got back and buried again.
104. Boarding but not eating.
115. Do you feel alarm? Bah! Not in a Spanish palace.
141. King Arthur's mother shows energy.
152. Break these tools as footwear.
162. It's stale to take the minimum.
173. Go into these when you sift about.

Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 16 will appear in the December issue.

For solution to last month's puzzle No. 1, see page 139.

- A 139 45 55 19 209 155 75 47 13
63 91 185 105 Spanish philosopher and writer. (6,1,6)
- B 189 9 57 51 203 101 205 141 69
25 37 133 113 Equipment for the armed forces, (8,5)
- C 183 151 167 33 131 109 207
blurring substances. (3,4)
- D 221 41 3 171 111 121 115 31 51
93 193 103 The key to the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics. (7,5)
- E 99 179 13 125 223 49 157 173 71
29 27 61 169 Result claimed by manufacturers of hair setting compounds. (5-4)
- F 145 165 73 5 195 181 117 67 95
Specialist in Greek culture.
- G 65 17 81 59 129 197 123 163 87
Poetic description of a large ship. (1,4,4)
- H 215 23 39 7 87 135 85 97 77
119 Angler's equipment. (3,3,4)
- I 21 217 175 107 53 143 Sister of Antigone.
- J 127 153 219 43 199 149 201 11 59
83 77 The Spanish half real in U.S. usage. (8,3)

TO FRIEDRICH: KILLING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Harper's

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W. G. Sebaste

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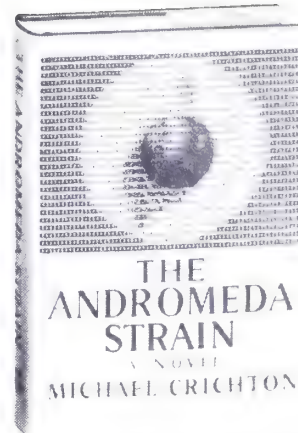
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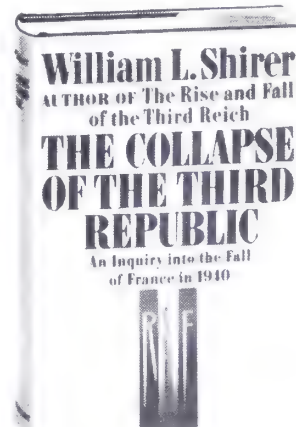
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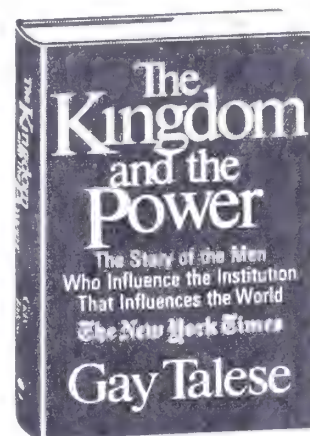
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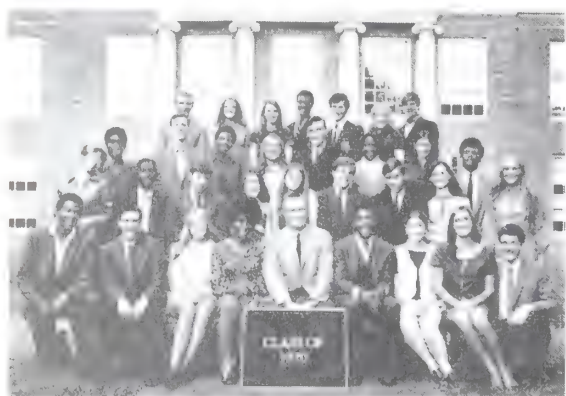
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



BENJAMIN LEVINE

Otto Friedrich

The decline of great ventures is always a sad story. Yet we are all fascinated by the details, excited by the intrigues, easily involved in the battles—corporate and personal—by which great ventures often fall. When the venture is an American magazine that had grown into one of our national institutions, the decline is doubly sad. Something irrevocable went with *The Saturday Evening Post* when it suspended publication earlier this year. Part of our past, perhaps, some of our present: a reminder of stability now gone awry. It was a jolt, and not only professionally. For we were being warned that the nation was changing, that many of the dependable things were no longer needed or wanted, that a powerful magazine might dis-

appear as though it were a manifestation of this year's fashion rather than a summing-up of much of the reality of American life over many years.

The story of the decline and fall of the *Post*—the last year, dominated by Marty Ackerman and his take-over—is told in this issue by Otto Friedrich, who was managing editor of the magazine when it stopped publication.

He says: "The book from which this excerpt is taken—entitled *Decline and Fall*—began long before Marty Ackerman appeared at Curtis. I had come to the *Post* in 1962 in the mistaken belief that it would be a quiet and congenial place to work, and I soon found that its leading executives were engaged in a ferocious struggle for power. I was one of the fifteen 'editorial rebels' who were mobilized by Clay Blair, the editorial director, in a putsch against the company president, Joe Culligan. When the story of the battle leaked onto the front page of the *New York Times*, and both Culligan and Blair fell from power, I thought it would make an interesting book, and so I sat down and wrote a draft of it. Like many people, I didn't think the *Post* would survive more than a few more months, and I began keeping notes on how the story would end. As it happened, the *Post* managed to survive, year after year, and so the book just sat in a drawer and the notes accumulated until they totaled several hundred single-spaced pages. Early in Ackerman's regime, when he told another editor that

he expected to get rid of me, as counted on page 106, I decided it was time to get the old manuscript out of the drawer and secretly bring it up to date. In due time, Ackerman asked for our peace—in fact, I grew to like him and to respect his considerable abilities—and one day he said to me, 'I ought to write a book about this place, and you ought to come and talk to me. Boy, but I could tell you!' I only shrugged, saying, 'Boy, the things you've abided by.' Many of the things Marty Ackerman told Friedrich can be read in this issue on page 92.

Friedrich himself has spent twenty years in journalism, from *The New York Times* to the *UP*, to the *New York News*, *Newsweek*, and the *Post*. His new book will be published by Harper & Row next year. He is now researching a book about Berlin in the Twenties. It was in Berlin that he met an incredible cast of characters, from Hitler and Einstein to Dietrich and Vladimir Nabokov. Those twenty years in journalism have found him finding it "a splendid change" to be at home with his wife and five children on Long Island's North Shore.

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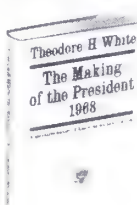
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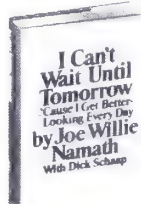
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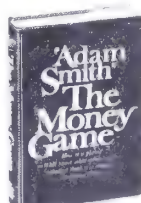


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LETTERS

The Army in question

Articles like Blair Clark's "The Question Is What Kind of Army" [September] do great harm to the cause of peace and to the effort to build democratic institutions in America. Mr. Clark suggests that "best-intentioned liberals" seek draft repeal. In fact, Senator Edward Kennedy, Senator Jacob Javits, and a host of other "best-intentioned liberals" are a primary obstacle to that end. It is unfortunate that they have unwittingly allied themselves with the military-defense bureaucracy in its drive to see that nothing is done about the power and autonomy of the Pentagon.

The liberals join Mr. Nixon to favor a lottery of nineteen-year-olds first. Such a reform would isolate those affected and contain much dissent, but it would do nothing about the basic injustice of forcing boys to kill and die against their wills. The lottery does nothing to check the power of the executive and the military to escalate manpower and thus increase our involvement in actions like Vietnam without Congressional approval. . . .

Mr. Clark infers that without the draft, the whole Eugene McCarthy movement could not have materialized, and the anti-war effort would not have grown so rapidly. If indeed McCarthy's support was so shallow, perhaps his presence on the scene has done more harm than good to the more firmly grounded peace and New Left movements. In any case, Mr. Clark has missed the main point: the draft may have angered thousands of middle-class parents, but it effectively militarized millions of young conscripts and their families, both by propaganda in training and by the old logic of the interest of involvement. That logic runs, "We cannot have served (died) in vain," "If I had to go, then everyone should go," etc. Without the draft, Congress would have had to declare war in order to increase manpower for Vietnam, and

the war might not have been at all! . . .

Mr. Clark has things a bit backward. He says, "A professional military force could take this country headlong down the road of endless military adventures and, finally, destroy the democratic fabric of this society." This is exactly what has been happening and continues under the draft and the present perverse military-industry-government payoff arrangement. The Vietnam war is planned and executed by "professional men working at war-making as civilians work at their jobs," and control must be wrested from these bureaucrats in the defense industries, the Pentagon, the State Department, the Armed Forces, and the Intelligence agencies. . . .

If we are to preserve that part of our heritage which we cherish, and if we are to avoid either holocaust or anarchy, we must begin now to replace illegitimate institutions entirely with new ones. A first step will be draft repeal. It goes without saying that its replacement must at least be a reduced military, one that allows full civil rights for soldiers, one that is thoroughly controlled by the people at every level, one that is defensive rather than offensive, and one that is increasingly replaced by an international force. . . .

THOMAS C. REEVES
Nat'l. Dir., National Council
To Repeal the Draft
Washington, D.C.

While I disagree with Blair Clark's conclusion that an all-volunteer army

would create an "uncontrollable monster," I agree entirely with his position that the present draft system is "monstrous."

I will never forget my shock in 1965 I asked the Selective Service System for an explanation of why, in Pennsylvania, which had only 6 per cent of the nation's draft-eligible men, was producing 10 per cent of the drafted. A Selective Service officer came to my office and produced scribbled figures which represented the "formula" in use since World War II.

The all-volunteer army, which I support, will require more greater study before it will be accepted by the public and Congress. But there is no need to wait any longer for a comprehensive draft reform, and I hope President Nixon's call for a lottery system employing "youngest available" "one-year eligibility" principle will be the long-needed spur toward rational action.

Beyond these principles, we should substitute mandatory national service for deferments and exemption, a computerized national manpower pool to insure that all draft-eligibles be treated equitably and equally, and that young men are not treated differently depending on which local board hears their case. In addition, young men should take over the reins. . . .

In the current session of the Senate, I have submitted a bill, with the support of twelve cosponsors, for all these reforms, which are,

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How Andy Granatelli from a mo

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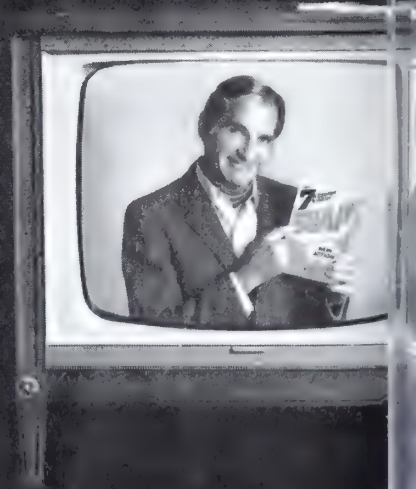
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LETTERS

the minimum steps necessary to
about a fairer draft system. . . .

RICHARD S. SCH
U. S.
Washington D

. . . The very basic reality of
tem of *selective* service which M. Cla
does not seem to comprehend th
taking some, but not all, young p
the Army is, by definition, unfa
unfairness is more grievous co
pounded by the disparate forms
vice within the military. (What
equality can there be between th
nam soldier and the stateside cl

Dismantling an existing govern
institution such as the draft is comp
business, and Mr. Clark's admitt
in this regard merit attention. B
tutions have no intrinsic valu
are a means of achieving poli
draft can *only* supply large num
untrained men for short period
vice and is utterly irrelevant to
greater problem of *retaining* the
and experienced servicemen nec
sary to a technologically orient
tary. . . .

PETER J. O
Dep't of Political
U.S. Air Force
Monum

As a college student, I am ke
terested in the draft system, and
very impressed with Blair's
article. The cases for and ag
volunteer army both have mer
feel one of Mr. Clark's points is
either case. The Vietnam war
present draft system must not be
at as a joint mistake. They are
and distinct, and one should not
away with for the faults of th
This is not to say that the prese
system is equitable and fair. It
is far from it. But the Vietnam
brought about by political and
mistakes, and the draft system
not in any way be blamed for i

STEVEN
Vand
Nashville

As a professional soldier, I
help taking issue with Blair Cla
assumption that "a professional
force could take this country
down the road of endless mili
ventures and, finally, destroy th
cratic fabric of this society." I
Clark: who is presently Comm
Chief, a military man or a ci
Where does the money come

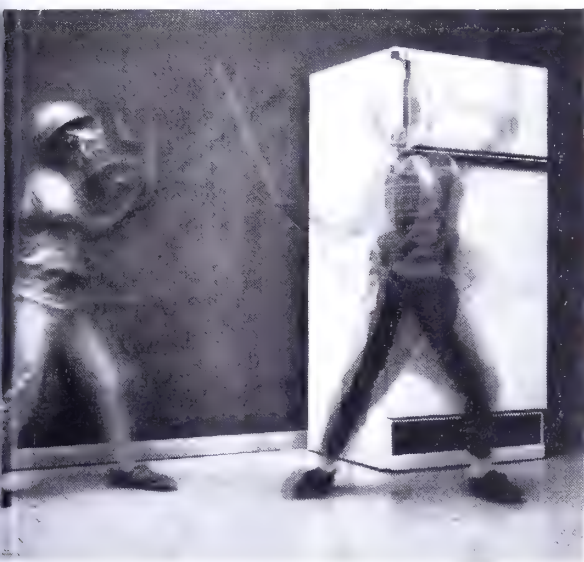
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Kodak

Accomplishment

In the year now closing we paid good wages to 112,000 people around the world and nearly \$200,000,000 in dividends to more than 200,000 shareowners. In addition, we did another good thing. You know those hard-edged film packets that have to go up against your gums and tongue when your teeth are x-rayed? There's a good chance you'll find those edges softer now.

The acquisition season



PRACTICAL THINGS



LESS PRACTICAL THINGS

kids will grow up. Perhaps, at that unimaginable time, sessions grown shabby will be thrown away even if they O.K. Ridiculous to worry about it now.

our only purpose in bringing it up here is to illustrate one of many roles we play in the economy. We make a product called EASTMAN "NPG" Glycol. If you are not in the enamel industry, you can ignore it forever. If you are, you prefer to ignore it, because you know that glycol for enamel doesn't have to cost what "NPG" Glycol

to play our role, all we have to do is get across the idea of the toughness imparted to polyester finishes by "NPG" Glycol through chemical cross-linking now puts them out in place of acrylic finishes (which are not quite as stain- and solvent-resistant) and vinyls (which are a bit soft).

That idea does get across, we stand to take in nearly 3¢ for every 2 ounces or so of glycol needed in the polyester finish for a 16-cu. ft. home refrigerator.

A new camera is acquired. Desirable for visits, picnics, graduations, weddings, birthday parties, sunny days with the gang at the beach. Anything else? Yes. Environmental awareness.

In this weather?

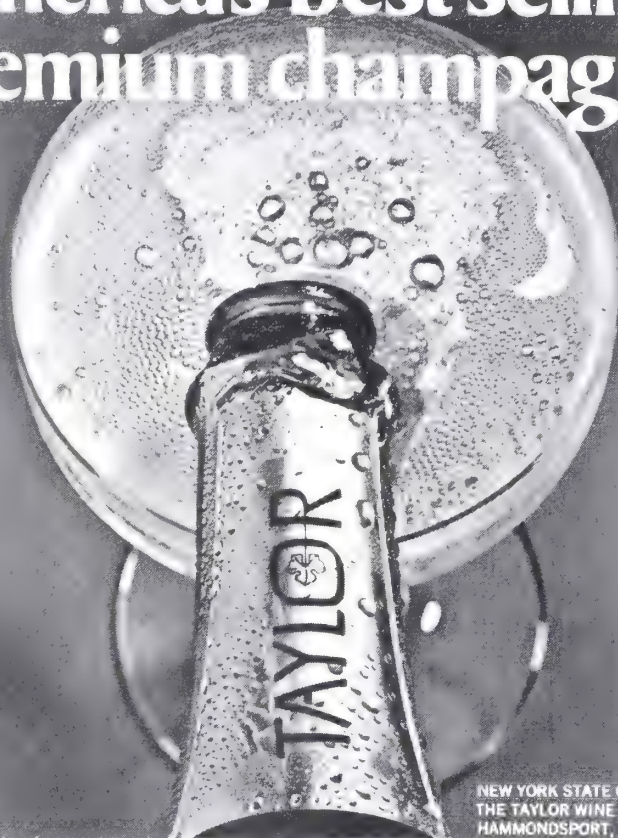
Any weather can be enjoyed with a grateful, interested eye and mind. Also any worm, any spider web, any leaf, any large rock, any small shell. Teach that to your children. Environmental awareness makes it worthwhile to be alive. As awareness ripens here and there into understanding, it gets even better.

A camera finder in front of the eye helps build awareness. This has been proved in slum and suburb, and for other aspects of reality than spider webs. It's like the difference between thinking important thoughts and actually having to express them.

Last summer fifteen of our men were paid to spend their time in five national parks giving "environmental awareness" slide shows. The National Park Service and we believe that the parks ought to be more than places where it is easier to smell the next family's cooking than at home. "Take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints," says the Service.

If you're lucky, it will occur to you on looking at the pictures that you could have seen things just as beautiful the other 50 weeks of the year.

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LETTERS

support this nation's soldiers at the Pentagon? No, from what can be described as a recalcitrant Congress. How people can despair about "having" a control they already possess is hard to understand.

The suspicion that professional soldiers would wrest power from civilians employing them in order to pursue military adventures is absurd. At present, the military has only the power to recommend certain decisions and to execute them if made. The choice is in the hands of a civilian who presumably has the country's best interests at heart. I might add that the constitutionally imposed system of checks and balances is still present, and this still has control over this civilian. For these reasons, "endless military adventures" seem a remote possibility.

I will concede that the "industrial mammoth" is self-perpetuating, and some despair about reaching it is in order, but the fault for it should not be borne by the uniformed services. Their concern has been the best to accomplish the mission they have been given. This concern has provided powerful impetus to obtain the weapons and equipment to do the job. If some powerful salesmanship is exercised to persuade civilians of the Department of Defense and Congress that these items are needed, it is understandable. *Civilians* had to make a final decision, nonetheless. . . .

ROBERT W. HINTON
Captain, U.S. Air Force

... Apparently Mr. Clark favors some form of national service which would be beneficial for the young. As he will soon be eligible for the draft, he must have decided that the decision as to whom I serve and when I serve should be left to me. The state should have no voice in deciding what will be good for my character. If America can go to war without a draft, it should.

JONATHAN B. DEAN
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

... Instead of indirectly discriminating against those who happen to be black (as he asserts a volunteer would), Mr. Clark would directly discriminate against those who happen to be born in, say, the month of July who happen to draw a number 9, in, say, 9. By this system society would conveniently escape its expensive responsibilities at stroke: on the one hand, the hu-



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Nina: A rather fuller-bodied luncheon Sherry, still dry and fresh as a Spring day, to arouse enthusiasm for the meal to come.



LETTERS

necessary to insure that blacks have equal access to income in of society so that they are not portionately attracted to the high of a volunteer army... and, other hand, the large amounts to compensate truly those who in the Army, whether black or white, the presumed benefit of other and white, who are otherwise the burden of national defense in any sense of that abused includes that kind of morally convenience....

STEPHEN
Ann Arbo

BLAIR CLARK REPLIES:

Perhaps I did not make clear the point that a "volunteer" army (which should properly "professional") of the size present vast diplomatic overment would require is something without precedent for this. The innocent old days of a navy and a handful of ground disappeared with the second world war and the postwar world power ships. My article did not assume, a much larger armed the United States in any future. And I suppose my main with the voluntarists lies in motion that in detaching the citizen the "obligation to serve" would greatly weaken the political pressure back the present manic policy of the United States. The disaster of Vietnam, can one imagine any President ordering a decrease of 800,000 men, as happened in 1965-66, without the most violent repercussions?

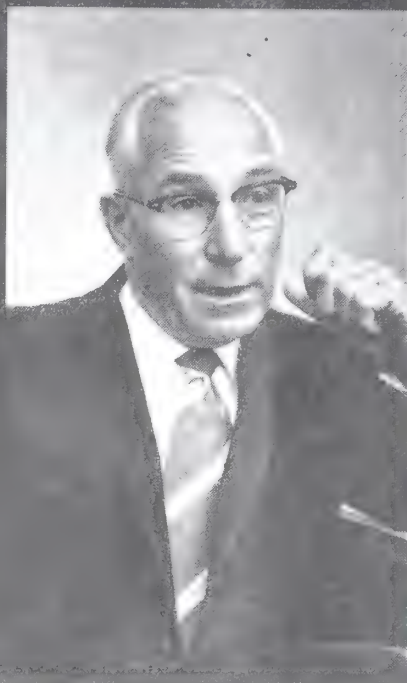
Knocking to

Most of what Jack Newfield say ["Goodbye Dolly," September] remains irrelevant alongside the overriding truth about the *Post* is simply that it was virtually the only major newspaper in America—the only one in New York—actively and consistently opposing this nation's foreign policies in the Fifties and Sixties. For nearly two decades editorial columns have spoken out boldly for atomic sanity: against race; against our obsessive anti-communism; against our imperialist interventionist actions around the globe. The *Post* was exposing our shameful Southeast Asia long before



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A family doctor looks at new developments in the pharmaceutical industry. And he speculates on the future.

When I look back at some of my old records, I'm constantly reminded of the changes that have come about in medicine just during the past twenty-five years. Some of the diseases I treated and prayed over in the '40's are found mostly in medical history books now.

Thanks to drug research and development, we've made substantial gains in the control of cardiovascular disease, diabetes, malaria, mental illness, strep and staph infections, meningitis and a long list of ailments. It seems like only yesterday when a diagnosis of pneumonia was almost the kiss of death. Now, with modern medical techniques and drug therapy, we can offer some real help.

My records on polio, influenza and measles show an unbelievable trend for the better. New vaccines

have reduced the toll of these age-old threats dramatically. And I see patients in pain from crippling arthritis helped with new medicinals unknown just a few years ago.

I hear questions about the three billion or so dollars spent by the drug industry in research during the past ten years . . . working on new and better drug products. It does seem like quite a bit of money to spend, and I realize some of it goes into dead ends. That's the problem with research, any research . . . you often don't know where you're going until you get there. I want all the tools I can get to help my patients. I want more drugs and more effective drugs. If they mean less pain, longer lives and more productive careers for those I treat . . . well, that's what really counts.

*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

LETTERS

Newfield's more radical friends covered the inequities of Vietnam. This alone, the *Post* deserves gratitude, not censure.

JOEL PO
New York

The New York *Post* is much more than Jack Newfield makes it. It has missed a few things. There is no instance, the *Post's* coverage of America is certainly the biggest news story of the century. Recognizing the importance of the story and the *Post's* position as the only afternoon newspaper in the nation's largest city, Mrs. Schiff should have spent the expense or effort. She sent a copy all the way to the AP wire.

Her coverage of the Six Day War in 1967 was just as enterprising despite the Jewish slant of her tabloid. She is not a wandering novelist who wanders at will on the scene and he submitted several feature stories. . . .

The lady has met her responsibility as a monopoly publisher by opening one of the two major wire services subscribed to (Reuters) and cutting back on the AP service, which was she had left. She dropped Reuters for the same reason she does not give them the *Times* and *Daily News*. . . .

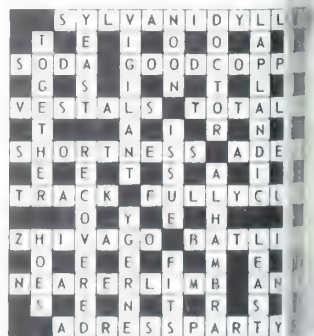
In terms of what the *Post* could do, it ranks as the worst major daily in America and is an insult to a profession of us take seriously. . . .

JOEL N. H
Elizabethtown

... To suggest, in a Tale of Two Cities, that a cadre of Ben Hur

Solution to HARPER'S PUZZLE NO. 16

(November issue, page 14)



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OMAR SHARIF

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ears ahead of its time and in
le moving it thirty years be-
me is to oversimplify this vio-
the fourth dimension. As one
trayed, I can clearly remem-
stance, when this same Paul
ow compiled a weekly page of
that devoured the very same
ips he is now accused of favor-
then, too, how is it possible
man can in one generation be
of shedding husbands for rea-
olitical incompatibility and in
of regarding Earl Wilson as
journalistic type than Murray
?

re is more to this simultaneous
all of the *Post* than Paul Sann
Schiff or dirty towels, urine
nd fruit flies. It has to do, I
more with the kind of environ-
journalistic and social—that
wn the generation of no-thinks
ning the paper, our paper.
echsler, too, had lost touch by
f the Sixties, as he documented
ely upon resuming his column.
per that can survive or fail on
its truck drivers criss-cross the
ét neighborhood is no longer
for communication between
ung stylists and their public.
while, one six-hundred-word
ns to resemble another to both
d reader.

re the New York *Post* became.
ifties, a feeding ground that
a very special hunger in a cer-
d of New Yorker—writer and
ascended while other papers
in the general journalistic

ion to
PPER'S
ZZLE NO. 17
issue, page 154)



stician—
IL ARMSTRONG



Happiness is having a mother to love you

And nine-month-old Lin Su contentedly sucks her thumb as she watches her new "mother" come to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin Su's "mother" is a staff member at our Pine Hill Babies' Home in Hong Kong and to Lin Su she means happiness and security—and most important—love.

You see, until she came to us, this little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died when Lin Su was born and her father disappeared soon after. Lin Su was left alone in the shack which was her home. Neighbors found her and tried to take care of her.

But they were desperately poor with several children of their own. There simply wasn't any place where Lin Su was wanted. No one picked her up to cuddle her, she was often hungry and wet and cold for hours before anyone found time for her.

Besides being dangerously undernourished, Lin Su had been deprived of the warm, loving atmosphere that all babies need if they are to thrive.

Now, Lin Su is happy. You can see from her picture that contentment and security have filled her world. She is responding well to the tender care she receives and her eyes light up when her "mother" comes near.

It's good to comfort and take care of a little one like Lin Su. Won't you share this feeling with us by becoming a CCF

sponsor for one of thousands of other children who are victims of events they cannot help?

I urge you to reach out to a needy child. For only \$12.00 a month you can sponsor a little boy or girl, and help provide happiness, security and love.

Please fill out the coupon today. Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of the child you sponsor and a personal history. Your sponsored child will write to you and a housemother or staff worker will send you the original letter and an English translation, direct from overseas.

Whenever you may wish to send a special little gift, you've only to send your check to the CCF Richmond office and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions for its use.

For more than thirty years, through CCF sponsorships, Americans have shared their blessings with needy children around the world. Please, let today be the day you join this special group and begin to enjoy the rewards that come from person-to-person sharing with a little child.

Thanks so much.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: Philippines, Thailand, Taiwan (Formosa), India and Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 511 Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____. 41P62DO

☐ Please send me more information.

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How INA is working

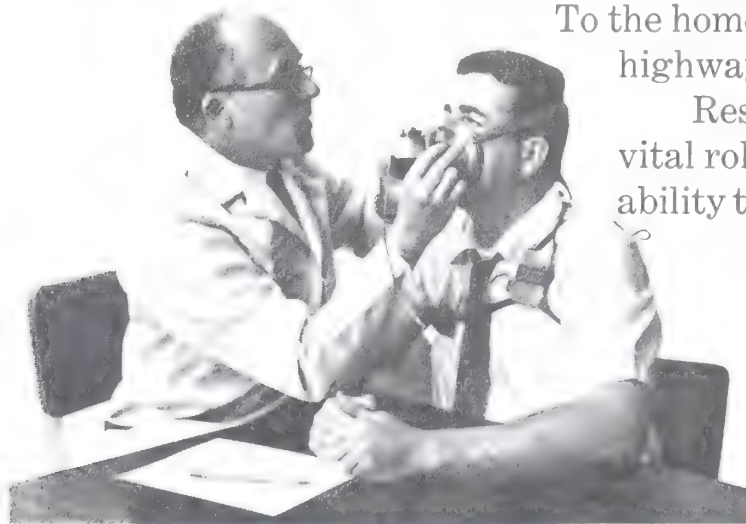


We worry about the accidents you've never had. The ones you *might* have had. We call these near-accidents "incidents." There are 600 of them to every accident that causes serious injury. But now we've found a way to help stop these accidents before somebody gets hurt. It's our *Incident Recall Program*. Insurance Company of North America is the first to offer such a program to industry.

Incident Recall is simple. Workers report all "near-misses" to their foreman. What happened. Why it happened. Each incident is carefully eval-

uated for its potential seriousness and potential of recurrence. The information that's obtained can be used immediately to prevent further incidents. And as the basis for a loss-control program designed to remove or control problems. And the system works. Incident Recall is preventing industrial accidents. INA is now researching its wider application. To the home. To the highways.

Research plays a vital role in INA's ability to reduce



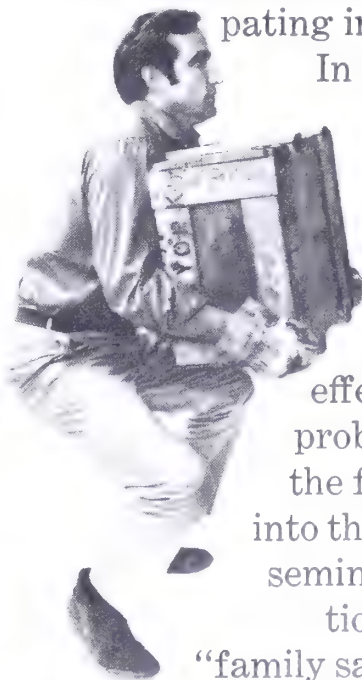
prevent injury.

nts. The recently established MEND Institute at Albertson, Island, is devoted to applied research. And that's something there's been precious little of the field of accident prevention.

Current projects include investigation of physical changes during physical and emotional stress; measuring worker fatigue and stress under various environments; the relation of tool design and fatigue; and the nature of attention span and the possible relationship it has to accidents.

Creative research pays off. In one on-the-job study we examined the attitudes of workers and their families toward accident prevention. As a result, we learned that accident prevention programs at work are an important part of the working environment. That families are anxious to visit and understand the place where the breadwinner works.

We discovered that families can help with industrial safety. By participating in safety programs.



In one case recurring accidents produced hernia and back injuries from improper lifting. Standard safety efforts had little effect on reducing the problem. INA brought the families of the men into the picture. Through seminars, safety promotion incentives and a "family safety night" social.

In this and similar cases, the main cause of serious accidents was brought under control. The families helped do it. And they loved it.

In the accident prevention business, imagination helps. And that's our business—helping people.

IMAGINATION

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LETTERS

malaise of our time. Now that this is gone, I believe we ought to be gratefully grateful for what the past instead of resentful of what it has come.

Ed F.
U.S. Army
Fort Gorn.

The silent movie

I was disappointed in A. J. Guth's article ["San Francisco" September]. Not only were his blings hard to follow and incoherent but he failed to represent the position of a large number of us. I considered myself part of the silent majority, but lest President Hayakawa continue to believe that silence is support for him, I must speak. Silence is a terrible place to be but the fact is, that for a great many of the BSU [Black Students Union] Hayakawa were equally repulsive.

I struggled for months to find a place in all the political chaos and in the end I found there was no place. Without leadership in the middle. That is a terrible thing. There was no one to speak for us, to rally around. The professors who should have been that leadership sat back and did nothing....

MARGOT CH.
San Francisco
San Francisco

Return to Normal

I was happy to read in Robert Lowitz' fast-moving "Taps at Beach" [October] what really happened when veterans of the 41st Infantry Division attacked once again under supervision of their families, only 25 years.

My wife and I were inmates of No. 7—"The Lost Tribe"—under the guidance of a guide who believed that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. (Not so when a traffic circuit to the next point than Bus No. 7 crawled through less villages....) I am delighted to finally know the score because No. 7 often arrived an hour or more late. Even the pubs were full.

I am glad, too, to see ink drawn by William L. Mills, of Concord, North Carolina, placing him in the wonderful man and I were caught in the iron spray of an 88 mm. shell



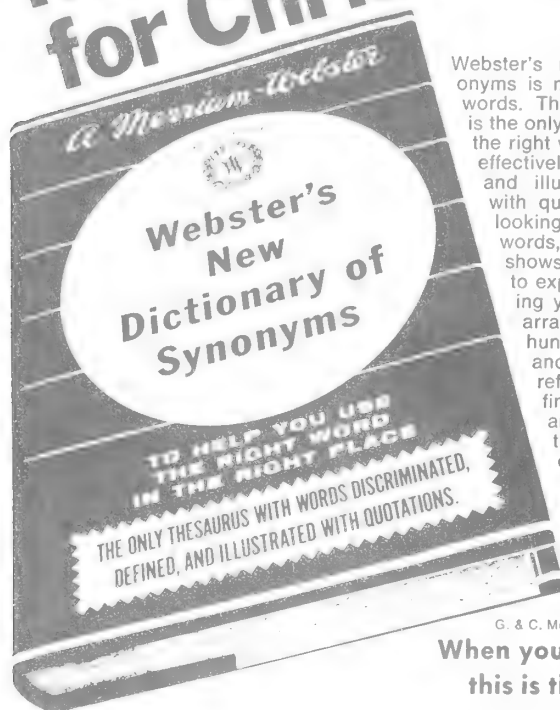
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LETTERS

Normandy on D-Day + 6. I was minus a leg. Mills, hit in the head, arm, gave me needed aid. He got all over me. What a guy! What you have in Robert Kotlowitz! I recommend that he be dispatched to the Middle East to inform readers.

COL. RED
Garris

Nixon and the

In "The Selling of the President 1968" [August] Joe McGinniss wrote "Gavin wrote the letter on stationery borrowed from the University of Pennsylvania because he thought Nixon would pay attention if the letter came from a college professor."

This is not true. At the time I wrote the letter in question, I was employed full-time as a university supervisor of interns and student teachers of English at the Graduate School of Education Building. I did not "borrow" stationery, but simply used it because it was immediately available. I have spoken to, met, or, to my knowledge, even seen Mr. McGinniss, so I know where he got the idea that the University of Pennsylvania stationery to impress Richard Nixon.

I also wish to bring to your attention quotations mistakenly attributed in the article. On page 46, all the quotations from "Voters are basically lazy" and "Our task is to build that America which Mr. McGinniss attributed to me were actually written by Raymond Price, Jr. (now a Special Assistant to the President) and should come attributed to him.

WILLIAM L.
Arling

JOE MCGINNIS REPLIES:

I appreciate Mr. Gavin's shed new light upon the circumstances surrounding his original letter to Nixon. The version that appeared in my book—that Mr. Gavin, then a high school English teacher, borrowed stationery from the University of Pennsylvania—was passed on to me by several different members of Nixon's staff during the campaign.

The important point, however, remains that Richard Nixon was determined to understand, and then to use, the medium of television. That is why he responded to a letter from a man he did not know, either personally or by reputation, by offering the writer a campaign staff position.

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- ☐ Spain/Portugal By Motorcoach,
- ☐ USSR/Eastern Europe,
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- ☐ Scandinavia/Oriental Russia,
- ☐ South Pacific, ☐ Orient, and
- ☐ South America





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U.S. Virgin Islands Rum Council
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands



THE EASY CHAIR

Christmas list

Wreaths of holly—in some cases complete with thorns—are hereby awarded to the following people, who have done things that deserve more public attention than they have yet received:

1. To Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island, for the most outrageous legislative proposal since the oil-depletion allowance. He has asked Congress, in effect, to guarantee forever an income from public property of about \$500 million a year to a small group of over-privileged businessmen, most of whom already have gotten rich at the taxpayers' expense. Worse yet, he probably will get away with it.

The Pastore bill would make it virtually impossible for the Federal Communications Commission to take broadcasting licenses away from the present owners of TV stations, no matter how dreadful their programming may be. He introduced it because the FCC—a notoriously timid and ineffectual agency—recently has dared for the first time to refuse to renew a couple of licenses. Naturally this alarmed the broadcasting industry, since a license is as good as a permit to print money. It entitles the holder to use the public airwaves for his private profit—and the profit has been immense. In 1966, for example, the industry earned about \$493 million on a depreciated tangible investment of \$550 million, a profit rate of 89 per cent; other public utilities think themselves lucky if they get 8 per cent. Moreover, the happy holder of a license—for which he paid the government nothing—can, and often does, sell it for many millions.

So as soon as the FCC actually began to use its long-dormant power to take this privilege away from a broadcaster and award it to someone else who might serve the public better, Senator Pastore, the rich man's friend, sprang into action. In his zeal to yank the Commission's hitherto unused teeth, he has the enthusiastic support of many Congressmen in both houses. A lot of them own TV stations themselves, or their wives do: all the rest are dependent on their home-state broadcasters for free air time in the next political campaign. And

when the owner of a TV station also owns the local newspaper—as he does in all too many cities—the Congressmen are doubly reluctant to touch his lush monopoly. The result is an example of Entrenched Establishment at its worst—an interlock of financial, political, and communications power which is virtually immune to public criticism. Senator Pastore now wants to put it beyond the feeble reach of the FCC as well.

A Senator who was truly concerned with the public interest would be fighting for legislation precisely the opposite of the Pastore bill. He would demand that every broadcasting license be canceled automatically at the end of its three-year period—and then reissued to the highest bidder. The resulting income of several hundred millions a year could be turned over to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, to finance a noncommercial TV system which might really operate in the public interest. So far no Senator, nor Representative, has stepped forward with such legislation.

2. To Philip Stern of Washington, D.C., tax expert, and sometime contributor to this magazine, for his recent testimony before the Senate Finance Committee.

Mr. Stern criticized the pending tax-reform legislation because it does not hit him hard enough. He told the astounded Senators that he was wealthy, that much of his income results from capital gains, and that such income ought not to be sheltered by a favorable tax rate.

"You," he said, "having worked enormously hard, pay a 45 per cent tax on your top dollar. I, having exerted no effort at all, pay no more than 25 per cent. This makes a mockery of the graduated income tax."

(In fact, Mr. Stern does work enormously hard himself, most of the time, writing books and magazine articles; and on the income from them, he suffers under the present unfair rules for taxing author's royalties. For example, he gets no depletion allowance—although nothing in the world is quite so depleted as an author who has just finished a book.)

3. To four chemists—Irv Hunter, Mayo K. Walden, Ja Scherer, and Robert E. Lundin—for their least-needed discovery of the cer-

After painstaking research, they isolated a tetrahydropyridine compound that makes stale bread smell as if it just came out of the oven. In concentrated form, it has an "overpowering odor" of soda crackers. But a dilute solution of one of its derivatives is sprayed on week-old bread, and it takes on "a desirable fresh-bread odor." So they told a meeting of the American Chemical Society, in a paper which was presumably offered with pride rather than shame.

What they have done, of course, is to make it a little harder for American housewives to protect themselves against dishonest bakers and grocers. But, over, they performed their sincere search in the Western Regional Research Laboratory of the U.S. Department of Agriculture—another agency of government which doesn't blush when it uses our tax money to do us in.

4. To Bennie M. Gonzales of Flagstaff, Arizona, for a pair of the most interesting—and under-publicized—civilizations in America.

He is the architect responsible for the library and city hall in the new center at Scottsdale, a suburb of Phoenix. They are perhaps the most thoughtful effort yet to combine the conventional modern architecture with the ancient and Spanish traditions, which fit comfortably into the Arizona landscape and climate. Winter visitors to the area, not previously noted for its architectural splendor, will find them worth a visit.

Using mortar-covered concrete and massive wooden beams, he has built two buildings which seem, at first glance, invitingly simple. Actually, the arrangement of their off-white walls is complex: no wall joins another at a right angle, no column, but a window embrasure rises in an almost straight line. Instead they curve almost imperceptibly, like the pediment of a Greek temple or the walls of a fireplace. In addition, every element inside and out—has been designed

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Problems. Problems. Our Managing Director recently pointed out that Christmas won't fall on a Tuesday until 1973.

And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance—say December 25th—all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!



Teacher's Scotch

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA



*with from
underground*

HOUSERS

the gambler

Don
Story

TALES OF THE GOLD NUGGET

WALDEN



CRUANTES

Don
Quirote

ULEIRA
DOBSIN

GRAND
EARTH
TALK

GRAND
EARTH
TALK

Billy Budd

Benito Cereno



POLY

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Welcome to the club

If you get pleasure simply from *holding* a beautiful book—we'd welcome you as a member of The Heritage Club.

And to provide a suitable welcome, we offer you *Lysistrata*, one of the Club's most beautiful recent selections.

Indecent, vulgar, and uproariously funny—*Lysistrata* by Aristophanes is (after 2,500 years) remarkably up to date, for it portrays a women's campaign to end the war, a campaign that worked in a way only women could make it work.

We felt *Lysistrata* deserved a superlative edition. We turned to the greatest artist living. Picasso agreed.

For our edition, he etched six copperplates and drew forty pictures. They are considered some of the best examples of Picasso's neoclassical style.

Like all Heritage Club books, our edition of *Lysistrata* is printed on paper chemically treated to last at least two centuries. It is carefully sewn, staunchly glued, and pressed between boards overnight—a costly binding method that is almost unknown today. A frieze of Picasso's Greek warriors stands guard on the covers.

Normally, as a member, you could purchase this volume for \$5.95, plus post-

age. But if you mail the card at left—you may have it as a new-member gift.

In months to come, you will have a choice of such remarkable volumes as Shaw's *Two Plays for Puritans*, *The Invisible Man* by H. G. Wells, *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, *The Jungle Books* by Kipling, Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth* and *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* by Edgar Allan Poe. Each of the books will be designed and illustrated by an internationally famous artist, and so well made you will cherish each as a proud possession and sound investment.

You're not bound by rigid contract to take any of these books. The Club gives you the option of substitutions from a backlist of more than fifty books in print. Each Club selection costs only \$5.95, even though, by any standard, you should expect to pay twice that amount or more.

If you have a taste for fine books, browsing through the Heritage edition of Picasso's *Lysistrata* will be a thrilling experience.

We believe it will also make you want to continue as a Heritage Club member. But we can only bid you welcome. The decision to remain with us is yours.



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comfort, or delight: the tables
children's reading room, the seats
y council hearing chamber, the
s in the surrounding plaza,
play of shadows over the un-
terior walls. Nowhere, so far as
detect, has Gonzales yielded to
of mere monumentality, which
ome of the Wright and Saarinen
s so awesome and so unpleasant
in.

ually the civic center is in-
o include other buildings—an
eum, drama school, convention
mmunity theater, public-works
rters — spread throughout six-
cks of parkland. If Gonzales
ff the rest of the project as suc-
as the first two structures,
le might well become a place for
as well as climatic pilgrimages.

r another artistic boon, a word
s to Charles Perry.

ronze sculpture, "Iconaspirale,"
stands on one of the terraces of
den Gateway Center in San
o, differs from a good deal of
orary nonobjective art. It is not
d to shock or bewilder the spec-
er to demonstrate the artist's
dented originality; it is meant
to give a quiet and enduring
to anyone who looks at it. I
e Golden Gateway Building Com-
which commissioned the work in
realizes that its money was well

a different kind of sculptor,
urifoy of Watts, for his inven-
a new way to teach school drop-

, as he prefers to be called, was
g in Watts when it went up in
n 1965. In hopes that something
ight be brought out of the ruins,
an to pick up junk—bits of
lumber, broken glass, half-
plumbing fixtures, the casings
on signs, shattered dishes. With
of another Negro teacher, Jud-
well, and some of his former stu-
Noah soon collected three tons
stuff. He then invited six other
to join him in converting this
half-cooked, material into sculp-
exhibit at the first Watts Art
in the spring of 1966. Within
a they produced sixty-six pieces,
f them more than head-high.
called them assemblages or col-
Noah refers to them simply as
sculpture. He hoped they would
message to the people of Watts:



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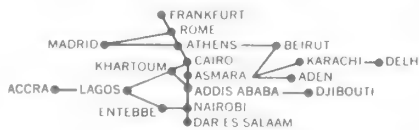
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7. To Bob Woodford of Washington, D.C., for a unique business venture in the Underground Wig Establishment.

For \$55, Mr. Woodford—the long-haired capitalist I've heard of—will sell you a short-haired wig, just the thing to conceal your shoulder-length tresses on those square occasions when they might seem inappropriate. National Guard drill, for example, when applying for a job as a cook.

8. To a couple of short-haired capitalists—Willard C. Hess and Charles Eisenhardt, Jr. of Rossmoyne, Pa.—for their success in running an underground automobile factory.

Maybe you never heard of The Hess & Eisenhardt Co., but to kings, presidents, and undertakers all over the world it is a familiar name. With 130 employees, it manages to operate very nicely, thank you, with General Motors, Ford, and Rolls-Royce.

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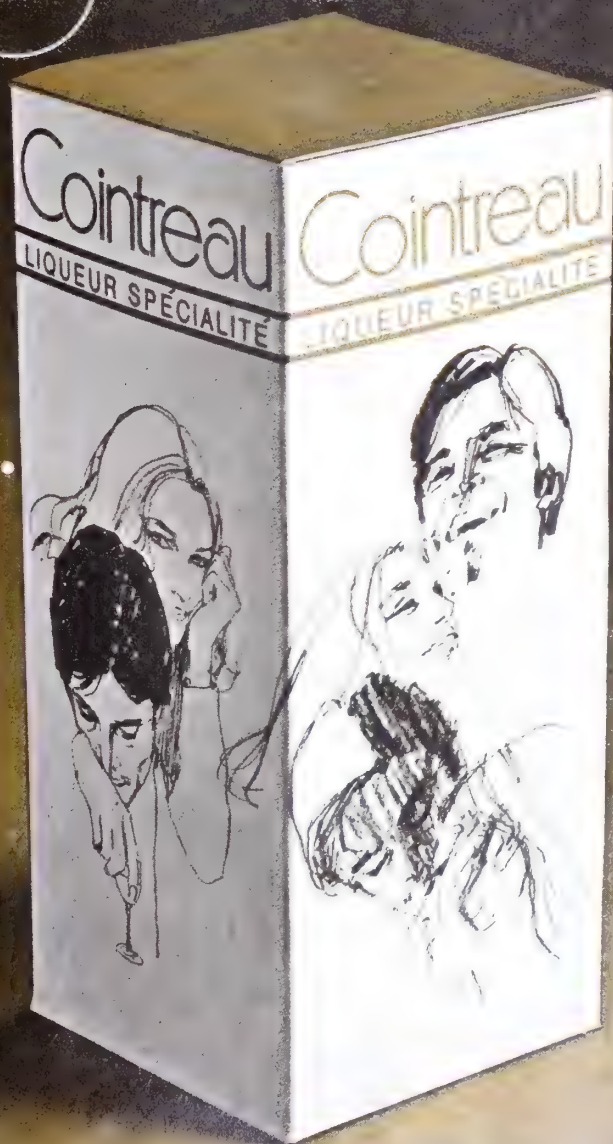
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Bob Dylan's first major interview in three years is in the new issue of Rolling Stone Magazine. In the same edition of Rolling Stone, the first complete discography of the unreleased Dylan tapes and records. The interview with Bob Dylan, based on a four hour rap with Rolling Stone Editor Jann Wenner, is complete and unedited.

DYLAN

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THE EASY CHAIR

the fleet of twenty veiled limousines made for the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, who liked to take his harem on an occasional outing. Each car would accommodate six ladies, double rear-seats, and the windows were made of one-way mirror glass so the girls could see out but nobody could look in. Or the \$47,000 armored limo ordered by Kwame Nkrumah when he was President of Ghana. Another designed for Queen Elizabeth II's visit to Canada: the right hand rear seat was equipped with a lift device, because royal protocol mandated that the Queen must be seated higher than the Prince Consort.

H & E's most famous products are the cars they make for American Presidents. The one in which John F. Kennedy was riding when he was assassinated cost close to \$500,000, since it was loaded with such special equipment: a \$10,000 bullet-resistant windshield, sophisticated communications system, and gold-embroidered lap robe at \$10,000 each. Another, the "Sunshine Special" used by Roosevelt and Truman is on display in the Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, because it was built on a Lincoln chassis. Eisenhower, on the other hand, preferred an H & E designed around a Cadillac chassis.

When they aren't making limousines for rulers and film stars, H & E make ambulances and hearses; the price is less, but the demand is steady.

9. To the band of Cree Indians who decided to drop out of the rat race and live on a Canadian government reservation, start their own commune, or liberate the wilds of the Alberta Rockies.

They are led by a seventy-year-old chief, Robert Smallboy, who is disgusted with the "drunkenness and laziness" prevalent on the reservation. He settled his followers, about a hundred of them, in winterized tents with wood floors and woodburning stoves, but even without teepees, they can live the clean and healthy life of their ancestors. One hitch, they discovered, was that none of them could bring down game with a bow and arrow; they had to have been bagging plenty of deer since they laid in a supply of automatic rifles. Unlike most communes in the United States, they have not yet set up a marijuana patch.

10. Finally, a warm holiday for the four colleges which are experimenting with the principles of Survival Education, offering an education which might,

...ve the human race from wiping
...ut by overpopulation, war, and
...ion of the environment.

... "Survival U.: A Prospectus
...eally Relevant University" was
...ed in this space last September,
...ght in scores of letters from
...who wanted to study or teach in
...institution, if one existed or was
...ect. It also brought a few mes-
...from people in colleges which
...in one way or another, are try-
...courses of study on human sur-
...erhaps this note will help bring
...ers and the colleges together.

...closest thing to Survival U. ap-
...is Prescott College, a private
...on which opened three years
...Prescott, Arizona. Its president
...ding spirit is Ronald C. Nairn,
...d War II New Zealand fighter
...who became a diplomat, Com-
...t of the Royal New Zealand
...nd and Staff College, a Yale
...nd a writer on international af-
...e and his colleagues are shaping
...ulum which focuses on human
...the relationship between man
...much-threatened natural world
...h his life depends. No student
...uate until he has a firm under-
...of human societies and the
...y interact with each other and
...ir environment.

...ar ideas are being developed at
...iversity of Wisconsin's Green
...puses—four of them, at Green
...l in neighboring Fox Valley,
...oc, and Marinette. Here again
...ademic program has as its spe-
...s ecology," and it is organized
...es with related "environmental
...: human biology, environ-
...sciences, community sciences,
...ative communication.

...University of South Florida,
...ena, Professor Henry Winthrop
...Department of Interdisciplinary
...cience, which seems to be head-
...uch the same direction.

...uled to open with its first class
...students next fall, Dag Ham-
...d College is being built in the
...of Columbia, Maryland. Under
...t Robert L. McCan, it will
...to teach—and learn—how men
...l effectively with rapid cultural
...and its impact on "the global
...in which we live. Its board of
...s, incidentally, includes two of
...r Senators: Joseph D. Tydings,
...rat from Maryland, and Mark
...ld, a Republican from Oregon.
...e New Year, then, *floreat* to

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PERFORMING ARTS

At home in Calcutta

In Calcutta, the biggest film hit, as I write this, is a lighthearted, childlike musical fantasy called *Goopy Gyne and Bagha Byne*. One can already hear the tunes being whistled on the streets, and the records of the songs are selling like—well, like *chappatis*. I saw the film one afternoon at one of the three large, first-run Calcutta movie houses at which it is playing. The house was packed, the audience enthusiastic. A young Bengali had come along with me to clue me in on the plot and the niceties of the dialogue, but his assistance, though appreciated, turned out to be not essential; the course of the action was, for the most part, readily comprehensible and what was not clear was still convincing—in the way that *The Magic Flute*, even at its most obscure, is convincing.

I do not know whether the film will be shown in the United States. Exhibitors are likely to consider it special fare, incorporating as it does, within the loose framework of a genial ghost story, parodies of various Indian classical styles of music. Yet I must admit to having been charmed by the picture, and more than charmed. The comparison with *The Magic Flute* has some pertinence. Like that opera, music is actually what the work is all about—the heavenly power of music in this world, which may charm beasts and even subdue evildoers. As with the Mozart fairy tale, the intellectuals and critics are already busy reading recondite meanings into this fantasy and discovering structures of symbolism, which the film's maker declines to affirm or deny.

Goopy Gyne and Bagha Byne is the seventeenth film by one of the very greatest of all filmmakers, Satyajit Ray. In tone and subject matter the film may come as a surprise to those who know Ray's work only through the profound, intensely serious Apu trilogy. But Ray's films—only about six or seven of which have been shown in the United States and these, except for the trilogy, but briefly—have actually been quite varied. Like any significant artist, he refuses to stand still or repeat himself. He is in the enviable position, furthermore—unlike most directors—of being able, within

limits of reasonable concern for the investment of his backers (which, as an honorable man, he takes seriously), to make only films that matter to him or, for one reason or another, give him pleasure, and make them exactly the way he wants to make them. In this he is reinforced no doubt by the fact that his films, produced on a budget incredibly low not only by Hollywood standards but also by the standards of the thriving Bombay and Madras movie industries, not only win international recognition but have all, except for one that got tied up in litigation, more than broken even at the box office. *Goopy Gyne and Bagha Byne*, which will prove profitable even if it does not get foreign distribution, originated with Ray as a kind of double family tribute, a bow to both his past and his future—for the scenario was adapted from a story written by his grandfather long ago, and it was made especially to please his fifteen-year-old son Sandip, who had often complained that his films were too tragic and too difficult. In addition to directing the film, Ray wrote its scenario and lyrics and composed the music.

With his wife and son, Ray lives in a four-room apartment on Lake Temple Road, in the southern part of Calcutta; there, at his invitation, I called on him one afternoon, and we spent a couple of hours drinking excellent coffee and talking. The apartment is on the third floor of a four-story building. As indicated by a sign on the mailbox, "Satyajit Ray Productions," the apartment functions as office as well as living quarters. Ray is, it would seem, the entire regular office staff of Satyajit Ray Productions. "I do my own typing—when I have time," he said. "Sometimes my wife helps out with the correspondence—when she feels like it." His livingroom-office, in which he said he may spend fourteen hours a day when he is

not out shooting on a production, was small and simply furnished—with a desk on which a typewriter sat, a few easy chairs, lots of bookshelves, a typograph, and an upright piano. Records were stacked on the sofa and on a table as well as filling the bookshelves, and of records stood on top of the piano. The walls hung some unframed canvas Impressionist in style. Over one corner a large ceiling fan revolved slowly, flapping the papers on the desk. Through the open windows could be heard the background, as we talked, the sounds of Calcutta—children at play on the street outside, the cries of street vendors, the mobile horns in the distance, the clanging of ricksha bells, the drumming of a monsoon den flurry of rain.

Ray was dressed comfortably, in a simple style, in sandals, a loose, white, short-sleeved shirt, like a nightshirt, and white cotton pants. In his late thirties he is a man of imposing stature, with a rugged face and deep-set eyes. His English is quite rich and musical in quality, and he speaks in shapely sentences, with a wide, easy range of reference. His English is enviable: his French accent, which he made some allusion or other, is impeccable; and his German is good enough to have enabled him to translate Brecht into Bengali. (He has enriched Bengali literature by translating Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky" that tongue for a children's magazine; he edits in what spare time he has a magazine which his grandfather started and his father had carried on.) At the time Ray's first film, *Pathar Chali*, appeared, it was widely attacked by foreign critics to be the work of a sort of primitive artist—an Indian amateur with a camera—who had somehow managed to make a great film without in the slightest knowing what he was doing. One need converse with him only a few minutes to recognize him as off the mark such a patronizing view was; manifestly he is not only a self-conscious artist and skilled craftsman but also a person of cultivation, intelligence, and sophistication.

Nevertheless, he is not what one would call a cosmopolite. He re-

Mr. Taper has written biographies of George Balanchine and Pablo Casals, and other books. He is a staff writer for The New Yorker.

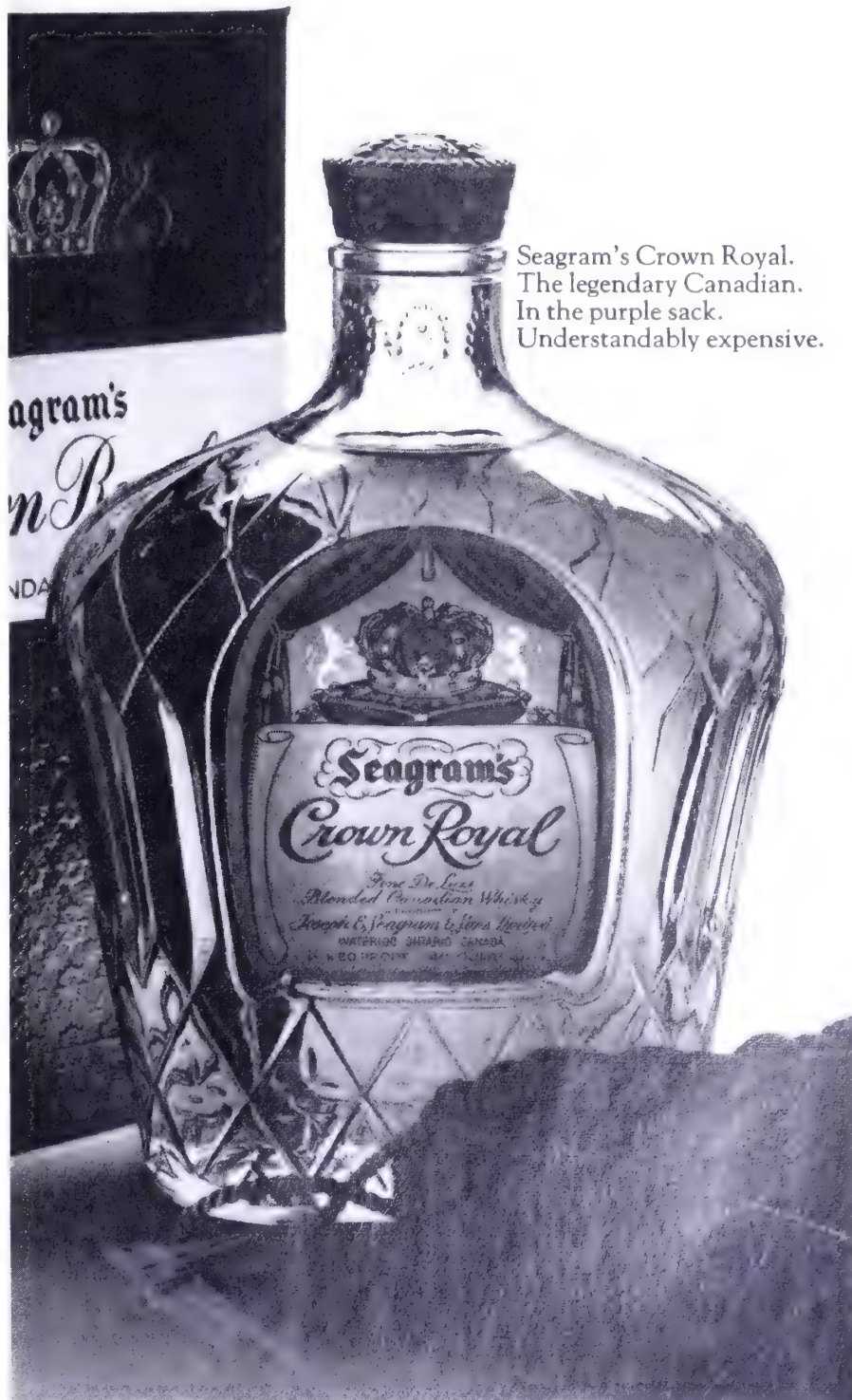
h an Indian, particularly that
breed of Indian—the Bengali.
ne source from which he draws
gth and sustenance, and he is
e enough to know it. I think
pressed me most about him,
hat visit, was the poise with
e accepts his heritage, while
it exactly for what it is, and
with which he accepts himself.
clear-eyed involvement which
him to make a *Pather Panchali*.
h he has had lucrative offers
oad, he has never been tempted
lant himself. Nor does the idea
g his son abroad to be educated
the prestigious universities—
Cambridge, Harvard—hold the
im that it does for many upper-
ians. When I asked him if he
ated doing so, he seemed to
ack a little, as if by instinct.
said. "What for? What good
do? I never went abroad for
tion and, well—" He spread his
d smiled, leaving the rest of the
unfinished.

time of my visit, Ray had, in
returned from a month in Eur-
was clearly glad to be back in
d back at work. He had spent
e in East Germany, where one
ms, *The Hero* (made in 1966),
ng its German premiere, had
West Berlin for the Berlin Film
in which *Goopy Gyne and*
Gyne was entered, and then had
England to visit friends and see
ays. *Goopy Gyne and Bagha*
d been well received by the fes-
sience but had not taken a prize;
s this time had all gone to new

films he saw at Berlin, he said
he only one without a nude sen-
dia's censorship has so far not
mitted kissing to be shown on
n. It was also the only one he
presented its story in a straight-
manner. "Most of the pictures
," he said, "were imitations of
-and just as irritating and
less as imitation Picassos are.
himself, can be irritating
but at his best—in a film like
Je-Feminine—he can be abso-
traordinary, because he has
e is a thinker, who has invented
film grammar to convey what
o say. But imitation Godards
ing but surface. You get the
without the content."

is own part, Ray is not much
d in fragmentation, in jump
other such devices that nowa-

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PERFORMING ARTS

days stamp a film as "modern." For him the camera is not a toy but an instrument for contemplating the human situation, in all its subtle intricacy. In this he follows the path of the director who has meant most to him, Jean Renoir. Discussing his approach to filmmaking, Ray said to me, "What interests me most is the interplay of character. I prefer to do films about two, three, or four characters—delve as deeply as I can into them and their motives and build a sort of interwoven texture around them. I still like to make use of narrative, not necessarily the conventional story yet one that begins, grows, and comes to a kind of close—oh, maybe not a full close, but still a fulfillment of a sort, even when ambiguous." He smiled. "I suppose the avant-garde would call me square. Yet I feel that being square still holds inexhaustible possibilities for me. There is so much to explore yet in the interrelationships of people and of classes in India—in the Bengali character and what has happened to it. I find I am still a believer in clarity, though the deeper the better. To make a film that deals with the human condition as I know it in a way that is complex—dense in texture—while at the same time being comprehensible to a fairly large audience, that's what fascinates me. That's what I'm after."

He went on to talk about the film he was now working on, which was nearly finished, requiring only about another week of shooting on location. "It's about young people today—though it doesn't have an urban setting but rather takes place in Bihar, in the countryside, where some young friends have gone for a weekend. People say why don't I make more films about city life. Unfortunately, it has become impossible to shoot pictures in Calcutta any more. Up until about four years ago, when I made *Mahanager—The Big City*—it was possible, but not now."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because of the crowds. As soon as you start to shoot, a huge crowd gathers. In two or three minutes you have two thousand people around you. We have a special kind of crowd here—film fans who know all the stars. Unfortunately, I have also become something of a star, thanks to the fan magazines. The crowd here simply won't let you do a scene as you intend. They all want to be in the shot—to show up in the background somewhere."

"Can't you have the police control them?"


"Oh, no! Almost any other place in

the world you could, but not here. I wouldn't dare. That would make it even worse. The police are a barrier to the public. It would make the absolutely furious."

India's film industry is a curious phenomenon. India produces more feature films than any country in the world except Japan. Most of these films are made in the two great movie-producing centers—Bombay for Hindi language films, and Madras for films in Tamil. The films are often very slickly made but stick to a virtually obligatory formula. The story is apt to be a sentimental device for introducing a large number of spectacular song production numbers—as many as seventeen in the Madras genre. The star system dominates. Stars who are in demand may work on a dozen films a year. A Bombay or Madras film may cost five million rupees (about a quarter of a million dollars). A film budget is likely to be less than a tenth of that amount. He makes a film on a budget which would not pay a Bombay star's salary. As a making center, Calcutta does not have financial importance with those cities, but—largely because of Ray's example—its films, which are in Bengali, are more apt to treat the subject with significance, and to be less fettered by formula.

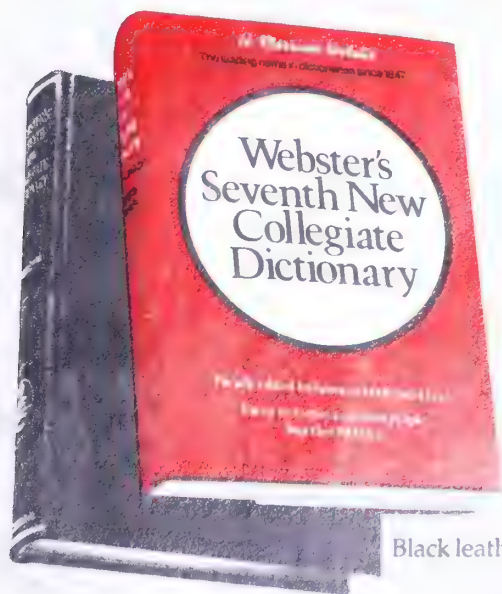
I asked Ray what problems he countered by virtue of being a filmmaker in West Bengal. I had expected that technical difficulties, shortage of equipment would be a main concern, for I had read somewhere that when he was filming one of his films—*The Music Room*, I believe—he had simply not been enough around Calcutta to light one of the scenes properly. But the equipment available apparently satisfactory enough for the kind of films he makes, and if he has special equipment it can be borrowed from Bombay. What he reverted to in reply to my question, rather, was the question of audience. "Who are you making my films for?" he said. "That perplexes me."

The great mass of Indians, speaking other languages beside Bengali, never see his films. Subtitles are not shown because so many people cannot read. As a Bengali, he cannot help being closer in spirit and culture to the millions of Bengali who now, by virtue of the lamentable and arbitrary division of the region, live in Pakistan than



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CLOUDS

by John Ashbery

All this time he had only been waiting.
Not even thinking, as many had supposed.
Now sleep wound down to him its promise of dazzling peace
And he stood up to assume that imagination.

There were others in the forest as close as he
To caring about the silent outcome, but they had gotten lost
In the shadows of dreams so that the external look
Of the nearby world had become confused with the cobwebs inside.

Yet all would finish at the end, or go undreamed of.
It was a solid light in which a man and woman could kiss
Yet dark and ambiguous as a cloakroom.
No noise was to underline the notion of its being.

Thus the things grew heavy with the mere curve of being,
As a fruit ripens through the long summer before falling
Out of the idea of existence into the fact of being received,
As many another guest. And the hellos and goodbyes are never stilled;

They stay in the foreground and look back on it.
It was still possible of course to imagine that an era had ended,
Yet this time was marked also by new ideas of progress and decay.
The old ideals had been cast aside and people were restless for the new,

In a wholly different mass, so there was no joining,
Only separate blocks of achievement and opinion
With no relation to the conducive ether
Which surrounded everything like the clear idea of a ruler.

And it was that these finally flattened out or banded together
Through forgetting, into one contemporaneous sea
With no explanations to give. And the small enclave
Of worried continuing began again, putting forth antennae
into the night.

How do we explain the harm, feeling
We are always the effortless discoverers of our career.
With each day digging the grave of tomorrow and at the same time
Preparing its own redemption, constantly living and dying?

How can we outsmart the sense of continuity
That eludes our steps as it prepares us
For ultimate wishful thinking once the mind has ended
Since this last thought both confines and uplifts us?

He was like a lion tracking its prey
Through days and nights, forgetful
In the delirium of arrangements.
The birds fly up out of the underbrush,

The evening swoons out of contaminated dawns,
And now whatever goes farther must be
Alien and healthy, for death is here and knowable.
Out of touch with the basic unhappiness

He shoots forward like a malignant star.
The edges of the journey are ragged.
Only the face of night begins to grow distinct
As the fainter stars call to each other and are lost.

Day re-creates his image like a snapshot:
The family and the guests are there,
The talking over there, only now it will never end.
And so cities are arranged, and oceans traversed,

And farms tilled with especial care.
This year again the corn has grown ripe and tall.
It is a perfect rebuttal of the argument. And Semele
Moves away, puzzled at the brown light above the fields.

PERFORMING ARTS

fellow Indians who speak Hindi or Tamil or one of the other languages, but those Bengali beyond the border would naturally constitute part of the audience, are cut off from him by the Pakistan edict forbidding entry of Indians into films, books, and other such media. In Calcutta, Ray has an intelligent, educated audience, though he feels that he suffers from a lack of perceptiveness, criticism and connoisseurship, but it goes out beyond the suburbs one finds a predominantly unlettered movie audience. A film like *Goopy Gyne and the Gangsters* appeals to them, as well as to the intellectuals, because it works on several levels; but that is an exception.

"So then we come to the foreign audience," Ray said. "But I can't make pictures for the intellectuals of the West. I never know how the West is going to react to something I make, and I am certain that, even though I have heard some of my most thoughtful remarks from Western critics, much of the film gets lost when seen by Western eyes. Details, nuances which are readily apparent to Indians but mean nothing to Westerners. So you are left wondering whether you are making your film for your own satisfaction, primarily, or for a small coterie of friends and a pathetic people. That doesn't really decide, either, does it?"

On a less philosophic level, like another, more personal problem—he is finding enough time to do all that he needs to do and to enjoy some leisure. Increasingly he has become interested in writing his own stories and composing his own film music, but that requires a breathing space between films. He cannot afford to do that, not because he needs the money, but because his friends who are not on a permanent salary are out of work between films. He feels the pressure to make films, just to keep himself employed. I was reminded, as he told me this, of a similar complaint voiced to me by George Balanchine, who has to keep creating new choreographic masterpieces every season simply so that his ballet company will have something to dance.

"It's like being responsible for a large family, isn't it?" I said to Ray.

"Yes, it is," Ray assented. "More and more I feel just that. As soon as I start this Bihar film, I have to start thinking about the next. And do you know how I would really like to do?"

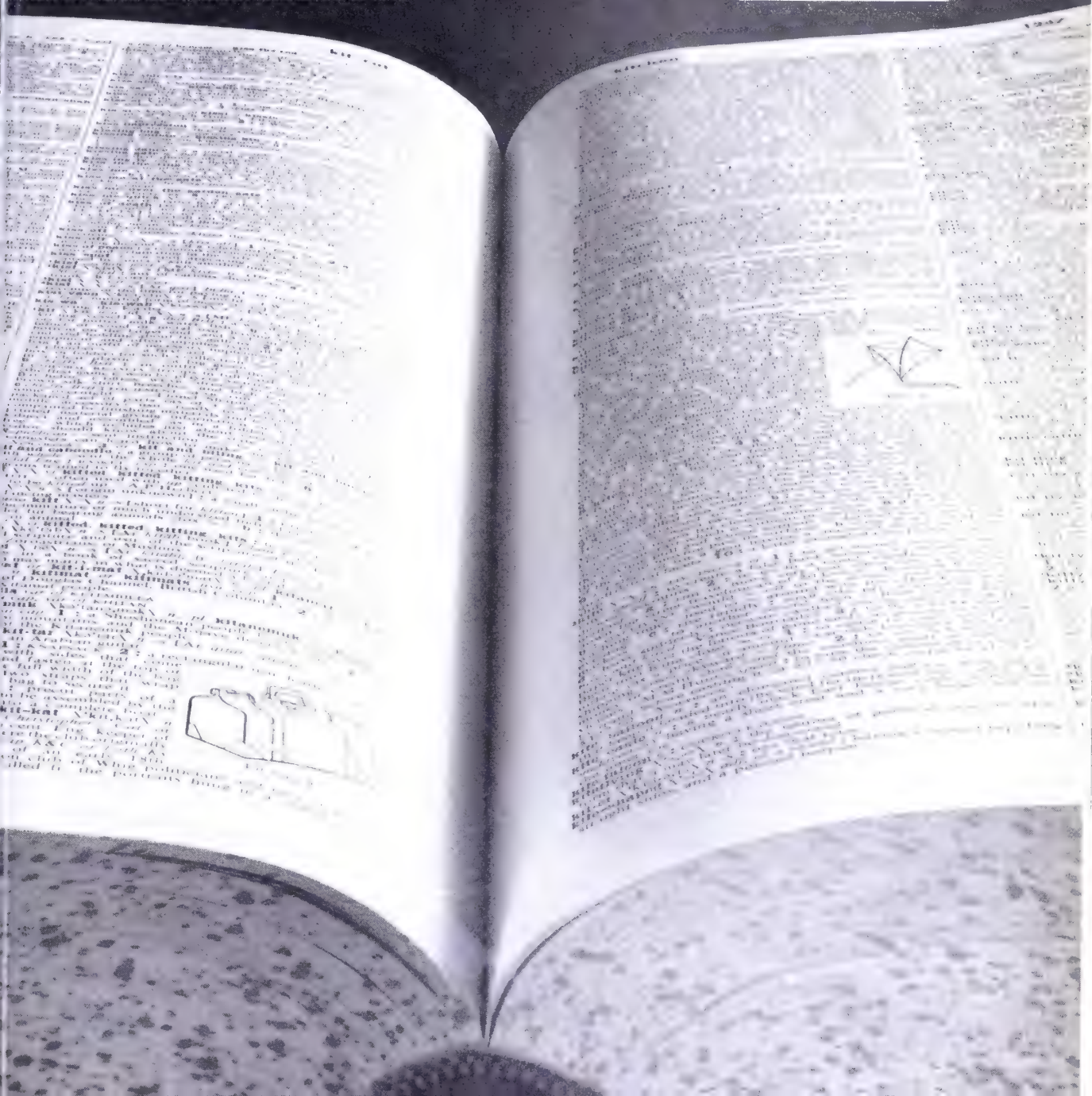
"What?" I asked.

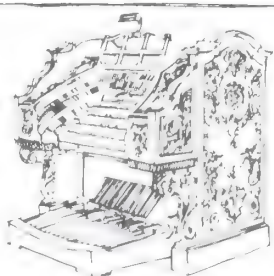
"I would like," he said, spacing his words emphatically, "to sit here for several days and just listen to music

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Discus

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Great performances

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The history of great performances on records has recently been given a tangible boost by Seraphim, which is the low-priced label of Capital-EMI. The initials stand for Electrical and Musical Industries, which is the big British combine that includes His Master's Voice, Columbia, and, through the interlocking maze that is the international record industry, several major European companies. The recording industry has a great deal to draw upon. By the first decade of this century, hardly a major singer or pianist remained unrecorded. The names of the old record companies, many still in existence, resonate through collectors as the knights of King Arthur's court resonated through Malory. Victor. Columbia. His Master's Voice. Gramophone and Typewriter. Electrola. Pathé. Polydor. Vox. Brunswick. Regal. Odéon. Parlophone. Decca. Telefunken. Fonotipia. Homochord. Vocalion. Zonophone. All had inimitable items in their catalogues.

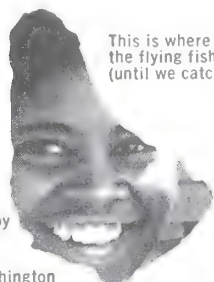
Many of these have been reissued, with or without permission. Some alert entrepreneurs have raided Victor and others, bringing out LP discs of great singers of the past. Victor and the others have turned their heads aside, not wishing to bring it to court. Are records over fifty-five years old in the public domain? Nobody is anxious to present himself as a test case. But the unauthorized editions only too often are inadequate, suffering from poor engineering and incorrect pitches. When Victor or HMV brings out a reissue, the chances are that it will be a superior product. Long ago the big companies discovered that there's gold in them thar old masters (pun: a master is the disc from which pressings are made). Victor as early as 1943 was bringing out single discs in a series called Golden Treasury. Originally they were 78 rpm,

and subsequently LP. Victor and the Camden series of reissues of everything from Caruso to Moriz Rosenthal. The Camdens are now collectors' items and fetch fancy prices. But when Victor severed its fifty-year relationship with HMV it lost the rights to a great deal of valuable material. Victor, however, brings out reissue discs under the Electrola label.

The most ambitious series of reissues line was started by Angel some fifty years ago. It was called Great Recordings of the Century (GROC, which immediately was called "grock" by collectors), and was a quality series. Famous old recordings were rerecorded, cleaned up, and issued with elaborate program notes and discographical material. These records sold for \$5. Several years ago they were discontinued. Many felt this to be a disgrace. In the EMI vaults, to which Victor of course had recourse, were some of the fabulous performances of artists like Melba, Schnabel, Beecham, Furtwängler, you name it. If the results are to be classified as hi-fi, who can fault an un-hi-fi Furtwängler turn? The highest of fi from anybody else

But now comes Seraphim, with the same material, only at 25¢ a disc. At this lower price, the packaging is not so elegant, and the booklets are no longer available. But the material is pristine. There were giants in those days, and they made music often in a way that the artists of today simply cannot duplicate. Anybody who can appreciate himself of the pleasure of some of the great performances—and at such a low price—is not to be classified as a music snob.

One of the Seraphim discs, *Singers of the Past*, includes recordings of singers as Gigli, Schumann, Lehar, McCormack, Leider, Melchior, Chaliapin, and, inevitably, Pavarotti (Seraphim 60113). These are not gods but, more or less, human names, and it is not necessary to scribe their glory. But consid-



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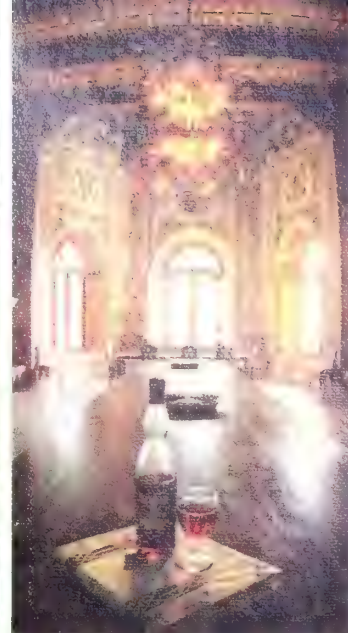
ever tasted Italy's
society of wines.
Ricasoli just
make enough to
America till now.
generations of
Ricasoli's
have been
g the noblest
Soave,
ella, Bianco
Italy.
Baron.
alian.

elled American.
If you there's a
to fine Italian
just Chianti.
name Ricasoli is
distinguished



But Baron Ricasoli
doesn't think his wines
are just for Barons.
He is so glad there is
enough for everyone
now. He wants everyone
to learn the incredible
delicacy of his dry, white
Soave. Recognize the
crisp, fragrant difference
of his white Bianco.
Study the bright, ripe
individuality of his red
Bardolino. Know the
exact moment to enjoy
his fuller, red Valpolicella.
Find the wines you like,
then eat what you like
with them.
Of course, Barons had a
lot of time to meditate on

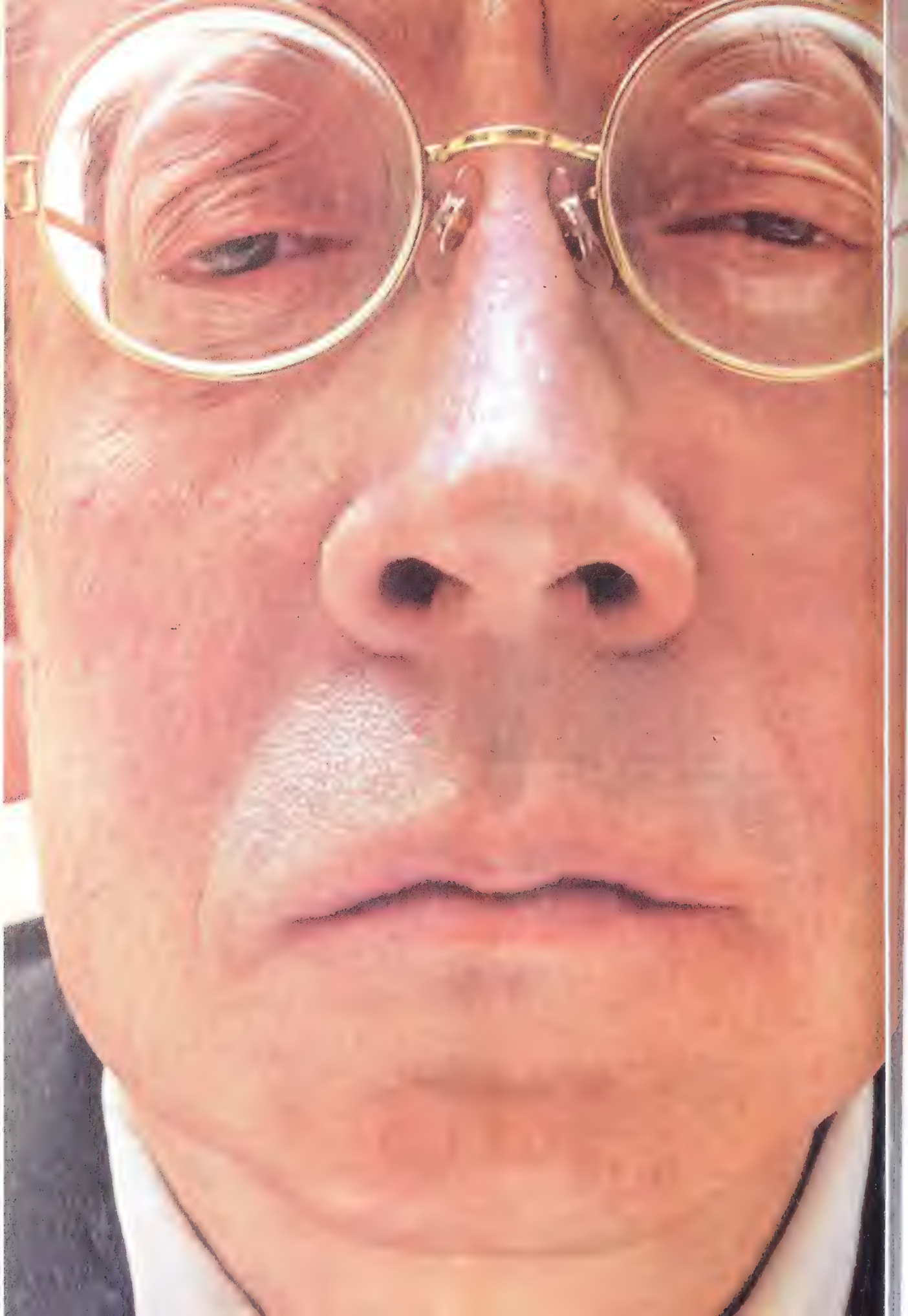
the subtle differences
between these exquisite
wines. That's why nobody
could tell Barons what
to eat with them. They
knew. Soon you'll act like



a regular Baron and tear
up the rule book, too.
"Isn't red Bardolino
perfect with fish?"
"Ah yes, friend, we
drink it that way with
Lake Garda trout, where
the Bardolino comes
from. And try our white
Bianco or Soave with
meat for a change."
All it takes to be a real
wine expert is tasting.
Isn't that a delightful way
to get an education?
Start tonight. For the first
time you can bring home
Baron Ricasoli's Soave,
Bianco, Valpolicella and
Bardolino. You'll learn
from the first sip why the
Italians didn't want to
part with it.



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But the idea of large type is just beginning to gather momentum. In the future, Waylite will be keeping more and more large-type books a lot smaller.

To say nothing of keeping 8,000,000 minds a lot larger.

Olin



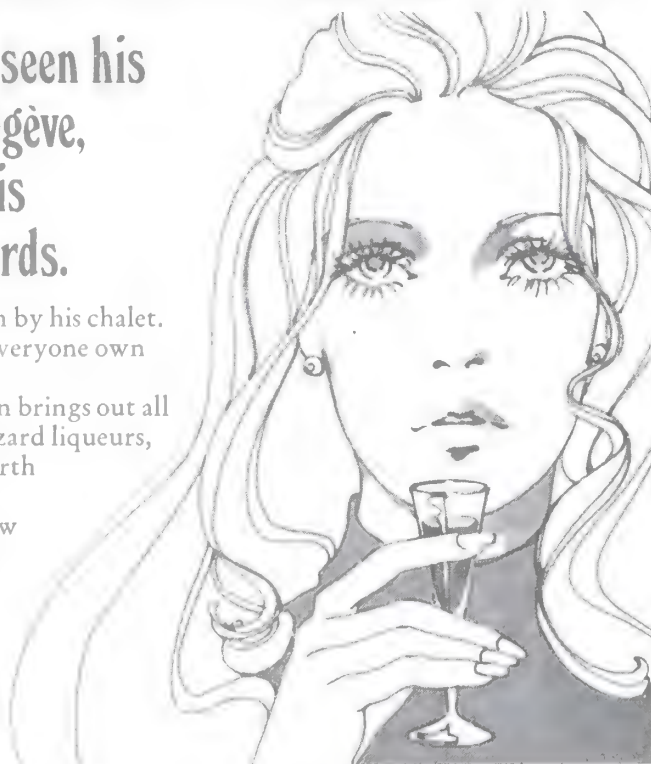
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three-disc album (Seraphim) contains Mozart's G minor Quartet (Schnabel and the Piano Quartet), the Beethoven *Kreutzer* Sonata (Schnabel and Rupp), Mendelssohn's Piano Trio (Cortot, Thibaud, and Thibaud), the Brahms Horn Trio (Brahms, Serkin), Fauré's Piano Quartet (Thibaud, Vieux, and Vieux), Debussy's *Cellist's Concerto* (Maréchal and Casadesu), and a pretty package for you—six great recordings of chamber music, played as they ever are going to be played, with a quality of recorded sound that still retains color and vitality.

Another three-disc Seraphim (6045) is named **Six Little Pianists**, and has representative examples by Edwin Fischer, Walter Gieseking, Myra Hess, Solomon, Schnabel, and Alfred Cortot. It has been only one miscalculation that has selected as Cortot's vehicle Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata, recorded just after World War I. Cortot was undependable. He recorded more than any pianist of the century except Artur Schnabel. He certainly had a wider repertoire of recordings. It is a pity that a generation should be exposed to performance as this, when sublime ones were available.

Otherwise the album contains Schnabel's elegant *Moments* by Schubert, the ultra-lyric, magnificent performance of the Beethoven Sonata (Op. 109) as played by Gieseking's fluid performance of Mozart's Fantasy and Sonata in G, and the characteristically magnificent, verging-on-the-romantic style of Fischer in Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, a Bach Prelude and two Handel works. The rest of the album is Solomon's performance of Schumann's *Carnaval*, and a beautiful one has not been heard since Solomon (first name Cutner, never used it) is a British pianist who suffered a stroke a few years ago and had to retire. He was one of the great ones, a pianist with the elegance of Lipatti, a perfect technique, a poetic temperament. The world of keyboard has been much poorer without him, as this version of the *Chromatic Fantasy* (never before available in this country) illustrates.

The famous 1933 abridged version of Strauss' *Rosenkavalier* (S 6041, 3 discs) is now available. This is the one with the famous performance of Lehmann, Schumann, Ols



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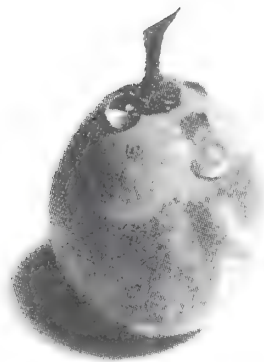
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

and Mayr. A Schnabel disc of Schubert, and Brahms (6011), of the great Aksel Schiøtz Nielsen songs (60112), a L disc (10116), a three-disc Hans Hotter in his vocal prints Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Song of the Lark* (6051), and an album of certos played by Fischer, Kreisler, Marguerite Long, and others. Baud and Casals in the Brahms Concerto (6043, 3 discs), are among the goodies.

This is the big reissue ne year. But in the meantime companies continue releasing of previous efforts. Victor, for has come out with a disc of by Richard Crooks (RC/ Crooks never was much of an he had a tenor voice surpassed ness only by Gigli. Those member him only as a radio due for a surprise. Everest, who last year has been responsible reissues—and many of them neered, with illiterate liner come out with one called **The of Elisabeth Schumann** (3268). Many considered Sch greatest recitalist of the centv. Lehmann included. On this sings music by Mendelssohn, Robert Franz. (The Mendels Franz songs, so lovely, are touched by singers anymor These were Schumann's last She was in retirement when recorded them in 1950 and 19 now defunct company name

She had made her debut in 1909 thus had some forty years l public when she made these l ings. But singers of those d how to sing, and Schumann's style, silvery sound, and clea tion make it hard to believe work of a singer almost seve old. She was unique, both a and interpreter, and the song disc are what is meant by the sion, "the joy of singing." Joy everything, and even the sad Wolf have a kind of transcen when sung by Elisabeth Schu other singer who had this ki and ease was the great Da tenor, Helge Roswaenge. How Seraphim? We need a Roswa and on it the *Postillon* aria full-voiced high D, that bi which no tenor but he carri resplendently.



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A YEAR FOR THE BOOKS

If the tumultuous days of 1969 are destined for the history books, it has also been a year in which books themselves made news . . . by illuminating the trials, tribulations and tantrums of mid-twentieth century man.

Harper's Magazine has been privileged to bring to its readers sections or adaptations of many of these books, prior to actual book publication. These have included:

PRESENT AT THE CREATION, by Dean Acheson. W. W. Norton.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG, by John W. Aldridge. Harper's Magazine Press (1970).

AKENFIELD: PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE, by Ronald Blythe. Pantheon Books.

THEFT OF THE NATION, by Donald R. Cressey. Harper & Row.

THE AGE OF DISCONTINUITY, by Peter F. Drucker. Harper & Row.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF E. E. CUMMINGS, edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade. Harcourt, Brace & World.

DECLINE AND FALL, by Otto Friedrich. Harper & Row (1970).

HOW TO CONTROL THE MILITARY, by John Kenneth Galbraith. New American Library (paper).

Doubleday (hard cover).

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON, by Eric F. Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE UNFINISHED ODYSSEY OF ROBERT KENNEDY, by David Halberstam. Random House.

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968, by Joe McGinniss. Trident Press.

ZELDA, by Nancy Milford. Harper & Row (1970).

IN RUSSIA, by Inga Morath and Arthur Miller. Viking Press.

MY FATHER'S SON, by Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE FIERCE AND BEAUTIFUL WORLD, by Andrei Platonov. E. P. Dutton.

RETROSPECTIVES AND CONCLUSIONS, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. World-New American Library.

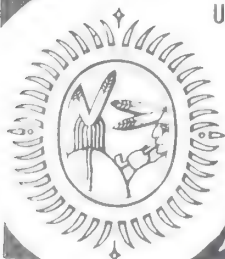
THE WAR BUSINESS, by George Thayer. Simon and Schuster.

TREPLEFF, by MacDonald Harris. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

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LIFORNIA: RENDING OF THE VEIL

re, at land's edge, we have been dreaming our future for the past thirty years. panoramic narrative, Marshall Frady describes the Reagans, ffertys, the Unruhs, the Hayakawas, the educators, the activists, the political lists — all part of that hothouse culture where America ts signals of what is about to happen to it."

a year behind him now is that mild disappointment in Miami. Indeed, his improvised oom campaign seemed curiously wan and ted compared to his jaunty appearance ore the Republican convention to concede, st that his defeat be made unanimous. The glimpsed him at that last moment, poised oom of the wings, tense and impatient, and was striding briskly out into the klieg lights, only slightly flat. One somehow got the ion that this was what the earlier exercise een for, this moment; he had only entered e so he could bound over the net to con- e the winner. In fact, it inspired a brief ion of all the old cynicism—that his most ished part had always been that of the gra- d chipper also-ran. At the least, Miami eft him devastated: "If anything," says one ides, "he might have been a little relieved." se, for a short while, there remained the ity that Nixon might lose, but Nixon didn't. , it had already been brought to his atten- no negligible consolation (in his van later ht in Miami, actually) that he still had Cali- o preside over—a state, a society which is a kind of sub-America.

mento is not the breeziest of towns. Sten- ore or less arbitrarily on the relentlessly or of the Sacramento Valley, it is made up at straight streets narrowing away under its has hotel dining rooms like dim caves under rape stucco ceilings, strands of brandy- glass beads dimly twinkling down around ths. Its summers are murderous. The state in a spacious park of glittering grass and eds of primary colors, could pass for the ntial palace of a tropical republic—a sugar-

white wedding-cake of a building surrounded by the plumage of palm trees. Inside, its senate chamber is done in yellows, deep rose, royal blue, gilt, and marble, a decor that possesses all the gorgeousness of the parlor of a Nicaraguan brothel. It suggests a certain muskiness in the men and affairs contained there.

The Governor's own quarters downstairs, though, have more the bland quality of a prosperous gynecologist's clinic. From an ample reception area which is rather like a solarium, glassy and full of daylight and rubber plants and leather easy chairs, one proceeds on through a series of other chambers: a long carpeted hall with lithographs from California's brawling emergence, another reception office, a long conference room of prettily rustic Spanish furniture, and then, beyond yet another short passageway (the sensation finally becoming something like that of passing backward through the dilations of a telescope), his own small compact office, the sanctum at last, where one finally spies him: an oddly precise figure with a certain paperdoll neatness to him, risen slightly off-tilt behind his desk with just the slightest suggestion of a disconcerted dangling, smiling willingly like an affable but abashed schoolboy, his hands momentarily pressed flat against the bottom of his coat.

Sometime earlier that day, his wife had confided, "I just don't think it would be possible for anyone to question Ronnie's integrity." If nothing else, there is about Ronald Reagan an actually *visible* quality of formidable wholesomeness. He has a singularly staunch face, leathery and weathered and crinkled like a brown grocery bag that has been crumpled up and then stretched out again, fixed in a kind of modest upright handsomeness with hair like whipped caramel, parted up and away from his

Marshall Frady, a contributing editor of Harper's, lives in Georgia and has written a biography of Alabama's George Wallace. The August issue carried his article on Gary, Indiana.

forehead with the exactness of a small-town barber. He sits now at his desk with a bright rectangle of afternoon sunlight on the ruby-red carpet below him, dressed soberly in a dark-blue suit with a faint glaze to it, wearing with it a dark-blue tie and a shirt of subtle pinstripes with a small RR monogrammed discreetly on the pocket, his coat buttoned and his legs carefully but gracefully crossed, narrow ankles sheathed in sleek navy-blue socks. An apothecary jar filled with jelly beans sits on a corner of his desk. The feeling is like nothing so much as a consultation between the gynecologist and the relative of a patient. His elbows tucked in close to his sides, he absently twirls and taps a pen between his fingers during the exchange, and when he is asked a question, he usually pauses to glance over to his press secretary on a nearby couch with an expression of amiable if slightly pained uncertainty before he responds with a measured earnestness. There is, in the graham-cracker texture of his voice, seriousness.

"Well," he says, gazing down for a moment at the pen he is fingering, "I don't fault the reasons back of the philosophy of the past thirty years in government. We went through a period, maybe, where we had to have that kind of medicine. But people fell so in love with the medicine, they refused to brook any arguments later on about the needs. And when the signs revealed that the experiment wasn't panning out, they were reluctant to admit it. . . ." When he pauses, he has a manner of flicking his head downward and then back up with a slightly askew half-grin he has quickly smuggled onto it. "I just think people have begun to realize that the conservatives' criticisms of the past nearly four decades have been justified."

The political stance of Reagan and his administration is that the whole span of government from Roosevelt through Eisenhower to Johnson was basically an aberration, an artificial expression of the true American political character. One of his campaign advisers says, "The New Deal was supposed to be an answer, but didn't exactly answer 'em all." Since Nixon's election, Reagan's staff has speculated that it is just possible Lyndon Johnson's collapse before the end of his first full term may turn out to be not an exception in the Presidency but a precedent—that by the complexity and ferocity and apparent irreconcilability of the conflicts of the times, the office of President has become a virtually unmanageable post, a matter of "wrestling with the Greek fates," too perilous and tenuous for any man to survive politically for more than four years. The notion has occurred to others—including, no doubt, Nixon. "What seems to be Nixon's regressiveness in appointments and domestic programs like integration and law and order," one Washington writer proposes, "is less understandable as a discharge of obligations to the South and Strom Thurmond than as a continual barricading of his right flank against Reagan in 1972." A number of Reagan's Medicean patrons in Los Angeles regard him as an heir to the Goldwater phenomenon—Goldwater's candidacy being a kind of prophetic if primitive minority report.

a dissenting opinion in the political life of the country, with Nixon now only a partial fulfillment of that prophecy. Political geography would not be an incidental reason for this, with the demographic center of gravity now having shifted for the first time to a point west of the Mississippi River. "That's right," a strategist for Reagan argues, "I've been saying for the past eight years we can forget the Northeast. We can go ahead and win an election with the rest of the country and forget the Northeast." It is the opinion of many of Reagan's people that "the Governor will continue to play a very important role in the political nation. In fact, next to the President's, his voice will be the most important. You watch."

One begins to suspect after awhile that California actually consists of all the clichés about the state—it has not had the time, found the depth, overcome the self-recognitions, whatever, for it to become more than that—and it has eluded comprehension for that very reason, that in trying to break through the cliché-barrier, one finds behind it not a reality, but clichés are the reality.

Nevertheless, California—gargantuan, earth-shaking, the continent's terrific and precipitous end—is, in a sense, the climax of our destiny; this is where it has all come to. It is closest to the present truth of the country, and to tomorrow's truth, because it is immediately and directly descended, without interference from the past, from the two major, reprobate events in American life (Vietnam, when it is done, will be the next one): first the Depression, the great dust storms out of which proceeded the forlorn pilgrimage of spindly vehicles creeping west to California; and the other, World War II, the airplane factories and shipyards, oil refineries, military bases. So the population of this state is made up of an enormous military-industrial community, mostly migratory—a tide of refugees from the Depression; an older immigration from the Middle West, Iowa, and Nebraska; and, most recently, the dispossessed, both black and white, from the old Confederacy, unevenly transmogrified into folk life into an imitation of the rest of the country from the earth itself to the chrome and essentially pastless people now, accumulated in a strangely diffused and inconclusive suburban sprawl.

But even more it seems here that America's whole terrific resistless move toward the West has abruptly concluded in a kind of anarchic isolation: that Not Yet compulsion in the American west was arbitrarily aborted, so that in California, in all the deserts of danger and travail, and all the quiet plains and simple towns of our previous vicious history behind us, we had at last had to arrange an identity.

Along the Northern coast are immense mountains like the Caucasus, or the Mountains of the Moon, and winding down out of these mountains, going toward the valleys behind them, one comes upon the gates of secret military installations. There are the vegetable valleys of Steinbeck

freight trains leisurely flickering past tele- poles and eucalyptus trees. There is that ide of tawny, plump sun-struck hills, hills, stingily speckled with shade, lion- recognizable after awhile as the impro- graphy of those Tom Mix westerns of a ive age, now littered by oil storage tanks, ng way eventually to rampant shopping nd freeways landscaped in the somber ever- nd olive ivy (California kudzu, Southern call it) of cemeteries, haunted by tattered agabonds who squat beside the traffic read- rbacks propped on knapsacks. The obscen- ll ends with is Los Angeles, an interminable d of television antennas and telephone lines ie stalks of palms, dissolving into a murk ht come from a million cellophane chewing- pappers burning somewhere nearby.

urse, there is also San Francisco—as if, at instant, on this last peninsula of faerie fogs y sunsets which seems already to be enter- Orient, we managed to arrive at what could Athens for the American civilization: an y *habitable* city for once, midmorning quiet eep streets, a kind of Renaissance city low ills musing under a blue-chalk sky. But the a coast is dust and water, sere brush and ere probably the most squalid and inert ociety of any on the continent lived, and he beaches are now populated with source- ths looking like members of another species iformly tall and svelte, the girls with neat ittle breasts and bottoms snugly cupped in all of them of a peculiar earth-colored ss acquired from the unbright Southern ia sunshine, and all of them strangely mute: k like the final perfect generation of a race worshipers. Above their soundless play, mbled apartments are terraced upward pre- y on little more than large dirt clods.

no accident, then, that California—at our dge—is where we seem to have been dream- future for the past thirty years: our styles, olations, our despairs, our diversions. It has the culture's hothouse garden, insulated to by the desert, to the west by the Pacific. ll the windblown seeds and pollens of Amer- r drifting over the stubborn worn land, come ous, extravagant bloom. From the shopping- ivilization to the half-peeled waitresses, this e the rest of the country gets its signals of about to happen to it. In the 1950s, in San co's North Beach, a new American order inception, with Jack Kerouac and his und street saints. Watts in Los Angeles was t great glare of a time of holocausts in an ghettos. And in the early Sixties, there e first convulsions at Berkeley.

alifornia there are indications of an enerva- d nausea in the political psychology of the . Now the oldest government on earth, we s orphans of history and have never really ed who we are and what (California itself ating the ultimate metaphor of this distrac-

tion). A schizophrenia has run through our experi- ence: the more conspicuous obsession being that authoritarian ethic of abstinence and constriction, born of Cromwell and Plymouth's flinty theocracy; the other impulse more obscure, but perhaps deeper in our spirit. There has always existed in our past a certain rowdy fever, an anarchic romanticism and exuberance, a demonic glee, a rage and ferocity and urge to voyage into unknown dark currents of mystery (our poets have been Poe, Crane, Whit- man, Twain, Wolfe, Saroyan, Hemingway). This has been a folk impulse, and one sometimes sniffs it in the sleepless lobbies of airport terminals in the late hours, when there is a savage and hungering edge to the night. But this has been the secret war- fare of the American soul, a schizophrenic struggle acted out in such events as the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the McCarthy inquisitions, the continuing melees in Chicago. Periodically, after great exertions of spirit, after great existential adventures, there seems to set in a dread of these exhilarations our nature has betrayed. We lust again for authori- tarianism, and find ourselves soon in a profound moral and spiritual backwash.

Surely the great outpost for this demonic disposi- tion in the American soul is Berkeley. Nothing at the moment can rival it as a goblin to the conven- tional decency. (One official says "brassiere sales are down thirty per cent in the shops around here. . .") Sproul Plaza, on a spring afternoon, is a parade of youths in ragged jean-shorts and san- dals: at one end of the Plaza, a young Ezekiel, fear- somely bearded, barks passages of wrath from the Old Testament to the idle students around him, until abruptly he ceases and departs, slipping into a mangy topcoat. Beyond the Plaza, down Telegraph Avenue, a group of young devouts draped in saris, their fresh American faces dabbed in paint and their heads shaved, slap their drums and shake their ankle-bells. In one doorway, under what seems a discarded heap of old blankets, there is a sudden movement, and a blanket is pulled back for a mo- ment, disclosing the face of a girl, her eyes still closed to the light but her mouth twitching sound- lessly.

Reflecting on the first clashes at Berkeley back in the early Sixties, one professor suggests, "All those kids who were battered by those years: they have this great autistic tendency now. They've really turned inward." A legendary figure during those confrontations was Mario Savio, a lean, feverish youth whom the nation watched striding onstage to interrupt a seemingly placable address by the then university president Clark Kerr. Savio has re- mained on the Berkeley campus, but he is more a ghost now. He works as a clerk in a bookstore along Telegraph Avenue: he is withdrawn and gaunt, his face having receded now into a dense muffling beard. Approached one noon recently as he was leaving the bookstore for lunch, he was asked if he would be interested in reflecting on those days of the early Sixties. "I reflect a great deal," he replied.

"California actu- ally consists of all the clichés about it."

"but I have no desire to talk about it. All right? But good luck to you. . . ." And he proceeded on up the sidewalk, with his coat slung over his shoulder and the sleeves of his shirt rolled to his elbows, glancing around him with pale hawk-eyes strikingly like those of Billy Graham—unnoticed and very alone.

Not long after the death of Ho Chi Minh, some two hundred youths gathered in Sproul Plaza, began a memorial march onto Telegraph Avenue, suddenly filling the streets with a booming "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!" The cars of Friday night motorists were hopelessly moored among them for a moment, the faces behind the windshields grinning, or studiously empty. There was an iciness in the twilight now. Sweeping around corners, they finally began advancing on a church; there the church doors were unbolted and swung open and the demonstrators advanced into the sanctuary, spilling down the carpeted aisles—an infusion of alien disheveled primitives out of the subterranean grottoes and caverns of the American libido, into this muted Gothic California suburban cathedral of tans and browns, walnut pews and fluted stone columns and soft amber lights suspended from a high dizzy vaulted exaltation of a ceiling. But it was filled now with the glare of Vietcong liberation anthems played over the amplifier system, and pictures of Ho had been hastily taped to the choir rails and the elevated pulpits on both sides of the sanctuary: a marble aisle led to the altar where a communion of bread and jugs of wine had been set under a cross of epic dimensions hung against satiny drapery, to the foot of which had been thumbtacked another picture of Ho. It was a ceremony of calculated scandalization. (Not the least of the essentials in the prosecution of any revolution is a superb sense of theater. But there were, even here, certain echoes of a regular Sunday morning congregation: crying children had to be carried out at several points.) A frail, sallow youth in a safari jacket carefully placed two red flags on the altar and then two more on the pulpit, and finally his friend, garbed in black and white clerical robes, mounted the pulpit to read from Ho's prison writings.

But something more than ideology was being celebrated here tonight—something dimly implied when the speaker pointed out, "Vietnamese presidents write poetry. American presidents write—I don't know what." A matronly woman sang, "I never want to leave this world. . . . I never want to let it go. . . . I never saw the girls so lavish. . . . I never saw the young men so comely. . . . Never saw so many hands flexing like silver leaves. . . . and I know why. . . . It's the world asking not to die. . . ."

Tom Hayden, the sober young circuit rider for the radical left, said, "Ho Chi Minh was a living act of defiance. . . . He believed that most people are good, including people in this country, but we are misled by a small ruling class that controls the means of production, controls the mass media. . . . He was perhaps the most concrete man, as well as the most *romantic* man, of our century. . . ."

(The tone of some of Ho's passages seemed more prim and quaintly domestic, close to morality, than one might have guessed on the evening's occasion: one began to suspect of the context of the war, he would have found partisans and the evening about as bizarre as you say, a small farmer in Idaho.)

They finally arose, pew by pew, to shuffle down the aisles, across the marble approach to the altar to lay flowers there. There was, a short time later, a slightly awkward moment. A delegation of blacks in the balcony, who had abstained from the initial tribute, suddenly were coming down the aisle themselves, interrupting a speaker. There was a respectful hush from everyone. Then, as the black star backed up the aisle, someone in front bolted this way and blurted, "Power to the people!" Everywhere around him others arose, thrusting up the fists and crying to the retreating black delegation, "Lower the people!" The blacks responded with a few usually raised fists, murmuring, "Power to the people," and went back upstairs, while the indignant downstairs pews settled themselves again for a brief and tenuous communication across the chasm. Sometime later, as a white youth in the pulpit began reading from some of Ho's rather gaudy indictments of the lynching of a black man, the blacks on the balcony solemnly arose and forsook the occasion altogether.

Outside, the march resumed—headed for a block recently razed for new construction which, the letters that afternoon announced, would instead be dedicated tonight Ho Chi Minh Park. The marchers moved through the dark streets now with candles twinkling and chanting like a low dirge, "Ho . . . Ho . . . Ho Chi Minh." Surging across the asphalt lot of the P and Shop supermarket, they reached the vacant block, a sound of scuffling now in the darkness as they leaped ditches and scrambled up high bank of earth—some of their faces, under long tattered messes of hair, behind great bristling brambles of beards, resembled in the small whispered glow of their candles nothing so much as the faces of Picts. So there were whoops in the night, someone cried, "To the caves! To the caves!" After the speaker's remarks began scattering away over the rubble; so now above them in the blind heavens a jet's snarl dwindled with fading booms into the East. Over the lot, the candles they had left propped in mounds and piles of rock continued with a multitudinous murmuring in the night.

Floyd Wakefield, a member of California's State Assembly, lives in the outer suburban neighborhood of Los Angeles that flanks Watts, flanked by squat pastel stucco bungalows. Wakefield's house is on a corner, with a flagpole in front and a black banner branded on a shingle by the door. He is a man of middle age, balding, pleasant, and mild. He decided, on retirement as the owner of a sporting goods store, to try for the California legislature. He explains, "because I want to preserve the decency in the American tradition. The majority ge-

rica is disillusioned now with the whole experiment, with the Truman and Kennedy Johnson thing. The trouble was, we were in prosperity, people are so busy making they begin to forget about government, they forget somebody and then forget him. And they elect, they get up there and just meld in the system, they don't do what they said they gonna do when they were running."

64, one newsman who covers the terrain in Orange County for the Los Angeles Times asked Wakefield, who was then appearing publicly at school-board meetings to complain about school integration procedures, what his small tie-tack meant: "He stood up, put his hand to his heart—he was quite serious—and replied, 'Good Government. Glorify God,' and sat back down."

Wakefield was sitting with his wife, an equally pleasant woman who migrated out to California from Alabama in 1938, in their living room. People are almost getting to the vigilante stage here, he said. "Gun sales have probably tapered off around here, because I can't think of anyone who hasn't got theirs by now. Those kids up at Berkeley, now, looting and wearing flowers and all that. Of course, I'm a Republican, but closest to basic nature, the basic temperament of the people here, it was Wallace. People figure, my family, my survival depends on things being changed. It's everything—this business of fussing to achieve integration, the situation of the campuses, the way the government's spending, and all this sex education in the schools." He shook his head, smiled vaguely, and added, "It's gonna get a heck of a lot worse, frankly, and there's gonna be a revolution. I think it's gonna come within the next three or four years."

John G. Smits, a California state senator, John G. Smits, a member of the John Birch Society, says, "California is becoming the Spain for the rest of the country. It was sometime during Bob Kennedy's campaign in California that one of Kennedy's aides told me to a newsman, 'If fascism ever arrives in California, it's gonna come in right through Bakersfield. In the event we come to that, it would be a totalitarianism quite righteous and quite decent and upright, myopically innocently having more to do with Jaycee lunchboxes than Disneyland, a strictly unique and indigestible American variety unrecognizable to a vast majority of citizens.'

At Berkeley campus, a distinguished professional political science musing, "I've resisted the prospect because it tends to freeze your mind about what's going on—the big difference between the relatively limited and negative objectives at work now. That there's any sense that the state should be beyond peaceful coexistence is very difficult to judge. You have to ask."

Is American fascism be an amalgam of the interests? Well, the elite here is a technocracy, whereas Reaganism and Wallacism are primitively Neanderthal in life-styles, so how

would Reaganism and Wallacism challenge that technological elite? Well, one thing they've really got going for them is this extraordinary anxiety among the working class. . . . People feel now a real puzzlement and confusion about the world they're living in—there have been too many changes, it has ceased to be familiar. The psychic impact of that is hard to exaggerate. And these changes have quite implicitly called into question the virtues and values they've lived by. There is this uneasiness, combined with the different morality of youth, their language and dress and contempt for middle-class values. And it's not just the hippies that Middle America feels alienated from—they also feel alienated from the sophisticated establishment, which they sense also has a contempt for them. That's all exacerbated with the working class—the hate and fear locked up within the working class now is really profound."

To many, the candidacy of Wallace for President in 1968 was one approximation of the potential for an American fascism, and the outcome of that campaign was not necessarily reassuring. He accomplished the formidable feat of official status on the ballot of every state in the union, and it was only in the last weeks of the campaign that his vitality began to wane—and that largely for oblique reasons. Even so, he mustered some ten million votes. And though local political moods do not necessarily carry into Presidential elections, many have also begun to wonder if certain mayoral elections in 1969—startling assertions of the Wallace mentality in such cities as Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and, of course, New York—were not intimations of what one may expect nationally in the future.

Nicholas Petris, one embattled liberal in the California senate from the Oakland and Berkeley area, reflects, "Voters just can't take a liberal administration for very long. A liberal phase in government makes people explore and exert their souls and consciences, it doesn't soothe people, it exhorts them, and finally it begins to set off feelings of guilt when duty is invoked again and again, a duty to involve themselves in the troubles of others over long periods of time. After a while, the average man, when he gets home in the evening and sees demonstrations and protests on television, says, 'Goddamn it, I'm sick and tired of worrying about everybody else,' and he revolts against influences that would lead him further into concern, into guilt."

"Part of Reagan's appeal," one California Democrat declares, "is that he is standing there—with all the effect of the social legislation of the past years having gone beyond what most people figured on, having gotten out of hand, it seems—there as an individual trying to restore control again to events. Law and order is part of this sense of loss of control—a thing that only matters in a time like this."

There were hints of this exhaustion not long ago, when the state passed by a two-to-one margin the famous Proposition 13, a proposal which would have wiped out a 1963 law forbidding discrimination in most housing. The state supreme court dis-

"Gun sales have probably tapered off around here, because I can't think of anyone who hasn't got theirs by now."

carded the referendum as unconstitutionally restricting the action of legislatures in the future, and Reagan, during his campaign for Governor, indicated he would salvage the measure by merely removing that last provision from it.

"The reaction against blacks has reached the point where you can't even talk about normal decent reforms," one liberal Republican in the California assembly says. "We're in a hell of a box. We've had considerable debate in the past several sessions about recruiting blacks out of the ghettos for our campuses, so that we'll have a certain small percentage—around ten per cent—on each campus. The argument we get is, Why are you making a special case for black youths who aren't qualified? Well, I haven't heard any complaints about the percentage allowance for *athletes* who aren't academically qualified—we've had that allowance for the past fifty years." (In the Los Angeles mayor's campaign, which Yorty managed to reduce finally to the issue of race, the fact that his Negro opponent, in a city only 12 per cent black, still came so close to winning, is generally regarded as a measure of Yorty's boorishness.)

"The license of the Elizabethan," pronounces Dr. Max Rafferty, California's superintendent of education and erstwhile candidate for the U.S. Senate, who styles himself an Eisenhower Republican, "was followed by the repressions of Cromwell. The licentiousness and bawdiness of the Restoration was followed by another period of austerity. There was another time of license, of course, before Queen Victoria." Rafferty, a medium-sized man with a somewhat disproportionately large head, commonly considered the Merlin of California's conservative visions of Camelot, likes to think in classical terms—which, according at least to Assemblyman Wakefield, was his undoing when, after demolishing incumbent liberal Tom Kuchel in the GOP primary, he confronted former California secretary of state Alan Cranston in the general campaign: "I kept telling 'em, 'You better get Rafferty out of the clouds and tell him to come on down with the rest of us folks.'"

More likely, though, Rafferty was toppled by a newspaper profile, a singular and old-fashioned feat of journalism, written by a young reporter for the Long Beach *Independent-Press-Telegram* named David Shaw, who had discovered that, for all of Rafferty's Fourth of July fulminations about "creeps, cowards, and Communists" who were avoiding the draft ("It is," he announced, "a priceless privilege to wear our country's uniform. . . . To my everlasting regret, I am not a veteran"), he had exerted considerable industry in getting himself exempted from the draft during World War II for flat feet. "He had been in ROTC at UCLA and said he hadn't liked it at all," his former wife disclosed, "and he told me he hoped his flat feet would keep him out of the service. He said if that didn't work, it would be easy to have an accident and shoot a toe off." After an appeal and reexamination, he was excused from the service, and residents of the small town in the Mojave Desert where Rafferty

taught school from 1940 to 1948, recall, "I was with a cane during the war . . . and celebrated V-Day by throwing his cane away." Wakefield, among others, believes that series of articles beat him. A California journalist observes, "Rafferty has a certain raffish quality about scholars and when they find themselves in positions of power as a consequence. The great tragic flaw of scholars is to be a certain fragility of character. . . ."

Rafferty, if a bit more subdued now, still remains garrulous about conditions in California. Sixteen years ago, one afternoon recently in his Sacramento home, he proposed in a voice somewhat reminiscent of J. P. Bailey on *Queen for a Day*, "The trouble is not activism—this teaching that there are no rules. This breaks down all lasting values. The trouble is what many think is responsible for the breakdown of our moral heritage, the trouble on the campus. For his part, Rafferty recently issued a pamphlet called *Guidelines for Moral Instruction in California Schools*, which opens with a soldier's letter from Vietnam: "As I write the sun is shining on one of those beautiful Pacific days. . . . I am thinking about our country. . . . Suppose as a nation find again the faith our Father taught. Suppose our statesmen learn again to listen to the voice of God? . . . America: Choose the right road. . . . It is the eleventh hour. . . ." He cites a section of the California code which requires that teachers will acquaint students with "morality, truth, justice, and patriotism," and admonish them to "avoid idleness, profanity, and falsehood" and instruct them "in manners and morals." Rafferty intones, "You remember what happened to the Greeks? They became more and more lenient and permissive, until finally the Macedonians came down and took them over—the Macedonians were as puritanical as you'll find."

Last fall, for the first time in recent history, California voters junked a statewide bond issue for the massive expansion of state campuses. A Republican assemblyman who describes himself as "a moderate" says, "There must have been fifty to seventy-five campus-unrest bills introduced last session, very, very repressive legislation. We managed to bury most of them in the legislature, but if the public had had its way, every one of them would have passed." Last spring at Berkeley, when a cleared block was appropriated by student radicals as a People's Park, the dispute was transformed into a massive confrontation between students and police on May 20, with a helicopter called to blow tear gas over the students, and gasped the hell out of those kids," says the assemblyman. "It was an accident, but we even got a campus hospital—hell, that's against the Geneva Convention. But do you think there was an outrage? No sir—they accepted the whole thing. It was all right with them."

In all this, there is the curious and enigmatic figure of Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, now president of San Francisco State College, a former do-

who as acting president last year" applied do-whacks to disorders on his campus over idies, with an inscrutable mixture of zest, a certain mischievousness, and fits of furiation. The press had difficulty in puzzling "It's embarrassing to me," he admits, "to *National Review* and find an article and e, that's great!" If you find an anti-intellect about now," he says, "a hostility toward education and suspicion of the whole academic community, that could be a healthy thing—use a painful vital operation may be healthy patient. I maintain it's not the American and John Birch Society threatening academic freedom now, it's these goon squads led by professors into classrooms 'to stop those ches from teaching'; it's these bastards like rican Federation of Teachers that are the threat to academic freedom now. The n Legion is our best friend at the moment." the least, a solitary figure in the academic ity.

vells across the Golden Gate Bridge from ncisco in a rambling hillside home. On aaturday afternoon, with a soft mist of rain he padded over a grassy carpet with a of whiskey in his miniature hand, and dis- "When the Ph.D.s from a prestige univer- o impose on the natives a sophisticated cul- e plucked his phrases meticulously, with ses for more furious pacing, stopping com- to investigate certain trinkets about the hey're like Parisian intellectuals trying to lightenment to Algeria, and they despise ral forms of Algeria which they don't re- understand. If the teachers are successful, rian wants to become a Parisian, and looks the culture from which he sprang. And as he American college student is successfully adized by the American intellectual, he wn on the mainstream of American culture erican Legion, the Grange, the Rotary, the ub—because he's all wrapped up in Beckett, Pound. But the American Legion and the Club have just as much importance in a ey as *The New York Review of Books*. ght more, maybe. Eric Hoffer realizes the ub and the volunteer fire brigade are worthy t. Now I'm not a member of that culture— mber of the highbrow culture. And this is n which I myself have, which is—I don't u necessarily have to be estranged from rlds. I mean, can you not become the kind ctual who appreciates La Rochefoucauld e same time with fellow citizens on Memo- salute the flag?"

ly, there is the suspicion on other cam- it, as one Berkeley official put it, "Haya- ks tough but settles as soft as anybody." or all his bristling and peculiarly aggrieved has quietly struck a number of accommo-

dations with militants at San Francisco State. He insists he feels no discomfort in the company of conservative Republicans—if his fellow scholars regard him as corrupted now, he argues, "that doesn't bother me one damn bit. That's their problem, not mine. Mine is strictly an academic position. I want to build up a record, and whether in the long run I turn out to be liberal or conservative, that will take care of itself. . . ." But there is somehow the sense that his own esoteric piques have been subtly appropriated for other ends.

Whatever, such figures as Hayakawa, Rafferty, and even despite himself, Yorty, have all been born in California out of the *Reader's Digest* culture in trauma; accosted, aghast, besieged by that other nature in the American Character—the nether region of the Dionysian, the ecstatic. But no one has emerged as so complete and conspicuous a tribute to the beleaguered *Reader's Digest* ethic as Reagan. "He just gives them the feeling," one California newsman says, "that they don't have to feel guilty for what's happening on the campuses, for the despair of the blacks." There is about him a quality of resolute simplicity; nuances, qualifications, complexities lend him a certain expression of impatient dislocation. "There are never grays with him, never any tentatives, never self-doubts," one California native says. "He has always been a true believer, both in his liberal union days and now. You notice when he's speaking—there's never any tranquillity, any calm in his voice. Always that even heat."

Of course it was out here too, at land's edge, where there emerged the innocent image of ourselves—a sweet and humble mythology composed of Our Gang comedies, the streets and white front-porch galleries of Andy Hardy sets, the gentle sagas of Frank Capra; Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Garfield and Cagney and James Stewart reflected us, and we communed with those reflections, the mythology in that mirror, in numberless little Moorish shrines over the Main Streets of the land. Reagan himself could have stepped directly out of the America that mythology celebrated: a plain little Illinois town of some twelve hundred souls. He was born in a five-room flat over a general store where his father sold shoes. He attended a small and somewhat prim Disciples of Christ college in Illinois, where his major obsession was to make the football team, but he led a student strike which finally deposed the president; the strike had to do with the school's priggish social policies in the Roaring Twenties. He was not so much a scholar as a year-book celebrity: basketball cheerleader, president of the student council, on the debating team, in the dramatic club, dances at the fraternity houses and cherry phosphates at the Eureka drugstore. He had contracted an exotic hankering for the stage during campus productions, but wound up after graduation as a snappy young radio sports announcer for a Chicago station. Then, on the West Coast covering the Chicago Cubs' spring training, he visited a band

"...no one has emerged as so complete and conspicuous a tribute to the beleaguered *Reader's Digest* ethic as Reagan."

THE PRESENCE by Maxine Kumin

Something went crabwise
across the snow this morning.
Something went hard and slow
over our hayfield.
It could have been a raccoon
lugging a knapsack,
it could have been a porcupine
carrying a tennis racket,
it could have been something
supple as a red fox
dragging the squawk and spatter
of a crippled woodcock.
Ten knuckles underground
those bones are seeds now
pure as baby teeth
lined up in the burrow.

I cross on snowshoes
cunningly woven from
the skin and sinews of
something else that went before.

from back home which had signed a contract with Gene Autry, and was noticed by an agent. After a series of appointments, he signed with Warner Brothers, and after playing George Gipp in *Knute Rockne—All American* (the role he savored the most), was launched into his erratic screen career.

He remained a comparatively fresh and sturdy Boy Scout amid the luscious carnality of Hollywood. Probably his most notable performance was as the young village Lochinvar in the soap opera *King's Row*, who, after being injured in an accident, had his legs rather arbitrarily amputated by the town doctor who was peeved because Reagan was dating his daughter. On awakening from the operation, Reagan peered down at his form on the bed and uttered the memorable line: "Where's the rest of me?"—a line he improbably adapted as the title of his autobiography later.

Indeed, he seems to have been somewhat ideologically adrift during his early years in Hollywood. Though a conspicuous Democrat and an evangelist of his screen actors' union, he was an amenable witness during the 1947 HUAC hearings on Communist activity in Hollywood. It was after his screen career, for all practical purposes, had guttered out, that General Electric enlisted him to decorate its half-hour television dramas and entertain its 250,000 employees in 125 plants over the country. While he was on the lonely "mashed-potatoes circuit," as he describes it, he politically coalesced; not surpris-

ingly, according to the patterns of the conservatism, he discovered the menace of government intervention in business. In the meantime, as a liaison with GE not only gave him his political testament but left him comfortably affluent, he bought a ranch land in the Malibu Hills. He became seriously engaged in politics—in particular the Goldwater campaign. In a televised speech he delivered on the eve of that disaster he said, "You and I have a rendezvous with destiny. We will restore for our children this, the last best hope for this earth, or we will sentence them to take the next step into a thousand years of darkness." (One of his closest advisers speculates that if Reagan could have said to have one galvanizing hero, "I guess we'd like Winston Churchill.") He became himself the best hope of the Goldwater coalition. They have felt uncomfortable having to resort to figures many still suspected was merely a glib marionette but in 1967, after easily disposing of the Democratic incumbent Pat Brown, Ronald Reagan became Governor of California.

Though some have detected a slight mellowness in Reagan as his administration has worn on, in the opinion of Senator Smitz, the John Birch Society's emissary from Orange County, "he really has nothing to complain about. All the differences with Governor Reagan have been a gap between his rhetoric and his action, but it didn't last. They are matching pretty well." Reagan himself insists, "I don't understand why we're hailed out here as some kind of regression to Neanderthal administration. On the matter of the fare, for instance, we aren't saying all those are rascals and you shouldn't do anything for them. Our approach is simply that instead of handout, we feel what they really want is to get up."

But one liberal legislator complains, in a despair, "For Chrissake, he just vetoed a bill the other day for school-lunch programs that my body and his brother were for. It's been at that there are 500,000 children in the California school system suffering from malnutrition, and this bill would have done was allot some five million dollars in state funds to match local and federal funds to give these children milk and lunch. I didn't hear a word from the Governor's camp against it—the bill got to him, he signed it. He's a humanitarian, you know—but he also efficiently destroyed it by striking out the funding provision. The measure's author, Democratic Senator George R. Moscone from San Francisco, said when he learned what had happened, "This gutless yuck—this was only a tactic to take the heat off a humanitarian bill that he didn't have the guts to veto outright."

Reagan's human commitments strike a number of liberals in California as, at best, incidental. "I got a bunch of bookkeepers making decisions for the government," another Democratic senator complains. "We're getting bookkeeping decisions, not health or educational decisions. It's a goddamn government of bookkeepers." Reagan himself has

as, "Nothing is more important right now than the costs of government. . . . I repeat, *more important than economy in government*." Accordingly, his first year in office he set a budget with a cutlass approach to government: a simple indiscriminate swipe right across the board. A Democratic legislature confounded him in that, and the same was repeated for every year thereafter. With a Republican legislature, Reagan has used a more sophisticated technique: all departments are ordered to submit budgets contracted by a certain percent, along with their list of priorities for the coming year. Reagan is making his own determinations of which of the various programs can be salvaged.

A passion that has begun to gather in California politics is anxiety over environment—that is sure to be at play in the politics of the decade ahead: in a way, it is a unique and specialized issue. The people in California aren't likely to get terribly exercised about the pollution of the Yacht Club basin, or what's going on to the trees several hundred miles away. They've never been in a forest. But the general concern and contamination of environment has become a unique concern in California, comprising both Republicans and Democrats, both liberals and conservatives. In the beginning, Reagan's views on the issue were conventional. During the conflict between the Northern California communities and the federal government to rescue the redwoods from further logging, Reagan said, "The economic needs of the logging industry should be considered," and then, quoting Agnew's philosophy about ghettos, "A tree is a tree—how many more do you need?" But as his political sensitivities became more refined, he began responding more intently to immediate environmental crises in his state. Most recently he identified himself with legislative opposition to landfill expansion into San Francisco Bay.

Reagan's dismay with Reagan, of course, is most evident on the state campuses, and especially at Berkeley. A university official there says, "He's not going to let that students pay their own tuition, of course. But the regents compromised by hiking the tuition fee. But indications are the Governor is satisfied with that, and the pressures have been put on him to do more than that. There's no question about it. Talk to faculty members and they're much easier about their position in this state than in the rest of the country. The problem at the moment is confined to Berkeley—whether we'll still be able to recruit the kind of people we've been able to recruit in the past. Really, it's more the general climate of opinion, rather than specifics—like his crack at the Western Governors Conference when the subject came up of importing water from Canada; he said, 'We'll trade them a university for some kind of thing is unsettling, at the least.'"

Reagan's own vision of campus tribulations was announced in a speech he delivered to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco during last spring's disorders at Berkeley over the People's Park, which he termed a "gathering of unsavory characters who had so frightened many of the housewives in the neighborhood that they wouldn't even walk down the street to go shopping." Rather than being occasioned by any deep malaise in American society or by desperation over Vietnam, Reagan saw it all as the contrivance of a "revolutionary movement involving a tiny minority of faculty and students finding concealment and shelter in the disappointment and resentment of an entire college generation . . . being fed into the knowledge factory with no regard for their individualism, their aspirations or their dreams"—a minority exploiting this majority to "challenge the right of private ownership of land in this country."

Reagan's own image of the majority of the college generation now is represented most closely, perhaps, by the Up With People Chorus, an assembly of fresh, neatly barbered, radiant, grinning, ruthlessly glad youngsters who indulge in some hygienic folk songs and belt out "God Bless America," sounding all the while like the thronging bells on Christmas Day in Longfellow's poem. ("You know," Reagan says, "there was an Up With People performance at a prison here the other day, and this Negro, who hadn't spoken once to his white cellmate, they tell me he's not only speaking to him now, he's singing 'I'll Never Walk Alone' with him.") As for the dissidents, Reagan, emerging from a Board of Regents meeting not long ago, was greeted on the sidewalk outside by some student demonstrators, and, his face suddenly taut and white, he flourished at them the ageless elemental gesture of dismissal, middle-finger extended: photographers, startled, asked him if he would repeat the pose, and he obliged as flashbulbs blurred around him.

As a matter of fact, the usual amenities and accommodations of political life in the rest of the country, the restraints of party structures, have never really pertained to California. "Since Hiram Johnson in 1910," as a Washington lawyer from the state describes it, "it's been a highly personal affair, and Los Angeles' mayor Sam Yorty would be the essential apotheosis of this mentality. California remained pretty much a one-party state until 1930." Even more, "There's just this prissiness about political figures in this state," a California news executive says. "They get so peevish and personal here, it reduces to a play of personalities. They get attacked, they don't *know* how not to say anything. You take Mayor Daley—for all that may be gross about him, as a politician he's worth a dozen of these fellows. He's a professional, that's the difference."

Even in this atmosphere of preciousness, Reagan's withdrawal is singular. "There is at least a slight tradition of a more unlaced relationship be-

"I don't understand why we're hailed out here as some kind of regressive, Neanderthal administration."
—Ronald Reagan

There is a retreat in Northern California, a secluded estate of chalets in a forest of redwoods, called Bohemian Grove, which serves as a private Valhalla for the American hierarchy, demigods from the whole galaxy of American power, from the military through government to big business. No women are admitted during the retreat's three-week summer idyll, which commences with a barge bearing a sign "CARE" being ignited and floated across a lake. One of their diversions is a mammoth amphitheater, set among the hills, the redwoods on one slope having been toppled to provide stump on which members sit watching productions written and performed by themselves (in the absence of women, some of them have to assume the roles and garb of females), which are climaxed by a grand musical revue which usually absorbs, in that one evening, some \$40,000. Generals from Vietnam are periodically entertained there, and several years ago—in fact, while Detroit across the continent was blazing in a ghetto eruption—one of these military guests brought along with him footage taken from a plane during a bombing raid over North Vietnam, which he showed to a gathering: at

What, she was asked, would she consider an obligation of government—its essential duty? “Well . . .” She paused, and gave a brief glance at the clock. “Well, I’ve always thought—the least government the best government, isn’t it?”

Actually, according to one prominent

the legislature, "Now that his Presidential campaign is over with, it's like he's become intrigued with the prospects of administering. It's like he's just discovered the principles of grade civics—he gets full of enthusiasm, standing the table and all." But one cannot here lingers behind it all the memory of his life before the national convention that evening in Miami Beach to concede. There seemed a computerized gallantry about it—the strange of a premeditated and methodical gesture of class; and suddenly, watching him that he realized what the moment invoked—it he were deliberately answering the prececedence of Kennedy's winning concession before the Democratic convention, and what it then was merely a calculated investment in the future.

It at least seems inevitable again in California in 1970: the Democratic party is in a suspended disintegration roughly approximating that of the national Republican party in which Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco, who has been regarded as a not altogether negligible prospect to run against Reagan, now employs a *Look* magazine series associating him with the Mafia.

The melancholy role of challenging Reagan will be inherited by Jesse Unruh, former Democratic house speaker, a gristled and canny manager in Sacramento with the face of a prizefighter, a deep bass voice, who had been regarded as a simple political plumber in the struggle with Richard Daley of Chicago until the disclosure of his involvement with Robert Kennedy's campaign in California. He acquired, quite naturally, an extra dimension of perception and experience—an old political dog who managed to learn a new sophistication. The question arises why Unruh would have any desire to take place to enter into such a dubious enterprise because he wants to head his party at the gubernatorial nominee," one capitol aide replies. "He just wants to be it this time. He does everything else he can do in this state, as assembly speaker anymore, and where else can he go now? It's just something he has to do."

Unruh himself is somewhat glum about the party's outlook. Sitting in his capitol office one day, his blue shirt rolled up to his elbows and wearing a cuff link, he discussed the prospects. A great believer in history-bending—that's why he is particularly intrigued with this campaign. But it is very difficult, no doubt of that. To tell the truth, of the opinion we're sort of in another party era already, only more intense—less violent words and personnel practices, resort to physical violence, and on both sides. The same kind of hysteria. I can see the time when the police would be used as an instrument of vengeance against people with different life-styles. I don't think we can pander to those

popular fears, and I don't have any desire to be a Governor sitting behind a bullet-proof window. I might as well drop out myself and make a couple million dollars or help the street people. . . ."

Congressman John Tunney, a thirty-five-year-old Democrat from a Southern California district on the Mexican border and son of Gene Tunney, suggests that "since we've moved into the Nixon era, it seems there's an instinct in government to slow down change so the people can catch their breath. But what this doesn't recognize, what Nixon and Reagan don't recognize, is that attitudes and events can't slow down now, in this technological society, as they could have once. They'll simply outstrip our will and the processes and machinery for accommodating them."

Tunney is tall, a gangling man with an uncanny resemblance to the younger Jack Kennedy, the same tawny hair and tanned, lean, slightly bony face. Even his voice is the same, flat and hurried and slightly metallic, with the same Boston Irish inflection, that slides and drops in tone, as if he were the lost and undiscovered fifth brother in the line. He is a graduate of Yale, where he majored in anthropology; he was raised in Connecticut and spent his summers in New England with the Kennedy brothers—"Ted and I grew up together over about ten years. I was part of that whole parochial New England syndrome, and we were roommates at the University of Virginia Law School." In 1958 he worked with the Kennedys in Jack's campaign for reelection to the Senate. He married a Dutch girl, practiced law on Wall Street for a while ("Whole atmosphere of the city seemed oppressive to me at the time, it just wasn't my idea of fun"), and then, while stationed in Southern California with the Judge Advocate's office, decided he would settle there. He was only twenty-nine when he was discharged, and made the swashbuckling determination, on the advice of a number of people while he was still in the service, to run for Congress. "I'd done some circuit-riding," he grins, "and then a poll showed I had a chance. I was known by three per cent of the people. Larry O'Brien advised me, 'I'd suggest you move to another district,' but I made the decision not long afterward. A poll in May showed I had twenty-seven per cent and my opponent forty-two—I worked every day, seven days a week, for ten straight months. My brothers came in and worked for me, and my father came out and spent several days with Jack Dempsey. We showed the old fight films at four barbecues, and then I'd stand up and say, 'In the meantime, I have a few political remarks. . . .'"

Tunney is the order of young politician—jaunty, direct, indefatigable, princely, and at the same time passionate and discerning—who, when he takes on Senator George Murphy in Murphy's campaign for reelection in 1970, will be discovered by *Look* and celebrated as a potential heir of that vast unanswered constituency left behind by Robert Kennedy and, it would seem now, lost by Ted. His sense

...a national schizophrenia owing to the fact that we front on two oceans and two perspectives."

of politics is almost physical—"You can't be remote, you can't try to offer yourself by remote control. You've got to put yourself in the public trough to be pushed and shoved around. Because the deep malaise in this country at the moment is this feeling of alienation. People feel decisions are being made by faceless anonymous people, and there is a search for a physical presence." Tunney would be the closest thing to a Kennedy possible without being a member of the family.

Tunney envisions, among other things, the development of new cities of thirty to forty thousand people "planned to nurture a citizen's aesthetic sense rather than being left to the utilitarian waste of asphalt and smog. . . . The quality of life in America is the issue that concerns me," he says. "Throughout the millennia, man has had to work to feed himself, but now there is the possibility for a portion of the population to be jobless and still not seriously impair productivity. There's no reason now why part of the welfare program, which is based still on productive priorities, couldn't be applied to the improvement of leisure time, to give it purpose and meaning—to park work, to the arts, to education."

Actually, says Tunney, "we were just beginning to realize the government could be the catalyst in these things, in really doing something about the crises in this country, when we were diverted by Vietnam. We really haven't had the opportunity to tell whether people are willing to extend themselves on these problems. Aside from the expenditures in our resources, this is the real devastation, here at home, of that fantastic war."

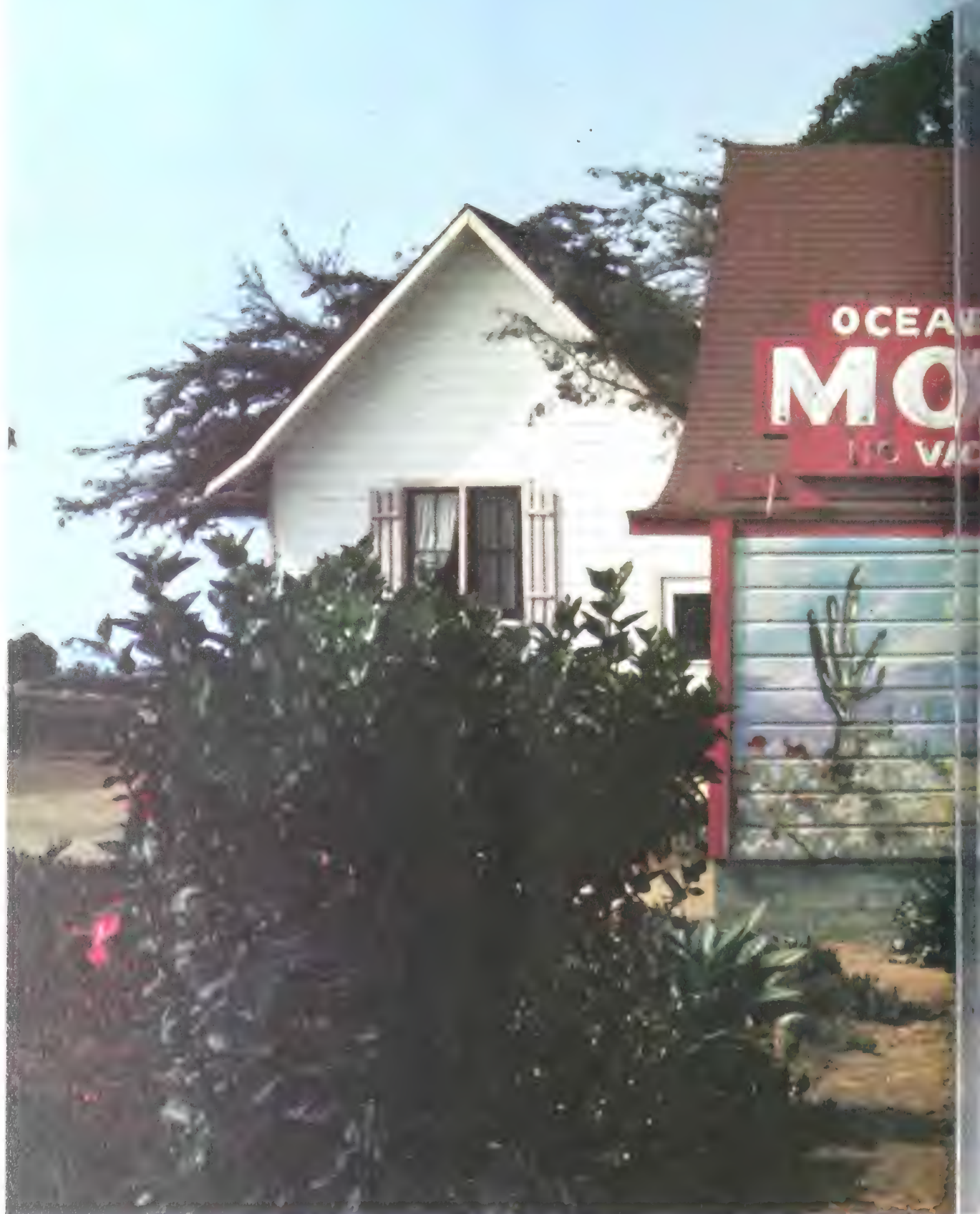
Of course, in the end, it may be Vietnam. The question is whether the nation can afford, as it could afford with Harding and Coolidge, another phase of inversion—of simply custodial government. It will not snuff out the desperations and urgencies on the campuses and in the ghettos. And those crises, with all their ever-widening amplifications, have been, of course, if not occasioned, sustained by Vietnam. In that sense, it has been the Tragic Distraction (arising, perhaps, out of another national schizophrenia owing to the fact that we front on two oceans and two perspectives: the European ocean, our source, still sensed as our origin, a society now mellowed with little sufferance for such barging adventures, circumspect, contained, contemplative, civilized, whose restraints are felt most strongly in our Eastern cities closest to it both in geography and heritage; but we are a kinetic people, and there is the Pacific, our terminal, open and limitless, and exposed yet, a vista terrifically tempting to the nation). Certainly, not the least of the crimes of the war is the overwhelming banality of its rationale, the vision necessary for the nation to believe in it and prosecute it—the banality of its presumptions about human hopes and human endurance, about the workings of the human species, about history. We are living with the exalted comic-book clichés which have been imposed, by a process of suffusion, onto the soul of the country. But it is

CALIFORNIA PRIMITIVE

Something about black
spaces is bothersome to the
Californian—
a church window that might
have been left
open to the sun in New
England becomes
a neon beacon in a Southern
California "Supermarket"
church; the wall of a modern
invites a down-home
muralist to provide still
another landscape
Cars, surfboards, high
or hillsides
allow anyone to exercise
his own taste
for environmental fantasy



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH





in an even larger sense, that as long as it continues there will continue those potentially mortal crises, that Vietnam could become the war that destroyed the Republic.

On this particular point, Reagan, for his part, demurs. "That war could not destroy this nation," he insists, "but what could destroy this nation is inflation—if we take more money away from people to finance government. As for Vietnam, it's coming out the way Churchill said it would. The enemy has gotten the idea we wouldn't fight. In 1938, Roosevelt called on all nations of the free world to quarantine the borders of Germany. If we had followed through then, we would have had no World War II. But the gamble was too big for the appeasers. Vietnam, now, is a result of long policies of appeasement. It goes back to the airlift. Instead of marching on in there, all we proved with the airlift was, they wouldn't shoot us down. Then we had Laos. Then the Bay of Pigs. Now, Vietnam. . . ."

It would seem the United States is approaching a psychic cataclysm, a rending of some worn and ancient veil of national personality to disclose the primitive and apocalyptic mystery of our identity, and our future. Tunney, packing one Sunday morning recently in his San Francisco hotel room to return to Washington, stuffing fistfuls of dirty laundry into his bags and then stalking for a while with his hands shoved in his hip pockets, kicking aside socks and shoes still on the floor, said, "We've lost our sense of community. Both a physical sense of community—the automobile has had an atomizing effect on people, they're encased in this tomb of steel separated from everyone else—and our sense of a community of values, which we at least thought we had whether or not it was illusory and provincial. So I think we're moving into an era when our leaders will be tribal leaders, there'll be that kind of sensuousness and immediacy to the relationship between them and the people. People will have to know that a man is willing to lose everything, including his own life, to achieve what he believes in—and he will have to answer to what the people believe in. The leaders, I think, will define what that community will be. People will have to sense he'll take extraordinary gambles for that community. Bob Kennedy was really the first of these new tribal leaders, I feel. He had that mixture of romance and fatalism, mysticism. And there's no question there were deep and profound responses to him, responses beyond the conventional political equations. And I think that's because the most powerful dynamic at work in politics now is this search for community, and the man who can tap into this basic yearning will be the leader of the Seventies."

The ultimate of all sad and lonesome American sunsets burns out behind a landscape that seems to bristle with the constructions of insects: power lines and generator stations behind chain-link fences, the gantry towers of high-tension cables, the endless swoop of freeways, of mobile homes nesting against their turns.

With the dark, they are all gathered at the Beverly-Hilton hotel for a testimonial banquet for Ivy Baker Priest, former Treasurer of the United States, now treasurer of the state of California. It is an altogether pleasant and remarkably preserved lady in a violet dress, with honeyed hair heaped high on her head. It is an assembly of noble businessmen, bald domes and tuxedos, a vast tinkling of glasses with amber drinks which glint under the chandeliers, women trailing azure chiffon and abstruse fragrances. Cesar Romero is there, a gray-haired lion with an air of preoccupation about his ears. He roams about, Jack Warner tagging after him. Arlene Dahl floats past. The Governor arrives in an anteroom, Nancy with him in a red dress; he is in a tuxedo, his small demure feet in patent leather slippers with a bow—there is an oddly lacquered look to him. He is not entirely comfortable; he gulps down an olive from his martini somehow as if he were reluctantly obliging someone, his eyebrows flicking upward, crinkling his forehead, an abashed golly-gee-whiz grin breaking out on his face. Assemblyman Floyd Wakefield appears at his elbow and mutters to him, "Governor, I introduced that bussing initiative today, where parents vote to approve." Reagan nods and looks away, "We're doing nothing wrong with that."

Together, they move and descend into a large room of dusty pinks, rose, orange, yellow with candles glimmering over tables covered in white linen. The Hon. Peter J. Pitchess, sheriff of Los Angeles County, out of uniform this evening, announces, "There won't be any demonstration here tonight," and when the dutiful laughter subsides he leads everyone in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag behind the speakers' table. A small local orchestra—sax, bass, violin, accordion, and cello—produces a somewhat diminished "Star-Spangled Banner," and with that, everyone settles down to the dinner; quenelles of English Channel lobster in wine sauce with mushrooms, roast prime of beef, blue ribbon beef, broccoli with hollandaise sauce, Brie and Camembert cheese with crackers, with the meal. Reagan and Nancy tilt toward each other fondly and glowingly, she once dabbing something from his shoulder with a pink napkin as he leans away and leans forward to wave, through the candelabra, across the pink rose garlands, to someone in the crowd below him. It is, actually, a splendid evening, full of a general elegant fellowship pulsing like St. Elmo's fire over the strings of Manny Harmon's vest-pocket orchestra: "Faint Hearted," "The Sound of Music," "Theme from Dr. Zhivago." . . .

The man concludes, and emcee Art Linkletter takes the mike, to a burst of the "House of the Rising Sun" theme from the orchestra, and invites everyone to sing "Happy Birthday" to our birthday girl, "Happy Birthday, That winds on into a variation of "Hello, Hello" ("Hel-lo I-vee . . . Well, hel-lo—") smacked out by a spirited accordion, and one old gentleman with a soft white mist of hair and a flushed ruddiness leans up straight out of the huddle around him, smiling blissfully, at peace with his heart and the un-

with an upstretched arm to Ivy at the front finally dropping his arm and leaning his elbow on the table and beginning simply to clap his hands slowly together, with a flat-palmed precision, to his face. Linkletter officially commences with a flurry of "House Party" jokes involving unwitting hilarity of the kids on his show, then makes introductions: "On my extreme left I don't know why I should say extreme left, extreme left—it's all a family party anyway, isn't it?" He peers finally into the audience and asks that the senators stand; floodlights from a rear balcony lunge and pause over the gathering, seeking and finally discover the waving figure of John F. Kennedy of Orange County. Linkletter then says, "Everybody who's a banker—stand up," and there is a general and clamorous uprising all over the room. At last, Reagan is introduced, everyone is on their feet in a bedlam of whoops and whistles, hands cupped around mouths for more authoritative pronouncements, napkins twirling in the air. Reagan's bouquet for Miss Priest is, "What Lucy Kennedy of Charlie Brown's All-Stars, Ivy is to our team." Then, with a sober hush settling over his movements, he speaks of his spirit, his voice, he proceeds. "What we are doing in America is an effort to reassemble the American community. . . ."

At that moment, out of the dark hills in the Big Bend National Park, the waif children of America are beginning to appear for some mystic convocation.]

That will be the spirit of this land, and its people will mark the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. . . . What of the economic stability of our country? Will we continue to have . . . an Alice-in-Wonderland situation where the material goods flow but the money runs wild, where welfare rolls swell while unemployment rolls increase? . . . We are concerned about the frightening fragmentation and factionalism within our American community as agitators stir up brother against brother, generation against generation and sector against sector. . . . We fret about forgotten Americans who carry more and more intolerable burden of taxation, who see more and more of their standard of living and hopes for the future gnawed away by inflation. . . . These things, which are the inheritance of demagogues and demagogues, need not be the hallmark of tomorrow. . . ."

At the last edges of light, the ghost of the withdrawn Americans swims away on the sea as they come down now from the mountains, as if released from the open air of night; walking in an endless procession over the narrow highway.]

Let me list for you some of the essentials of the party as it moves, as it leads the way into the future. . . . Over the banquet floor, there is a soft ringing of small coughs, shivering the candlelight over the tablecloths like the passing of a light breeze in the wind. " . . . The party with the spirit of the times will put the individual first. . . . The second

priority on the agenda for the Seventies is related to the first: we must unleash the full power and the many benefits of the free, competitive enterprise system. Extreme taxation, excessive controls, oppressive government competition with business, galloping inflation, frustrated minorities, and forgotten Americans—these are not the products of free enterprise, they are the results and the residue of centralized bureaucracy. If we are to take the fullness of tomorrow's promise, we must return to the free flow of the free market philosophy. If this nation is to realize the full potential of the future—if it is to free itself from the status quo of the centralizers—it must decentralize its governmental structures. . . . And if we are to be the party of the future, we must obviously attract, and keep, the support and the genius of our youth. I think, rather than a generation gap, we simply have a disastrous lack of communication. If we've all been lumped together in what they call the establishment, then we've got to reason together. . . . Because now there are those abroad in the land working day and night to alienate our young people. . . ."

[For miles along the highway, the young night-angels wearing the attire of Apaches, Hopis, Che Guevara, Billy the Kid, Davy Crockett, Bowery derelicts, long-AWOL soldiers—children of Rimbaud, of D. H. Lawrence's sun-vision—along both sides of the road in the glare of headlights, carrying knapsacks and bedrolls, boys pausing to heft and hand around jugs of wine as others, families and small children, continue on past them, like an evacuation from a doomed city. A line of twinkling headlights, several miles long, eases through them. It is unaccountable: the gathering of some secret population, a gathering of unknown tribes out of the hills, moving now to some appointment at a place close by, some celebration, some final confrontation, some annunciation.]

At the banquet room in the Beverly Hilton, Reagan, both hands gripping the lectern, finishes. "The party of the Seventies will not confuse charity with justice. . . . compassion with centralism. . . . equality with conformity. . . . It is fitting that I close by saying that the party which will be relevant to the Seventies is the party which will lead the way to renewed commitment to integrity and morality. . . . Our forefathers wove God into the very fabric of government. We must do no less. . . ."

The crowd rises again and napkins again flourish everywhere. A few moments later, they stand with bowed heads, chins wadded down into black ties, hands folded before them, the candlelight dreaming over the soft hair of the gowned women, as the minister's voice tolls over them:

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up His countenance to you, and give you Peace.

Both now, and forevermore.

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

It is America's biggest newspaper, and possibly the best.

It proves that in this country you can follow rectitude and still make a potful of money.



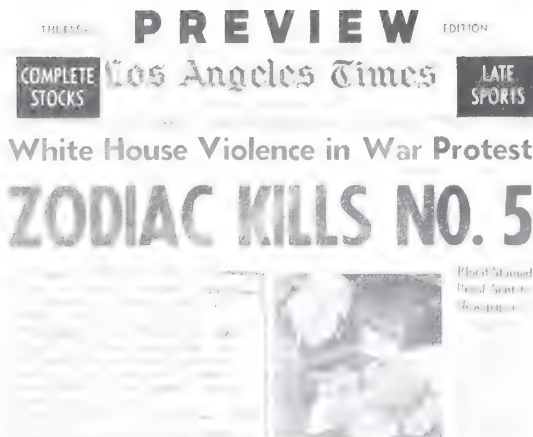
The most conspicuous thing about the Los Angeles Times is its size; everyone says it hits the doorsteps with a clunk, or a thud, and it is, in fact, the biggest newspaper in America. No one publishes more of anything than the Los Angeles Times, which has nothing to do with how good it is, or whether it is really giving you the straight stuff, but only that there is more of it, a very great deal of it being as for swimming pools, foot powder, and truss, but another fair share of it having to do with war revolutions, thievery in high places, and things of importance. There is no way of measuring how good it all is, although newspapermen are forever handing out awards to one another, and the Los Angeles Times has been getting a great many of them, but there is no mistaking that the Times has been trying, and that its publisher, this big Southern California guy, has been trying, too. Not long ago his paper more or less owned City Hall, and had lock on a large part of the state, but now it's a religion, or maybe it is just that the country is changing, and it has gone more into the business of being a newspaper. Not long ago its political editor could speak to a gathering of California Republicans, and tell them what "we" have to do to win an election, with the speech appearing on page one, and not long ago it ignored much of what was going on outside Los Angeles County, along with a good deal of what was going on inside as well. It doesn't do these things any longer, this big Southern California guy being all for virtue, and kingmaking none of his style, but it is still a force and a presence, and it proves what we have been told all along, that in America you can follow rectitude and make a potful of money besides.

The Los Angeles Times is not the same kind of paper as the New York Times, which is a third of its size, but then again it probably makes more money than the New York Times. It is the flagship of the Times Mirror Company, and it has found a great deal of glory after long years of not being much of anything. It sells nearly one million copies in Los Angeles County every weekday, and it is staffed with plenty of men who once worked for Time-Life, the old Herald Tribune, and The Saturday Evening Post, and it offers not only some fine reporting from Washington, say, or Saigon, but also Hollywood stuff by a resident lady columnist who can say "So what was Mr. X doing with a smashing blonde Miss Y, in London's Alvin's Restaurant? Mr. X says they were being oh so chummy." Mr. X, you see, is this married guy, and when a paper (the

TOP: Wednesday morning, October 15, 1969, home edition. "Zodiac" killer story was placed in a relatively unstrategic position.

CENTER: Thursday morning, October 16, 1969 home edition. "Zodiac" killer had struck again, but for the readers at home the story was placed in an even less strategic position.

BOTTOM: Thursday morning, October 16, 1969, special street sale edition. The same story made headlines.



ke that it is hard to know when it is serious or when it is not. The executives on the Los Angeles Times say that it does things like that because it is a "mass and class" paper, which means that most people who buy it are just not much interested in a piece of reporting on something like the Federal Reserve Board. Nonetheless, in the last ten years just about as long as the new publisher has been at the paper, it has gone in more and more for city-room gossip is that one news executive lost his job because the publisher's mother-in-law was unimpressed, and that another man lost his job because he insisted on talking about cheap cars at the daily news conference.

None of this has damaged what has always been a casual atmosphere in the Times' newsroom. Ironically, the Times probably has fewer people in authority on the news side than do most other newspapers and even when people there behave badly they do it with a kind of innocence, just as Los Angeles itself does. Not long ago one minor executive fired another minor executive, and then kicked him several times as he tried to get up off the carpet. "It really wasn't so bad," he explained later, "because he had been wearing tennis shoes. It is unusual for this would have happened at the New York Times, not only because people there seldom wear tennis shoes, but also because it is not the style in New York. What people call the life-style of the West Coast in California, which means a permissiveness, has crept into the newsroom, and sometimes it creeps into the news columns, too. There is, for example, a tendency at the Times to keep the copy editors away from the reporters. All over the country there are copy editors who sit around horseshoe-shaped desks, and they read the stories that reporters write. The copy editors and reporters as a rule do not get along well, but in Los Angeles they are kept more apart than elsewhere, and the copy editors do rather little editing. The reporters are allowed to do things that they could not do at any other paper, and although sometimes the reporters are not very good, and it is the management's willingness to offer them this freedom that may be the Los Angeles Times' best contribution to American newspapers.

The family and the kingdom

It all began when Otis Chandler became the publisher in 1960, taking over from his father, Harry, who had taken over from his father, Harry, and taken over from his father-in-law, Harrison Otis, a hard-rock old Civil War veteran who was laying the family fortune when he got a small interest in the paper in 1882. He got the paper four years later, and right away he put it on what he called "General Order No. 1." "Push it," he said, and everyone did, which is what has allowed great-grandson Otis to be not only publisher of the Los Angeles Times, but also chairman of the Times Mirror Company, which owns the publishing kingdom that grossed \$352 million in 1987, and now regularly adds a company or two

to the kingdom every year. There are also things the family is into that are outside the Times Mirror Company, such as real estate, insurance, parking lots, and bits and pieces of assorted enterprises here and there, all of which make the Chandlers easily the most interesting family in Los Angeles.

At forty-two, Otis Chandler, the heir to these good things, is all suntan and muscles, a condition he keeps up by a frequent lifting of barbells and exposure to outdoor things, and he does not look like most other publishers. His father, Norman, once said that the newspaper publishers he admired most were Arthur Hays Sulzberger, William Randolph Hearst, and Colonel Robert R. McCormick. "A newspaper," he said then, "must be the image of a man, whether you agree with him or not." Neither Otis nor the Times has a pronounced image now, the old image of the Times having been best represented by a middle-aged lady in a mink shrug on her way to a Republican tea, and the new one being as yet unformed. In part, this is because the new Los Angeles Times is still unsure of itself. It has published, for example, some great pieces of investigative reporting: only it has offered them to its readers with all the flash and color of a bank statement, as if it were nervous about the whole thing. It has delayed, although not killed, stories that might upset the citizens, and when it really has upset them, as it did with a story about police harassment, for instance, it has rushed right back with a story about how brave and good the cops really are.

None of this matters greatly, except that the Times, conscientiously pursuing greatness, and constantly being told how good it is, ought to be even better than it is. It probably will be, and when this happens it probably will have stopped wringing every last dollar out of itself, too. When you pass through Los Angeles and buy the Times off a newsstand, or at a hotel, or in the airport, it is not really the Times you are buying at all. It is a special street sale edition that is put out to compete with the afternoon Hearst paper, and it makes a few extra dollars, and the reporters hate it, and it is mostly *schlock*. Nonetheless, transients think it really is the Los Angeles Times. The real Los Angeles Times, however, is delivered at dawn by sprites in Volkswagens, and it looks like a real newspaper, which the street sale edition, full of big pictures, silly news stories, and freaky headlines, does not. Still, even the real Los Angeles Times often looks as if clerks in the counting house, and not the newsroom, were in charge. Although a couple of men who work there try to make it otherwise, the real-estate section of the Times has been mostly a collection of handouts from advertisers who are in love with their own tacky-subdevelopments. The television listings carry little ads about programs that masquerade as news, and, considering the size of the paper, the amount of space left over for news after all the advertising has been placed may be proportionately smaller than in any major newspaper in the country.

When the Times is good, however, it is very, very good, no matter how larded down it is with advertising. Nearly every newspaper editor in the land

"... most people who buy it are just not interested in a splendid piece of reporting on something like the Federal Reserve Board."

John Corry's recent articles have covered such

Billy Graham, Cuba's "New Man," and Greece today. Before joining Harper's, he was on the New York Times as desk-

talks, and talks, and talks about interpretive news, and about giving the reader the news behind the news, and about how *Time* and *Newsweek* are the big competition, but not very many do much about it. Nearly every newspaper editor talks about the importance of allowing a reporter to trust his own instincts, but not very many do much about that, either. The Los Angeles *Times* tries to do these things, and even when it is less than successful it has good intentions. Most importantly, perhaps, it offers its reporters time. (I think you have to have worked for another daily paper to truly appreciate this.) The *Times* allowed two reporters in its Washington bureau, Stuart Loory and David Kraslow, to spend eight months exploring the idea that America had missed opportunities to make peace in Vietnam. In fact, America had, and Loory and Kraslow got it into the paper. "We had the feeling that when you talked to people in the State Department and in the Administration about Vietnam they were holding something back," Kraslow says, "and so we took the thousand-to-one chance of going after the most classified information in government." Kraslow went to Canada, England, and France, and Loory went to Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Italy, and for eight months they did nothing but this story. They won awards for it, of course, and Otis Chandler should have gotten one, too, for owning a newspaper that would allow anyone to spend eight months on anything. Similarly, Robert J. Donovan, the chief of the *Times* Washington bureau, dropped out of the 1968 Presidential campaign coverage, and instead talked to, and watched, Nixon and his people for a couple of months. When Nixon won, the *Times* led the paper two days in a row with Donovan's perspicacious stories on what the new Administration would be like. "I have the feeling," Donovan says, "that nothing would have been said to me if Nixon had lost and my time had gone down the drain."

Making it in the East

This is the way it ought to be on newspapers, although it seldom is, and it has allowed Donovan's Washington bureau to become as good, man for man, as any in the capital, regularly getting stories that no one else gets, and regularly going unnoticed for them because who the hell reads the Los Angeles *Times* outside of Los Angeles? Newspapermen, writers, and editors want praise from their peers more than most people do, and since the most arrogant, noisy, and therefore most prized of the newspapermen, writers, and editors live in the East, where they all read one another, who is there left to praise a Los Angeles *Times*man? Southern California is supposed to be where America is happening first, and there are ways in which the Los Angeles *Times* is the first and the best of all newspapers, which should be compensation enough, only it is not. Otis Chandler got terribly distressed not long ago when he forgot he had a dinner engagement in New York with the publisher of the New York *Times*. Peers really do need their peers.

Donovan and his people, however, have Washington reporters, as well as the politicians, who are also members of the fraternity, and the office in Los Angeles obliges by sending it by freight every morning thirty-six copies of the paper. Since some of the copies are for the Washington bureau itself, not many are left over for distribution to Places That Matter. Three go to the White House (where one of the President's special writers has complained that he needs one), three go to the State Department, two to the FBI (where the FBI takes one), one to Defense, one to NASA, five to the Washington *Post* (the *Post* and the *Post* operate a joint news service), one to the Senate and Congressmen, and one to the CIA (which sends its own man over for the Washington bureau of the New York *Times*). The *Times* only pays for it, and this is the sure sign that the Los Angeles *Times* really is making it.

When Otis Chandler took over, the *Times* had only three reporters in the Washington bureau, but by the end of this year it will have about eight. The bureau, which is run on a daily basis by Robert J. Donovan, while Donovan makes the policy decisions, is the hardest for the things that no one else is getting. Often it gets them. Donovan reported the first withdrawal from Vietnam before Nixon's announcement, thereby causing the President to have a hell with Henry Kissinger, his foreign-affairs adviser, on the source of the leak, and John F. Kennedy had the first story on the secret treaty to end the war in Thailand, which in fact had been leaked to Senator Fulbright. When a national bank was closed in Washington for the first time in thirty years, the *Times* got hold of the insiders' list of its shareholders and found that it included Bob Baker, a bunch of Alabama Congressmen, the secretary aide to President Kennedy, and the wife of a Brooklyn Congressman who was chairman of the House banking subcommittee. More recently, Ray Seeger was ahead of the competition in reporting the Secretary of the Treasury's conflict-of-interest problems, as well as on the President's thinking on reform and the oil-depletion allowance, and on that, the *Times* was in front on the complex case of Justice Abe Fortas. That story had begun when Ronald J. Ostrow, the *Times*' Supreme reporter, discovered that Justice William O. Douglas was receiving \$12,000 a year as the president of a foundation that got at least some of its money from a mortgage on a gambling casino and in Las Vegas, and that the chief benefactor of the foundation had an interest in three other gambling casinos. Ostrow, deciding that this kind of thing was at least as interesting as the Court itself, worked the sources, and a couple of years later he and L. Jackson reported in the *Times* that Fortas agreed to accept \$20,000 a year for life from the family foundation of Louis E. Wolfson, who ended up in a federal pokey for selling unregistered stock. That article got immortalized in a way that the New York *Times*, catching up on the story, gracefully noted in its headline that the Los Angeles *Times* had said it first.

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- 1 jigger of your own thing
- Squirt of lemon juice
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- Salt and pepper to taste
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have a successful party, he really ought to have successful
whisky, too.

What it takes to change a paper

Angeles itself, where the competition is not as formidable as it is in Washington, the *Times* places less emphasis on saying it first. There are eight daily newspapers and about three hundred weeklies in Los Angeles County, which Chandler calls his "marketing area," and more radio and television stations than anywhere else in the country. Further, the television news is a triumph of men's purtenances, and is probably the best of its kind in theory, the *Times* ought not to have a monopoly on the news, but in practice it does, and it spends money and people on itself to keep it this way. In ten years the news budget has risen from \$1 million to \$12 million, and the news staff has grown from 220 to more than 500 people. The significant change of all, however, is that the average age of a *Times* reporter has dropped by fifteen years. "We didn't have the staff before we could do the kind of reporting we do now," says Dick B. Williams, the editor of the *Times*, "but it usually takes new people to change a paper. We get very good ones now right out of college. Within a five-year period all our old editors and reporters retired, but even then the change was gradual. We probably didn't fully implement it until the last year or so. I'm a great admirer of the newsmagazines and of what they do, but I tell our people that we'd rather get one good story like that, or one good story that no one else is doing, and then let the routine stuff go to AP." Interpretive reporting, which is a big thing now in respectable papers, can be done in a great many ways. Donovan led the paper one morning with a story that said in the fourth paragraph: "The President and his associates, who pride themselves on administrative efficiency, have made a monstrosity of the handling of this matter. Washington has been a worse mishmash of its kind in years." One way, calling a mishmash a mishmash, the other way is to write accurately and well on the subject that newspapers ordinarily do not write about. The *Times* does this, too, and while it was not totally loved in Los Angeles, often for the best reasons, now some people love it even less. A man of the Republican State Central Committee told a friend that the *Times*, which supported Nixon and Goldwater, was really "Pravda West," a play on the name of the Soviet newspaper. Mayor Sam Yorty, whom the *Times* does not like at all, very nearly took out billboards that said: JUST BECAUSE IT APPEARS IN THE LOS ANGELES TIMES DOESN'T MEAN IT'S TRUE. Much of the reporting that gives the readers this reaction is done by William Thomas, the metropolitan editor. If Thomas trusts him," a reporter says, "he's a good, young, creative reporter go." This is the way Thomas and Thomas may let them go further and

BEGINNING OF THE PLAINS

by W. S. Merwin

On city bridges steep as hills I change countries
and this according to the promise
is the way home

where the cold has come from
with its secret baggage

in the white sky the light flickering
like the flight of a wing

nothing to be bought in the last
dim shops
before the plain begins
few shelves kept only by children
and relatives there for the holiday
who know nothing

wind without flags
marching into the city
to the rear

I recognize the first hunger
as the plains start
under my feet

longer than any city editor in the business. He once gave a shy, tense, young man called Dave Felton a tape recorder, allowed him to disappear into the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco, and then waited for him to reappear, which he did a month or so later. "Here," Felton said, dropping twenty-six pages of copy on Thomas's desk. "There's a limit to how much we can handle," Thomas said, possibly remembering that he had told Felton that twenty pages should be enough. "This is only the first part," Felton said. The story, which eventually spread itself over three pages of the newspaper, was mostly the edited tapes of conversations, and it was almost certainly the best thing ever done on the death of the hippie movement in the Haight.

"If we wanted to solve the Sharon Tate murder. I bet we could do it," Thomas says. "We have an extremely well-qualified staff. Quantity is not as important as quality, and one way you can measure the success of the paper is by the respect it now has in the most sophisticated, literate circles in town. The caliber of our reporters has improved so much that I could hire fifty good people tomorrow who have applied here for jobs." The reporters like Thomas, and they say he supports them. This is not an idle compliment on the *Times*, which sometimes runs a little scared, fretting about what the citizens think of it. It had always been a booster, but under the rules now, it sometimes knocks, and this can

make it uncomfortable. Dorothy Townsend, a reporter dispatched to Pasadena for four or five weeks, wrote a dispassionate, documented story about the problems that community was having with its schools, and about how the white folks were moving out, while the black folks were moving in. "We expected to catch hell on that story, and we did," Thomas says. After it appeared, the *Times* filled the space in which it usually carries editorials with a long letter listing all the splendid new offices and business that had come to Pasadena, and saying that the story had been used to "subjectively damage and degrade Pasadena." It was signed by a collection of men who for the most part identified themselves as members of the Chamber of Commerce, or of the committee for the Tournament of Roses. In an abject little footnote to the letter, the *Times* said the story had contained "no factual errors," but that it did not "counterbalance its focus with an adequate report on the positive factors in Pasadena's development." The *Times*, it said, "is happy to publish this letter, which emphasizes the scientific, cultural, and mercantile dynamism of the Crown City." In fact, the story had counterbalanced its focus, and scientific, cultural, and mercantile dynamism has nothing to do with the way people live, which was what the story was all about. Moreover, many of the men who signed the letter made their living by selling real estate in Pasadena, and this at least suggests something about what made them send it in the first place.

Nonetheless, the *Times* is not chicken-hearted, although as is true on most newspapers, some of the people working there do have mild seizures from time to time. When Ralph Nader said some meat-packers were dirty, the story was held up because someone in the newsroom was afraid it might upset a *Times* executive, who, after all, once had worked for Hormel. Sometimes stories that might offend, one on the legal whorehouses in Nevada, for example, just stay on an editor's desk until everyone decides that the climate is right for it, and sometimes stories that ought to be great stories, the grape strike for one, don't appear as stories at all. On the editorial page there is a small notice saying that all the things on the page do not necessarily reflect the views of the management, and this is supposed to warn everyone that the *Times*' brilliant liberal cartoonist, Paul Conrad, is speaking only for himself, although constant readers of the editorials could hardly think otherwise. In the editorials themselves, there has always been a good deal of on the one hand this, and on the other hand that, although every day above them the paper reprints its three verities, Equal Rights, Liberty Under the Law, and True Industrial Freedom, the last meaning that it doesn't like unions.

These are small things, and when the *Times* takes out after sin it can do so positively and with great pains. For nearly a year it studied zoning in Los Angeles, inquiring into how exemptions were made, and it found that members of the Board of Zoning Adjustment, all of whom were appointed, frequently overruled the recommendations made by

a civil servant. It also found that members of the board, planning commissioners, city court members, property developers, and "expeditors," many of whom can get things done for you in municipal government, frequently joined together in their own, not the city's, best interests. The *Times* looked hard at the Los Angeles Harbor Commission, where it discovered, amid a pattern of interlocking deals, that two commissioners had voted to award a \$10 million contract to a man with whom they had close connections. For these, and for other exercises in hard and grubby job of investigative reporting, the *Times* this year received the Pulitzer Prize for "disinterested and meritorious public service." It also won the hostility of Mayor Yorty, who has denounced one investigation as "a masterful mess job," another as "a legal lynching," and all the rest as inconsequential.

"They'll eliminate my name."

Although the *Times* did not implicate him in any of the stories, Yorty insists it is out to get him. "This," he says, "is a personal thing with them because I won't take orders. They once had a reporter, Carleton Williams, who would run an out of City Council meetings, giving Norman Chandler's orders, saying Norman Chandler wanted this, Norman Chandler wanted that. It was disgrace. Members were complaining. They don't do anything I do now. They don't cover City Hall. There are twenty-seven floors here, and the *Times* has one reporter assigned. I can have twenty-five hundred people at a meeting at night and a story on innovation, and not one word. They'll eliminate my name on stories about good projects I originate. They even tried to use the Police Department against me. Stuff I started, you never hear the Mayor started the investigation." Indeed, one of the Mayor's most memorable assertions, in his last campaign was that the *Times* would soon support a mad dog than Sam Yorty, and now, when he feels he is being ignored, he gets off press releases, executives of the *Times*, along with covering the stories that say something like, See, another story the *Times* missed. The Mayor is a tough man to beat, and the *Times* wishes he would go away. It is, for example, that there are twenty-seven floors in City Hall, but there isn't much on them except the Mayor and the City Council, and the *Times* doesn't cover them nicely. The *Times* once named Sam Yorty a "woman of the year" and hoped that it would mollify her husband, but it didn't, and in the last election he probably got all the best of it by saying that the *Times* was out to get him.

In time, Yorty really will go away, while the *Times* will stay on, growing bigger, and richer, and most likely even better. "I don't think there are any major holes in the product now," say Otis Chandler. "Our major concern now is one of refinement. As he talks, he looks like a man who has a picture of the future, which he certainly has."

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF NORTH LONG BEACH

got everything... The beach, the mountains, L.A., Hollywood, land. It's really great."

Long Beach, where I grew up, is one of many communities in the Los Angeles area, blending imperceptibly into one another to be neither city nor suburb. It is a community that has reached maturity and does not show its age. The period of rapid growth of the Thirties and Forties is at an end. It has been for some time. Even in the Fifties, the population increased only by about 7,000 to a total of 48,000. An area of single-family homes that has for many years seen little new construction of this sort; instead, the few remaining bungalows, as well as the backyards of existing ones, are being filled in with small apartment buildings, two or three stories high, having little character and catering to older persons, young without children, or "singles." Long Beach was never the center of whatever youth culture in California may have—if any age-group in the city received special attention and concern, it was the old folks to be found near the public shuffleboard courts—and now with the population changes, the young people are even less at the center of gravity. Long Beach has begun to change from being a young area in which child-rearing was the main life to a place out of which young couples are in search of larger or newer homes.

Twenty years ago, the area is neither new nor squalid—it combines in a way unfamiliar to Easterners a suburban life-style (single-family homes, neat gardens) with a working-class and lower-middle-class population. Driving down Atlantic Avenue from downtown Long Beach, one passes through Bixby Knolls, now, as in the past, a prosperous neighborhood bordering the Virginia Country Club and with an attractive street shopping center. North Long Beach begins abruptly as one passes under the Pacific railroad tracks and encounters, on the left side of the street, small, semidetached stucco bungalows, painted various pastel shades and decorated with a patchwork of neon signs. The street is wider than many big-city thoroughfares, and the shops are almost all one-story and together convey no clear sense of line, mass, or color. The buildings seem strangely out of scale and slightly out of place—the stores are too low for the width of the street and the muted green, beige, and pink colors do not provide a sharp contrast with the hazy, often smoggy sky. Even the low-income public housing on county land near the railroad tracks is

distinctively Southern Californian. Though built over twenty years ago, it is set back off the main street and consists of one- and two-story buildings surrounded with grass and vegetation and painted the same yellow, green, and coral shades as private housing. It is into this area that most of the few Negro families in North Long Beach have moved, though many of the tenants are still white.

David Starr Jordan Senior High School, which I attended, first appears along Atlantic Avenue like an oasis. Towering palm trees border the well-kept park adjacent to the school, and the campus itself has tall eucalyptus trees that impart a sweetly pungent smell to the walks. In my student days, it was filled with children born in the Depression. For many, the bungalows of North Long Beach were their first non-farm homes, or at least their first taste of a city of any size. Though the war had just ended and many parents had saved a good deal of money from wages earned at the Douglas aircraft plant or in the Long Beach shipyards, there was not yet much to spend it on (the new postwar cars were eagerly awaited) and little inclination to hand it over to the kids. Many people spent what they had to pay off as much as they could on their house. Accordingly, there was little exotic clothing and few expensive hobbies—surfboards, for example, cost more than anybody I knew could afford. The young people were mostly Protestant and Midwestern, and all white.

Twenty years later, the young people look very much the same, only more prosperous. They are still Protestant, but now they are Californians, not Okies, Arkies, and Missourians. By 1968 eighteen black students had entered the high school, but a majority lived outside North Long Beach. Many, indeed, were transferred to Jordan High from other schools for disciplinary reasons, a system that may not augur well for the development of friendly interracial contacts among the students.

The young people, especially the girls, are better-dressed (and I think better-looking, though I can't trust my judgment on that) than in 1948, when I graduated. But their general style is very much the same—"really" or "real" is for them, as probably for all adolescents, still the standard, all-purpose adverb ("Gee, that's real great!") and "ya know" still serves as a kind of oral punctuation ("I think, ya know, he's all right, ya know?"). Big or difficult words are still avoided, even by bright students, because they convey ostentatious intellectuality: as

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one girl told me, "In class, I've gotta talk in words of one syllable, or the guys will think I'm a kiss-up" (i.e. teacher's pet).

Names have changed, at least for the girls. It is almost as if their parents, symbolizing the greater security and prosperity they felt as compared with *their* parents, wished to bestow first names that conveyed fashion and what they took to be urbanity. In the class of 1948, my yearbook tells me, girls' names were simple, straightforward—Patricia, JoAnn, Barbara, Shirley, Mary. Though there was one Darlene and a few other "stylish" names, they were the exception. Many boys had rural names—LaVerne, Dwayne, Dwight, Verlyn, Delbert, Berl, Virgil, Floyd. In the class of 1968, the girls had blossomed out with unusual names and unusual spellings of familiar names—no fewer than eight Sharons, six Cheryls, two Marlenes, two Sherrys, two Charlenes, and one each of Melodee, Jorjana, Candy, Joy, Cherry, Nanci, Carolyn, Cyndi, and Darlene. Mary may be a grand old name, but it is no longer a very common one.

In a school where ethnic and class distinctions are either nonexistent or invisible, the social structure is organized around differences in behavior. There are distinct social groupings, complete with names, at Jordan High, though there is no agreement that they are hierarchically arranged, and little agreement as to the membership of each group. Most students, of course, belong to no particular group at all. Three that have names are the "soshes," the "surfers," and the "cruisers." "Sosh" is a word with a double meaning—perjorative for someone who is snobbish, aloof, or preoccupied with matters of dress and appearance, and descriptive for the well-dressed, personable young people who get elected to most of the student offices, are active in the clubs, and "support the school." They are great favorites of the teachers and the administrators, though they are also fearful of being thought "kiss-ups." Because the term has two meanings, no one with these attributes likes to apply it to himself, but for better or worse the obvious non-soshes use the label frequently and with respect to a clearly visible group.

"Surfers" may or may not be people who actually surf—indeed, most don't, though they all like the beach. The term applies not so much to what they do as to what they look like. Unlike the soshes, their hair is long (at the extreme, and there are a few cases at Jordan, the surfers fade into the hippies) and blond as a result of inheritance, sun, or chemicals. Compared to the soshes, they are more casual in dress and less deferential to teachers (though hardly rude). "Cruisers" (sometimes called "Northtowners") are the "rough" group oriented to automobiles and with little interest in studies. The boys wear their hair neither short (as do the soshes) nor long (as do the surfers) but in modest pompadours or otherwise waved. Their pants are tight, their shirts untidy (and, whenever they can get away with it, out of their pants), and their shoes run toward suede, sharp-toed, elevator-heel boots. Their girlfriends are called "hair girls"

because they wear wigs or have their own hair arranged in fantastic creations rising precariously almost a foot above their heads and held in place with a hair spray that must have the adhesiveness of epoxy cement. During compulsory physical education classes, all girls turn out for softball games dressed in regulation blue gym suits, signed, no doubt intentionally, so as to make Sophia Loren look like something out of *Lost May Alcott*. The hair girls will be out, towering creations waving unsteadily as they go about. A softball hit into one of those hairdos will have to be called a ground-rule double since it cannot possibly be extracted in less than half an hour.

Cruisers cruise. The accepted routes are Center Avenue and Bellflower Boulevard; the accepted cars are the ones that have been lowered, equipped with mag wheels (sometimes fake), and their interiors decorated with a tasseled fringe and a hand-painted slogan ("Midnight Hour"); the accepted driving style is slowly, with the driver slumped down in his seat until only the top of his head shows and his hand draped casually out the window. Pin-strip metallic paint, and other car fashions described by Tom Wolfe are no longer much in evidence at our high schools (partly, no doubt, because customizing has become very expensive). And, sadly, the hot rods of the 1940s, with exposed, rewound engines, straight pipes, and minimal driver compartments, are rare. Perhaps they have been taken over by adults whose nitro-methane fueled super-eliminations make a conventional hot rod look now like the once emphatically was not—kid stuff. Or perhaps one in North Long Beach knows how to make them anymore, or perhaps the parts are unavailable and perhaps no one cares.

(For the benefit of middle-aged suburbanites anxious to close the generation gap, I should mention seeing a customized Volkswagen driven by a 17-year-old cruiser. It had a lowered front end, wide racing tires on the rear, glistening paint, a dual exhaust, and the word "Hessians" written in elegant script on the rear window. The beer cans had been gilded.)

Casual observation of the campus conveys a strong impression of sameness—middle-class West Long Beach students preoccupied with social life, school activities, and class work. But the students themselves are not so uniform. There are differences where adults see similarities, and the differences might be narrow indeed on a campus that included all teen-agers in the country, though they are nonetheless important. I suspect the differences will be even more important today than twenty years ago, and that there are now fewer uniform standards of behavior and manner. For example, in 1948, standards of dress were more or less standard (simple sweaters or blouses, and white Joyce shoes for girls; jeans or cords, and T-shirts and lettermen's shirts for most boys); today, though scarcely radical, the standards of contemporary fashion, clothing, and more varied, reflecting in part the freer choices that come from prosperity and in part the emergence of more distinctive sub-groups with which students consciously identify.

regulations have always been a major issue of high school and a not infrequent cause of every action. The rules are set by a city-wide vote of students and teachers, subject to administrative approval, and revised annually. The rules define what constitutes an acceptable minimum and have been abandoned as dress lengths have changed, an inch or two ahead of the regular fashion every year. In resignation, the rule-makers have retreated into comfortable ambiguity, saying "skirts must be of reasonable length and appropriate for school wear." My close study of the subject suggests that the meaning of "reasonable" is self-evident—some skirts come almost to the knees and remain defiantly (and gloriously) at that. For the boys, clothing must "avoid anything too hairy," and hair may come down to the collar but must be kept in place, and sideburns and moustaches (but not mustaches) are all right. A few young men display a "hippie" style (thereby becoming surfers even if they don't know how to swim) but going beyond modesty is risky. As one football player and student told me, "The guys don't like hippies. One of the guys walked up to a fella with hair down to his shoulders and just hauled off and hit him. A lot of guys will say something to the hippies, challenge them, and if they answer back, they'll get rough."

One might suppose, to judge from the breathless reports given by a mass media fascinated by "youth culture," that teen-agers today thrive on individuality, independence, and fancifulness—each doing his own thing." Though this state of affairs may prevail in some places, it is not found at Long Beach, nor, I suspect, in most communities. Young people of course are always struggling to rebel against adult authority, but precisely because of that they tend to place even greater stock in the opinion of their peers. Teen-agers draw together, discovering themselves in the generalized form of each other—seeing themselves as it were, in the eyes of their friends. It is not surprising that their life tends to be one of conformity in manners and dress, but that they are heterogeneous at all.

The chief social values of the young people to whom I spoke (and whom I remember from twenty years ago) are friendliness and, above all, "being a front." Anything smacking of a pose, a "front," or "business" is hotly rejected. The emphasis is on Youth Culture on love, honesty, communication. Intense self-expression are not reactions to traditional youth values, but only extreme expressions of these values. Affluence, freedom, and social change produce more exaggerated expressions of the enduring concerns of young people (or that matter, most people) than a repudiation of those concerns. Of course, to a true hippie, a political radical, the Jordan High School is at best a square—the embodiment of traditionalism, and middle-class preoccupation with property, dating, and boosterism. Though in

behavior and ideology the hippie and the square could not be more different, the animating impulse in both cases is similar—a deep concern with honesty in personal relations. For the "square," honesty is simply not as complex a value as for others.

Among surfer and sosh alike, as well as among the mass of unaffiliated students, the strongest criticism voiced about the behavior or attitude of others is that it seemed "snobbish" or "phony" or that the individual was part of a "clique." The most popular students are not those one might imagine if one remembers the Hollywood musical comedies about campus life; they are not the socially aggressive "big men on campus." They are instead rather quiet persons who are socially at ease but who also embody in greatest degree the quality of being "sincere." The student-body president said little in meetings I attended of student leaders, but when he spoke, he was listened to respectfully—perhaps precisely because he did not chatter or try to be a wise guy and because he seemed to think carefully about what he wanted to say, and when he spoke he was neither flustered nor bombastic.

Still, I detect sharper cleavages among the social groupings of the students, sharper, that is, than I would have expected knowing merely that young people seek to find a place where they can belong and a circle they can join. I think that one new factor, almost unknown to my generation of students, helps explain these wider distinctions—drugs. There is no doubt whatever that at Jordan, as (according to the police) at all Long Beach high schools, illegal drugs (marijuana, barbiturates, amphetamines) are widely used. During the fall semester preceding my arrival on campus, twenty-six drug cases came to the attention of the school authorities. Every student I spoke to knew of persons who used drugs. Several implied (without quite admitting) that they had used them, two or three told me they could make a purchase for me "within the hour" if I wanted. (I did not.)

Students were concerned about this and aware that certain social groupings were heavily populated with "dopies." (The term connotes more than it should. No one believes there are any addicts, or users of physiologically addicting drugs, among the students; drugs—"reds" and "whites"—are used much like alcohol, on weekends and at parties and occasionally at school.) Many kids are worried about drugs because of fears over health or acquiring a police record, and leery of groups or parties where the dopies gather. For the city as a whole, police arrests of juveniles in cases involving marijuana increased between 1962 and 1968 from 18 to 186; cases involving pills rose from 12 to over 650. For a student, being a user—or worse, being caught as a user—intensifies normal social cleavages.

For some boys, athletics is seen not only as fun but as an absorbing activity that increases one's chances of staying away from a social life involving dopies. One player told me that "if it hadn't been for football" he probably "would have wound up where the guys I used to hang around with are"—in trouble with the school and the police. On the

"The most popular students . . . are not the socially aggressive 'big men on cam-

other hand, the same young people reject as "phony" many of the materials they see in class designed to warn them of the dangers of drug use. One complained that "The stuff they show you in those movies about dirty old men hanging around school trying to push dope—that's all pretty stupid, that's not the way it is at all. Anybody who wants to buy drugs can get them easy."

Perhaps because social groupings are more sharply defined, perhaps for other reasons, most students complained that there was not enough "school spirit" and that many of the formal student organizations were "meaningless" or ineffective. "Nobody cares about the school," one girl said. "There are no cheers at the pep assemblies." Many students think student government is a "waste of time" (only a third of the students voted in the last election), and most of those in student government worry about the same thing—organizations seem weak, "spirit" is flagging.

If the football team could have a winning season, this all might change, but it has not for some time. mainly, it appears, because it is playing over its head in a league composed of several larger schools with more and bigger talent to draw on. But nobody is convinced that a losing record in football is the whole reason. One girl (labeled by others a surfer though she herself, as everybody else, refused to accept any label) said that students want to be "more individual" not "try to act just like the soshes," but then complained of the absence of school spirit. I asked her whether more intense individualism was incompatible with school spirit: she puzzled over it a moment and then said she guessed that was right.

The formal student organizations cut across the informal social groupings, and that may be one reason for their weakness. More than thirty clubs exist in a student body of 2,200, chiefly to serve social, vocational, or hobby interests. The Shutterbugs enjoy camera, the Rooks play chess, the Thespians participate in drama, the Girls' Rifle Team does whatever girls do with rifles. There are chapters of Future Teachers of America and Future Medical Leaders of America. Music produces the most organizations, partly because many grow directly out of elective classes—the Concert Band, the Orchestra, the Marching Band, the Military Band, the String Quartet, A Capella, the Girls' Choir, the Mixed Chorus, the Choraliers, the Straw Hatters. An important way in which the community reaches into the school is through the sponsorship of student organizations by business and civic associations—the Kiwanis sponsors the Key Club, Rotary sponsors Interact.

Because the formal organizations crosscut, rather than coincide with, informal groupings, their vitality is compromised (except those which pursue a clear activity, such as the music organizations). Social organizations are not, and under school rules cannot be, exclusive as to membership, and thus a number of unofficial, "secret" organizations flour-

ish. These are mainly fraternities and societies that have no (and want no) approved advisor, and thus are illegal. The administrative bodies gles against them, but with little success. They differ as to the importance of the secret traditions; some members feel they have derived in recent years but all members compare the favorably to the official clubs with open membership, hazing, adult sponsors and, thus, no fun.

One official organization that has both a number of followers and considerable role in Campus Life, a quasi-religious group but not members of the Youth for Christ movement, holds a number of dances during the year. In addition has education programs featuring, for example, films about LSD or other controversial subjects. The popularity of Campus Life is one indication of an enduring feature of California and school—the extraordinary importance of churches. The area from the first had many front Protestant sects and the more successful of these have become large, active organizations. The local Brethren church, for example, has a physical plant, including a school, and runs a number of well-attended youth activities. Moravian decades have accounted for a sizable fraction of the student population, and Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians are also numerous. It is difficult to assess the religious significance of the strong, clear church affiliations, but their social and institutional importance are unmistakable.

The most striking aspect of organizational life, however, is the complete absence of any group devoted to questions of public policy, world affairs, or community issues. Only one club, Cosmo Club, touches matters external to the school (it organizes and raises money for an exchange-student program that brings one foreign student to campus each year and sends one Jordanite abroad). Two decades ago, in the years of slow growth and optimism following the second world war, the World Friendship Club was an active organization sponsoring an annual World Friendship International meeting regularly to study international events. It had a heavy emphasis, as I recall, on the Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek and especially on the views of Madame Chiang. Neither the club nor the day remains, and no new policy area has generated any substitutes.

I asked various groups of students whether they had any other concerns other than personal or campus matters, but other than one boy who mentioned the draft, I got no clear answers. To be sure, I had asked them whether they were interested in, say, civil rights or the Vietnam war, many have said they were. And most issues of the day are discussed, often heatedly, in their classes. What is impressive is that no general question couched in broad terms, elicited any strong or active, spontaneous concern. The issues they did volunteer were wholly campus-oriented. When the students had argued with the principal on the date of the senior prom, there was some indignation about a fence that had been erected between

the adjacent park (not, it seems to keep but to keep "undesirables" out), and laments about the tight control the administrator believed to exercise over the contents of the student newspaper. Some students noted that another high school in the city had a student newspaper but almost in the same way they did not like the recent efforts of a group of older men, perhaps college students, to publish such a paper on the Jordan campus.

Of "aroused" youth preoccupied with the "new," why should the young people of Long Beach be neither aroused nor relevant? It is too easy, to think of explanations, some of which are not none convincing. The students are "Wasps," they are Wasps, they live in a "sheltered community," there are few Jewish students in Long Beach. North Long Beach is not a "central" area; all are part of Southern California and just another crop of young backslashers." They curse their parents were not radical; no student could be a "red diaper baby." Some students, especially the last one, have partial views but none satisfies me. What is perhaps the most important, none would even be intelligible to the students described. To them, almost every student is middle-class; extremes of wealth or poverty are beyond their experience. Some may know what the term means, but the term is still an Eastern idiom largely marketed in the East. Long Beach is neither sheltered nor "non-central"—to them it is highly "central." ("We've got everything here," one said. "The beach, the mountains, Hollywood, Disneyland. It's really perfect for the idea that families have a traditional liberalism or radicalism, they can scarcely do without it. And they would be embarrassed to hear me speak of the influence of Jewish culture on the area—it's 'not nice' to speak of a person's background; you 'shouldn't generalize' about other groups and besides the Jews are supposed to be different from everyone else.

The most important fact about these students is their age, their class, ethnicity, religion, or location: the most important thing about them is their age. They are sixteen years old, give or take a year or two. They are coming to grips with problems of sex, career, and adult authority. Their reactions to these central concerns produce the social behavior we see—the sashes, with their ready acceptance of adult values, especially the virtues of neatness, neighborliness; the cruising, their rejection of those values, their open pursuit of girls as objects of conquest, their conduct studies that signifies either rebellion or conformity; the surfers, who are reevaluating longstanding judgments, and above all their ambivalence toward commitment to the adult world or rejection of values of individuality, which they prize. When one is sixteen, the larger world does not touch one, except in crisis or because the parents make involvement in that world

a central adult value. In a profound sense, community or world issues are irrelevant to the focal concerns of the students, and not vice versa.

Now, as when I was in that world, young people have great natural idealism, but the objects of that idealism are principally personal relations (friendship, the team, the "crush") or else distant and lofty goals (religiosity, human brotherhood in some ultimate sense, world peace). There is rarely any middle ground (again, except when circumstances provide it) of public policy toward which one acts or about which one thinks with much intensity. When an issue from the middle range intrudes, an effort is made to translate it into simpler human values. One student leader spoke critically of the demonstrations on college campuses because they showed a "lack of respect for other people"; another (in a classroom discussion) was critical of de Gaulle's policies toward the United States because he had displayed neither gratitude nor fairness; a third, in a class report on pornography, concluded that censorship wouldn't work but that we must be careful, as parents, to inculcate "the right moral values" in our children.

There is less aversion to classroom discussion of controversial issues than when I attended Jordan but the same tendency to evaluate or resolve those issues by reaffirming traditional values. It would have been most unlikely that, twenty years ago, a girl would have given an illustrated report on pornography, much less gather material for that report by attending (with her brother) a skin flick and patronizing a downtown dirty book store. Had the discussion occurred, the boys in the back of the room would have nervously snickered over the (rather mild) illustrations and concluded that the girl must not be "nice" and thus fair game. There were no snickers, nervous or otherwise, the discussion was matter-of-fact (and rather quickly branched off to include student use of marijuana and drugs), and the girl was obviously "nice." The teacher played almost no role in the uninhibited discussion that followed but despite this, a general agreement on the importance of morality and family training was quickly reached. At this point, several girls spoke disapprovingly of the looseness of the "younger generation," by which they meant their ten-year-old kid brothers. "They are learning too much, too soon," one said. "You'd be amazed at the words and things they know *already*! It wasn't like that for *me*."

The one major issue that has touched their lives, and that they speak about frequently though still in guarded tones, is race. No Negroes attended Jordan when I was a student there and scarcely any lived in the area. Though Compton, which is two-thirds black, is just across the city line and Watts not far away, almost no Negro families have yet moved into North Long Beach—apparently, because no one has been willing to sell to them. In time, that line will break (there is a great deal of housing in the area within the buying power of the

"The one major issue that has touched their lives, and that they speak about frequently though still in guarded tones, is race."

blacks) and Jordan High School will face what for it will be a crisis, unless the district lines are redrawn. (Such a strategy is conceivable, since a new freeway now under construction runs east and west across North Long Beach just south of the Compton line, thereby providing a "natural" barrier to immigration.)

The young whites with whom I spoke are obviously torn between two standards which they think ought to be consistent but which, when applied to what they see as the "Negro problem," produce incompatible judgments. One is that people ought to be judged as individuals, fairly, and without regard to skin color; the other is that people ought to have a common standard of behavior, and in the adolescent world this includes not being ostentatiously cliquish and not occupying a place of special favor in the adult-managed authority system (not, as they put it, being able to "get away with something" by reason of privilege rather than cunning). The two standards are familiar enough—liberty and equality—and the tension between them gives rise to the same problems for young people as for older ones.

The Jordan High whites spoke approvingly of a few Negroes whose behavior did not produce any dilemmas—who could be judged as individuals *because* they were "like everybody else." Liberty tended toward equality in these cases, and the Negroes involved were singled out for special praise: "he is real boss," "one of the guys," he "goes around with a bunch of white guys." They spoke critically of others who were a "clique" and "got away with murder" because "the teachers are afraid to do anything about it." One white claimed she had seen a Negro girl "crowd in line in the cafeteria and a teacher who saw it just stood there." A boy said he thought some of the Negroes had stolen ballots in the student-body election, again without penalty. "If you say anything to them, they say you're picking on them because they're black."

Them. When the standard of equality is violated (in white eyes), the violators are set apart as outside the school's social system and given a collective label. Soshes, surfers, and cruisers all resist and resent the labels given them and struggle to show that they do not really fit, each person insisting that he is "an individual" (valuing liberty but unwilling to accept its price, which is inequality—at least in the mind of the beholder). But the blacks, being black, cannot escape or argue about the collective label and with growing race pride they now understandably flaunt it.

It would be easy to stigmatize the racial views of these white youngsters by putting in their mouths a phrase I never heard them use, perhaps because they are aware that it has become a symbol of complacent bigotry—"some of my best friends are Negroes." Whatever they may become as adults, few are now complacent bigots by any means—their sense of fair play is much too strong for that precisely, I would argue, because they are adolescents. When a Negro did act like "one of the guys," there was no visible resistance or resentment. At a Friday

night dance at the Canteen, a popular youth center run by the city Recreation Department and located in the park next to the school, I saw two Negro school boys dancing with white girls. Not a word of any attention. I asked one of the more conspicuous students (he had told me earlier of his own "disrespectful" attitude of college students who "rioted and demonstrated" at their campuses) if anybody cared about the interracial dancing and he said, in some surprise, "No, they're good guys." He then said that the previous year a Negro had married a white girl after graduation and that it had been "no fuss." A Canteen official said that she hadn't been any racial problems with the young people but that she imagined some of the teachers (whom she thought "less honest" than the children) might be upset.

With the growth in numbers of black students at the school, it will be increasingly difficult to get many blacks to be "one of the guys" in the society or for the whites to continue to apply individual tests of worth in the face of increasing collective differences. One white girl who liked a Negro boy and was seen with him frequently on campus reported growing undercurrents of racism from both blacks and whites.

When I asked some white student leader if there was anything they thought should be done about the Negro students, they strongly reassessed the value of equal treatment. "Everybody should be treated the same," "no special favors," "the rules ought to apply to everybody equally" were common views. Teachers and administrators were criticized sharply for not (in the students' opinion) acting this way. They were "afraid" to enforce rules on the blacks, students said. If Negroes stayed together, it was because of "self-segregation" (Some students dissented, however. One student told me afterwards and said he thought Negroes needed extra help and "some breaks" but he himself didn't feel he could push this view too hard in public discussion.) The administrators, officials had a more complicated view of the situation, concerned as they were about avoiding friction, forestalling an incident, but what to school officials may have been prudence was to the students inequity.

Such racial tension as exists, however, is at a low level. Most of the black students live outside the school attendance area, and thus there is little school contact. Nor are there many community problems that would provide fuel for racialization—there are no teen-age gangs, delinquency (in police eyes) no more than what might be expected in a middle-class area, and church and civic organizations are influential. It is an area of almost normal wholesomeness.

The social life of Jordan students remains much as it was twenty years ago. The most important events are the Friday night dances at the Canteen at which four or five hundred boys and girls regularly turn out to enjoy bands picked by the school.

f the Canteen; as always, far more girls are interested in actually dancing. On night, there are movies, perhaps a church rousing," working at the Kentucky Colonel icken shop, or hanging around the A&W r stand. A big date means a trip to Mel- or Disneyland or occasionally to the Shrine ck show. The "secret" fraternities and s will have an annual dance at the Elks a nearby veterans' hall. Parties at homes ommon than formerly, apparently, as one because the "boys get too wild and wreck e or steal things." During Easter Week, h access to cars (and a little money) will Palm Springs or Balboa; during the s vacation, many go to Big Bear in the as.

exual revolution like "youth culture" has the radical effect its middle-aged chron- and admirers) sometimes suggest. Teachers nselors with many years' experience at ind no evidence of a dramatic increase in al sex but a good deal more candor about ually does occur. An unmarried girl who nant used to be whisked off, in shame, to tant relative to have the baby; now, she is stay in town and be given a shower by her The chief restraints on libertinism remain y have always been—the conflict between esire for action and a girl's quest for com- together with each other's fears of rejec- embarrassment.

opportunities that money and automobiles posed to have provided adolescents gener- e long since been available in Southern ia. The perimeter of youthful social life— od to the north, Big Bear and Palm Springs st, Balboa to the south—is far-flung, but it ays been so, and there is therefore little newfound freedom or heavy "experiences." like children in European families who familiar with wine. Southern California rs take their environmental stimulants uch for granted.

n that perimeter, they are highly mobile. world beyond is still known primarily by Other than those young people who make er pilgrimage back to their grandparents' Kansas, Missouri, or Iowa, very few Jor- lents know anything at all of the East and ttle of the urban Midwest. Students fre- asked me "what's it like" at Harvard, or in gland. I asked them what they thought it e, and they said that New England was old" and Harvard has a lot of "rich snobs : big brains." I tried to assure them that temperatures do not preclude all forms of t Harvard students are on the whole not h, and those who are rarely are very smart, ould see in the eyes of my questioners that I could say would dispel the mystery of the

dy I spoke to knew anyone who had gone college in the East and no one intended to

go himself. A survey of Jordan's class of 1968 showed that 52 per cent had gone on to college full or part time, but the vast majority of these (over 80 per cent) attended the two-year Long Beach City College and a large but unknown proportion dropped out in their first year. The record college enrollments around the country, and especially in California, conceal the fact that for most students their formal education ends with high school or within a year or two after graduation. Very few (only about 7 per cent at Jordan) go directly on to a four-year college or university; most go to tax-supported institutions located in the immediate area.

Even though California State College at Long Beach, a four-year school, is located just a few miles from the Jordan campus, very few seniors (perhaps 16 out of over 700) go even that far away. One reason is transportation—even a few miles in Southern California, given the state of public transportation, is a big distance if one doesn't have a car (Cal State has very few dormitories). But the more important reasons are probably social and cultural—Cal State is a big place (over 25,000 students), it is "overcrowded" with large classes, and there are a lot of "weird" people there (during my visit, it was convulsed by a conflict over a black-studies program). City College, by contrast, is nearby, familiar, and attended by all one's friends. As one girl said, "It's like a high school with ashtrays."

Cost is also a factor. Jordan students are keenly aware that their parents can't afford everything and probably can't afford even the cost of UCLA, much less a private school. Jordan has its share of bright students (one represented Southern California at a youth science conference in Chicago) and some of these will get scholarships, but most will think wistfully that while it might be nice to go to UCLA or Santa Barbara it is easier to enroll in LBCC. Even among the "academically talented" members of the class of '68 included in the survey, the furthest east one had gone was to the University of Redlands—seventy miles away.

Jordan High School, like North Long Beach, has not changed in any fundamental way. New buildings of green and pink stucco have replaced the wooden bungalows in which I attended class, but the social structure and the values of the people are essentially the same, modified, perhaps, by the influence of higher incomes and the settled sense of being a "Californian" rather than a migrant. So striking is the continuity one finds in North Long Beach that one is tempted to describe it under a pseudonym, and then let the reader guess where it is actually located. Many will suppose, even as I might have supposed, that it is an isolated backwater of the nation—a small town in Iowa, perhaps, or a suburb of Omaha. But it is not: it is near the center of one of the most populous, affluent, mobile, media-conscious areas in the United States, part of a state where Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy met head-on in a bitter, closely watched pri-

"Big or difficult words are still avoided, even by bright students, because they convey ostentatious intellectuality."

mary election, and very near the place where, in August of 1965, the "black revolt" is thought to have begun. At one nearby university, two Black Panthers were recently shot and killed; at two others, a fraction of the student body has been in open revolt.

The Jordan students are aware of the turmoil but not seized by it. How it has affected them will probably not be apparent for years. Already, of course, the older teachers lament that the "work ethic" has been eroded: "They just don't seem to work as hard in class as they used to," one told me. "There's no real discipline problem, but it seems as if they want to be entertained more, they want to know what they'll get out of it if they do an assignment." Another veteran teacher agreed, but thought the reason was not in broad social changes or in student values, but in the school itself: "Increasingly, the emphasis here is on college preparation, but when you get right down to how many actually go to a four-year college, the answer is, damned few. For the rest, we're not preparing them for much of anything. Some shouldn't even be here—they ought to be out learning a trade, but the law says we have to keep them here until they're sixteen."

It is hard to evaluate such comments. Men in their fifties are bound to see young people somewhat differently than the same men in their thirties. At the end of one's career, students may not seem as bright, or as hard-working, or as exciting as they did when one first started teaching. But there is another possibility: the great increase in the proportion of students going on to college, even if only to City College, as a result of both parental pressure and their own assessment of career needs, has undoubtedly placed great strains on the normal social processes of the high school. The new definition of success—college and a "good" job, rather than immediate marriage and a "any" job—represents simultaneously a school norm, an adult expectation, and an adolescent hope. The normal (and normally minor) symptoms of youthful rebellion against those adult expectations that seem excessive, unreal, or unrelated to their own needs and opportunities may have been intensified by these newer and more demanding expectations which have made high school seem less "fun," less responsive to adolescent interests, and more a system to be beaten by doing what is necessary but doing it without zeal. Even the elusive school spirit that students find so lacking may be in part the victim of a process that has made the high school less an end in itself and more a means to a larger and more equivocal end: career success.

Underlying the continuity of manner and style, there may thus be deeper changes at work. But it is unlikely they arise from what, in our intense preoccupation with the immediate crises of race and peace, we imagine—not from the issues and fashions of the moment, but from a fundamental restructuring of the ways in which one enters society and the labor force, and thus of ways in which one grows up. □

THE HEN FLOWER by Galway Kinnell

1

We insomniacs, sprawled
on our faces in the spring nights, teeth
biting down
on hen feathers, bits of the hen
still stuck in their crevices—if only
we could let ourselves go
like her, throw ourselves
on the mercy of darkness, like the hen,

tuck our head
under our wing and hold ourselves still
a few moments, as she
goes off into her little trance in the witch gra
or turn
over and be stroked with a finger
down the throat feathers,
the throat knuckles, down
the hum of the wishbone
tuning its high D in thin blood,
down the breast
bone risen up out of breast flesh, until the fat a
thing woozes off like a mystic, head
thrown back
on the chopping block, longing only
to die.

2

When the axe
scented wind flourishes about her
her cheeks crush in.
her comb
grays, the gizzard
that turns the thousand acidic millstones of h
convulses, ready or not
the next egg,
bobbling its globe of golden earth,
skids forth, ridding her even
of the life to come.

3

Almost high
on subsided gravity I remain afoot,
a hen flower
dangling from a hand,
wing
of my wing,
of my bones and veins,
of my flesh
hairs lifting all over me in the first
ghostly breeze after death,

only to fly—unable
rite out the sorrows of being unable
old another in one's arms—and yet unable
y.
waiting therefore
the sweet, eventual blaze in the genes
one day, according to gospel, shall carry it up
pink skies, where geese cross
ilight, honking
ongues.

4
ve looked by corpse-light
the opened cadaver
en, I have seen
mass of tiny, unborn
s, each getting tinier
yellower as they reach back
ard the icy pulp
what is, I have felt the zero
izing itself around the finger dipped slowly in.

5
en the Northern Lights
e opening across the black sky
vanishing, lighting
mselves up so completely
y were vanishing, I put
ny eye the lucent
tion of the speal-bone of a ram.
ought suddenly I could read
cosmos
lling itself, the huge broken letters
ddering across the black sky and vanishing,

and in a moment,
in the twinkling of an eye,
it came to me
the mockingbird would cry all night the cry of the rifle,
the tree would lift the bones of the sniper who chose not to climb down,
the rose would bloom no one would see it,
the salamander longing to be changed would remain the color of blood,

and I went up
to the henhouse, and took
up the hen killed by a weasel
and lugged the sucked
carcass into first light, and when I hoisted her up
among the young pines, a last
rubbery egg slipping out as I flung her high, didn't it happen
the dead
wings creaked open as she soared
across the arms of the Bear?

6
Sprawled face down, waiting
for the rooster to groan out
it is the empty morning, as he groaned out thrice
for the disciple
of stone,
he who crushed with his heel the brain out of the snake,

I remember long ago I sowed
the first milk
tooth under feathers, I planted under feathers
the hook
of the wishbone, that broke itself so lovingly toward me.

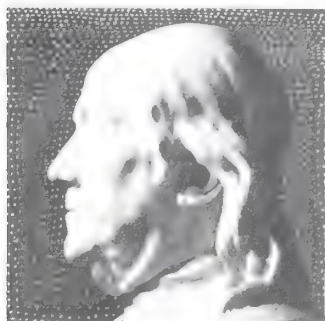
For the future.

It has come to this.

7
Listen, Kinnell, dumped
alive and dying into the old sway bed, a layer
of crushed
feathers all that there is between
you
and the long
shaft of darkness shaped as you,
let go.

Even this haunted room
all its materials photographed with tragedy,
even the tiny crucifix drifting face down at the center of the earth.
on these feathers liberated from their wings forever
aid.

The Saturday Evening POST



FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benjamin Franklin

The Saturday Evening Post



FOUNDED IN 1969 BY

Otto Friedrich

**"I AM MARTY ACKERMAN.
I AM THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD
AND I AM VERY RICH.**

**I HOPE TO MAKE
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING
COMPANY RICH AGAIN."**

by Otto Friedrich

Strong old things sometimes take a long time to die. Old men defy cancer, old houses withstand termites and rot, and old trees keep sending out green shoots from the sockets of branches that have been torn away by the wind. And so it happened that America's oldest magazine, which traced its origins back to a periodical founded by Ben Franklin in 1728, fought its way into the 1960s. *The Saturday Evening Post* had faced extinction more than once, but its deep roots in the national traditions had always brought it the strength to survive.

And yet old things do die. By the time this decade opened, powerful business interests, controlling millions of dollars in advertising, had begun to lose faith in a magazine that they now considered old-fashioned, out-of-touch. The aged owners of the Curtis Publishing Company responded with a frantic search for novelty. They abdicated their powers to new executives, and all the Curtis magazines

started hiring new editors. But the newcomers turned on each other in a power struggle that pushed the corporation toward the abyss.

In the spring of 1968, the fall into that abyss was almost inevitable. Despite several years of cutting and retrenchment, Curtis President J. J. Clifford found himself unable to pay the debts to bank creditors. At that point, a virtually unknown thirty-six-year-old entrepreneur named Martin Ackerman, president of a photo-processing company called Perfect Film & Chemical, offered to buy up \$5 million if he could become the president of Curtis. And so we began the last, desperate year of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

I had joined the *Post* during one of the first waves of renovation in 1962, and within three years I had become the managing editor, second in command under the editor, Bill Emerson. It was an admirable vantage point from which to observe the death throes of a grand and historic enterprise.

"We'll get all the money we need."

At seven o'clock on May 2, 1968, I found myself hopelessly lost somewhere in the thickly studded corridors of the New York Hilton Hotel, waiting for Martin S. Ackerman.

It had been barely a week since his election as president of the Curtis Publishing Company, and he had already begun receiving a stream of cheer-messages from our new chief executive. One said, "Martin S. Ackerman . . . cordially invites you to join him for cocktails and buffet supper. . . ." The invitation, which had been sent to every Curtis employee in New York, some four hundred people in all, announced the meeting place as the Hilton's Trianon Ballroom. And now, having presented myself at the Trianon Ballroom, and having found it crowded with bankers with badges on their lapels, I was lost. The corridors were full of waiters, delegates, wandering tourists, but nobody had ever heard of either Martin S. Ackerman or the Curtis Publishing Company. I asked an official-looking person for information and was directed to another ballroom, where I found myself at a reunion of Niagara University. I asked another official-looking person for information and was directed to still another ballroom, and here, finally, I began to recognize some of the people milling around in nervous clusters, clutching at their drinks. It was a gigantic place, with a stage at one end, a balcony above, and a buffet table that measured not less than thirty feet across. The table was loaded with the customary treasures of hotel buffets—roast turkey, potato salad, cold cuts, chicken salad, cole slaw, and so on—all of this surmounted by a gigantic wreath of the sort that used to be called, when laid on gangsters' graves, a funeral tribute."

After an hour or so of eating and chattering, we became abruptly aware of irritable static from a microphone at the left side of the stage. There, at a podium, stood a small, dark figure, fidgeting with the microphone, impatient to speak. "Good evening," he said as we put down our coffee cups and fell into silence. "I am Marty Ackerman. I am fifty-six years old and I am very rich. I hope to make the Curtis Publishing Company rich again." The first of his opening statements were the two main elements of the Ackerman creed. The first was a guileless, almost childlike belief in the mesmeric powers of his own self. "I am Marty Ackerman"—the words were intended not for his benefit but for ours, a trumpet call of leadership in those dark times. The second element was the equally guileless, equally childlike belief in the mesmeric powers of money, not root not of all evil but of all good. To be rich—was that what everyone wanted, wasn't it? And that was the goal toward which Marty Ackerman would lead us.

He began by reassuring us that he approved of "One of the greatest assets of any corporation," he said, "is its people. You, the employees." The crowd stirred in pleasure. No previous president of the company had ever invited us all to dinner at the Hilton

ballroom: no previous president had ever praised us as a corporate asset. But we were truly an asset to the company, he continued, only if we all thought in terms of the good of the company. He had once hired a psychological testing firm to check on what his employees were thinking about, and "it turned out that they were thinking about themselves." This was not right. "There cannot be one good Curtis magazine and one bad Curtis magazine, one successful division and one unsuccessful division. Every Curtis magazine must be good. Every division must be successful."

Obviously, this was only an introduction. As Ackerman began to discuss the problems confronting the company, it became apparent that we were not going to hear only praises and promises. "This company has been without leadership," he said. "The editors have talent, but they need leadership. The printing division is working hard, but it needs leadership. Now, good intentions are fine, but if I just listened to people's good intentions, I'd be very poor instead of very rich. In addition to good intentions, we must have *performance*. If the circulation people can't get the right circulation for us, then they aren't doing their jobs. And an editor who can't write so that people can understand him isn't a good editor. So the people who can do the job will get the job, and they will get rich. People who can't do the job will go. And decisions are going to be made. They will be hard, and you may not agree with all of them, but decisions will be made. And on balance, there will be more right decisions than wrong ones."

Life would be difficult, then, but it would not be without a purpose. "I'm ninety-eight per cent certain that we'll continue publishing the *Post*," Ackerman said—and for the first time, the threatened employees applauded their new leader. "It may not necessarily be in its present form or size," he warned, "but it will continue. I met this afternoon with the First National Bank of Boston, and they assured me that we'll get all the money we need. Now I have promised them that this money won't just go down the tube, and they know me well enough to know that when I say it won't go down the tube, then it *won't go down the tube*. But I can tell you that *money is not going to be a problem*."

The applause was moderate—not grudging, not hostile, just moderate. We had been promised that the *Post* would continue, and that more money would be available, but the promises had been so interspersed with threats and warnings that the prospect before us seemed rather ambiguous. And then, when we thought the ceremony was over, we heard a new voice at the microphone, and we looked up, and there was G. B. McCombs, a senior vice president in the regime that Ackerman had deposed, now pleading the cause of his new master. "I've only known Marty Ackerman a few days," said G. B., "but I can tell you that he's a great guy, and he's going to do a great job, so let's give him another hand." There was another round of applause, but still moderate, and then we heard low voices commanding us: "Up! Up!" We looked around and

saw a number of advertising salesmen, who are responsive to such things, lurching to their feet. Ultimately, with some more urging, about two-thirds of Marty Ackerman's new employees rose and gave him what he might have considered a standing ovation.

One of the striking things about Martin S. Ackerman was his total obscurity. Not only the employees but many of the top executives at Curtis knew nothing whatever about him. And wherever we called for more information, we could find almost nobody who had ever heard of him. Ackerman's passionate love of personal publicity soon changed all that. We had rarely heard any Curtis official stage so many press conferences, grant so many interviews, speak so volubly to the bemused press. The campaign reached its climax on August 23, when Ackerman reached one of the supreme heights for an American businessman, a lead article about himself on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*. MARTY IN ACTION, said the headline. "Aggressive but Likeable Tycoon Applies Tough Techniques at Curtis..." In that same story, he also gained one of the supreme rewards for an ambitious young man—the *Journal* had interviewed his mother.

Mrs. Louis Ackerman, of Rochester, New York, viewed him, as mothers generally do, as a humanitarian. Once, she recalled, a high-school boy had to stand shivering on a bridge all day for the sake of some fraternity hazing, and young Marty had run home to get his mother to make a thermos of cocoa for the victim. Mrs. Ackerman thought it understandable that her son should eventually become an executive in the field of film processing, since he had once had a two-dollar Brownie and "took a lot of pictures and developed them in the cellar." He also saved his weekly allowance of twenty-five cents. Mrs. Ackerman reported further that her son had political aspirations and had once been president of his senior class in high school. The *Wall Street Journal* delicately inquired whether young Marty might some day become President of the United States, and it delightedly quoted her answer: "I don't know—he's Jewish, you know."

The Ackermans appear to have been a closely knit family, of moderate means. Ackerman went to Rochester's Ben Franklin High School, a name not without future significance, and he took pride in the fact that he went through the University of Syracuse in only two and a half years, and then won a scholarship to Rutgers, where he emerged with a Bachelor of Laws degree in 1956.

As a lawyer, Ackerman soon went to New York, where he worked for a year at Louis Nizer's firm of Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin, Krim & Ballon, then at the firm of Rubin & Rubin, which specialized in corporate acquisitions and securities regulations. In 1961, he established his own practice, engaging in corporate work for other firms. "I did very, very well," he said. In 1962, he became a partner in Cooper, Ostrin, DeVarco & Ackerman, another

specialist in corporate mergers and acquisitions. That same year he decided to go into business for himself.

After investigating various possibilities, he selected a small and unhappy company named Perfect Photo Inc., a collection of small photo-finishing stores that had never been properly integrated. In fiscal 1962, it earned only \$401,000 on sales of \$21.2 million. "When the market soured in 1961," said one of Ackerman's aides, "the owners wanted out." Ackerman and some associates bought 300,000 shares, a 21 per cent interest and sufficient to effect a take-over, at a price of \$4, as compared to the market price of \$6.38. Ackerman himself bought 50,000 shares and took charge, cutting costs, combining expenses. (Ackerman later moved the company to the Long Island suburb of Manhasset, near his own home in Roslyn.)

Ackerman's labors failed to solve the company's problems, however, and so he looked for a solution through merger. He thought he saw it in the United Whelan Corporation, the drugstore chain. Once he had maneuvered into control of United Whelan, he began to apply the Ackerman technique—basically the same technique by which men like James L. Buckley and Charles Bluhdorn were building the great conglomerates—a dismantling of the acquired corporation, a reintegration of its profitable parts, and the sale or liquidation of the unprofitable ones. In the case of Whelan, Ackerman sold the company's 1,500 stores, used the money to buy Hudson's Bay National Inc. and Equality Plastics Inc., and merged all four companies into a new firm named Perfect Film & Chemical. By the time Ackerman undertook his Curtis adventure, he had turned Perfect into an enterprise that grossed \$58 million a year, netted a profit of \$2.5 million, paid its president a prodigious salary of \$200,000, and ran virtually on itself.

Even before he came to Curtis, Ackerman enjoyed roving far from Long Island to pursue various business opportunities. The most bizarre of these was an enterprise called Cemetery of America, owner of five cemeteries in Kansas in which Ackerman was a major stockholder from 1960 to 1963. This enabled *The Gallagher Report*, a gossipy Madison Avenue newsletter, to give Ackerman with a nickname, "Mortician Man," and to predict that his only function at Curtis would be to bury the cadaver of the corporation. On a more cheerful note, Ackerman took a proprietary interest in two bank reorganizations. "I became intimately involved in those two deals that I decided I wanted to own a bank myself," Ackerman said. He therefore bought two small banks on the West Coast and combined them into the Republic National Bank of California. "This is for my kids," he said. "It's an investment for the future. You know my philosophy is that you shouldn't be the owner of a bank unless you don't need anything."

At some point early in 1968, Marty Ackerman's insatiable curiosity led him to the Curtis Publishing Company. The reasons for his interest are not wholly clear. Ackerman himself usually explained



move in terms worthy of a Chamber of Commerce: "I felt I could make a contribution." Unsympathetic observers have been more cynical, attributing Ackerman's maneuvers to a desire for prestige and publicity. At one point, Ackerman claimed that he had had a lifelong interest in magazines. "I've always been a prolific magazine reader right from the time I was in high school," he said. "I read every magazine I can get my hands on. On Saturday mornings I go out and buy up worth of magazines at retail. I get everything from analyst journals to women's magazines. You name it, I read it." But then, as though this did not sound amateurish and ridiculous, Ackerman contradicted the conventional statement of commercial faith: "I went into it because I want to make money."

Whatever his motives, Ackerman began investigating Curtis's finances. "I got a yellow sheet on the company from Standard & Poor's and saw two names on the board. One was [President] MacArthur and the other was Milton Gould," Ackerman knew Gould, an influential member of the Curatorial board of directors, from previous deals at Perfect 1. "I called Milt and told him I was interested in that I thought I could be helpful." Ackerman flattered Gould as saying, "Curtis is too tough for me, but I can't stop you from going to Clifford you want to." Gould later recalled his own reaction in more forceful terms. "Curtis was hopelessly bankrupt," Gould told an interviewer. "I was ready for liquidation. It would have been a social, commercial and moral disaster, but I was ready to do it. . . . Then, when Marty said he was willing to take a crack at it, I told him, 'You can't handle it. You're a man-killer. It will destroy you.' But he wanted to go ahead anyway. . . ."

ACKERMAN SEEKS "POSITIVE PLAN" FOR CURTIS, BUT DENIES HE INTENDS TO FOLD THE POST

—*Wall Street Journal*,
April 24, 1968

Exactly two weeks elapsed between the first mention of Martin Ackerman in the *Wall Street Journal* and his speech to us at the Hilton Hotel. During those two weeks, he was fiercely busy. On Monday, April 22, he was named to the presidency of the board, without salary. One of his colleagues, E. Eugene Mason, was also elected to the board. That same day, the board approved the sale of Curtis's Philadelphia headquarters building for \$7.3 million. The next day, April 23, Ackerman moved over the whole 32nd floor executive suite in the New York building.

Ackerman also arranged a two-month extension of all overdue bank loans and ended once and for all the rumors surrounding the rise and fall of Curtis common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. Informed that the Exchange was "considering" a de-listing of Curtis securities, Ackerman immediately announced that "Curtis does not at present meet the assets and earnings requirement for continued listing, and does not expect to meet this re-

quirement in the immediate future." As a result, the company decided "not to oppose the New York Stock Exchange action." From then on, Ackerman publicly and repeatedly referred to the common stock as "worthless."

Within that same first week, Ackerman had a private conference with Steve Kelly, the publisher of the *Post*, and outlined his plan to steer the magazine into the black. We would cut the circulation from 6.8 million to no more than three million, perhaps less. We would promote it as a magazine of "class, not mass." And we would make a profit of \$2.8 million a year.

On the day after the Hilton dinner, I arrived to find the office in a turmoil. Ackerman's chief assistant, a short, stocky man named Laverne Lund, had announced that Bill Emerson's conference room would serve very well as Ackerman's main office, and so the moving men were carrying in his furniture forthwith. "And there's this Chinaman," my secretary said in an unbelieving voice, "who acts like he's in charge of things too."

Ackerman was now ready to begin concentrating on the *Post*, and so he summoned us—a half-dozen editors and another half-dozen advertising men—to a private dining room on the third floor of the Brussels, an expensive restaurant in an elegant old house near our offices on East 54th Street. At high noon, we arrived in a small band, joking our way up the circular staircase, and found Ackerman waiting all alone. "Hiya," he said nervously as Emerson introduced us, "hiya. Go on over to the bar there and have a drink."

Viewed from close up, Ackerman was a plump, round-shouldered little man, about five feet six, rather pale, with straight brown hair, and a nervous squint that contorted his face when he smiled. From the bar, we saw him shaking hands with Kelly's arriving troops—and then greeting his own men, Laverne Lund and the Chinese, Bob Yung, both of whom were short and stout, like Ackerman himself, and finally, inevitably, smiling in all directions, G. B. McCombs. The bartender had not even finished serving the drinks when we heard Ackerman, already seated at the table, calling out, "Okay, okay, let's get going." At his place, he had his own drink, a glass of tomato juice, and as we gathered in our chairs around his table, he reached a fork into the glass, speared a hidden clam, and popped it into his mouth.

"Okay," Ackerman said, gnawing, "the proposition for discussion is an evolutionary *Post* of three million circulation. Now Kelly and I have just been over talking to Bill Bernbach, who's a friend of mine, and he likes this idea, and he may even agree to join Curtis as a consultant. But the point is, when we try this idea on Madison Avenue, they like it. And I like it. So are we all set to go?"

"Why don't you just spell it out a bit more for the men, Marty?" Kelly said.

"Okay, here's the deal. Is somebody taking notes? We get out of the numbers game with *Life* and *Look*—we're not getting anywhere that way, and it's losing us money—and we cut back the *Post* from six

"We would promote it as a magazine of 'class, not mass.'"

point eight million to three million, and we make it a high-class magazine for a class audience. Not a radical change, but *evolutionary*. Concentrate on the audience we want to reach—maybe ninety per cent in Nielsen A and B counties. Now is that something you can sell or isn't it?"

"With that A and B, it sure is," one of the salesmen cried.

"You bet your life it is," said another one.

But then they began to wonder how they were going to explain this to their advertisers. It all sounded convincing here in the comfort of a New York restaurant, but out there in Cincinnati or Los Angeles, it might sound like just another nervous spasm at Curtis, yet another "new *Post*." And so they began appealing for Ackerman himself to come and talk to their customers. "You come across real strong," said Joe Welty, the advertising director. Ackerman, unable to resist the flattery, sat there writing down dates and appointments for himself in Chicago and Detroit on the following week.

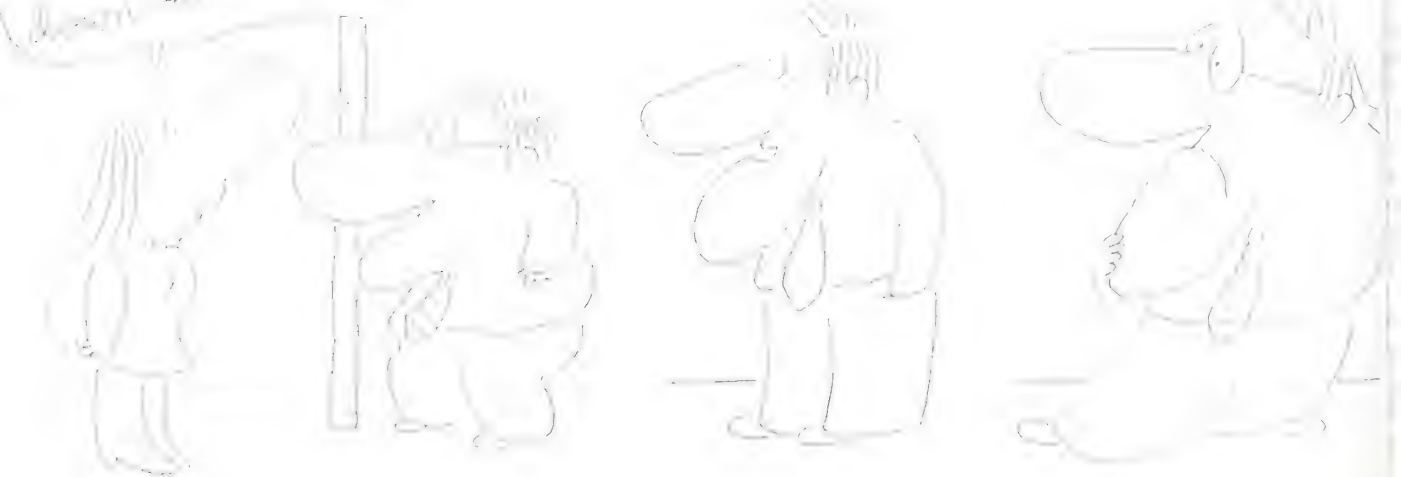
But what we really wanted to know, and what Ackerman really wanted to tell us, was the future of the Curtis Publishing Company. Somebody had just delivered a letter to him, on a silver plate, and he had hastily glanced through it and stuffed it into his pocket; now he pulled it out again and drew three boxes on the back of the envelope, redrawing and darkening the boxes with his pencil as he spoke. "What Curtis really is, basically, is three different operations, all mixed up together in one company. One is circulation—the circulation company—one is publishing—the magazines—and one is manufacturing—the printing plant and the paper mill. Now what we're going to do, essentially, is we're going to divide this company up three ways." He paused and looked around at us to see whether we had understood him so far. We had understood in theory, but it still seemed unreal to imagine the ancient Curtis Publishing Company, which had always owned its own timber, its own paper, its own printing presses, suddenly torn apart. We nodded

sagely, however, as Ackerman puffed his cigar and moved on to the next point.

"Now everything is screwed up by the preferred stock, which Cyrus Curtis handed out back in the Twenties, when he was feeling charitable. Nobody even knows who these preferred stockholders are, what they want. But as things stand now, you can't make a move, you can't even blow your nose, without the approval of the preferred stockholders. Now we're not going to be quite as charitable as Cyrus Curtis. So we divide up the company. Now he's off to one side, I've got a nice little company that's making money, Perfect Film & Chemical, and we're going to merge the Curtis Circulation Company into that. And then, once we prove that a publishing company can make money on its own, we'll merge that in too. And that will leave the preferred stockholders owning the printing and paper plants, plus a piece of the other companies. Of course, some of these preferred stockholders may try suing us, but we've got plenty of lawyers, and they've got strong backs, so we'll deal with them when we come to it." Laughter.

Ackerman was making jokes to ingratiate himself with us, but there was nothing indulgent about either the jokes or the laughter. Jacobins are always Puritans, for the emotions that compel men to overturn social conventions also compel them to destroy social pleasures. In this elegant restaurant, therefore, we all had only one drink and only one course because that was what Ackerman ordered, and when we ate, it became clear that Ackerman's puritanism extended far beyond the dinner table. He talked of corporate economies, and the abolition of executive extravagances. The suite of offices on the 32nd floor must go; the company plane must go. He wanted everyone at work by nine; he himself arrived at eight. And then, as he talked on, it turned out that he disapproved even of secretaries. In fact, he particularly disapproved of secretaries. What seemed to bother him, though, was not the quantity of secretaries but the fact that the average man tends

Go to Berlin (Germany)
Don't come here



or pretty secretaries to plain ones. "I mean, Vassar girls in short skirts look great," Ackerman pressed on, "but think about trading in four of them for a little old gray-haired lady who knows her type. You know? I mean, if you want to get great, but get laid on your own time. Okay? Well, I think the money ought to go on what's more important, like the quality of the product."

"We need a definition."

We adjourned from the Brussels to the 32nd floor of the Curtis building, and the advertising men were all dispersed (except for Kelly). The conference room filled with other Curtis editors and with a number of additional Ackerman assistants we had never seen before. "Okay, we all agree," Ackerman said. "Now the reason I got you all together is to talk about the *Post*. What can each of you contribute to the *Post*? Ideas. Maybe some of your manuscripts, or pictures. Now I'm talking with Bill Bernbach, who's a friend of mine, and he thought there were two big troubles—graphics—the magazine just doesn't look very good—and the definition. A magazine needs a clear definition. A personality. Now how about it? Does it make sense? Who's going to start the discussion? You?"

"Well," said the man on Ackerman's left, "I think the fundamental problem of the *Post*, of any magazine, is to define its *function*. Why is it here? What is it here to do? It has to have to say that nobody else is saying?"

"Who's that?" whispered the Chinese, Bob Yung, a round and amiable-looking young man, who had slipped into a chair just behind mine.

"Peter Wyden," I whispered back.

"What does he do?"

"Executive editor of the *Journal*."

"Okay, who's next?" Ackerman was saying. "Askie?"

Askie Stinnett, the editor of *Holiday*, offered the suggestion that the *Post* should be "more popular, like *Reader's Digest*," that it should publish popular articles in medicine, that kind of thing. From behind me, Bob Yung now spoke up and said he thought each issue of the *Post* should be devoted to one subject, "like foreign affairs, or literary criticism, or the theater." Since this seemed unusually specific, and since I assumed that Yung was speaking for Ackerman, I thought I'd better intervene, so I said that there really were very few subjects that were worth an entire issue. As Yung looked at me in surprise, Hub Cobb of *American* spoke up to say that magazines should devote more attention to the specific interests of the thoughtful professional or businessman. "Like, for example, there's a crisis in Czechoslovakia," Cobb said, "does this open up new markets for American businessmen?" Ackerman stepped in with a new question: "Should there be more fiction?" "A fiction issue?" Yung added. "No," Emerson and I replied, almost in unison. "Every survey shows," Emerson added, "that fiction has the lowest readership

of anything we publish." Finally it came the turn of John Mack Carter, the bright-eyed little Kentuckian who had achieved the commercial revival of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and who now offered what he called "an idea that nobody will like." He proposed that the *Post* give up on the audience that Madison Avenue was hungering to reach, the college-educated urban and suburban middle class, and turn back to its traditional audience, which everyone else was ignoring, the common folk, the older people, the inhabitants of farms and small towns.

It is possible that Ackerman sincerely thought that editors could simply drop their natural competitiveness and help other editors for the greater good of the corporation. It is possible that these editors offered these ideas in good faith as proposals for the improvement of the *Post*; it is also possible, however, that they wanted, not without malice, to steer the *Post* away from the course that their own magazines were following. But it gradually came to me, as this hour of "constructive criticism" droned on, that the truth and quality and sincerity of the various proposals were all equally irrelevant as criteria.

What was taking place here. I realized, was not a discussion of the *Post* but rather an event that might be called, in Maoist terms, a mock trial of the *Post's* landlords. As in the China of the early Fifties, the other Curtis editors were playing the role of peasant militants, offering helpful suggestions on how Emerson and I, the landlords, might improve ourselves. We were not specifically accused of anything. On the contrary, we were repeatedly told that the purpose of the meeting was to help us, to help us find what we had done wrong and purify ourselves by promising reform. And within a half-hour or so, Emerson and I passed through every phase of psychological self-protection, from innocent incomprehension to forthright rebuttals to excuses, and finally to the beginnings of a guilty and confessional sense that we had indeed failed our corporation, and that we wanted only a new chance to prove ourselves worthy of its confidence.

But it was only a mock trial and it ended in our acquittal, and that seemed somehow to put us in debt to the benevolent Marty Ackerman, obligating us to carry out his wishes, if only we could figure out what his wishes were. "I've got to be able to show evidence of change, and fast," he said, after dismissing our colleagues. "So how soon can you guys produce this evolutionary *Post*?" Before we could decide on that, we needed a clearer idea of what the "evolutionary" *Post* was supposed to be and how the smoothly evolutionary *Post* was supposed to differ from the unregenerate, nonevolutionary *Post* we had been publishing until then. Specifically, I asked Ackerman to leaf through a copy of the May 18 issue, the latest one published, and to tell us what he liked and didn't like, what he wanted changed and what he wanted continued. It happened that the May 18 issue was a good one, marked only by a conventional cover story on teenage shoplifting, the kind of story that editors doggedly keep publishing in an effort to sell more copies

"What seemed to bother him was not the quantity of secretaries but the fact that the average man tends to prefer pretty secretaries to plain ones."

on the newsstands. Aside from that, Ackerman liked everything he encountered.

But what, then, was the goal of evolution? The real goal, Ackerman said again, was to provide evidence of change. There must be a sense of direction, of forward movement, an illustration of what the *Post* would like to become. "Well, if you like what we're publishing now," I said, "then what we'd like to become is fatter, with full-page Cadillac ads. What makes the magazine look sick is that it's so thin, and so loaded up with quarter-page ads for dog food and Kitty Litter." It was agreed, consequently, that the issue then being worked on, the June 15 issue, known in the office as *Post* #12, would be immediately followed by an evolutionary variant issue, to be known as *Post* #12A. This variant issue would not be the usual 80 pages but at least 100, and it would be printed on heavier and glossier paper, in a run of 20,000 copies for display to skeptical advertisers. It would contain slightly different treatments of the stories in the regular *Post* #12, plus ten or twelve pages of special and theoretically "classy" editorial material. It would contain many full-color ads (which would be published free, after all) and none of the trashy ads that appeared in our regular issues.

"Now, can you guys do this yourselves?" Ackerman asked. "Or do you need a special staff?"

"We can do it ourselves," I said quickly.

"It'll be a hell of a job," Emerson elaborated, "but we can do it."

"And Bob will help you," Ackerman said.

We were not exactly overstaffed, and the prospect of putting out two magazines instead of one was rather forbidding, but we did at least know the first rule for dealing with pirates attacking a ship: Keep control of the tiller. On the other hand, Bob Yung also knew the first rule for attackers: Get on board the ship. There followed, then, this rapid dialogue:

"How about graphics?" Yung asked. "Don't you think you have problems there?"

"Yes," Emerson said.

"Do you need a new art director?"

"Yes, probably."

"What are you doing about it?"

"Well, we're talking to people all over town."

"Have you talked to Herb Lubalin?"

"Not yet, but we're talking to Wolf and a lot of other people."

"Ah, Henry," Yung said with a vague smile. "Well, can we all meet first thing Monday morning?"

"Sure no. I'm making a speech to the liquor industry in Washington on Monday morning."

"Okay, Monday afternoon?"

"Well . . ."

"How about three o'clock?"

"Okay."

Within half an hour of Emerson's agreement, he received a written memorandum from Yung confirming that an appointment at Lubalin's studio had been scheduled for 4:00 P.M. on Monday. It was another sign that we were confronting a brisk, new

way of doing business. "It's funny," Emerson said, "I'd sort of looked forward to quitting this job, and now I'm surprised at my own optimism."

Herb Lubalin, whom I had never heard of until the previous Friday, was actually something of an institution. Once a \$5-a-week letterer at the New York World's Fair of 1939, he had gone on to do as varied as teaching architecture students at Cornell and designing the lettering on the men's room of the Ford Foundation Building. Almost inevitably he had played a part in the creation of the *Post* of 1961, although nobody could now say how large that part was. His greatest celebrity in the field of magazine design, however, came from his work on Ralph Ginzburg's periodicals, *Eros*, *Wax*, and *Avant-Garde*. It was Lubalin, in fact, who did the layout for the celebrated *Eros* picture story of interracial sex, which played a considerable part in Ginzburg's being sentenced to prison. An art director who can get his own editor sentenced to prison may be said to have achieved the high goal to which an art director can aspire.

After keeping us waiting for half an hour, Lubalin came bouncing out of some back office—a short, pudgy man of about fifty, with horn-rimmed glasses and long gray sideburns. "I don't really know what this is all about," he said by way of introduction. Emerson slowly began to tell him what we wanted to make some changes in the *Post*. Lubalin appealed to a smaller and more sophisticated audience. We were going to begin producing some urgent issues, Emerson said, and we wanted to find out if he would design them. Lubalin, if he didn't know what this was about, seemed remarkably unimpressed. His first question was eminently practical. How much time did he have to design this variant issue? The answer was: Ten days.

Other people began to drift in. First Bob Yung, trailed by a long-legged blonde in a miniskirt, who established herself on a sofa in the corner and began taking notes on everything that was said. Then came Henry Wolf, a dark, frail, shaggy man of about forty-five, perhaps best known as the former art director of *Esquire*. It was not at all clear what his role was. He said he didn't think any American magazines looked good. "I only look at them for ads," he said, and snickered.

As for the *Post*, Lubalin finally announced that it was bland, and he offered the conventional prescription. "You've got to do things that make people love you or hate you," he said.

"But let's not equate the two," I protested.

"You've got to stir them up," Lubalin went on.

"But if the result is that they hate you, what have you accomplished?"

Lubalin lapsed into silence, brooding. Emerson and Yung made conversation. Then Lubalin suddenly declared that the *Post* was the wrong size—too big, too thin. He said he thought it should be the size of *Vogue*. "Yes, yes, much better," Wolf agreed. And bound with a square backing, *Vogue*. "Yes," Wolf said again. [Cont. on p. 1]

Post script

William A. Emerson Jr. (the A. stands for Austin, but during the critical years at the *Post*, he liked it that the initial stood for Approx) was a large, noisy, paradoxical, and altogether overwhelming personality. He was well over six feet perhaps six three, about two hundred pounds, with a shuffling walk and protruding belly. He had small but expressive dark eyes, bright square teeth, a mass of brown hair emerging from over his low forehead, all of which gave him an oddly Neanderthal quality. His health broke down several times during the Curtis years—he had a chronic irregularity of the heart, and at one time he had to be trussed up in a sort of corset that held his spine in position—he never abandoned the idea that his was a physical experience, to be physically enjoyed. “I’m sick of men who are scared of their own secrets,” he burst out during one of the bad days of the Ackerman regime. “I like people who like to eat and drink and fuck. If a man’s innards are going to give out on him, they ought to give out because of booze, not just venality.” Emerson’s unique language illustrates the uniqueness of the man, but it almost always uses the arts of quotation. One interview, though, managed to capture a few good examples: “Bill Emerson never simply compliments anyone. Instead, he says, ‘Sir, you have the heart of a Capetown lion!’ He never calls anyone stupid. He says, ‘I am surrounded by cretins and miscreants.’ . . . When compliments arise, which is fairly often at the *Saturday Evening Post*, Emerson always says things like, ‘Goodbye, apogee. Adieu, perigee.’ . . .”

Emerson loved polysyllabic surprises, words like “eleemosynary” and “serpiginous” and “pusillanimity” appeared in his conversation not as occasional displays of virtuosity but as a regular practice. Yet the language was never under control—indeed, what made his language interesting, to him as to his listeners, was its state of being out of control. Mispronunciation was commonplace, so “pusillanimity” emerged in the first syllable pronounced like the word “pus,” and “unconsciousable” came out as “unconsciousable.” And

when the mood struck him, and his mind was reaching for a word that did not exist, he invented one, like “horribilous” or “preposterosity.” His command of the written language, I should add, was equally precarious—his handwriting was an illiterate scrawl, his syntax often unintelligible, and he was the only man I ever met who could describe Hitler’s party with the word “Nazi.”

Emerson had started college at Davidson, a small institution in his native North Carolina, but after serving in World War II he finished his undergraduate years at Harvard. We were classmates there, in the class of 1948, but, as is typical of Harvard, I was an editor of the *Crimson*, the daily newspaper, and he was an editor of the *Advocate*, the literary magazine, and so we never met. The next stages in his life he described in a *Post* promotional brochure: “He came to New York almost by accident in 1948 with two pairs of socks in his pocket. To his consternation, he was hired by *Collier’s* as an editorial assistant. . . . He worked there for three years as one of the three key articles editors and in 1951 became a staff writer and opened a regional bureau in Atlanta. Then he joined *Newsweek* and for nine years covered the Southeastern United States and the Caribbean. His specialties were riots, revolutions, and everyday politics; and since this was a lively decade he reported the Negro revolution. It was in 1961 that Emerson was made a senior editor of *Newsweek*. For the following year he ran all critical, cultural, and scientific sections of the magazine. . . .”

During these fifteen years, Emerson acquired layer upon pearl-like layer of protective personality. He was always acutely conscious of social distinctions, and I could not help suspecting that somewhere at the center of that ram-bunctious, laughing, blustering whirl there was the remnant of a small boy uncertain of his own place in the world—but never mind: if this had ever been a problem, it was one that Emerson had solved to his own satisfaction. “I never lie,” as he said. “I just bullshit ’em.” By being more hillbilly than a hillbilly, and then dropping in some quotation from Yeats, Emerson learned to make

everything sound as though he might mean more than he seemed to mean.

In his heart, for instance, he had the inevitable feelings about Negroes, but, as a member of the enlightened South, he felt he had to be in favor of civil rights, and he convinced himself that he really was in favor of civil rights. Yet, as a Southerner in the alien North, he refused to remain on the defensive, and so he adopted the pose of a Mississippi sheriff, guffawing and profane over the fate of what he called “Nee-ger-oes.” The disguise would have failed if, like most people, Emerson had kept his prejudices secret. So he made them as public as possible. And after every outrage, he would turn on his victim and say, “I hope I haven’t outraged you.” The hillbilly disguise would only work, you see, if everybody could be informed that it was a disguise. You were supposed to see through that, down to the next layer of disguise.

And ultimately he judged you. He had four ways of categorizing people. Like any man, he divided them up into people he liked and people he didn’t like. Like any editor, he divided them into the talented and the untalented. Like any political figure, he divided them into the useful and the useless. And then there was another category that he considered at least as important as all the others. He called it “character,” but that wasn’t really what he meant. It was more a matter of class distinction. This man who swore and shouted and ogled secretaries would never let anyone else hold open a door, or divide a restaurant check, nor would he violate any of the other rules that he considered part of the division between those who were gentle folk and those who weren’t. All categories are unfair, and all judgments are unfair, but Emerson was at least consistent. His trust and respect came very slowly indeed, and until you had earned them, you were always on trial, always under suspicion. But once he had decided in your favor, he was profoundly loyal. He would listen to your problems and do his very best to solve them. He would praise your successes and help to cover up for your failures. These were, in my opinion, very rare and very admirable qualities. O. F.

"And the name," Lubalin said. "It should be not just the *Post* but *The Saturday Evening Post*, like in the old days, and maybe a slightly old-fashioned look to it. Don't you think?"

And so it became clear that without any specific offer having been made or accepted, and without money having been even mentioned, Herb Lubalin was already at work in redesigning the *Post*.

By the time I returned to the office, I could see that Ackerman had moved in. The dark, cork-lined conference room now had the standard Lexington Avenue executive look. On one wall, where Emerson used to post the editorial schedules listing the contents of the issues he was closing, Bob Yung had tacked up facsimiles of *Post* covers from the old days, doughboys returning from World War I, Pa and Ma driving the family runabout, children joining in prayer. Against the window at the far end, there stood a large modern desk, heaped high with folders full of papers. Behind the desk, with his feet propped up on top of it, a cigar in his mouth and a telephone at his ear, sat Marty Ackerman.

"I want the magazine to reflect me."

You guys have been putting out a good magazine, but that's not enough," Ackerman said. "It must be successful, and to be successful, it must be *considered* successful. And it can't get there on its own right now, because of all the troubles in the past. So the only way it can achieve that aura of success is by being attached to my own personal success, see? When they write stories about me, those stories will help the *Post*."

We were sitting in my office, Ackerman and Emerson and I, because Ackerman, in these early days of turmoil, had filled up his own office with negotiators and petitioners, then invaded and temporarily occupied Emerson's office with another corps of conferees—and then followed Emerson to the sanctuary of my office. "I've got to get away from those bankers," he said. "They can make you dizzy."

"What are you doing in there anyway?" I asked.

"I'm forcing through my reorganization of the company, the one I told you guys about."

Despite these portents of great events, Emerson wanted to settle some editorial problems, specifically the problem of the editorial page. "Here's my point on that," Ackerman said, waving his cigar. "We've got to have more editorial excitement, all through the *Post*. Now I happen to be particularly interested in the editorial page, and I think we probably all have something to contribute, so I think each editorial should be signed by whoever wrote it, you or me or Bill or whoever."

"Those wouldn't be editorials any more," I said. "They'd just be columns. Editorials represent the whole magazine."

"I don't give a s— what you call them," Ackerman said. "But let me just make one thing clear: I've put my five million dollars on the line. I've staked my reputation, my career, and my money, on the proposition that I can get Curtis to make a

profit. Now if I make that kind of a commitment I'm going to *participate* in the editorial direction of these magazines, okay? Because if I can participate, then I'm not interested in putting five million dollars, okay? So what I mean is I want the magazine to reflect me. I want it to reflect my personality."

"The only way a magazine can reflect your personality is if you edit it yourself," I said.

There was a pause, and then Ackerman said, "Well, we've got lots to talk about." He got up, went through the ritual of tucking in his shirt, then clapped Emerson on the shoulder and returned to business. "I want to tell you, this company is in terrible shape," he said. "Just terrible."

The fact that Marty Ackerman reveled in personal publicity, the fact that he regarded the Curtis magazines as the newest and brightest love in his young life, did not mean that *The Saturday Evening Post* did not genuinely need some editorial rejuvenation. All of its main editors had been working together in the same harness for five years, and a certain weary staleness was predictably evident. And while Ackerman was no editor, there were a number of experienced editors who would have agreed with his statement to an interviewer from the *Wall Street Journal*: "The *Post* can't make it in its present format. It can't compete with television."

By now, therefore, we were already engaged in the production of *Post* #12A, the "evolutionary *Post*. We had begun by scheduling only a few alterations on the regular *Post* #12, but then Emerson came to me and said, "I finally figured out what this *Post* #12A really is. It's a test of whether we can put out a magazine that they'll accept. You know what Yung said to me? He said, 'We want this to be your magazine, not Otto's magazine or some other else's magazine.'"

"Okay, it's all yours," I said.

"So what I thought," Emerson said, "is why not do something very jazzy and very special and pictorial? Why not do a big picture story of the new musical, *Hair*?"

"It's all yours," I said again. "Yours and Yung and Lubalin's."

And Ackerman's. It was about noon when Ackerman popped into my office and said he wanted a copy of all the articles scheduled for *Post* #12; I promised I would send them to him.

"And how about the editorial?" he asked.

"I haven't written it yet," I said.

"Okay, I want that too, as soon as it's written."

The next day, Ackerman called Emerson in Chicago, where he was selling ads for his new, revolutionary *Post*. "And since this is what I'm selling, I've got to believe in what I'm selling. Right?" he demanded.

"Right," Emerson agreed.

"Now this Marshall Frady story about Governor Wallace is great, and, let me see, *True Grit*, I like that too. But this little story about the lady race driver—that just isn't up to the level of the

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STEREO TUNER. SEE MAGNVOX'S ADVERTISING IN SELECTED DEALERS LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES. CUSTOM STEREO SYSTEMS START AT \$99.95.

zine that I'm telling people about," he said. "Okay, we can live without it," Emerson said. "Understand—you can do whatever you want in regular issues. It's just the A issue I'm talking about. And this story about Lady Bird's tour of Paris—I mean, it's all right, but it's awfully folksy. That's what we're trying to do. . . ."

"Okay, no Lady Bird," Emerson said. "And this story about the moon rocket—it's pretty good, but it's going—"

"Now wait a minute," Emerson protested. "If we're going to talk about being urban and sophisticated, then you'd better give them a few pieces of news that make them think, and that's a good solid piece."

"Okay, I buy that," Ackerman said. "But you'll do something else instead of those other two, okay? Listen, everybody out here thinks our new program is just great. They're real excited about it." Back in New York, Ackerman continued to read the copy, and he continued to demand improvements. It was difficult to argue with him, not just because he was the president of the corporation, or because he spoke very forcefully about what he liked and didn't like, but because he was often right. He liked, in every instance, our best stories; what he disliked was the merely acceptable, the average, the usable material that editors necessarily publish for want of anything better. Perhaps because of his experience, Ackerman was pursuing the theory that if he kept demanding something better, something better would be found.

In *The Gallagher Report*:

May 14: "'MORTICIAN MARTY' ACKERMAN CATCHES EDITORIAL FEVER. Major blunder. Curtis Publishing's problems financial, management, sales—not editorial. Marty's proposal to get *Saturday Evening Post* 'in tune with people it serves,' write editorials. It's all right to editor Bill Emerson. . . ."

May 21: "... Staffs jumpy. SEP editorial floor hectic. Marty's men all over place with 'bright' ideas, no experience. . . . Marty talks to press about better layouts, subtle cartoons, more sophisticated sales. . . ."

In *Newsweek*, May 20:

"Ackerman . . . has moved into an office along with Emerson's at the Curtis headquarters in New York City. 'The *Post* should be the class book,' he says. 'We want quality rather than quantity.' What happens if the class instead of mass formula doesn't work? Ackerman says he will keep the magazine going. 'As long as I am here,' he promised skeptical advertising men in Chicago last week, 'there will be a last issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.'"

"There has never been a company with problems like this one," said Bob Yung, laughing. Emerson and I were in a taxi, driving down Lexington Avenue to Lubalin's studio. "You wouldn't have even the problems we've been finding."

"We believe them," Emerson said. "Everywhere you turn, more problems," Yung

said. "The book division—millions of copies of books sitting in warehouses. You wouldn't believe it."

"We believe it," Emerson repeated.

"Then why is Marty spending so much of his time on *Post* editorial," I asked, "when we're one of the few Curtis departments that function?"

"He's getting more and more impressed with the idea of Ben Franklin's magazine," Yung said. "When we first went down to Philadelphia to take over the company, everybody told us to get rid of the *Post*. They all said that was the first move to make. And all we said was that we'd look it over, and then come to a decision. But now—"

"It hooks everybody," I said. "The spell of Ben Franklin."

"That *Newsweek* statement that there would never be a last issue of the *Post*," Yung said. "When I saw that, I said to him, 'Marty, that's quite a commitment.' And he just smiled. And I said, 'Whatever became of Marty Ackerman, King of the Conglomerates?' And he just smiled."

It came time, finally, for Ackerman to produce his own editorial statement at the beginning of *Post* #12A. We had agreed that this would be the editorial page, and that, as a special case, it could carry Ackerman's portrait and byline and signature. We assigned one of our senior editors, Tom Congdon, to ghost-write the statement, and Congdon set to work with great ardor. In midafternoon, I looked in on him. The first few paragraphs had already been composed, in the manner of something destined for marble: "On a fair June day exactly half my lifetime ago I graduated from high school—not just any high school but Benjamin Franklin High School. . . . Today I find myself the chief executive officer of the company that publishes Franklin's magazine. That heritage alone compels dedication, demands that I pledge to you, its millions of mid-20th-century readers, that the fundamental resolve of this management is to perpetuate *The Saturday Evening Post*. . . ."

When I left at seven, Congdon had shown the statement to Yung, and Yung had praised it and taken it to Ackerman, and Ackerman had praised it too, and now they had given Congdon a management statement to Curtis stockholders, to be "edited."

From this point on, a strange power struggle began to develop. The very next day, at the regular Thursday morning meeting of the editorial staff, Bob Yung appeared with several of the layouts for *Post* #12A, notably the picture story by Clive Barnes and Pete Turner on *Hair*. Emerson and I had seen these layouts before, and so we showed no particular approbation, but many of the other editors seemed to experience a sudden flowering of enthusiasm, not just because of the layouts on *Hair*, but because of Lubalin's lavish and dramatic use of pictures, but because they saw for the first time something more concrete than speeches and prophecies: a genuinely new look to their battered maga-

"... what he disliked was the merely acceptable, the average, the usable material that editors necessarily publish for want of anything better."

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Johnnie Walker Black Label Six-Pack, about \$60. Sold separately, about \$10 a fifth.

One of the young female editors burst out the exclamation: "I love it!"

Bob Yung now assumed the role of triumphant caesario. He accepted the editors' praises for Calvin's new look as his own just due. And this was typical of the enigma of Bob Yung. He had been in with Ackerman, he hovered at Ackerman's side, he seemed to carry Ackerman's seal of office, and this naturally gave him a proconsular power. In the little cubicle he had appropriated, he wandered in and out of editors' offices, asking questions inviting gossip—but never making it quite clear what he actually did or what his responsibilities really were.

Part of the mystery about him was that despite being fluent, unaccented, and slightly high-pitched British, he was unmistakably Oriental. Perhaps inevitably, and to nobody's credit, the nervous editors began to compete in proposing secret nicknames for him. "Bloopster boy" was Emerson's first choice, in honor of Yung's round and vaguely Sympathetic figure, but all the rest of the nicknames were clearly racial—Fu Manchu, Charlie Chan, Dr. No, Mr. Yung, and finally the one that lasted, The Yellow Kid, or The Peril for short.)

On this Thursday in May, in any case, Bob Yung stood as though he had become our editorial director, and the staff responded as deferentially as any new editorial director could wish. They asked respectful questions about Ackerman's plans for the magazine, about the shortcomings of the print plant, about the need for better promotion. Yung answered all their questions with a mixture of authority and benevolence, and then, when there seemed to be no more questions, he said he had an appointment and departed. He left behind him an editorial staff that now seemed in a state of euphoria about the prospects for salvation, and I thought it was time to remind them that very little had really changed or was likely to change, that the "A" issues might look nice but were not genuine magazines, if only for the reason that they were economically impossible to publish. At that, there began a general outcry against my pessimism, and a general insistence that the evolution heralded by the "A" issues somehow must and would be carried out. "We're going to have to be with it and go," Congdon said heatedly.

On the next day, I received an unhappy memo from Congdon, indicating that the forces of change and progress were less unified than I had thought. Bob Yung, it turned out, was not always affable after all. "I walked into the conference room a little while ago," the memo said, "and Bob Yung was telling Jeanette Wagner that he had attended a meeting of advertising writers, and that all those guys thought Emerson was no good, a washout. I did nothing. Jeanette said lightly, 'Well, you can't be a good editor without offending people.' Yung said, 'Well, they were unanimous. They all felt the same way about him.'"

My first response was to take the memo and hand it to Emerson, and his first response was to vow that he would not work one more day in the same

offices with Yung, and that Ackerman would have to choose between them. "I'm sick of all these f—midgits!" he shouted. "I'm sick of their cigar butts all over the place and the cheese sandwiches sent up for lunch, and I'm sick of finding them using my goddamn bathroom. And now this—it's just one load of s— too many." I was sick of the situation too, not of the cigars and sandwiches, but of the constant confusion about who was supposed to be in charge of what. If Ackerman wanted Yung to run the magazine, then let him say so, and I would join in Emerson's resignation.

But Ackerman was away, unreachable, and it was not until midafternoon that Emerson could find Ackerman's chief deputy, Lavere Lund. After half an hour with Lund, he came into my office, shut the door, and said, "Things are never what they seem." According to Lund, Bob Yung had never had any authority of any kind over the *Post* and did not represent Ackerman at all. An hour later, Ackerman himself made a brief reappearance at the office, and Emerson got the same verdict from him. Yung had only been working for Ackerman for two months, he was only an "idea man," and his only function was "to stimulate people."

At the time, this revelation came as a relief. Yung had been officially stripped of whatever authority he claimed he held, and Emerson had been unequivocally told, "You're in charge." Only somewhat later, when I knew Ackerman better, did I realize that this had been an example of what he called "abrasive management." In other words, he had apparently intended from the start that Yung irritate us, and he had counted on us to fight back. If we had failed to do so, we would have been unworthy of our jobs, but once we had reacted as our positions required, then Yung could be sacrificed, or moved on to some other project. Only much later, when the corporation had again begun to founder, did I realize that "abrasive management" is a workable theory only when a corporation has a surplus of managerial talent. I realized this because I realized that Ackerman had brought to the echoing void on the upper levels of Curtis no new management except himself.

Bob Yung ended that phase of the power struggle with characteristic style. Late Friday, Emerson was serving as host at a small farewell party for two departing secretaries, and Yung inevitably made himself one of the guests. He wore a double-breasted white suit with a scarlet necktie and a matching scarlet handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket. Having probably been briefed and warned by Ackerman on that day's unpleasantnesses, he made a point of approaching me with hand outstretched. "Thanks for your cooperation during this difficult week," he said as we shook hands. "From now on, it will be better."

Even though Ackerman was devoting much of his energy to playing editor of the *Post*, his greatest immediate problem was the reduction of the magazine's circulation. It was easy to announce

that the circulation would be cut in half, but a magazine subscription is a contract, and the reader who subscribes has a legal right to the magazines that have been promised him. Furthermore, the halving of *Post* circulation threatened every other part of the corporation. The paper plant would henceforth be asked for only half as much paper, and the giant printing presses would stand idle for hours every week.

Ideally, however, Ackerman figured that there must be some way of fitting the reduction of the *Post* together with the expansion of some other magazine. Most publishers, after all, spend lots of money to gain new subscribers, and therefore some magazine should be willing to pay for the *Post*'s lists. And once that magazine had acquired its new subscribers, it would need more printing presses, bindery machines, circulation workers. Ideally, in other words, Ackerman could find some publisher who would not only enable him to save money but pay him to save money.

There were two obvious choices, *Life* and *Look*, which had both outrun Ben Hibbs's *Post* in the suicidal circulation wars of the 1950s—coming to rest, exhausted, at a level of slightly more than 7 million readers. *Look* had ended the race slightly ahead of *Life*, at terrible expense, and had remained ahead ever since, standing now at 7.8 million to *Life*'s 7.6 million. (It was an unfair competition, since *Life* appeared weekly and thus sold roughly twice as many copies as the biweekly *Look*, but advertising and circulation wars are not waged on a basis of fairness.) So what could be more natural than for Ackerman, seeking a customer for his unwanted subscribers, to offer *Life* a chance to achieve supremacy and to offer *Look* a chance to beat back that threat? *Look* declined the gambit, but *Life* could not resist the temptation of a blitzkrieg, and so Ackerman reached toward his first major victory. A dollar a name seemed a minimal price, and that could net him up to \$3.8 million, with millions of additional dollars erased from the *Post*'s subscription liabilities. And by getting rid of the rural readers, those listed as living in Nielsen C and D counties, the *Post* would automatically become more attractive to advertisers.

Life, as it turned out, had no intention of buying any C and D circulation, or any name that was already on its own lists, or any subscription of less than a year. Nor, in fact, was it prepared to pay any cash for even our best circulation. What was finally announced, on May 17, was a deal that benefited both corporations, but within reasonable limits. *Life* acquired "a substantial number" of *Post* subscribers (apparently one million), of whom at least 500,000 were "expected" to switch permanently to *Life*. In exchange, Time Inc. agreed to advance \$5 million to Curtis as a prepayment for \$3 million worth of printing and \$2 million worth of distribution service.

As for the future of Curtis, the announcements on this same day disclosed that all of its circulation subsidiaries had been turned over to the Perfect Film & Chemical Corp. And on the next day, Ack-

erman publicly acknowledged that Curtis had suffered a "large loss" in the first quarter of 1968 and would lose a lot more during the rest of the year.

"We may lose Otto"

Once again there was a meeting. This time Ackerman wanted to see the entire editorial staff, which sounded ominous, but he went to great lengths to sound reassuring. He seemed to want to explain everything to everybody. He explained the circulation reduction, and he explained the deal with *Life*. He explained the need for economies, and the need for everyone to come to work early, and the need for editors to think about profits and losses. At times, he seemed defensive—"Not all of us went to Harvard or Yale," he said—and at times incoherent—"We've got to mirror editorial and business decisions together," he said, "—uh—we've got to marry them." On the future of the *Post*, however, he was full of enthusiasm.

"Listen, I can absolutely guarantee you that the *Post* will make money in 1969," he said. "In fact, I can guarantee you that the *Post* will make money even if it doesn't make money. What I mean is, if I had been president of this company over the last couple of years, I never would have admitted that the *Post* lost money. Because—see?—when the company loses money, it makes the whole company look bad."

Then Ackerman told the assembled staff, with an expression of the utmost sincerity, that he had made no efforts to find any new editors, and that he had no intention of making any such efforts. "I have complete confidence in Bill and Otto and the rest of the guys," he said, not once but several times.

En route to Grand Central at the end of that day, Congdon told Don McKinney and me that he had spoken with Ackerman both before and after the staff meeting. "And Ackerman said, 'I think I may lose Otto, and maybe Emerson too.'"

"What is that supposed to mean?" asked McKinney, the chief articles editor. "That they're getting misplaced, like old shoes?"

"Did he say this as something to be regretted or something to be wished for?" I added.

"I don't know, I don't know," Congdon said nervously. "I told him that you were a great asset to the magazine, but he just said, 'Well, I don't think our minds really mesh.'"

"Is that the requirement, for Christ's sake?" asked McKinney. "That you have a mind that meshes with his?"

"I don't know, I tell you," Congdon repeated. "And he said, 'I think Emerson just isn't the kind of editor who can bring off this new *Post*.'"

"Well, too goddamn bad for old Marty," I said. We had arrived at Grand Central, and I veered off to continue to Penn Station, keeping cool, and thinking: *I'm keeping cool*. And then, of course, the great waves of paranoia began to sweep over me. If Ackerman felt this way, then Yung must have been acting as his agent after all, and Ackerman had simply denied his own agent when challeng-

as Congdon playing *agent provocateur*? Play-off everyone against everyone else, in the hope he would emerge at the top? Or was this all cination?

Well, damn Ackerman, I finally decided, late night. As long as Emerson and I were at the P, it was our magazine and not his, and if we to play the part of the old order, then so be it. Would be very correct.

During this period of spring maneuvers, Ackerman and I began playing a ridiculous game who's-got-the-office. Every two or three days, I'd come to work and find one of Ackerman's bytes sitting at my desk, and every time it happened, I would throw the invader out. I believed so strongly that my office, where I had to spend more working hours than I spent at home, was my territory, a place where I lived. On Ackerman's side of the case, it was true that the corridor outside our offices was an inadequate waiting room for all the people coming to see him, but I couldn't believe that his visitors would keep invading my office unless they had been told that it was unused, and I didn't help feeling that these encounters kept occurring because of the hours I kept. I usually read manuscripts until one or two in the morning and worked at the office at about 10:30.

At my desk, a stranger would look up in surprise. Sometimes in the middle of a telephone call, and I would put my briefcase down in front of him, take my coat, and scowl. The dialogue was generally the same:

"Oh, is this your office?" the stranger would say. "Yes, it is," I would say, as unpleasantly as possible.

"They told me it was empty," the stranger would

Well, it isn't."

"Do you mind if I make a few phone calls?"

"Yes, I do mind."

"Oh, Well, where can I wait for Mr. Ackerman?" "Out in the hall."

Very few people chose to go through this experience twice, but Ackerman's supply of visitors was limitless, and I had to stage the same scene two or three times a week. This odd contest lasted all summer, until one day when the man I had to evict turned out to be Ackerman's younger brother, Annie. It was a very unpleasant scene, and after he departed, the game ended, as mysteriously as it had begun.

Well, Otto, what do you think of *that*?" Ackerman came barging into my office, with Yung following behind, and holding aloft the first preliminary copy of *Post* #12A. It was, finally, a magazine in which he had "participated." It carried his name and his picture and the philosophical statement that Tom Congdon had written for him. It was a good issue because the original *Post* #12 had been in good, dominated by Marshall Frady's richly

ornate portrait of Governor George Wallace and by the Gothic conclusion of Charles Portis's novel, *True Grit*. And then, to the regular issue, we had added a profile of J. K. Galbraith by Jack Skow, the picture story on *Hair*, a humor column by Alan Brien, and a Saroyan memoir, which McKinney had artfully entitled *Best Wishes to a former mistress and Carl Sandburg and a dead Armenian and other people I lost track of*. But all that, essentially, was just more of the same old *Post* that the non-reading critics called stodgy and conventional.

The important difference came in layout and design, for Lubalin had provided dramatic changes. The David Levine illustration of George Wallace, for instance, had changed from a black-and-white pen-and-ink drawing into a red-white-and-blue cartoon that took up virtually all of the opening page. The hippies of *Hair* gamboled through eight pages of color, and even so relatively staid a figure as Professor Galbraith was illustrated with a full-page photograph of his professorial fist. There was also an important change in the treatment of text: Lubalin had switched to Times Roman type and set everything in a larger size, with more space between the lines, which made a page of solid text look attractively readable rather than dense and forbidding.

To the Madison Avenue jaybirds who talk of "visual excitement," this sample issue was a radical improvement over anything the *Post* had published in years. And yet much of the visual improvement had little to do with pictures. One reason was that Ackerman had decided to print the entire issue on heavier, glossier, and more expensive paper, which would, of course, have added enormously to the printing costs of the regular issues. The second reason was that Ackerman had told the heads of the manufacturing division that he wanted *Post* #12A to be the most beautiful printing job Curtis had ever done, and that any of the usual ink smears and cracked letters would bring terrible retribution. The third reason was that Ackerman had listened to my warnings about the aesthetic influence of advertisements, and therefore all the little offerings of mail-order shoes and suppositories and courses in hypnotism had been thrown out. In their place, *Post* #12A carried 36 full-page color ads (as compared to 25 in the regular #12). And with a total of 53 advertising pages, and 58 editorial pages, the new issue looked undeniably handsome and opulent, a Potemkin village among magazines.

"Well, a lot of it is good," I said, in answer to Ackerman's question, "and some things I don't particularly like."

"Listen, Otto," Ackerman said grimly. "It's great. It's just great. This is the kind of magazine we want to put out."

"Great," said Bob Yung.

For the next month or two, we all had a great deal of work to do, and we all tried to cooperate. *Post* #13A was not very different from *Post* #13—except that we added an extra article on Ravi Shankar to soothe Ackerman's yearning for culture—but Lubalin once again redesigned everything to make

The
Saturday
Evening
Post



it look more dramatic, and that meant new titles and captions, and another revision of all the copy. And by now, Ackerman was beginning to have lots of ideas about what he wanted in future issues. At one point, in fact, he handed me five pages covered with sixty scribbled ideas for articles:

How about future inventory?

- 1) Charles Bluhdorn
- 2) Banking—how does the U.S. banking system work?
- 3) Profile Mike Nichols
- 4) What it's like to get old
- 5) What to do in the summer—guide to a new kind of summer vacation
 - a) what the poor do
 - what the middle class do
 - what the rich do
- 6) What's left of the famous hotels
 - Beverly Hills Hotel—a week there?
 - Broadmoor—in Colorado Springs
 - Grossinger's
- 7) Howard Baker of Tennessee—Tennessee politics
- 8) Senator Harris of Oklahoma
- 9) Story on The New Yorker Magazine

Some of Ackerman's ideas—the working of the banking system—were unrealistic. Some—Mike Nichols—we had already undertaken. Some—the great hotels—seemed well worth assigning. It was among the ironies of Ackerman's regime, as a matter of fact, that one of the articles he had urgently requested, an expert evaluation on how the United States could get out of Vietnam, ultimately turned out to be the lead article by A. J. Langguth in the last issue of the *Post*.

Once the four "A" issues were finished, and the "evolutionary" *Post* #16 was properly organized and under way, I felt an overwhelming desire to get away from Ackerman and the *Post* and the offices at 641 Lexington, and so I took my wife on a week-long drive to Montreal and Quebec. When I came back, I found that all the pressures and conflicts of the past two months had burst like some great blister. Emerson and McKinney had completed the work on *Post* #16, and Emerson had written an editorial about the Negro ghetto, which so impressed Ackerman that he had it reprinted as a full-page ad in the *New York Times*. In fact, Emerson reported that Ackerman now seemed to think the whole editorial department had finally proved itself, and that he was consequently turning to other things.

Specifically, Ackerman turned to his most immediate cause of financial loss, the payroll. The payroll cost him nearly a million dollars in cash every week, and consequently it was never far from his thoughts. In our first meeting at the Brussels restaurant, he had complained about the number of secretaries, and in his first gathering of the editorial staff, he had remarked that the company could hardly need all of its 5,500 employees.

On the day I returned from Canada, I learned that the axe had struck its first blow. Four hundred of what Ackerman had publicly called "a good, qualified group of people" had just been fired in

Philadelphia, and fifty more in New York. Not that the victims came from *Post* editorial—after all, we had proved ourselves, hadn't we?—and so we reacted as people usually do in such circumstances with indifference and even approval. It seemed that we finally had a management that would do away with all that waste and inefficiency in Philadelphia. It seemed fine that the payroll could be cut without any of us losing a penny. It seemed fine that somebody else could be sacrificed so that we could continue on our way.

Cost-cutting was essential, but it could not make up for the *Post*'s decline in advertising income. As recently as 1960, the magazine had earned more than \$100 million a year; since then, our corporate upheavals and the increasing domination of Madison Avenue had reduced those earnings about two-thirds. Ackerman launched his counterattack by summoning our weary and dejected salesmen from all over the country to a meeting at Spheeris's Discotheque in New York. "This magazine will be successful," he cried into the microphone, "I'm not just guessing or predicting that. I'm telling you!" And from the beginning, Ackerman felt that he could sell millions of dollars' worth of advertising all by himself. He flew from city to city promising renewal and revival. And then I learned from Emerson that Ackerman had promised sales executives in charge of Ford advertising that the *Post* would put Henry Ford's picture on the cover of its October 5 issue.

I realized that it was too late to talk about editorial and so I tried to argue in terms of commerce.

"General Motors isn't going to like that," I said.

"That's the first thing I said to Ackerman," Emerson said. "So we decided to put the heads of four auto companies on the cover. After all, Mike didn't tell the Ford people what else might be on the cover."

"But we do have readers, too, and they're going to want to buy a magazine with four businessmen on the cover."

"I'm sorry, but I can't help that now," Emerson said. "By now, they're already selling Ford cars whole inside of a gatefold cover."

"Well, think about this as an alternative," I said. "Why couldn't we put the new cars on the cover instead? That's what the companies want to do, and that's what the readers are interested in. That maybe we could put the businessmen on the inside of the gatefold."

This was obviously the right solution, so Emerson suggested that we present it to Ackerman. We did, and Ackerman vetoed it.

"Look, this is what happened," he said. "I was there myself, selling ads for the auto issue—then, sometime in October, when the new models came out—and the top ad guy for Ford said they'd decided to take all their ads out of that issue. He said the future of the *Post* was just too uncertain. Well, I told him everything I could think of, but it didn't have any effect. He kept saying the *Post*

My duties inclu



Distilled & Bottled in London. 100% grain neutral spirits.
94.6 Proof. Imported by James H. McCunn & Co., Inc., N.Y.



There's nothing ordinary about this gift.
Or the people who give it.



too uncertain. And this wasn't just a couple of pages, this was \$400,000 worth of advertising. So I said, 'You know, I really can't understand why you'd take all your advertising out of this issue when we're going to have Mr. Ford's picture on the cover. I mean, Mr. Ford might not like that.' So he did a sort of double take—boy, you should have seen that double take—and he said, 'Well, maybe you're right. Maybe we'd better leave the ads in that issue.' So you see? I've got to have Ford himself on that cover."

If we must, we must. But I couldn't help thinking that this issue would be an embarrassing failure on the newsstands, and an even more embarrassing success on Madison Avenue. To anyone connected with advertising, I thought, a picture of four auto magnates on the cover of an issue filled with auto ads would mean that the cover of the *Post* was now for sale. In this case, the price had been \$400,000. In future cases, it would be subject to negotiation. As these thoughts occurred to me, I also remembered two previous episodes. "This magazine has got to swing, like other magazines swing," Ackerman had once said, and he had not meant simply that it should be fashionable but that it should be aware of the way society moved. He was speaking of a concept of business in which everything was negotiable, not just value for value but favor for favor. "You know why that story in *Time* was written that way?" he asked, referring to a favorable story about his move into Curtis. "Because they're doing business with me, that's why." He did not see anything wrong with editors "bending to the profit," as he put it. That was simply the way business was done, in publishing as in anything else, and anybody who thought differently was naïve.

From time to time, Ackerman would disappear for a day or two, and nobody seemed to know his whereabouts more specifically than "somewhere on the Coast" or "out of the country." Then we would read in the *Wall Street Journal* that he had bought or sold something, as, on July 15, we read that he had bought a film-processing company for \$11 million in cash. And on the next day, he would dart into my office, firing questions: "What's up? What's going on? Anything happening?"

"Nothing much," I said on this occasion. "What's with you? I hear you just bought another company."

"Yeah," he said, grinning. "I have to buy companies like that to support the *Post*. Listen, it's a fantastic situation. This guy just puts a couple of ads in the papers, and he grosses \$16 million a year, without really doing much of anything, and \$3 million of that is profit. And here we are busting our asses trying to put out this magazine, and we can't make any money on it. I tell you, it's a commentary on our whole society!"

The auto issue was still several weeks in the future. We were working on the September 7 issue, and Ackerman wasn't satisfied with the lead.

"My theory is," he said, "that every issue has got to be better than the previous one."

"But listen, Marty," I said, "that theory has got to come to a breaking point."

"I know," he said.

"There comes a time when a new issue simply can't be better than the last one. It's got to be worse."

"Okay, okay," he said. "But we've got to make this one better because I'm fighting for my life."

These were new words, and spoken in a new voice quite different from the rash enthusiasm that we had heard in his various speeches. "He told me," Emerson said later that day, "that he wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat about this company."

With the passing of every week, every million-dollar payroll, every money-losing issue of the Curtis magazines, Marty Ackerman was seeing with increasing clarity that he had acquired not just a company with some troubles but an insatiable monster. Only four years ago, after all, Curtis had announced that it owned a buried mountain of copper and zinc in Ontario, which it had sold for \$24 million, and the monster had already swallowed all of it. Now it stood ready to devour Marty Ackerman, his chauffeured Cadillac and his house in Rye and his little film company and the bank he had bought for his children.

In the spring, he had thought that his arrival, his investment of new capital, his talk of editorial revolution, would all help to bring back the advertisers, and that he could ride forth and sell the advertising himself. By July, however, he began to realize that the audience on Madison Avenue enjoyed applauding his antics but had no intention of supporting the *Post*. Two months had been spent on "A" issues, and now another two months had passed and there still weren't many ads, and the accountants informed him that the cost of the "A" issues and the extra editorial pages since then had amounted to about a million dollars. "And then I had lunch with some old friend in the ad business," Emerson said. "I don't know who it was, but somebody he trusted. And this guy told Marty that nobody on Madison Avenue really gave much of a goddamn about him or his new *Post* or his conferences or any of the rest of it. And that really shook him, because he'd gotten so happy with his book of press clippings that he couldn't believe everybody didn't love him. So what he says now is 'We're going to wait just a couple more weeks to see whether Steverino [Kelly] can hack it. And if that doesn't work, we'll have to consider the disaster plan.'"

Ackerman's disaster plan for the coming year Emerson defined it on this first occasion, consisting of cutting the *Post* to a skeleton staff, "just McIlhenny and Ewald and a handful of others putting out a semblance of a magazine." The following week Emerson heard a few more details. Ackerman's computer had proposed specific figures. "Could we cut the payroll by 50 per cent and the material by 33 per cent?" Ackerman asked. Emerson said he could not, and I agreed. But what we said was strictly true. We could indeed make cuts of a



but only by making radical changes in the
 of the *Post*. And although it would have
 possible to cut the *Post*'s editorial budget al-
 in half, it would have been very difficult to
 together enough of a staff to produce the kind
 agazine that Ackerman said he wanted. "Even
 mkin villages need a certain amount of paint,"
 id to Emerson. "Otherwise, the Empress will
 enly say, 'Potemkin, those are the worst-look-
 villages I've ever seen. In fact, they're prac-
 ly slums.'"

At the beginning of August, nothing short of war
 d stop Emerson from taking his family back to
 rgia for the month. And so, when Ackerman
 wanted to talk about the disaster plan, the
 audience he could find was me.

The disaster plan, I soon learned, was much more
 orate than anything I had heard from Emerson.
 began with—was rooted in—a passionate sense of
 "By now I've put seven million dollars of my
 money into this f—— company," Ackerman
 said, "and it's all gone, down the drain. Which is
 ly what I said was not going to happen." It
 this sense of personal loss that filled him with
 an unreasoning anger against the secretaries
 m he passed in the corridor every morning,
 iping, like secretaries everywhere, on the tele-
 ne. And in Philadelphia, the bureaucracy had
 n the previous month's blow of the axe and
 s, hydra-like, begun to heal itself. "They've
 n hiring people back, secretly," Ackerman said.
 e've got to make this company more flexible,
 that means cutting the fixed costs. But in all the
 k I've done so far, I've only managed to get rid
 one hundred people out of the whole five thou-
 d." This, too, filled him with anger, and a desire
 ut harder.

"I think I've got to get rid of the whole corpo-
 superstructure," he said. "There's just no room
 all those people. And all of those regional sales
 eaus. I think I've got to fold the *Journal*, too,
 else sell it."

As for the *Post*, it would simply have to find a
 break-even level. Ackerman was already tired
 soliciting ads. "I'm not going to go on sucking
 und for advertisers," he said. "Screw that." In-
 id, he had decided to start making the readers
 for the magazine—finally—by subscriptions at
 instead of the present \$4 (often discounted to
 . "I believe in the philosophy of pay as you go,"
 Ackerman said. "The *Post* will have to cut down to
 vel where it can pay its own way." There was a
 ise, and then he added dreamily, "You know
 at the ultimate cut is? That's when I go down to
 Philadelphia myself, and I stand in front of the
 nt, and whenever anybody comes out, I hand
 m a paycheck, and I say, 'That's it. Goodbye.
 n't come back.' To everybody. Every single one
 them. And then I lock up the building, and I sell
 is real estate."

On August 15, the *Wall Street Journal* broke the
 ws that the Curtis board was to meet to consider
 veral offers" for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and
American Home. The only offer that was publicly

identified came from Downe Communications Inc.,
 proposing a swap of 100,000 shares of its own stock,
 a market value of about \$5.4 million. The story
 pointedly recalled that Ackerman had "stated as
 recently as May 15 that 'we're not selling any of
 our magazines,'" and then added that Ackerman
 "said his decision to sell the magazines was based
 on a conviction that Curtis should concentrate on
 publishing magazines for 'class' rather than 'mass'
 audiences."

That same morning, Peter Wyden, executive ed-
 itor of the *Journal*, came to work early. "It wasn't
 even eight o'clock yet, maybe 7:55," he said later,
 "and as I rounded the corner of Lexington Avenue
 and 54th Street, who should I see come out of the
 Curtis building, in his blue shirtsleeves, but Martin
 S. Ackerman? He came out to the curb, and he
 looked up at the sky, and then he went back inside
 again, and I couldn't help thinking, 'He looks just
 like the owner of a supermarket going outside his
 store to look at the weather to see if the ladies are
 going to come and get today's special in tomatoes.'"

Ackerman had always been high-strung, but now
 he seemed more nervous than ever. He spoke in
 short bursts, his head twitched from side to side.

"I tell you, Otto, there's no f—— money," he
 said. "There's just no f—— money."

The tone in his voice was unmistakable. Ackerman
 was exasperated, but underneath that exasperation
 lay fear.

"I've put five million of my own f—— money
 into this f—— company, and it's all gone," he said.
 "I've got maybe two million more, and that's it."

I couldn't help remembering that Ackerman had
 told me quite recently that he had already put seven
 million, rather than five, into Curtis. On the other
 hand, a week after telling me that he had only two
 million more to invest, he told me that he had in-
 vested another five million. I began to realize that
 Ackerman's sense of numbers was not that of an
 accountant, for whom two and two always make
 four, but more nearly that of an advanced mathema-
 tician, for whom numbers form a language, capable
 of expressing an emotion or a view of the world.

Embittered and frightened, Ackerman turned
 once again to the hated payroll, and to the plan
 that would eviscerate the monster. Throughout
 the company, he said, he would ultimately cut the num-
 ber of employees from more than five thousand to
 about eight hundred.

"Have you given any thought to the problem?"
 he asked.

"Sure, I've given it a lot of thought," I said.

"Okay, can you start cutting people next week?"

"I guess so, but I've got to talk to Emerson first."

"Talk to Emerson, then, but let's get going."

Cutting a staff is not really so painful as one
 might think. One starts by drawing up a list of the
 ple who must be kept, and one persuades one-
 self that the others would be better off somewhere
 else. We started off with the advantage of attrition
 —a number of editors had left and never been re-

"...four auto
 magnates on
 the cover of an
 issue filled with
 auto ads would
 mean that the
 cover of the *Post*
 was now for
 sale."

Nothing.
 What have
 you heard?



placed—and then we agreed on ten more who had to go. Emerson took only two hours to work his way through the ordeal of telling each victim. At the end of the morning, we told Ackerman that we had cut our payroll by about \$200,000, slightly more than a third of the total, and he said, “Yeah? We just cut the advertising sales staff by \$700,000.”

“Remember the Ponzi racket?”

Aside from the final destruction of the *Post*, the one action that inundated Marty Ackerman in criticism and controversy was his decision to cut the magazine’s circulation in half. In theory, it was a perfectly simple measure—the subscription lists would be fed into a computer, and the computer would execute the required number of cancellations. It was also a perfectly understandable measure—since the advertisers were increasingly unwilling to make up the deficits created by millions of cut-rate subscriptions, it was extravagantly uneconomical to continue them.

No magazine, however, had ever before announced that a certain number of subscribers, who had already paid their money in advance, were no longer acceptable and would no longer receive the magazines they had paid for. Perhaps because no such announcement had ever been made before, Ackerman’s decision was greeted with a considerable amount of indignation. It was not just that the subscribers had a legal and moral right to their magazines but that they seemed to believe they had a personal relationship with the *Post*. They thought that when they subscribed, the editor rejoiced, and when they canceled, he grieved. Now they were learning that they were nothing but names on a computer tape.

Many of the problems could have been solved if Curtis had been willing simply to send a refund to the unwanted subscribers, but that would have cost millions of dollars that we didn’t have. While we knew that our readers had a legal right to their magazines or their money—several litigious subscribers went to court and eventually won judicial endorsement of that right—we were determined to do our best to give them neither. Not only could we not afford to continue our ruinous circulation policies but we convinced ourselves that we had every right to change those policies for the salvation of the corporation. The question was how to carry out the change.

The only real solution was to find some other publisher who would take over Curtis’s obligations, and Ackerman thought he had won the battle when he found that *Life* wanted *Post* subscribers. The trouble was that *Life* wanted only about a million of them, and only a million of the best. To understand the dimensions of this problem, we must consider some statistics and the implications of those statistics. As of the June 29 issue, the *Post* had a total of 6,551,963 subscribers (plus a newsstand sale of 347,050). A little more than 70 per cent of those 6.5 million subscribers—about 4.5 million—lived in

the magic A and B counties. Thus, even if we planned to limit our new circulation of 3 million entirely to subscribers within A and B counties, we would still have to dispose of not only 2 million subscribers in the C and D counties but at least 1 million of the cherished A and B subscribers. The statistics of A and B circulation do not have any intrinsic significance, of course. I have used them simply because this was the standard by which Madison Avenue judged circulation and therefore the standard by which magazine managements judged their own readers. The assumption was that the A and B readers not only lived in the best market areas but were consequently above average in education and income. They were the readers everybody wanted; C and D readers, whatever their virtues might be, were wanted by no one.

“So on about the first of August,” Ackerman complained at his first meeting with the editorial staff, “we’re going to send a form letter to one million A and B readers, saying, ‘We can’t send you the *Post* any more, and unless you notify us within 10 days, you’re going to get *Life* from now on.’”

“What if they don’t want *Life*?” somebody asked.

Ackerman shrugged.

“We’re counting on the fact that a lot of people don’t answer their mail,” he said.

As for the C and D readers, who were unwelcome of the *Post* and unwanted by *Life*, Ackerman laughed and said, “We haven’t worked that letter out yet. We’ll give them some kind of magazine but we don’t know which ones. If anybody has any ideas on what the letter should say, please speak up.”

In redeploying our circulation, we declared that we were cutting our losses but that we were improving our position, canceling subscriptions only because we couldn’t afford to fill them but because we didn’t choose to. “You’ve been hearing some good things about *The Saturday Evening Post*,” Steve Kelly’s people proclaimed in full-page ads in the *Times* in mid-July. “Here’s the long and short of it. *Post* reduces circulation from 6.8 to 3 million. Eliminates subscribers not living in A and B markets. . . . The *Post* has gotten out of the box-car number business and into station-wagon statistics. In actual fact, however, we were not simply eliminating C and D readers but selling to *Life* no less than one million of our very best subscribers from A and B counties. And we were not only selling them to *Life* but taking ads to denounce them as worthless country bumpkins.

The first complaint I heard was from my sister-in-law, a graduate of Wellesley, and a resident of the expensive Long Island suburb of Manhasset. She was indignant both at being cut off and at the tone of the form letter that had announced her fate. When I mentioned this to Emerson, he answered that his mother in Atlanta had also been rejected. So had my mother in Cambridge, and Ben Hibbard and *Newsweek*, and the William Morris Agency. I had Mrs. William Kerby, wife of the president of Dow-Jones, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Journal*, after some inquiries, publisher

Good Grief!
It wasn't
paranoia
after all!



under the headline: SORRY, MR. ROCKEFELLER, I DON'T QUITE PASS THE INCOME STANDARD. The *Post* had discovered that our victims included drop Rockefeller, Governor of Arkansas. The paper also cut off a subscriber named Martin Ackerman.

Whether Ackerman was right or wrong in thinking that most people didn't answer the mail, he had recently decided that there was no reason for us to do any better. The ladies in the subscription fulfillment department, which was not the most important department at the best of times, had been slack for the sake of corporate economy. The mental computers, which were no better than clerks who tried to manage them, became paralyzed by the flood of messages from subscribers. As a result, many subscribers who sent back postcards saying they didn't want *Life* didn't get either *Life* or *Post*. Many others who wrote to complain about questions got neither answers nor magazines. Mail simply piled up in Philadelphia.

The press seemed unable to understand what was happening. Columnists and reporters all accepted Rockefeller's ads at face value and made clumsy attempts to be humorous about the idea of the *Post* discarding lower-class subscribers. James Wechsler, editor-in-chief and page editor of the *New York Post*, wrote a scenario dramatizing the moment when Mrs. Leona Jones learns that her *Post* subscription has been canceled. Art Buchwald wrote a similar scene involving a man named Feneker, of Hopscotch. "No one came right out and said they knew *Saturday Evening Post* had canceled his subscription, but the atmosphere in the town changed. Feneker refused him a loan for a new wing on his house. He had trouble cashing checks in the grocery store. . . ." Both Ackerman and Kelly professed to be delighted with the publicity. "If we'd paid Buchwald, he couldn't have done better for us," Ackerman said. "Stories like that are practically ads. They tell everybody that the *Post* is a class magazine and that not everybody can get it. That's the point."

In this dismissal of criticism, Ackerman was continuing the traditional Curtis attitude toward the subscribers. "Do you know why we publish the *Post's Home Journal*?" Cyrus H. K. Curtis had once said to a group of advertisers. "The editor believes it is for the benefit of the American woman. It is an illusion, but a proper one for him to believe in. But I will tell you the publisher's reason. . . . We give you people who manufacture things that American women want and buy a chance to tell them about your products." In contrast to Curtis's attitude, however, Ackerman was already beginning to realize that there were several different ways of regarding circulation, and that Curtis's traditional way might have been one of the fundamental errors that were causing the company's ruin.

This whole mass-magazine business is exactly the same as the Ponzi game," Ackerman said. "You remember the Ponzi racket? Where Ponzi said, 'I'll give you a dollar and I'll send you back two dollars next month.' Remember? Well, that's what mass-

magazine publishers do. They tell the subscriber, 'Send me two dollars now, and I'll send you five dollars' worth of magazines in the next year.' And it just can't be done. They're heading for trouble, every one of them. Just like Ponzi."

The difficulty lay not just in eliminating old \$1.95 subscriptions, however, but in selling new ones at a profitable rate of \$8 a year. Ackerman called in his mail-order experts from the Perfect Film headquarters, he offered retainers to outside agencies that specialized in subscription selling, he assigned me and other *Post* editors to write sales spiels, and by autumn he himself was drafting ad copy to attract those desperately needed new readers. But it takes time and money to rebuild circulation, and we had neither. We had only Ackerman's fierce belief: "There's got to be some way I can get the message across. You know, the people who've been reading the *Post* since I've been here, what with all the problems in the world, they're *better people* than they were six months ago."

“. . . almost as big as Time Inc.”

In mid-October, Ackerman moved his headquarters out of the Curtis building and into his new "town house," a five-story stone building on Park Avenue at 38th Street. If it is true that one of the fundamental goals in life is the control of one's own environment, then the town house doubtless represented to some degree the ideal that Ackerman envisioned for himself. I asked him, the first time I saw it, how he had happened to select it, and he answered with another one of his Gatsbyian revelations: "I used to come driving in from Manhasset every day, and I used to go past this place, and it was always sitting here empty. It had been empty for ten or fifteen years, I don't know why. So about two years ago, long before I had anything to do with Curtis, I bought it, and I gave my wife the job of doing all the decorating, and so she's spent the last year and a half getting it all fixed up."

Emerson liked to refer to the town house as "the pickle factory," conjuring up images of Ackerman and his diminutive assistants laboring over vats of boiling brine, but it was actually an elegant building, reflecting, as it was intended to reflect, the \$700,000 that Ackerman had invested in it. The front was narrow, perhaps twenty feet wide, with a stone balcony across the front of the second story. Inside, just beyond a reception foyer, there was a hall with marble floors and red carpeting, leading back to the dining room. There were sounds of banging from this dining room, for the redecorating was still going on. In the middle of the hall, a curving stairway, also carpeted in red, led upward past a gigantic portrait of Ackerman, very formal, in a striped necktie, holding a copy of the *Wall Street Journal*, and staring out into space. It looked like a humorously commissioned portrait of someone who had died young.

"I see you've had your portrait painted," I said, not without a certain sarcasm.

"Subscribers . . . believed that when they subscribed, the editor rejoiced, and when they canceled, he grieved."

"Yeah, my employees gave it to me," Ackerman said. I tried to imagine the scene. What pressures must have been applied to the serfs of the Perfect Film & Chemical Corporation to extort from them this tribute to their leader.

"That's what they call the cult of the personality," I said. Ackerman, bounding up the stairs ahead of me, muttered something that I couldn't hear.

At the head of the stairs, a corridor led forward to the library, where callers were asked to wait. The library was a handsome room, with a large fireplace, a white fur rug, a sofa, and windows looking out over Park Avenue. Ackerman's own office at the other end of the corridor was a dark, funereal sort of place, suitable, one would think, for a retired French diplomat. The walls were entirely paneled in dark oak, and even the fireplace was of brown marble. The three windows overlooking the courtyard held heavy red draperies that cut off most of the light. Ackerman's desk was of dark wood and leather, ornamented with golden figureheads and leaves and curlicues, in the manner of the Napoleonic era, and on the wall facing the desk hung another oil portrait, this one of Mrs. Ackerman. It was an impressive room in which to receive visitors, who sat in frail Empire chairs around the giant desk, but Ackerman himself seemed somewhat ill at ease in his new splendor. He had littered the place with piles of papers, and whenever the phone rang, he leaped to answer it, as though anxious for contact with the outside world.

The Ackerman who now sat enthroned in the town house was not the same man who had bustled in and out of offices on our editorial floor. Now, he received us only by appointment, negotiated through one of his two secretaries, and we appeared not as the managers of our own domain but as emissaries to his castle. And in the act of physical withdrawal from the Curtis building, he inevitably withdrew, to some extent, from his intense, physical involvement in the day-to-day problems of the *Post*. This was quite understandable, too, for in six months of hard labor his involvement had really accomplished relatively little. He had started with the editors, proclaiming a new, "evolutionary" *Post*, but the same old editors clung to their same old ways; he had charged up and down Madison Avenue, selling advertising to anyone who would listen, but the figures on ad revenue kept sinking lower and lower; he had struggled to rebuild the circulation, but he could find no way of changing the traditional system. All in all, the company was still losing millions of dollars. And so Ackerman in his town house began to revert to what he had been before he ever came to Curtis, a financier, a maneuverer of stocks and corporations, an expert at mergers and acquisitions, a banker and millionaire.

The Ackerman empire at this point was a curious collection of companies, still largely unintegrated and, to use a clumsy word, unrationalized. At the center, of course, stood the Perfect Film & Chemical Corporation. Its basic business was processing film, but with the help of its various subsidiaries, it also

sold vitamins, pens, camera flashbulbs, and dress patterns. Then, with its apparently limitless supply of Perfect Film stocks and bonds (the stocks at Ackerman had bought at \$4 rose to a peak of \$8.50 that June), it had bought a magazine circulation company, two film studios, and a number of publishing enterprises. As a publisher, the empire controlled Curtis, with its four remaining magazines; Popular Library, a paperback publishing firm; and Magazine Management, Inc., a collection of two-dozen pulp magazines and comics. The biggest of these three had not really been required yet, however. Perfect Film had invested virtually nothing in the Curtis shares that Ackerman repeatedly called "worthless"—preferring instead to take over Curtis's bank loans, at a profit to himself and Curtis's management. Obviously, the rationalization and reorganization of this conglomerate depended on what could be done with Curtis. Ackerman did not want to limit himself to magazines, any more than he wanted to limit himself to film-processing. He wanted to move forward to books and movies, and for that, he needed a well-organized company from which to operate. And so we came to a new version of The Plan.

"Some guys just worked this out for me," Ackerman said, his voice alive with anticipation. "I really think it's going to work. Now here's what we do." He had his yellow pad with him, and he began drawing another one of his organizational charts. First a box at the top, marked Curtis, then another box marked N&P, then a third marked SEP Comp.

"Basically, we're going to turn Curtis into a holding company, and we're going to divide its holdings into two separate companies. The first is the New York and Pennsylvania Company, which we've already got anyway as a subsidiary in the paper-making business, so they're going to get the paper mill and the printing plant, see? Now the second company is going to be a completely new company which we're going to call The Saturday Evening Post Company, and that ought to show people we're in business to stay. And this will be the company that publishes the magazines.

"Now the next step is that I found ten million dollars," Ackerman continued, with an oddly twisted smile. "And if you want to know where I found it, I won't tell you, because it's none of your business." (It turned out later that the staff cuts had left a large surplus in the company's pension fund.) "So then we give three million to the printing plant, and we put seven million into the bank for the magazines. Now once we have this new company set up, free of all Curtis obligations, and with seven million in cash in the bank, I can go right down to Wall Street and sell it to Harvard and Yale and the other institutions. I can issue five million in convertible securities in The Saturday Evening Post Company, backed up by Perfect Film securities, and these institutional investors will buy them up in no time. So we add their five million to the seven million we've already got, and we have twelve million dollars in a brand new company, and

led by Curtis, and all set to go. I think it'll work. I'll think it'll work."

Ackerman's description of The Plan had been mistaken, however, or else he changed his mind. In a subsequent meeting with the advertising men he said that Curtis wouldn't be a holding company after all. It would retain the printing plant and paper mill in its own name. And the figures for The Saturday Evening Post Company were all different. Now, as he explained it anew, Curtis would own the magazines, which would be valued at \$5 million, and it would also provide \$5 million in cash. The institutional investors, whom Ackerman repeatedly referred to as "Harvard, Yale, and Guaranty Trust," would provide another \$10 million, not just for the operation of the magazines but for the acquisition of other publishing properties by The Saturday Evening Post Company. There would be 400,000 shares of common stock, half for Curtis and half for the investors. Once all was accomplished, there could be no doubts about the *Post's* future, "because we'll have something that nobody else has, we'll have fifteen million bucks in the bank." One of the advertising men dared to suggest that he was still encouraging questions about whether Ackerman might, despite the name of the new company, sell the stock. "I'd sooner sell my wife," Ackerman promptly replied.

The public announcements soon followed. Ackerman chose, for some reason, to proclaim his plans in Boston, at a lunch given by the Boston Advertising Club. The reorganization would "assure" the future of the *Post*, he said, adding that it "will become a very profitable magazine." The *Times*, for its part, was not impressed; it carried only a few paragraphs from a wire-service. To the staff, Ackerman read a memo on November 1, declaring: "The Saturday Evening Post Company has now been established. It is an entirely new company incorporating the old name—a name which in itself reflects determination to continue this great magazine as a mainstay of our publishing operations. . . ."

Ackerman was president, of course, because he had to be president of everything he touched, but he left him The Saturday Evening Post Company with no corporate structure except for one frightened accountant, who had been fired during the first week at Curtis, and then rehired after three months of unemployment to supervise the finances of the new P Company. The new company's only other officer, finally, was a seven-man board of directors, drawn entirely from the Curtis board, but this group's very existence was generally unknown until Ackerman called its members together in January to settle the fate of the *Post*.

Whatever reality the new company acquired, it had to evolve from its accumulation of old papers. All our contracts with writers and agents had to be redrawn. Purchase forms had to be revised and reprinted. Our paychecks began arriving on different paper, headed with the new

title: Saturday Evening Post Company. But for The Saturday Evening Post Company to achieve a real existence it needed some kind of stock-market listing that would certify its otherwise imaginary figures.

"Yeah, I've already got that figured out," Ackerman said. "Here's what we do. There's a little company called Plume & Atwood that we're going to buy, see? Now Plume & Atwood has three things. It makes copper and brass, and it's got a little chain of theaters up around Boston, and it's got a listing on the American Stock Exchange. So we sell off the copper business for maybe ten million, which is probably more than we'll need to buy control of the whole company, and we keep the movie theaters, because they might come in handy later on. And as soon as the Post Company is on its feet, we can merge it with Plume & Atwood, and that'll get us the market listing."

One day, I heard from Emerson, in the darkest secrecy, that Ackerman planned to buy the book publishing firm of Simon & Schuster.

"I don't believe it," I said.

"That's what he says, though," Emerson said.

"They're at least as big as we are, and much more prosperous," I said.

"That's still what he says. And Curtis was a lot bigger than Perfect Film when he took it on. In this business, the little fish sometimes eat the big fish."

Whatever was in Ackerman's restless mind, he went on sniffing at possible acquisitions throughout the fall, rarely keeping the prospects to himself.

In October, he said he wanted to start a joint venture with some book publisher to develop *Post* articles into a series of Saturday Evening Post Books. I myself spent a considerable amount of time in developing this plan. In November, he talked of buying Ed Downe's newspaper supplement, *Family Weekly*, or, if he couldn't get that, some other Sunday supplement. He also wanted to buy a group of movie theaters in New Orleans. That same month, he said he wanted to buy a Southern newspaper chain, which he said would cost "a couple of million" but was making a profit. "Maybe we ought to go into newspapers," he said. "Who've we got who knows about newspapers?" And in December, he said, "What I'd like to buy is Harcourt, Brace. I think they're the Tiffany's of book publishing."

I suspected that there was no coherent plan behind these periodic confidences—nothing more than Ackerman's sheer enthusiasm at the sight of all the enterprises that were waiting to be bought. I asked him, nonetheless, what all his acquisitions would add up to, and so he treated me to yet another version of The Plan. This time, the first thing he set down on his yellow legal pad was not Curtis but PFO, which stood for Perfect Film. From there, a pencil line descended vertically and then swooped to the right, ending in the letters P/A, which stood for Plume & Atwood. This he subdivided into \$10 million worth of brass and copper works and \$3 million worth of theaters, and then he added the

"I'd sooner sell my wife."
—Ackerman

figure of \$10 million for the customary sale of securities to "Harvard and Yale." "They love me," he said happily, "the banks and those people, they think I'm just great." Below this, he wrote SEP, representing The Saturday Evening Post Company, with its magazines and its \$10 million from Harvard and Yale. His pencil then began drawing swirls around SEP, ending in an arrow pointed at P/A, representing a merger in March of 1969. Then more swirls around the two companies and an arrow that led back to PFO.

"The whole thing will be a two hundred million dollar company, almost as big as Time Inc.," Ackerman said, matter-of-factly. "Maybe one hundred million in publishing, fifty million in films, and fifty million in entertainment services, theaters and so on."

"The whole pitch," he went on, "is what this country will be doing ten years from now. Leisure is the growth field. Entertainment, movies, books, magazines, that's what's going to be important. That's the way I see it."

On December 16, I got home late and found that the day's mail included an invitation from the American Jewish Committee to attend a dinner at the Hotel Pierre for the presentation of the AJC's annual Human Relations Award to Martin S. Ackerman. The invitation contained a photograph and description of Ackerman. It said that in his half year at Curtis he had "made dramatic changes in the business and editorial approach of the firm that have won widespread recognition . . . from the business world." I looked on the back of the invitation and saw that the dinner was being run by an executive committee loaded with Ackerman's associates and employees, a representative of Ackerman's accounting firm, another from his bank. "Black tie," the invitation said. "No solicitation of funds." The price was \$150 per person or \$1,500 for a table of ten. R.S.V.P.

Up until the end, Ackerman acted as though the *Post* had a great future. He organized a series of dinners at the town house for the contributors to each new issue. He summoned interior decorators to repaint the editorial offices and to paper the corridors with a material that looked like wood paneling. But at the same time, he worried darkly about new figures from his accountants, which showed a guaranteed loss of \$400,000 a month for the indefinite future. "We can't keep on going this way," he said. "If I could see a solution, I could put in more money, but if it's just more money down the drain, then I have to start thinking about my obligations to my backers."

"Did you realize it was going to be this complicated when you started out last April?" I asked.

"Well, I knew it wasn't going to be easy."

"So what are you going to do next?"

"I'm going to take my wife and children on a ten-day vacation to the Bahamas."

"Is it worth it?"

On the morning of January 6, 1969, Emerson stopped at my office on his way to the town house and asked whether I had any problem. I wanted him to discuss with Ackerman, as he had just returned from his vacation. I offered a few of the standard problems—overdue raises, a change in the company's medical program, a new plan to place institutional advertising for the *Post* at almost no cost. I then settled down to my some future writing assignments.

"Have you heard today's rumor?" McKinley asked from the doorway.

"No, what?"

"They're supposed to be folding the *Post* today."

"Oh, they're always folding the *Post* today," I said irritably.

"And Ackerman has summoned you and Emerson to the town house to get the news."

"Well, Emerson's down there, but I'm not. I don't think Emerson didn't think it was anything but routine when he left here."

Emerson did not return until midafternoon, and then I followed him directly into his office, asking, still without any particular anxiety, "Do we have a problem?"

Ackerman had summoned "the editors and publishers"—a group now reduced to Emerson, Kelly, and two others. There were new figures from the accounting firm of Touche, Ross, according to Ackerman, and they predicted that SEP would lose at least \$3.7 million in 1969.

"Those aren't new figures," I said. "Ackerman knew them three weeks ago."

"Well, he says they're new, and he's acting as though they were new," Emerson said.

Ackerman had announced to the group that he could not stand such a loss. One million, perhaps, but not four million. Having stated the problem, Ackerman began to suggest solutions. One was to sell *Holiday*. Another was to fold the *Post*.

"He actually said that?" I asked, unbelieving.

"He sure did," Emerson said.

"Just a few weeks ago, he said he'd sooner fold his wife."

"Well, maybe he's thinking about that too."

The final decision would be reached, Ackerman had told them, at a special board meeting on Friday. It seemed strange, after a year of Ackerman's autocratic leadership, to hear him invoke the board of directors. That corporate supreme court, the final arbiter, had barely been mentioned since Ackerman's accession.

All that evening, according to Steve Kelly, the *Times* kept asking him for some statement on the newest rumor. "I kept fencing until about eleven o'clock," Kelly said later, "and then they called back and said, 'You want to hear what your boss has to say?' And I said, 'Yeah.' And they read it to me."

"And what did you say to that?" I asked.

don't know what I said to that," Kelly said. The headline on Tuesday morning appeared on, places, the society page:

END OF SATURDAY EVENING POST
TO BE WEIGHED BY ITS EXECUTIVES

amid reports in publishing circles that *The Saturday Evening Post* may be discontinued," the began, under the familiar byline of Robert E. Bedingfield. "It's all up in the air," Bedingfield told the voluble Marty Ackerman as saying. "We don't know what it looks like for *The Saturday Evening Post*. We don't know whether we can make it. Under four successive presidencies, no major official had ever announced anything but losses, improvements, and successes, and still the company had lost more than \$60 million. If the president of the corporation now chose to say that the future was uncertain, he was announcing, by analogy, the death of the *Post*."

Kelly was not the only one to react with despair. The entire staff read the story and interpreted it in exactly the same way. The only hope was to reach Ackerman and get him to issue a new statement. Those those he had been making all year—the future of the magazine assured, a "very profitable" year ahead, or a restatement of that promise of the previous spring: "As long as I am here, there will not be a last issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*." But Ackerman could be reached only at the town house on those days, and the secretaries there said that he was out of town. It seemed an incredible time for a man to disappear. The only explanation was that he was hiding either from the press or from us, or both. That afternoon, Kent MacDougall of the *Wall Street Journal* was also trying in vain to find Ackerman, and when I asked him what he had heard, he said, "I'm sorry to say that I hear it's all over."

On the next morning, Wednesday, a two-paragraph story in the *Wall Street Journal* gave us a clear indication of where Ackerman had been the previous day. Plume & Atwood, the story said, "has purchased all the issued and outstanding stock of Star Sales Ltd., a privately held Montreal sales-incentive company [a variation of supermarket green stamps], for \$10 million in cash." The main story that concerned us, however, was the *Journal's* evaluation of the *Post's* fate, and it was forbidding. "The ailing *Saturday Evening Post* appears to be near death," the story began. Persons familiar with [Ackerman's] thinking said he seems disposed to fold the *Post*. . . . Milton Eisenhower, the only member of the seven-man *Post* board who has also been a Curtis director for more than two years, is reported to be among those strongly inclined to fold the magazine. . . ."

"Our presentation was so popular that they're begging us to restage it," Steve Kelly said as he called my office that morning. His words made no sense to me, but Kelly was by now so distraught that sometimes seemed to be talking to himself. One could only listen politely and hope that one would eventually begin to understand. It soon became

clear that Kelly had asked his depleted and demoralized advertising staff to create a "presentation," showing that the *Post* was ahead of its comparative position the year before and would undoubtedly sell the one thousand advertising pages required for 1969. "I stayed up half the night rehearsing it," Kelly said bitterly, throwing the presentation book on my table. I gathered that Kelly had been preparing himself for a meeting scheduled with Ackerman at ten o'clock that morning, but Ackerman had abruptly canceled it, leaving Kelly with nobody to whom to make his presentation. "I realize it's all academic by now," Kelly said to me, "but just look at this." Since I was the only audience he could find, I would have to listen to the presentation. "Look at this," Kelly repeated, opening the book. The charts had been hastily drawn with Magic Marker, but Kelly pressed relentlessly forward. Advertisements on order on the previous day were 32.9 per cent greater than those on the same day in 1968. A series of charts showed that advertising is a seasonal business, and the final chart in the series showed that current figures would project a total of 540 pages of advertising for the first six months of 1969, more than half the 1,000 pages we needed to survive. We flipped on through the plastic pages of the loose-leaf notebook, in a folder of artificial leather with gold lettering, and at the end Kelly noted that there was something wrong. He looked it over for a moment, puzzled. "Now I see," he said finally. "All the pages have been put into the cover backward."

Shortly after Kelly left, I got another call from Kent MacDougall of the *Wall Street Journal*, who reported a bizarre announcement by Barney Rosset, president of Grove Press, calling a press conference for the following day to "reveal a Grove Press offer for the purchase of *The Saturday Evening Post*." By coincidence, the cover story in the current *Post* was about Rosset, and it was billed as "How to sell 'dirty books' for fun and profit." MacDougall wanted to know whether there was any connection, and I told him that there wasn't. Then, finally, at about two o'clock, I got a call from Ackerman.

"Hey, how're things going?" he asked.

"Jesus, you're the one who ought to tell how things are going," I said.

"Well, I don't really know," Ackerman said.

"What do you mean, you don't know?" I said.

"Well, the board is divided into factions, see? One faction wants to close the *Post*, and another faction wants to keep going for a while, maybe put in another two-three million."

"And which faction are you in?" I asked.

"I just don't know," Ackerman said. "I haven't made up my mind. The trouble is, I don't think the next few months are going to cost just two million but maybe more like five million."

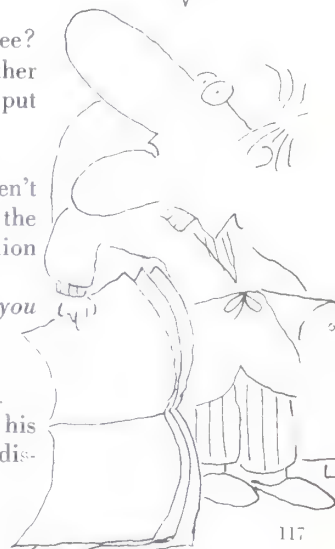
"Quite likely," I said, thinking, *You said you had plenty of money.*

"Yeah," Ackerman said.

"Meanwhile, the publicity is killing us," I said.

"Yeah, nobody you talk to can ever keep his mouth shut," Ackerman said. I laughed at the dis-

On the
society
Page?



ingenuousness of that complaint. Ackerman wanted to know where Emerson was. I said he was out having lunch with John Le Carré, but I could find him if necessary. Ackerman asked that we both come to the town house at four.

When Emerson and I arrived there at dusk, we found the front door of the building missing. A kind of plastic sheet flapped over the hole, and behind it the front hall was empty. A sign next to the missing door said: Use basement door. Behind the railing, we found an iron gate, and then we crept down an iron stairway, past some heavy gratings that looked like the entrance to a dungeon. "That's where we're going to keep Bob Yung," Emerson remarked. At the side of the basement entrance, a doorbell was hanging loose at the end of a wire. The door itself opened easily, and a steel door behind it was also open, and so we wandered through the empty basement until we found a narrow circular stairway that snaked upward to an obscure door next to Ackerman's office. He looked up from his desk and greeted our abrupt appearance without surprise.

"Well, how are you?" Emerson asked.

"Oh-h-h," he groaned, quite cheerfully. "I don't know whether my stomach can stand this business. Here, let me take your coats. Reporters on the phone last night, frightening the children. I finally had to disconnect the phone so I could get some sleep."

"It hasn't been easy for anybody," Emerson said. "I might as well say right off that we're all waiting for some kind of word from you."

"I really don't know what the word is," Ackerman said. "I got these new figures from the accountants, and they make it look pretty bad."

"Now, Kelly, as you know, has been putting together his own figures to show that—"

"Look," Ackerman interrupted, "the basic fact is that Kelly can't produce the ads."

"Well, he's got this book that says he can," Emerson said. "And he's upset that you won't listen to him, so I promised to bring his collection of figures over here and get you to look at it."

"Oh, I'll talk to him, I'm willing to be polite to the guy," Ackerman said, taking Kelly's loose-leaf presentation book and thumbing through it without interest. "But I don't think it's going to make much difference. See, Kelly's figures are all based on these letters of intent. He got his salesmen to go out and get these letters of intent from the advertisers, but they ain't worth s—."

The telephone rang just then, and Ackerman snatched it up. "Yes, Milt," he said into the phone. "Okay, Milt. Yeah.... Well, we'll see.... Okay...."

"That was Gould," Ackerman said. "He's the head of the faction in favor of killing the *Post*. He says the Bok family seems to be kicking up some trouble. They're mobilizing their forces to keep the *Post* going. Well, okay, nobody has any objections if they can find the money to pay for it."

"What's going to happen at this board meeting?" Emerson asked.

"You never know," Ackerman said. "I have some votes, and Gould has some votes, and then there's

X—, if he's functioning. When he's functioning, he's fairly intelligent, and you can talk to him and persuade him. He's a real swing vote. So we'll have to see."

"But the main vote is yours," I said. "You haven't made up your mind, but what are you going to say at that meeting?"

"What I think now is, if nothing changes between now and Friday, I'm just going to be absolutely neutral."

"I don't see how you can be neutral when you're running the whole company," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you what I can do. I can present the problem and say I don't know the solution. I'll listen to somebody else try to come up with a solution for a change. I'm ready to listen."

"You once said you'd say the *Post* was making money even if it wasn't making money," I said, trying to draw him into the conflict.

"Yeah, but you can't do that now," Ackerman said. "The loss is just too big. I've always said I could lose a million, or even two, but five million—that's too much, and you can't hide it. So the big decision to be made is: Can the *Post* stand another year of struggle? And the next question is: Is it worth it? I mean, is it *worth it*?"

"I think the answer to both questions is yes," I said.

Ackerman shrugged. My views were about as valuable to him as Steve Kelly's charts and figures.

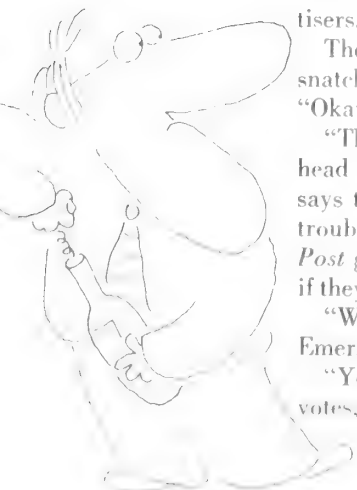
"This isn't just a business proposition," I said. "The *Post* is a national institution. You know it yourself. Ben Franklin High School."

"Yeah, well—" Ackerman sighed. "You know I had a talk with Jock Whitney when he was losing millions of dollars on the *Herald Tribune*. And he said—national institutions—they're not that different—"

A bell rang downstairs, and Ackerman started on his feet. He had asked Marvin Whatmore, the president of Cowles Communications, Inc., to come with his advisers to the town house, and for some mysterious reason he did not want the rulers of *Life* to meet the two chief editors of the *Post*. And so he departed down the same back stairway on which he had come, like a pair of Verdian conspirators, while behind us we heard *il principe* loudly welcoming the enemy delegation from across the waters.

Thursday, the next day, was the day on which we gradually gave up our loosening grip on hope. The morning newspapers brought a few more details. Barney Rosset's offer on behalf of Grove Press, at his press conference confirmed our suspicion that his proposal was frivolous. "We would return the editorial direction of *The Saturday Evening Post* to the spirit of Ben Franklin, adapted to the demands of the modern world in ferment," Rosset declared. Ackerman dismissed Rosset's gesture as a "gross publicity stunt." And this was not the only such stunt. One editor got a call from a prosperous rock 'n' roll production group that wanted to pay \$250,000 for the chance to turn the *Post* into a pop music magazine.

Emerson spent much of the day in efforts to find



serious buyers. Fritz Beebe, chairman of the Washington Post Co., was sufficiently interested to have Ackerman arrange a conference that afternoon with the accountants from Touche, Ross. Who then, might want to buy a famous magazine? Ackerman also had enough financial power to commit millions of dollars without the delays involved in consulting some committee? Emerson tried calling Edgar Bronfman, head of Seagram's and a major stockholder in both Time Inc. and M-G-M. He also called John Diebold, head of the management firm called The Diebold Group. One editor was drawing up lists of possibilities: IBM, Lord & Taylor, Hugh Hefner, the Kennedys. . . .

By this time, even the production machinery had begun to break down. It was difficult to keep the editors to work on the February 22 issue. We did continue shipping manuscripts and laying out the Philadelphia, only to learn that some of them were simply piling up at the printing plant, ignored. The cover, specifically, was being left unfinished by the engraving department while everyone waited for the results of the next day's board meeting. As soon as Emerson heard of the delays, he angrily ordered all work resumed. The *Post* was not dead, he declared, and as long as it still breathed, everybody had a duty to keep working on the next issue.

As the day drew to an end, the reactions began coming in. Fritz Beebe said the figures indicated the obstacles were too great. John Diebold didn't even need to look at the figures to come to the same conclusion. Bronfman said he had enough problems trying to cope with M-G-M. On the other hand, Gil Kaplan, publisher of *The Institutional Investor*, said he had offered Ackerman \$15 million. He had been told he would need \$35 million. Kaplan was puzzled at the rejection and remarked that Ackerman must have already made up his mind to close the *Post*.

Throughout all this, Ackerman's painters kept busily repainting the editorial offices, and by the time they had covered Emerson's walls with a sticky layer of white. There were various placards on the backs of chairs and cabinets saying: WET PAINT. Emerson himself was sitting at his desk with a slice of ham, a pickle, and a glass of red wine. It was eleven o'clock, and I was going home.

"I've just been on the phone with Hugh Hefner's secretary man, and he sounded pretty interested," Emerson said. "And I've got another call in to that in Texas, Judge Hofheinz. He's interested too." "Why are you eating supper so early?" I asked. "Supper! That's my goddamn lunch," Emerson

"I tried like hell."

television was first. On the CBS eleven o'clock news on January 9, the broadcaster smiled as he made the announcement: "*The Saturday Evening Post* is dead." There was no source, no equivocation, and no fear of denial or retribution.

The Friday morning *Times* was equally definite. "The end will come today for *The Saturday Evening Post*," the front-page story by Bedingfield began. "Directors of the once-dominant publication . . . will declare it officially dead this morning and arrange for its burial in the subscription lists of *Life* and other magazines. Thus will end the 147-year publishing history of a magazine that has outlived the more rural, insular America it once served. . . ." The story went on to say that Ackerman had called a press conference in the afternoon, at which he might have "something to announce" about merging the Post Company with the LIN Broadcasting Corporation of Nashville. LIN owned two TV stations, six radio stations, and interests in several record companies, art galleries, answering services, and mail-order firms. Its most notable possession was the Miss Teen-Age America Pageant.

We knew, then, that there was no more work to be done. We were there only to wait until the official announcement came. Emerson arrived late, almost at noon, and said that he had been on the telephone most of the night with various prospective buyers, and that he had called several board members to plead for more time. But none of these efforts seemed to matter any more. The war was over, and we had lost.

Don Allan, the foreign editor, who had been managing editor of *The Reporter* when it was killed just a few months earlier, brought a bunch of orange roses and handed one to each of the girls on the staff. It was a theatrical gesture, but by now we had all become characters in a melodrama called "The Last Day of *The Saturday Evening Post*." No sooner had I arrived at my office than I looked up to see a small, dark figure hovering in the doorway and taking pictures of me. I scowled at him, but he simply went on taking pictures. "I'm Steve Schapiro of *Life*," he said at last, as though that explained and excused everything. By this time, a number of reporters from the newspapers and news-magazines were there too, and a young lady named Jill Krementz climbed and crawled around in a miniskirt, taking photographs from various positions on the walls, radiators, and floors. All of these people spent the day sitting around in our offices, watching us pretend to lead normal office lives, and waiting for something poignant to happen. Precisely because they were all flocking around, of course, nothing could possibly happen, and so they eventually went away and wrote that the end had come quietly.

The board meeting lasted longer than we expected. It had started at ten, in Ackerman's town house, and it continued until almost two, the hour at which Ackerman had scheduled a press conference at the Overseas Press Club. Six of us had hamburgers and beer around the corner from the office, then piled into a taxi and drove over to West 40th Street, just behind the public library. We arrived at the second floor auditorium in time to see Ackerman standing in the glare of the TV lights and blinking as he read his announcement.

"This is one of the saddest days of my life," he

...and what
is your
reaction to
going down
the tube
with a
national
institution?



was saying, reading the words calmly in his slightly nasal voice, "a sad one for me, for our employees, officers, and directors; indeed, it is sad for the American public. However, no other decision was possible in view of the sizable predicted losses which continued publication would have generated. Quite simply, this is an example of a new management which could not reduce expenses nor generate sales and income fast enough to halt mounting losses. . . . Having refinanced The Saturday Evening Post Company with \$15 million in new capital, I assured directors and stockholders of the company that regardless of my own personal feelings, if we could not return a profit we would have to shut down the *Post*. Apparently there is just not the need for our product in today's scheme of living."

There were desultory questions. Ackerman guessed that the *Post* had lost about \$5 million during 1968 but that Curtis as a whole had broken even. He said he would do his best to find new jobs for all *Post* employees. And then we all milled around a large table where dozens of cups of black coffee were standing ready, and I kept thinking, simultaneously, two contradictory things: *This is not real, it is not happening*, and, on the other hand, *So this is the way it all ends*. I saw Don McKinney take up a cup of coffee and begin sipping it, smiling feebly in all directions, and then I saw Emerson dazedly answering reporters' questions, and then I saw our slender production chief, Rita Waterman (née Ortiga), reacting the way a good Italian girl reacts. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she ran out of the auditorium and into the elevator.

Back at the office, the television crews were soon established in full force. The glaring lights had been set up in our main corridor, and a crowd was milling around just outside the copy department. Emerson was making some kind of a statement, but the TV people were interviewing anybody they could find. I took Emerson by the arm and led him away from the pursuing interviewers and told him that he ought to gather his staff for a farewell meeting.

"What should I tell them?" he asked.

"I don't know. Tell them whatever comes to mind. Tell them they did a good job."

And so Emerson did gather them all together in his office, barring the press at the door. These were the last survivors, and a woebegone group they were. A dozen editors or so, a few people from the art department, and a handful of secretaries. And Emerson, for the first time since I had known him, had very little to say, no jokes, no stories about his uncles in the South. He thanked everyone for the work done, and he apologized for any shortcomings of his own. He said it had been a great voyage, and a great attempt to save a magazine that had deserved better of its owners. And that was all. He asked whether I had anything to add, and I said I didn't. He asked Don McKinney, and he had nothing to say either, but Don Allan, professing to believe that Emerson had called on him, said he did have something to add. "God bless you all," he said.

At about five, the television crews took their cameras and went away, and people began bringing out bottles of whiskey, and it took very little time for the liquor to spread a kind of artificial and slightly bitter conviviality. The people began congregating in Rita Waterman's darkened production room, waiting for the television news. (On the day of that production room, I noticed that Ackerman's imitation-wood wallpaper had already started to tear loose and hang down in tatters.) Television had played a large part in killing the *Post*, of course, malevolently but simply by coming into existence, the new medium, more dramatic, more immediate, and cheaper. The heirs of Cyrus Curtis and George Horace Lorimer had been strong when television was weak, and there had been a time when they could have bought control of a whole network, but they had chosen instead to ignore the new competition. And so it took away Curtis's audience and Curtis's money, and then it came with lights and cameras to record the death of Curtis's old magazine, and nobody really seemed to mind the invasion. Everyone wanted to take part in the show.

As I was about to leave for home, with my share of office possessions, I heard Charley Barsotti, our cartoon editor, shouting, "Otto!"

"What's the matter?"

"I just think there's something we ought to say to each other," Barsotti said, "but I don't know what it is."

"If you think of it, let me know," I said.

When I passed Rita's production room, on my way out, they were all sitting in the darkness, watching themselves on television.

Once the *Post* was dead, we no longer had any reason to exist. We came to work the next Monday to clean up the paperwork, and two of Ackerman's adjutants promptly asked Emerson how soon all editors could begin leaving. The severance pay they said, would be half a week's pay for each year worked. Emerson protested vehemently, but Ackerman's adjutants said that they had their orders, and Ackerman himself could not be reached. The editorial staff then formed a committee, rejected Ackerman's terms, and announced to the press that they were prepared to sue for their rights. At that point Ackerman summoned Emerson and me to the town house for the last time. We found him talking on the telephone to a reporter.

"Well, if I hadn't come in and taken over this spring, there wouldn't have been any *Saturday Evening Post*," Ackerman said into the telephone, "and there wouldn't have been any severance pay at all, because there wouldn't have been any payroll, they were that broke. . . ." I took off my coat and took a seat next to Ackerman's desk. I noticed that on a table just to the right of his desk he had put on display the "human relations" plaque presented to him at the dinner the night before. "Well, this is company policy," Ackerman said into the telephone, "and it was accepted by all the other departments, but the editors apparently th-

re better than anybody else. . . ." After a few statements of the same kind, Ackerman hung and turned to Emerson in a state of great ination.

"Your guys seem to want to play Russian roulette," he snapped, "and if they do, they've come to fight you, because I love to play Russian roulette."

"In case you don't yet have a copy of this," Emerson said quietly, "here's a copy of the employees' statement to the press."

Ackerman snatched it and glared at it, his hands trembling. ("Considering the devotion, hard work, loyalty of the staff to the magazine through many difficult years . . . the attitude of the management strikes me as not only callous but immoral," Lennan Farrell, the *Post's* fiction editor, said. "The staff has formed an employees' committee . . . is seeking two weeks' pay in lieu of notice . . . payment of accrued vacation time, and two weeks' severance pay for each year of employment. . . . The committee has retained legal counsel, Taylor, Tencz, and Simon, and, said one committee spokesman, 'we intend to pursue vigorously all available remedies.'")

"You know what I think of that?" Ackerman said, throwing the statement to one side. "It makes me want to throw up. It makes me want to puke!" "You understand that Otto and I are not taking part in this suit," Emerson said.

"They're your people," Ackerman said. "It's up to you to control them."

"No, it isn't," Emerson said. "They're quite capable of acting on their own, and they're doing it because they feel they're being treated unfairly."

And then going to the press before I even hear about it," Ackerman snarled. "It's blackmail, that's what it is—*blackmail!*" He shouted the last word and banged his fist loudly on the top of his gilded desk.

I had thought that Ackerman would feel guilty about his destruction of the *Post*, and that a sense of failure and loss would make him behave a bit like a *conquistador*. I had thought, in other words, that he would be inclined toward generosity and apology. I found exactly the opposite. Aided by all those traditional arguments of commerce—well-being of the corporation, the need to cut costs and make profits, the interests of the stockholders—and probably aided even more by the flatness of his entourage, Ackerman had somehow convinced himself that his action had been not just necessary but quite acceptable, even admirable, useful, brave, and quite beyond criticism. It undoubtedly never occurred to him that within three months he would have to give up the presidency of the *Post*.

"You talk as though you were some kind of a victim, Marty," I finally said, "as though you were being persecuted by your employees."

Ackerman nodded in agreement, apparently happy to see that someone had finally understood his position.

"But you're the villain of this story," I said.

"Huh?" Ackerman gasped. He looked as though

I had struck him. His eyes widened, and he seemed unable to speak.

"Yeah, you're that character known as The Boss," I said. "The one who wears a big top hat and stands in the window looking out at the workers shouting back at him. You're the man who killed *The Saturday Evening Post*."

"Now listen, I tried like hell to save the *Post*," Ackerman protested. "I worked like hell on it. You know that."

"Sure, I believe you," I said. "But I'm one of the few people who do."

"And now I get a statement to the press," Ackerman said again, bitterly. "That's blackmail."

"Look, I know your mind is made up, and we're not really getting anywhere with this argument," I said. "But I'd just like to tell you that what we're urging on you is for your own good. Because if you have any future plans in the field of publishing and communications, and if you care about your public image in this field, then you're making things unnecessarily hard for yourself in the future. If you insist on pinching pennies now, you're going to be sorry you did this five years from now."

There was an element of hypocrisy in my little sermon, of course, and Ackerman answered it in kind.

"Well, if it were just a matter of my own self-interest, perhaps I could make some kind of a deal," he said, "but this involves money that isn't mine, and it's a matter of principle. What I'll do for them, I'll help them get jobs. And anybody with any hardships, we'll take care of them."

"That's grand old-fashioned paternalism," Emerson said. "You sound like a Southern textile mill owner."

"Well, how about this?" Ackerman finally said. "Suppose I appoint you guys as a committee of two, and I give you \$50,000 to settle the hardship cases, and you can spread it around any way you want. I don't care what you do with it. I don't even want to know. I'll tell the board that it's for hardships. It's not severance. But you handle it any way you want."

It is a little surprising, after one has given up all hope, to receive \$50,000, but the essence of good bargaining is to accept victory gracefully.

"We'll be happy to take that back to the employees' committee and see what they say," Emerson said. "And we'll get right back to you as soon as they decide."

Suddenly, there was no more argument. It seemed a good offer—averaging out to an extra week's pay for each year of employment—and we rightly assumed that the staff would accept it as a settlement. Ackerman helped Emerson into his coat, and we stood for a moment in embarrassment.

"Marty," I said, holding out my hand, "I'm sorry it all ended this way."

"Well, you know," he said, shaking hands, "it always does."

Then, once again, he undid his trousers and began tucking in his shirt. It was a gesture of preparation, somehow, for all the battles that were to come.

"Television had played a large part in killing the *Post* . . . simply by coming into being."



FRANCE: A STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SECOND-RATE

With de Gaulle gone, the French are faced by a new reality—the nagging fear that they are no longer a great nation.

Somehow we will have to learn to speak about France again without mentioning his name. It will not be easy after a decade in which almost everything that happened here was unwittingly brought into some kind of relation to him. If it was not, he usually made sure the oversight was quickly corrected at one of those semiannual press extravaganzas, which allowed him to clear his mind on everything from the state of French culture to his latest idea on France's global mission. Charles de Gaulle was Churchill and Mao rolled into one. He not only represented the survival of French honor in wartime. He also tried to infuse its political life with a transforming, at times mystical, vision. By his own admission he was in direct, intimate contact with what he liked to call the "genius of the land." Other statesmen speak for or of the nations they represent. De Gaulle was France speaking, France become the Word. There was his ringing definition of the all-permeating powers of the state: "a political, economic, financial, administrative, and above all moral entity sufficiently living, established, and recognized to obtain the congenital loyalty of its subjects, to have a political policy of its own, and, if it should happen, that millions of men would be willing to die for it." His vision of Europe: "the mother of modern civilization," who "must establish herself all the way from the Atlantic to the Urals, and live in a state of harmony and cooperation with a view to developing her immense resources, and so to play, together with her daughter America, her worthy role in relation to the billion people who so badly need her help."

He had his detractors, of course, even in France, including the politicians who served him. Yet, all were somehow beguiled by his rhetorical eloquence. "He governed us with words," Edgar Faure, his last Minister of Education, once told me. It was part of his greatness in French eyes, at least, this lofty way with a word. When it wasn't an archaically constructed definition it would be an epithet. During the Algerian struggle his "I have understood you" gave Arabs and French *colons* what each wanted to hear. When he wanted to put French businessmen in their place, he quipped, "Politics are not made around the *corbeille*," the place where

French stockbrokers gather for their trading in the Paris Bourse. His "*reformes, oui, chie-en-lit, non*" at the time of last year's student rebellion had everyone convinced that he had lowered himself to barracks slang, until they discovered that *chie-en-lit* had nothing to do with scatology but was an archaic French term for "farce."

No matter what he said, it always had an elegant fascination for the French. He would use one of his "*petites phrases*" and it was immediately taken up, repeated, criticized, or parodied. It became the governing concept of his cabinet, commented on in the press, and entered the vocabulary of the man on the street. His last one, launched in reaction to the turmoil of May 1968, was "*Participation*. You heard it everywhere, once he explained what he meant by it. In Lyon, a few days before the decisive referendum, I noticed that the local merchant had even substituted *participation* for self-service as slogan to lure customers to his haberdashery.

Modern industrial society, de Gaulle had discovered, was mechanical. Men had been diminished and alienated by the structures it had fostered. They were, furthermore, at a loss in the face of the enormous administrative hierarchies of the state. With *participation*, he would find a way around that dilemma, a manner of resolving (a) the frustration of servitude to gigantic industrial complexes and (b) impotence before the organization of the state. He had found part of the answer in his regionalization plan by which he promised to break up the monolithic legacy of Napoleon and give the historic regions of France a new role to play. No real power, of course, but a chance to make one's views heard in regional councils in which everybody would be represented. There was a dash of cynicism in the scheme. He knew his countrymen's penchant for palaver. He would give them a chance to talk their hearts out. Perhaps this was the only way to break up the syndicates, the trade unions, undermining those bureaucratic organizations in which the attitudes of class and professions had been frozen. *Participation* would lead to a *mutation des structures* which were hemming men in.

Again, everyone seemed to understand what

at. The French always understand, even if their pretensions differ. This time they understood too well. Those old structures he was setting to destroy cloaked a lot of inherited privileges. reform threatened the position of *notables* in cities and villages. It threatened the venerable Senate, which was rooted in the old structures. It would pass them all by throwing them into a hodgepodge of new collective institutions, where they would do nothing more than talk. In the meantime, de Gaulle and his ministers would continue to rule through their regional prefects and go ahead with the reforms he felt were necessary.

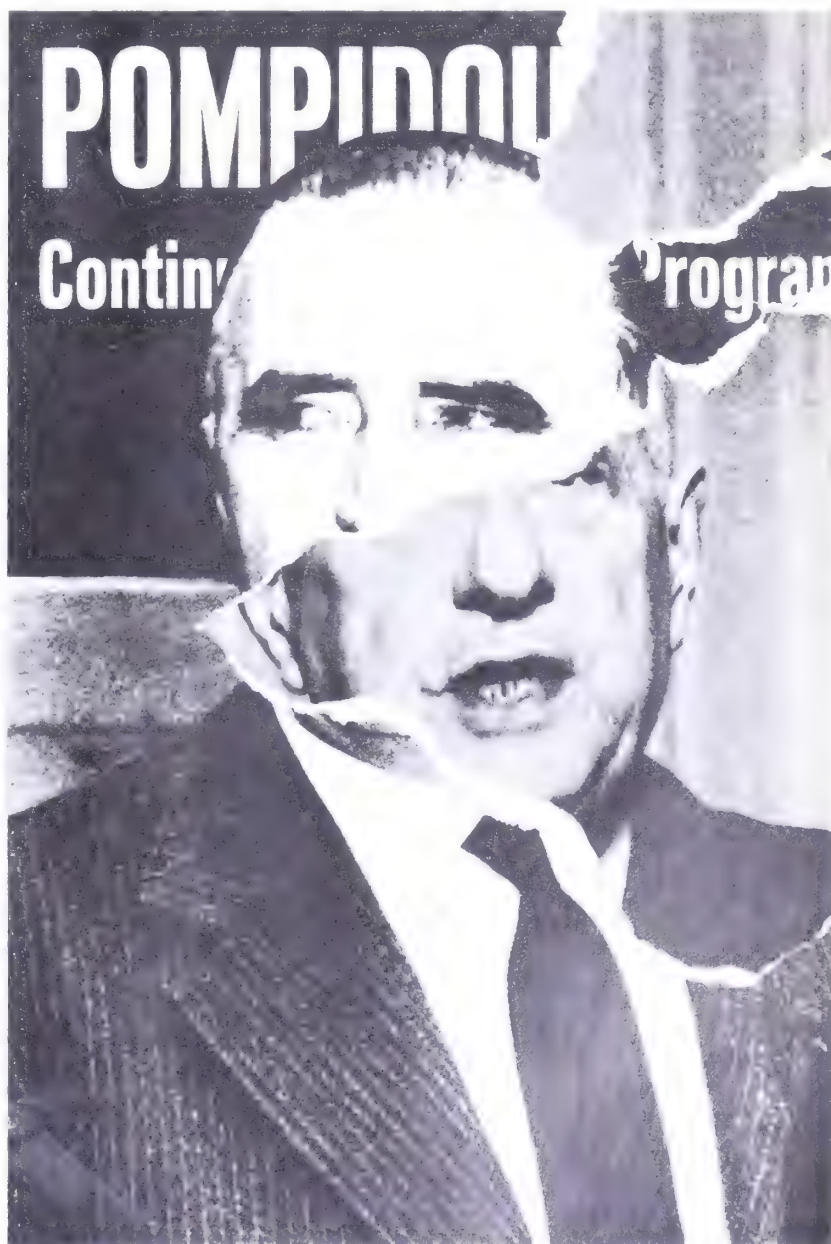
Primary among them was his other plan for *participation*. He would do more than merely interpose workers in the profits of the businesses for which they worked. He wanted them to have a say in how they were to be managed, as well, especially since an earlier profit-sharing scheme had already been rejected. The new plan also encountered the resistance of the *patrons*, the proprietors of the business in France. They began to withdraw support from him. They saw the writing on the wall. "He wanted to sovietize French industry," a conservative commentator, Paul Dehème, told me. "It was all part of his plan of adapting France to Europe stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Private managers and owners quickly realized that *participation* would bring representatives of the Communist labor unions into the boardroom. It was too much for them. They would never bet on the gamble that once in the boardroom the workers' representatives might become less militant communists and militate more for the business which they belonged. That is the way de Gaulle thought it, but only he was willing to take the risk, perhaps because he had never owned a factory. He never sat opposite trade-union militants during a general strike. What did he know about the gulf that separated workers from their bosses in France, the propertied classes from the proletariat?

The scheme was doomed from the outset. Even the unions were against it. To them his *participation* would undermine their hold over the vast masses of workers and salaried employees, whom they had enrolled with ideological arguments based on class struggle. To overthrow the entire capitalist system of property—not to be insidiously absorbed—remained their ultimate goal. For the time being they would bargain with their bosses, never admitting they were dealing with the enemy of their class—the exploiters of the workers. In their attitude the leaders of the French Communist CGT, the largest of the French labor unions, were regarded as the sclerotic bureaucracies which had grown up next to industry, challenging its vitality. De Gaulle, who only believed in the unforced consensus of people, could not reach them in time, not through the walls they had erected between themselves. Words no longer sufficed. Yet, there was a kind of grandeur in the attempt, this eternal battle of the aging general for a more sponta-

aneous democracy, and a touch of tragedy in his exit "with one word forever in his mouth and in his heart" as *Le Monde's* Pierre Vianson-Ponte so aptly put it, a day after the French people uttered their final *Non*. Most people refused to speak about the event. There was a glimmer of guilt in their voices, and they could not mention his name. In the papers there was talk of patricide or of that old French habit of first adulating and then breaking their kings. At dinner that night at the house of a French friend, I was unable to get any of the other guests to talk about what had happened. De Gaulle's demise was treated like a family tragedy not to be discussed with strangers.

To foreigners, even those of us who lived here, de Gaulle often seemed little more than a dictator, who exasperated with his high-handed methods of governing, his exaggerated insistence on national sovereignty, the way he allowed personal prejudice to influence his political decisions. There were even

"DeGaulle's demise was treated like a family tragedy not to be discussed with strangers."



RICHARD WEYGAND

some exasperated Frenchmen, who could never forgive him for his ingratitude toward the Allies. "You must realize," one of them once told Ambassador "Chip" Bohlen (who did not believe him), "that de Gaulle hates the Americans and despises the British." In wartime he had often been a rather ridiculous Don Quixote to his Anglo-Saxon peers. Only Eisenhower, with his usual generosity, granted that he got on well with him. Churchill remembered that of all the crosses he had borne during the war, "the cross of Lorraine was one of the heaviest." He was a bother and a nuisance with his insistence on picayune points of French sovereignty. But to Frenchmen he was the last abiding hope that their honor had not been completely lost. It takes the experience of total defeat in a modern war to appreciate such feelings. Later, he was strong enough to lead them out of the Algerian mess, a war from which France suffered almost as much moral anguish as the U. S. over Vietnam. He had to break the back of the French army to do it and find room for a million expatriated French settlers in France. No other Frenchman could have done it. In the end they were thankful for it.

Nor were they really angry with him for trying to reassert France's status among the world's great powers, though they never quite shared his will and determination. They knew it was beyond their strength. In a showdown with the Soviet Union, when the chips were down between Arabs and Israelis, or when it came to weighing the strength of a sizable gold reserve against the industrial prowess of the dollar: they knew none of these could be settled with words.

I had talked over many of these questions with a brilliant young French economic consultant in the past. Olivier de Sarnez is not a Gaullist in the historic sense: in 1968 he had accepted a parliamentary mandate on top of his private career. He could see the direction his country was taking under de Gaulle and liked what he saw. He knew all about France's old-fashioned industries and business manners: the long lunches in Paris at which little is ever decided; the little provincial *patrons* who are happy if their sales produce just enough profits to keep their families in clover, who refuse to worry about exports or international competition until it is too late, who are still confident there will always be enough bread and red wine in France to keep their workers happy. He knew they were frightened and worried. But he also knew the new men, who were taking over from them, conscious of the competition unleashed by the Common Market and America's international corporations. Like their neighbors they would have to learn to produce efficiently and export, not only to survive but to expand.

France, in his eyes, had a far better base for the operation. It was the only country in Europe still capable of feeding itself. With only half the steel production and a far lower output in cars, France still had as good a gross national product per capita

as West Germany. If they could join an efficient export-minded industry to their agricultural base they would soon have the strongest economy in Europe. He was confident they could do it. The catalysts of economic growth were beginning to take their steady advance. Moreover, the pragmatic organizational methods with which the Americans, English, and Germans had launched their industrialization were being replaced by more analytical methods far better adapted to the Latin mind. "In the next round may go to us," he told me. It would be the inventors of the new structures. French brains might eventually get more out of IBM computers than American.

Though the overall performance of the French economy under de Gaulle was mediocre compared to that of West Germany or Italy, the gross national product had increased by half in ten years. Marcel Dassault's genius as an aircraft designer had given the Israeli air force an excellent multipurpose fighter, while he invaded the U. S. market with one of the best executive jets, his Fanjet Falcon; the short takeoff and landing cargo plane had been picked up by McDonnell-Douglas for use as a short-haul passenger plane in the Northeast corridor, and is now being tested by American Eastern Airlines. The Anglo-French super transport, the Concorde, owed its design to the French rather than the British engineers. French Caravelle, with its rear-mounted engine, initiated the so-called second generation of jet aircraft design," an American expert once told me. "the French are still among the most inventive in the world."

Baron Marcel Bich, a minor success story who managed to take over Waterman's in Connecticut after swamping the European market with his ballpoint pens. French throwaway lighters, "Foguet" and "Stick," have equally conquered foreign markets, including the U. S., the world leader in expendable gadgets.

However, such success stories tend to be the exception rather than the rule in France. The potential giants of European industry have been carefully chosen: Italy or Germany as their birthplaces.

One day I found my friend de Sarnez despondent. "No matter who follows de Gaulle," he said, "we are headed for a period of mediocrity. It will be unpleasant for Frenchmen. It will be enriching for many. But it will be mediocre." I was startled. How could he believe that one man made such a difference? France would no longer try to lead herself in world affairs, he explained. It was a loss of faith in the creative power of politics. His statement sounded curious coming from him. He had previously argued that good or bad governments were indifferent to the real achievement of a society. Look at Britain, he liked to say. No country had a more stable political establishment than Britain. Yet the British economy was in a muddle. Their finely tuned and balanced parliamentary machinery had not sufficed to get the British out of their muddle. The Germans, on the other hand, had been politically impotent since the end of the

they had managed to build one of the most economic powerhouses in that time. Modernies took care of themselves. Charles de Gaulle seen something else. He was a great man in his ight. He had infused French politics with his s. Now they would return to mediocrity, something like Belgium with a better climate." de Gaulle's fundamental error, it seemed to as that he could conceive of greatness only itical terms, that he tended to equate power greatness, even if he tried to replace the vul-of force with the appeal of his prestige and tina of a refined rhetoric. I was surprised to intelligent Frenchman succumb to this con- What did it matter whether France pulled her t in South America or in the Middle East, ally if it depended on only one man? What nce would it make if France's voice was lost ird World politics, because only de Gaulle simultaneously afford to espouse the cause ck nationalists while arming South Africa Mirage jets. Had France no other claims to ess?

only other country in which I had encoun- this curious preoccupation with past glory ritain. Fortunately, the British had a slightly nt approach to it in the late 1950s, when they to turn themselves inside out to adapt to own twisted vision of what it meant to be "a l-rate nation." It was their phrase for what rench now call mediocrity. But the concern mediocrity is taken much more seriously in e. The British, it seemed to me at the time, began to realize the limits of their political and clung to fewer shibboleths. I remember lm Muggeridge describing what "great fun" to be second-rate—as a power—and a good er of his countrymen began to catch on. To- lot of people seem to be having a lot of fun tain, some of it highly imaginative. What me most about the British revival of the arts, or of British theater, their lusty exploitation glimmering tinsel of the pop scene, is that it the hallmarks of a social revolution. On each London I have been struck by how many who were shunted aside and ignored, even ed before, are suddenly with it; there has real class breakthrough.

ontrast, the French seem to be haunted, even ned by the specter of their mediocrity. It is ough they had been hiding from it all these behind de Gaulle's cloud of eloquence, and at he is gone grim reality will emerge, not ly the political or economic spheres, but in the d universalism of French cultural achieve- (As a matter of fact, the basic direction de gave French foreign policy is likely to find elteration, even if the tone of Georges Pompi- dialogue with the rest of Europe and France's ic allies has begun to be a little more polite.) ns that the political tidiness de Gaulle im- on his nation deadened a vital nerve, which ng maintained Paris in the forefront of the and intellectual avant-garde.

Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus dominated the intellectual life of Europe in the postwar period as few other men have done. And not only Europe's. But what did it help Sartre to be officially anointed by de Gaulle, when he granted that "Sartre, too, is France." (At the time he refused to prosecute him for inciting French youth to escape the draft during the Algerian struggle.) His philosophy of existential engagement has long lost its significance, even among French youth. "Keep it short, we are waiting for instructions," rebellious Sorbonne students told him before a rally last May.

Where, it could be asked, are the men of Sartre's and Camus's stature today, where the successors of Matisse and Braque, the new Paul Claudel or Jacques Maritain to affirm the Catholic conscience of France? Even Edith Piaf, the febrile voice of the streets, seems to have had no worthy successor. A pretty girl with bangs named Mireille Mathieu has been trying to sound like her, though she clearly lacks that mixture of joy and defiant despair which carried Piaf's voice into the heart of every Frenchman.

Literature, the nation's preferred form of self-reflection, appears to be stuck in the dead end of the stylistic exercises initiated by Alain Robbe-Grillet and known as the "*nouveau roman*," which pays nice attention to snatches of disjunct reality rather than to telling a story. Small coteries of readers here and abroad are absorbed by the darkly powerful and erotic novels of Georges Bataille, while France's best-known young novelist, the Mauritian Jean-Marie Gustave le Clézio, of whom one literary observer said he looks like "a clean-living rugby captain but writes like Dante in Hell," has at least infused the techniques of the new novel with a very personal passion. But France continues to wait for another Balzac or Flaubert, a writer with the allegoric powers of Camus. To my mind the last writer who sent shock-waves through Western literature died when Louis-Ferdinand Céline completed his life's *Voyage au bout de la nuit*. The French still write a great deal, but somehow the fame of the recipients of their regularly awarded literary prizes rarely travels beyond the borders of the country. The British author of *The New French Revolution*, John Ardagh, wrote recently, "If there is to be a French creative revival in the arts, my guess is that it will not come from Paris," where he found "novelists have tended to mix with each other in a rarefied milieu," while their raw material of life was generally drawn from their own childhood memories of family crises or current intrigues and *amours*. However, even Ardagh was able to produce no convincing evidence of a supposed "burgeoning intellectual life" in the provinces.

The drama of France's cultural decline under de Gaulle may well be linked to a more profound hubris. Culture was the domain in which de Gaulle's France had its highest stake. The spirit was the sphere in which it had always shone and still could shine despite economic lags. By confiding French

"The only other country in which I had encountered this curious preoccupation with past glory was Britain."

culture to the care of André Malraux, he had chosen one of the last of his nation's undisputed intellectual greats, a man held in universal esteem. Malraux was to act as chief cultural animator, the inspirer of new exploits, and the administrator of an acknowledged heritage. The author of *La Condition Humaine*, intellectual revolutionary and *grand aventurier*, art connoisseur and historian of ideas, became Western Europe's only national Minister of Culture. During the ten years of his reign he struck out in every possible direction, trying to give impulses where they were most needed. His ministry sent treasures of the Louvre to America and Japan. At home, he organized vast retrospectives, including the unforgettable Picasso exhibition which filled the Grand and the Petit Palais in Paris. He honored such men as Braque and Le Corbusier with epic eulogies at elaborate state funerals. He washed the soot off the historic edifices of Paris, dotted the lawns of the Louvre with Maillol nudes, and brought Charles Munch back to direct a new Orchestre de Paris.

His real innovation, however, was to create the Maisons de la Culture through which he hoped to wrest the arts and culture from Paris and spread them over the provinces. They were to be the catalyst of the French cultural revival. "For the price of 25 kilometers of super highway, France can become once more the first cultural country of the world, in the course of the next ten years." Malraux told the French assembly in the fall of 1966. At the opening of the pilot House at Bourges in 1963, he had given a prophetic vision of his aims, to be repeated on appropriate occasions throughout the land. "Culture," he said, "is the totality [French: *ensemble*] of forms which have been stronger than death. All young men in this town must be put into contact with that which counts at least as much as sex and blood, because if there is perhaps an immortality in the night, there is certainly an immortality in men. We must be able to assemble the greatest number of works for the greatest number of men."

Inspired by the initial experiments of the Soviet revolution, there was also something great and noble in the old adventurer's attempt to revive his country's artistic nerve. Culture was to be taken out of the hands of the Parisian elites, declared the civil right of all, the "duty" even, of the State. "Just as much as they have a right to schools, the masses have a right to theater and museums," he pronounced.

We hardly have the space here to try and evaluate the various theatrical and cultural experiments of Malraux's Houses of Culture. Nevertheless, it soon became evident that what they lacked most was the support of the municipalities onto which they had been grafted by grants-in-aid. It was probably inevitable that the young directors of these Houses concentrated most of their efforts on theatrical productions, usually modernized classics made palatable for the masses, supplemented by staging of Brecht or Beckett. Some even wrote their own pieces, rather pedestrian Marxian morality plays,

whose impact never went beyond their own socialized stages and captive subscription audiences. But the town folk in the provinces grew suspicious and considered them subversive.

Meanwhile, the Parisian stage languished. "I used to be the city of playwrights," Orson Welles complained on a brief stopover; "now it must be discounted entirely." The statement was a bit harsh for there have certainly been some bright moments in the generally bleak scene. Fernando Arrabal, for instance, a young Spanish émigré, had some international acclaim for his weird celebrations at the theater of the absurd. Genet, Ionesco, and Brecht are still around. Yet, it is true there are no young Parisian playwrights in sight to hold up to Brecht. Harold Pinter, Sweden's Peter Weiss, Germany's Rolf Hochhuth, or America's Edward Albee.

I am certain that among the thousand painters who still populate the studios of the Left Bank there are a few undiscovered talents. But painting as a living art is in deep trouble in France. Today, no one speaks of a Parisian school anymore, while more than almost any other form of artistic endeavor, painting seems to have lost its link to society in France. The major collectors have always been abroad, anyway. Nowadays, no banker in France has been willing, like the Chase Manhattan's J. P. Rockefeller, to integrate abstract canvases into the total design of an office building. One has to go to Chicago to discover the largest of Picasso's works on a municipal square. In no country does there exist as much resistance to modern sculpture in public parks as in France. The integration of modern paintings into new buildings seems as strong as in France, despite a law which obliges every new public edifice to consecrate at least one per cent of the builder's budget to a living artist's work.

Perhaps one should not even bother, in searching for symptoms of cultural achievements, to look for such peeling mirrors of Western culture as the traditional stage, figurative arts, or musical establishments. They seem to be suffering from an erosion of standards everywhere. In France the traditional arts owed much of their vigor and life to aristocratic munificence on which few members of the self-confident nineteenth-century middle classes ever depended, merely emulating the established taste. Today there is none more conservative than France's *grande* or *petite bourgeoisie*.

The most symptomatic expression of its level of taste perhaps is the ubiquitous preference for antiquities as against modern designs, and if the impact of modern architecture has been negligible in France, it is due largely to the conservatism of public and private builders. Swiss-born Le Corbusier left the smallest part of his work in the country of his adoption. He was allowed to design only one of Malraux's Houses of Culture only after bitter recriminations by Claudius Petit, one of his fiercest defenders in the National Assembly. Young architects incessantly complain about anachronistic building regulations and the widespread resistance to modern architecture in France. And it must be granted that when something new does go up in Paris, it

the glass and steel complex on the site of the old Montparnasse or the high-rise buildings near Eiffel Tower, they tend to be ugly.

The modern art form in which the French have certainly not missed the boat is filmmaking. Such directors such as François Truffaut, Alain Resnais, Claude Chabrol, and Swiss-born Jean-Luc Godard have remained in the front line of the international avant-garde despite occasional lapses. Godard's controversial productions even appear to have overtaken French literature's traditional role of social criticism and what is more, that of inspired nationalism. His film *La Chinoise* gave the first hint of the student troubles which were to shake France a year later, long before any French (or foreign) writers were on the scent.

However, the *nouvelle vague* predates Malraux's efforts by many years and, despite continued subsidization from above. The young directors owed much of their impulses and early training to Henri Langlois, founder of the French Cinémathèque, whom Malraux's officials tried to remove by force in April on charges of "inefficiency." Langlois, who preached the simplicity of craft seen in early American films, also believes in the inalienable creative freedom of the individual, even to the point of anarchy. "Order is the enemy of art," he once told me, "it is the product of the jungle. Artistic creation cannot be organized." A year later, after the events of May and June, I heard Malraux condemn the May rebels because they "believe in the creative power of chaos versus order," while he dismissed Louis Barrault for having surrendered the National Theater of France to them. He was obliged to pull back the animator of his pilot House of Culture, who had suddenly turned into a dangerous cultural subversive," while Malraux described the others as "professional agitators," because they also welcomed the May revolution.

Perhaps this was his ultimate tragedy. He could not be a cultural revolutionary and defend the Gaullist establishment at the same time. His attempt to create the State to a radical diffusion of culture and the traditional elite failed because it sanctioned dissent and "cultural subversion" only so long as it was "safe." The massive demonstration by Paris filmmakers and *ciné-rats* in defense of Henri Langlois in front of the National Cinéma at the Irocadéro, turned into a kind of dress rehearsal of the May demonstrations a month later.

The ordinary Frenchman's fear of chaos, revived by last year's mercurial disorders, are just as much as his nagging sense of mediocrity, although not only in France that the middle class has adopted this way. While uncertain about the reality of inherited standards, the French have developed a highly emotional attitude to what they call "our race after the Americans." It is rare to find with the restful equanimity of, for instance,

J.B. Priestley, who once said, "I do not know where we are headed, but I am sure the Americans will be there first." Despite fierce mental reservations in France, one is constantly struck by a haste to catch up, a sense of being behind the others (and not only the Americans). In the economic field the more immediate criterion remains Germany and its frightening ability to outsell the rest of Europe. The language of French advertising is now studded with *franglais* expressions, from "le shopping" to "fully-fashioned" or such weird constructions as "mantop," to name a wig, or "le nouvel o-yes" brassiere. A naïve acceptance of things American, references to the American model, even during the recent presidential campaign, seems to be compensated for just as often by a clinging nostalgia for timeworn French virtues and an inherent conviction of intellectual superiority.

In Paris it is easy to forget that France is still mainly a country of small towns and villages with an amazing amount of open space between them compared to its Common Market neighbors, or Britain. Their cobblestone streets, medieval cathedrals, or ancient square fieldstone churches, the inevitable Hôtel de Ville with a tricolor over the main door, the monuments to the victims of three wars decorated with fresh flowers, the shingle of the local *Notaire*, and gossip around the zinc counter of the local Café du Commerce were my own first picture of France. One cannot understand France without it, I believe. This is where the revolutions that are started in Paris have always been unmade again, just as last year's was, here where *le chatelain* may still live in his ancestral manor, despite the Great Revolution of 1796. This is the France from which almost every Frenchman hails, to which even Parisians have never severed their links, and to which almost all would like to return.

In one of those towns, on my first trip to the French provinces, I came across an editorial in a local paper complaining about France's love for the diminutive aspects of life. "Everybody wants his *petite maison*, his *petit jardin*, his *petite femme*, and finally his *petite retraite*," the writer found. "At this rate we will surely end up as *un petit peuple*." De Gaulle changed all that. For ten years it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to discover this sort of editorial anywhere in France. But, the groundswell of nostalgia which almost carried the chubby, amicable Senator, Alain Poher, into the presidency and to which de Gaulle's successor had to make his major concessions was nothing less than a deep-rooted desire to go back to the world in which the seasons are marked by the start of angling and hunting, where social life exhausts itself in family gatherings and an intense supervision of children.

Much of the present malaise in France appears to stem from the realization, among the young especially, that they can no longer go back to their spiritual provincial homes. The modern world of supermarkets, superhighways, super industries, and super universities is gradually extending its grip on France as well. Their impact has been a little delayed by the agricultural substructure of French

"Culture was to be taken out of the hands of the Parisian elites, declared the civil right of all, the 'duty' even, of the state."

society, and blunted by the rigidity of a class-conscious bourgeoisie, proud to be the product of a historic revolution which, among other things, proved that if something did not originate in France it was not important. The image of small-town France helps to explain why the traditional French way of life has always been basically anti-industrial and is having such an agonizing time adapting to the industrial mold to this day, why its predominant cultural tastes appear to have so little relevance. While America is already in the throes of confronting a multiracial society, France has not yet found a way to accommodate its industrial proletariat and must still live with a fifth of its "white" population at intermittent odds with their society.

It was another French friend, Sébastien de la Selle, who pointed out to me, "We might have more impulse to change, if we had the American racial problem. I think Negroes will keep America from losing its dynamism." That was before last May's revolt, sparked by the students of Paris but followed by a strike in which finally ten million people were involved, almost the entire working force of the country. Although I was not in France to witness it, I have heard French acquaintances speak of their revolutionary fling with romantic tremors in their voices. "For a few days we had no government at all. It was anarchy. A curious floating feeling," one woman remembered. Another recalled the beauty of the barricades in Paris. Burned-out carcasses of cars strewn helter-skelter across the avenues of the Latin Quarter, turning them into stages of gigantic and bizarre happenings. Sinister-looking riot police in plastic helmets, carrying shields and masks against the tear gas, swinging their clubs in pursuit of their bloodied young opponents. They like to remember the slogans and graffiti on the walls as though they were snatches from a favorite play. Not all were original, but each expressed a little of man's universal disgust with modern society's ills. "The forest preceded him, the desert follows," one said. Another: "Do not change your employer, change the employment of life." Then there was the endless, emotion-choked talkathon at the Odéon and the Sorbonne's Amphi. On the outskirts of Paris, popular entertainers were giving impromptu skits for factory workers. To many Frenchmen the joy of the revolution was real, a heady breakdown of responsibility and dependence few have forgotten.

When it was all over, Georges Pompidou, who wisely allowed the students to roam, shocking provincials with the spectacle of their "excesses," had silenced the workers with whopping wage hikes. The old, much stronger forces of the bourgeoisie took over again. Marching among tens of thousands up the Champs-Élysées behind the tricolor flags of the Republic, a friend of mine noticed a little *patron* with a finely trimmed moustache, a small pearl in his tie, briefly step out of the throng to tap a worker, jeering from the sidelines, on the shoulder with his gold-tipped cane and snap, "*Ça suffit. Au travail maintenant.*"

Millions of Frenchmen, many of whom are beginning to be drawn out of their impoverished condition, many of whom are just as deprived economically as American Negroes, were thus tattered and went back to work. They went back to still dilapidated cold-water flats in the city, where families may still live seven to a room, back to untenements in the suburbs, back to meager incomes which help them just to stay fed, back to repetitive barren occupations from which the revolution given them brief, joyful respite.

To millions of strikers, the May revolution was also their first escape from mediocrity, piecing together the facade of a to them false *grandeur*, though de Gaulle was quick to acknowledge its virtues by uttering under his breath, "*Bien sûr, la France a toujours été exemplaire.*" He was hardly wrong in sensing the sudden eruption of the French as part of a broader universal unrest.

Georges Pompidou, who stepped into his shoes this summer with a promise of law and order, fishing weekends, and tranquil summer vacations, said at the time that "none of us will ever be the same again." He won his election with gifts to the small shopkeepers, the small family farmers, the small artisans, all those who felt threatened by the onslaught of industrial macro-structures. So he was off musing in a renovated medieval castle on the Mediterranean, the Fort de Brégançon, about "*les lumières nouvelles*" of a French "spiritual renaissance," and telling a friend, "In the search for new conditions of life for post-industrial man France still has an important role to play." He did not pretend, as de Gaulle might have, "that France is the only one or the first. However, it seems to me that in an evolution of which the United States is not the motor and the symbol, the world needs a new conception of life based on the values which the countries of Western Europe are best qualified to develop because they still have a large part in the industrial civilization which they originated and because here, as we saw in France, that the structural anxieties and reticence toward a purely material society are being felt."

The shock of the franc's devaluation this summer, the return to labor unrest, and mounting protests from France's two and a half million small shopkeepers, and the far from quiescent student revolt in Pompidou's France will hardly be soothed by the old medicine of a few concessions here and gifts to low-income groups there, and a promise to balance the budget. Both Pompidou and his Finance Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas, who recently promised to dismantle the "archaic structures," his own vision of a *nouvelle société*, seem to be aware that turning France into a modern industrial state will require a profound transformation of its social structures and mentality of its people. I hope they also begin to realize this revolution cannot be ordered from above but depends on the liberated genius and spirit of adventure of the French, that in the end it will be up to the people whether they win their struggle with mediocrity or whether they feel it is worth the bother.



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BOOKS

New black writers

A Different Drummer, by William Melvin Kelley. Doubleday Anchor, \$1.25.

This Child's Gonna Live, by Sarah E. Wright. Delacorte, \$5.95.

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light, by John A. Williams. Little, Brown, \$5.95.

A Wilderness of Vines, by Hal Bennett. Doubleday, \$4.95.

The Black Wine, by Hal Bennett. Doubleday, \$5.50.

The Flagellants, by Carlene Polite. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$4.95.

Hue and Cry, by James Alan McPherson. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95.

The Free-Lance Pallbearers, by Ishmael Reed. Doubleday, \$3.95.

Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down, by Ishmael Reed. Doubleday, \$4.95.

For readers in their middle years, Negro writing in America has meant primarily the work of Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, and James Baldwin. It is only natural that we find ourselves most responsive to the writers who first began to publish in our youth and whose intellectual history seems more or less parallel to our own. Later, it becomes hard to "keep up" and one is not even sure it's worth trying. New writers—new critics. Yet there is a real injustice here, both to black writers now in middle age, who must be sick to death of being overshadowed by Wright, Ellison, and Baldwin, and the younger black writers, who are often trying to establish themselves through conflict with these powerful figures.

This past summer, in the hope of breaking past generational boundaries, I spent some weeks reading a number of little-known black novelists; and while I can't of course claim to have gotten to know them all, those whom I did read were sufficiently arresting, at times talented, to set off a flow of impressions.

The most important of these impressions may seem, at first glance, merely commonplace. Among the black writers I read, it is hard to discern much desire for a nationalist or separatist black literature—assuming, for the moment,

that we have a clear idea of what such a literature might be and that it could, in fact, come into existence. Nor do these writers confront the world as a militant phalanx united in behalf of black definition, fulfilling Frantz Fanon's demand that the black writer turn "himself into an awakener of the people" in behalf of "a fighting literature, a revolutionary literature." That such impulses are present among the younger black intellectuals seems very likely, but among those black writers who actually publish novels, rather than make speeches and issue declarations, the more extreme forms of nationalism do not seem to flourish. The authors I have read are a decidedly individualistic lot: one or two oriented to commercial success, one or two arty and precious, almost all caught up with social issues, and the best of them trying to absorb and reshape in their fiction experiences of youth that press upon their memory.

Between the ideologists of blackness and the novelists of black experience there is a wide gap. The ideologists become famous for a few months as pop-guerrilla celebrities, appear on TV, and reach the best-seller lists; for all their bloodcurdling threats, sometimes I suspect *because* of their bloodcurdling threats, they are at ease with the values of the society they denounce. The black writers, those truly devoted to their calling, still have a hard time of it. To scream, "Burn Baby Burn," over CBS is far easier than to write a serious book.

William Melvin Kelley's *A Different Drummer*, now reprinted in paperback, first came out ten years ago and is remarkable for its psychic and cultural distance from current black rhetoric. *A Different Drummer* is the work, talented but flawed, of a young man nursing traditional kinds of literary ambition. His subject touches, unavoidably, upon collective suffering and

struggle, but his book shows the face of a beginning writer in search of a definition.

A Different Drummer is a parable flanked by realistic detail, and it tells the story of how the Negroes of a Southern state decide spontaneously to move away. The idea is a gripping one and for a few chapters Mr. Kelley handles it effectively. Two scenes vibrate in memory: the description of a powerful African prince escaping from a Southern slave market and the account of Tucker Caliban, a seemingly docile descendant of the African prince, salting his land, burning down his house, and leading an exodus North. But the excellence of this local material creates difficulties for Mr. Kelley. As the book moves beyond its first few scenes, there occurs a steadily deepening split between the design of the parable and the realism of the detail. In fifty or so pages the drift of the parable becomes clear and the remaining chapters seem a mere dutiful working-out of its premises.

When he wrote his book William Kelley was in his early twenties; he had been graduated from Fieldston School and Harvard University, not exactly a crucible of black experience and then, in trying imaginatively to flesh out his parable of secession, he found himself leaning heavily on William Faulkner. His opening paragraph—an abrupt first sentence, "It was over now," followed by a buttressed sequence of complex declarative sentences—immediately recalls Faulkner's style, just as the story of the African prince bears tonal similarities to *The Sound and the Fury*. Now there is nothing wrong with there is only something dangerous in a young writer coming under Faulkner's influence; at the time this happened to William Kelley it was happening to many young white writers. And few, any, could sustain the comparison inadvertently set off with a master.

Beneath its controlled surface *A Different Drummer* has a strong seething anger: it is hard to imagine a novel

Irving Howe's latest book is *A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry*. He is editor of *Dissent*.

black writer about which that would be true. Yet Mr. Kelley's book is neither tendentious in general nor black nationalist in particular; it is simply a first novel written by a young man going to find a place for himself in the American literary tradition and choosing materials about which he feels most strongly. All this, of course, is supposed to have changed in the last decade—though as far as I can judge, not nearly so much as the black ideologists say. As to Kelley's later work I do not know. J. B. Anderson, himself a gifted young writer, has printed an essay, "Black Writing—The Other Side" (December-May-June 1968), in which he remarks that Mr. Kelley has made a complete shift in outlook:

"...the private school and Harvard education I've had, I've had to get over. I think that one of the problems about an integrated person is that he is most at home with white people but feels most inferior to white people. On the other hand, he feels most superior to black people but most afraid of black people...."

Like other young black writers, William Kelley now proposes to leave behind the Western literary tradition and sustainance in the African—a staggering and, I would think, self-defeating ambition, since it seems unlikely anyone can choose a tradition, let alone simply decide to discard the one in which he has grown up. Life is not so programmatic; it is rare that the human will can be that imperious; and tradition signifies precisely those enduring forces that shape us before we even think of choices. I do not wish to suggest any complete determinism, since traditions obviously weaken and die and men can struggle to shake their hold; but it is all very much more complicated than Mr. Kelley suggests. So too with his notion that he will no longer write "for" white people:

"...there's no basic reason why we could talk to white people. Dostoevsky did not talk to the Germans but to the Russians. Proust did not talk to the Russians but to the French. And we have to talk to our own people...."

But as Jervis Anderson gently reminds William Kelley:

"...Dostoevsky's importance in the tradition of Western writing rests as much on the fact that he made a great and universal art out of Russian experi-



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Miss Wright is earnest and tough, but she has still to learn that the most impassioned outcry isn't necessarily make for a good novel. Sometimes *This Child's Gonna* reads like *Green Pastures* turned militant, with an incongruous eruption of folk-like dialogue and fiery outbursts. Miss Wright's prose makes an image of a scold who can't stop: high-pitched, shrewish, intent on assaulting the nerves. Her book isn't impressive, that she wrote it is.

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l, I'd rather struggle with her
 erwrought sentences than suc-
 as in shame I partly did, to the
 excitements of John A. Wil-
Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light.
 Williams writes a very cool prose,
 ows the tricks of suspense, and he
 ver, if hardly courageous, at bal-
 g himself among the competing
 es and ideologies of the black

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light is
 the early 1970s, around a racial
 yypse: Gene Browning, a moderate
 intellectual, decides that the
 on killing of a black boy by a New
 cop must be met with counter-
 er, "a wee bit of Mao." (Fatuous
 e: once you opt for Mao you can't
 for a wee bit.) Browning estab-
 himself as a one-man squad of
 eance, making arrangements with
 Mafia, which in turn, so help me,
 ges with a lunkhead Israeli gun-
 to do the job.

rigues abound, intrigues multiply.
 guerrillas get into the act. Fight-
 rupts in the streets. By the last page
 an't be sure whether the Republic
 urvive or go down in a bloodbath,
 here is one note of reassurance:
 Browning, the moderate kamikaze,
 ves, even flourishes. Estranged
 his wife by his preoccupation with
 ee bit of Mao," he now recovers
 sexual desires and makes Mrs.
 ning happy. It would be a poor
 alypse that didn't allow someone a
 erection.

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light is
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 ywood's sticky bosom.

he craft John A. Williams misuses,
 Hal Bennett commands only on oc-
 on. Yet he is a writer of great seri-
 ousness and potential, even if entirely
 own and unread. In some ghastly
 I suppose, it is right that a culture
 h rewards with money and praise
 anti-Semitic vulgarian like LeRoi
 s should ignore a novelist like Hal
 nett.

oth of Mr. Bennett's novels are set
 n all-black Virginia town called
 side, in the years between 1920
 the present. Burnside subsists on
 eco crops and lives by an elaborate
 hierarchy based on money and still
 e on shadings of skin color. High
 w forms the aristocracy, chocolate
 middle, jet black the despised bot-

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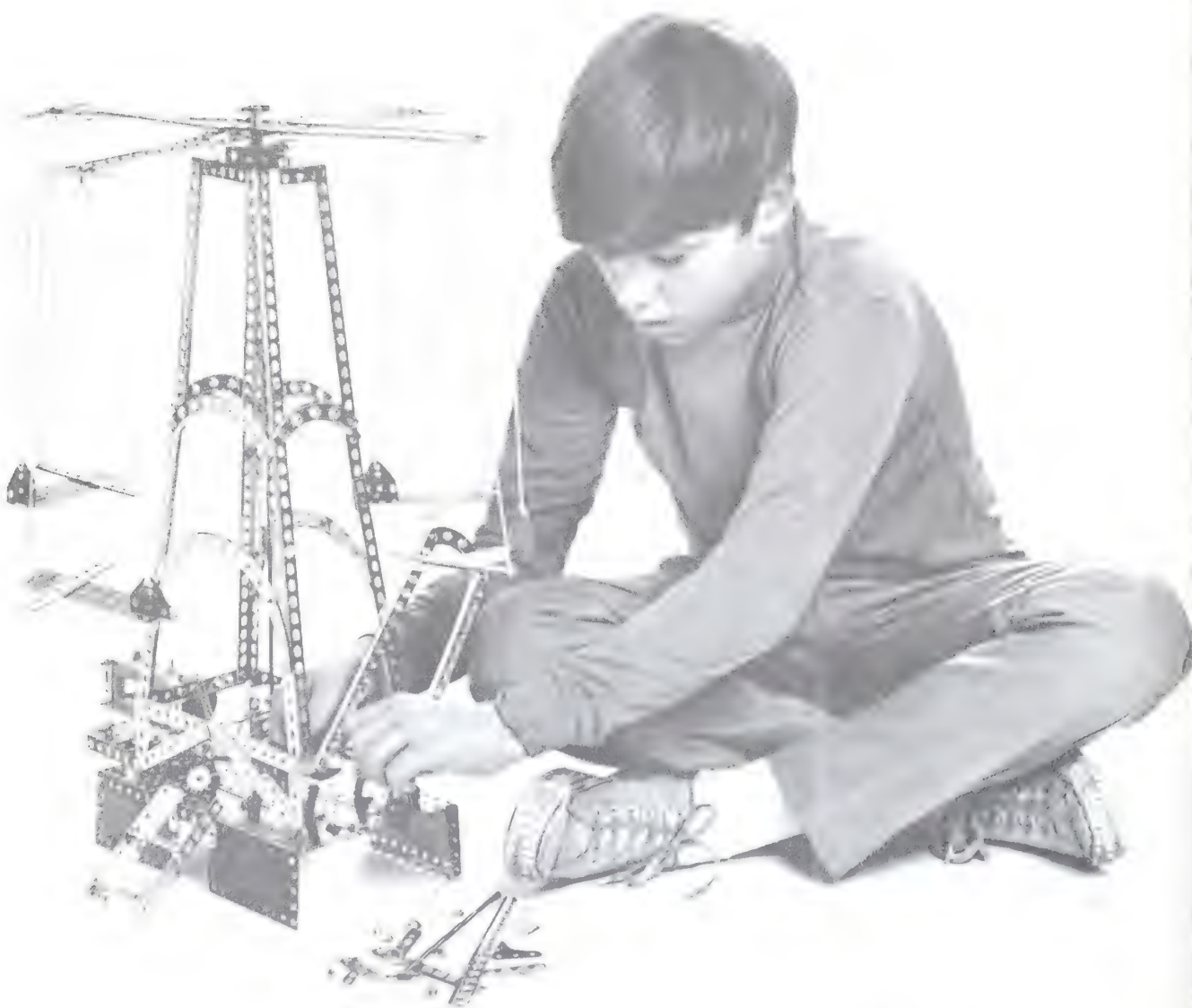
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It is a world barely known to us, little noticed in American literature, stagnates and suffers quietly, in a sufficient parody of our racial mess. Mr. Bennett explores this with a dispassionate intimacy and a sense of observation; simultaneously and out of it, he knows its every crevice. Burnside is both the place he loves and a hell from which he must escape. Hal Bennett's world is wildly uneven and sometimes outrageous, but there are sections that make one think he might do for Burnside something like what Faulkner did for Oknapatawpha.

Meanwhile, his faults as a novelist are substantial. He has a poor ear for dialect, though he is shrewd enough to use the enticements of dialect. He has learned how to pace and discipline his narrative, so that his good scenes—pieces of psychic revelation—are limited to an irritating excess. He fails to maintain a steady narrative tone, swinging uneasily between straight realism and a kind of folk fantasy. And he keeps tumbling into the clichés of middlebrow Southern saga, pages upon pages of Faulkner being followed by a worthy of Margaret Mitchell.

At his best, Hal Bennett is very good. The world of Burnside is thickly textured in its physical contours, social patterns, patterns of superstition, and impulses. Mr. Bennett entwines the destinies of his characters with the ritualized reenactment of racism in a form that forms Burnside's principle of punishment but also, in some strange way, its reaching-out for moral cure. His eye for social gradation is keen, especially in his first book, *Wilderness of Vines*, where he portrays without a touch of local-color sentiment or protest exhortation, the sensory uses to which an oppressed community can put refinements of taste. He writes some powerful passages about the distorted role of sexuality in a town like Burnside: sexuality in a single way a black man can destroy his personal authority but also as a timorous submission to a degrading myth. And he is especially keen, in his second novel, *The Black Wine*, in portraying the psychic course of a demoralization which reveals itself as a mild sluttishness, the half-deliberate choice to drift and yield and lose the dignity, such as it might be, by offering.

There are incidents scattered through his books that reveal a genuine gift for dramatic, sometimes lyrical, revela-

tion: a prosperous black farmer "adopting" a high-yellow girl at a county home; Miss Ida, queen mother of Burnside, almost white and as a former slave sanctified by the "old days," setting a social tone for her subjects; the struggle in town over who will play the Virgin Mother in a Christmas performance ("Vote December 21st for Mrs. Janus Manning for Holy Mother"): a black girl selling copies of Jehovah's Witness literature to black farmhands and then being asked by "a cracker boy around eighteen or twenty years old, with great big carbuncles on his red neck... 'I'd like to buy some of whatever you selling, ma'am. Don't ignore me out here with all the rest...'"

Sometimes brilliantly, sometimes clumsily, Hal Bennett has begun to provision an imagined world of American blacks. Given hard work, discipline, and luck he could become a first-rate writer. A little encouragement wouldn't hurt, either.

To Carlene Polite's *The Flagellants* I brought strong expectations, since respectable critics have praised it as a work of high consciousness and baroque style. Alas, I can only report that my own reading of this book led to irritation and depression.

Miss Polite has an important subject. Ideal, a black girl, and Jimson, a black boy, love yet also destroy one another. The boy fears that the girl would like to impose on him the traditional dependence of the Negro male and so strikes out at her wildly; the girl tries at first to help him and then yields to her anger; two sensitive human beings reenact the very roles they wish to escape.

Important this subject is, yet in literature a subject counts only insofar as it is embodied imaginatively, and about all Miss Polite can offer is an arty duet of rant. Jimson and Ideal make speeches which are soon indistinguishable in self-pity and verbal debauch, so completely are they the puppets of their creator's will, and Miss Polite herself writes with an excruciating badness.

Causality flowers us into penitent switches. Violence is the fruity thrill. Passion, transmitting a staccato beat, kicks our moaning tone from spontaneous curse to intuitive slang. We immerse philanthropic goodness in a bucket of blood, daring it to stretch out its hand and holler for help.

If you will be quiet and listen to me, your virginity can renew itself.

The friend's hearsay resolving Jimson's fibres, he schemed his perspective for a ceremonial capture devoid of saccharine sentiment, and custom-

Miss Polite has been quoted as saying, "My language is plain English but black people seem to know it intuitively." Plain English indeed; and as for the rest, I don't believe a word of it.

At twenty-six James Alan McPherson has written a book of short stories, *Hue and Cry*, that one can read with pleasure and respect, caring only for the calm assurance with which he penetrates the lives of Negro train waiters, black students, white janitors. Though sometimes lacking in a culminating tension—his stories begin more strongly than they end—Mr. McPherson's writing is beautifully poised. He possesses an ability some writers take decades to acquire, the ability to keep the right distance from the creatures of his imagination, not to get murkily involved and blot out his figures with vanity and fuss. He doesn't reach as deeply into the entanglements of black life as Hal Bennett occasionally can, nor is he as familiar with the psychic lesions of plebeian blacks; but he is a more controlled writer, able to turn out a finished piece of work.

His hue and cry is over life's incompleteness, the small betrayals we all enact. James McPherson has a strong sense of injustice, almost a boy's sense, and he knows how disproportionately large a share of that injustice black men must bear; yet he manages to take human beings one at a time, honoring their portion of uniqueness. Some writers have the psychology of inquisitors, and some of victims; Mr. McPherson has none of the former and not too much of the latter, which for a black writer these days seems exactly right. In "Gold Coast" he writes with a shudder of sympathy about the feebleness and loneliness of an old white janitor in Harvard Square: in "A Solo Song: For Doc" he speaks a low-keyed paean of affection for an aging black waiter expert at "the service" on railroad dining cars. (James McPherson isn't so foolish as to suppose that all older Negroes must have been shuffling Toms, and he even knows that those who were probably had no choice and deserve their mite of respect too.) The title story is a touching portrait of a bright and sensitive black girl who has an af-

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with a bright and sensitive white slowly the affair disintegrates ("I know," says Margot to Eric, "if person to you or an idea. Right back there, I felt like a damn"). The girl starts losing her she can no longer summon that of independence which had set above all the cults and causes of us life.

McPherson's stories need a er articulation, and his language with advantage be given a freer atic lilt. But he is a born writer— means a writer who works hard ery sentence, thinks lucidly about fects, and knows that in art mean- ven salvation, depends finally on

ad last of all Ishmael Reed, who writes "movie books" irresistibly ing humor columns in high-school s. *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* es a young gentleman named a Doopeyduck who wanders gh a constipated country called Sam; *Yellow Back Radio Broke-*, set in the Wild Old West, stars oop Garoo Kid, a black cowboy, Drag Gibson, a bad cattleman. monials from weighty sources de- Mr. Reed a comic master: he him- nounces his style to be "literary oodooism"; and I can only ly say that I read him without a w, without a laugh, without a de, without the shade of a smile. ed with *Mad Magazine* silliness h his work is, Mr. Reed has one g virtue: he is hopelessly good- ed. He may intend his books as a variation of Jonathan Swift, but emerge closer to the commercial gs of Captain Kangaroo.

the history of American literature is history of discontinuity. New so- and regional groups, followed by ethnic subcultures, come to the hold of aesthetic articulation: their arance causes conflict, since it tens entrenched cultural interests styles; and each time the country s to settle upon a mode of cultiva- or sophistication, it is shaken by s of roughness and strength. No r really young, our culture seems ys to be starting up anew. When a literary tendency or school ap- —be it the Midwestern realists of 900s, the modernist poets of the s, the Jewish writers of the last

few decades—our literature is invigo- rated with new energies, ideas, and even language but also suffers a loss or at least a rupture of traditional skills.

The current appearance of the black writers is but the latest of such events, though by far the most tense and risky. For even those of us who doubt the possibility of a black nationalist or separat- ist literature cannot doubt the reality of a distinctive black experience. Even those who believe that, with whatever wrenchings, the work of the new black writers will take its place in the unfold- ing of American literature cannot doubt that they write out of a unique sense of the past. It would be foolish and insen- sitive to see the current rise of a new generation of black writers as not par- ticularly different from the upsurge of previous literary groups drawn from social and ethnic minorities within the white population.

It therefore seems reasonable to ex- pect that the work of black writers will bear distinctive elements of attitude and sensibility, and that it will draw upon symbols from the black culture or subculture that white readers may not fully or quickly grasp—just as gentle readers coming to Sholom Aleichem or Isaac Bashevis Singer in English trans- lation cannot possibly grasp all the nuances of the original Yiddish. Yet it remains a fact that these black writers compose in the English, or if you wish the American, language; so far, their verbal innovations, whether in dialect or slang, do not seem more extreme than those of previous groups barging into our literature; and they deal with an experience that is inextricably bound up with that of the entire country. They can announce themselves Africans, they can move to Paris, they can wear dashikis, they can even quote "a wee bit of Mao"; but they remain American writers, and in ways far deeper than choice or consciousness is likely to determine, they work within the Ameri- can literary tradition.

Perhaps this will change, there is no point in being dogmatic about it. Per- haps the thrust toward cultural separat- ism will be stronger than anyone can now suppose—though that is conceiva- ble only if the political future of this country is bleaker than even our most confirmed pessimists assume. But in- sofar as the work of the black novelists (rather than the statements of black ideologists) offers evidence, we are no- where near that kind of social and cul- tural rupture.

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Richard Schickel

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Igor Stravinsky on

PERFORMING ARTS

BOOKS

The new black writers handle the problem of "protest" with surprising ease: it is there, as much part of their experience as their skins, and at best, as in the work of James McPherson and Hal Bennett, they reach a kind of weary poise that encompasses yet moves a little beyond the beat of protest. Perhaps this achievement has been made possible by the trials of such earlier black writers as Wright and Baldwin, who struggled constantly with the relation between art and anger, and Ellison, who in the name of both art and his humanity protested against the dominance of protest. It seems unlikely that mere statement or will can remove from the work of the black writers a response so deeply ingrained in their lives; but they do seem able to handle it with more relaxation and even humor than their immediate predecessors.

Where the young black writers have difficulty is in forging a novelistic diction, a language that will be their own yet grounded in the traditional styles of American literature. On the obvious level, there is uncertainty in the handling of Negro speech. Black idiom courts authenticity but risks provincialism; and one wishes some of the writers searching for a black vocabulary would check out the troubles of those nineteenth-century American writers who were so devoted to local shadings of speech that their work gradually became unintelligible. On the other hand, the writers, like James McPherson, who avoid black idiom suffer losses in vividness; they make do with a neutral, middle-range prose that is serviceable but not distinguished.

The upsurge of black energies in this country is just beginning, and the outpourings of books by black writers will soon become a flood. It represents a release of long-suppressed desires, and anyone with a bit of imagination can see why black writers should be not only proud but even, if you wish, touchy in their self-assertion. Yet there is a problem they face which requires a final word, if only because it has to do with the general culture. Decades of neglect and contempt in the white literary world have recently been followed by an outburst of intense fascination—much of it, in my view, as deeply suspect and inauthentic as all our other literary fads and fashions. Publishers race to issue books by black writers, even if they know these books are not good. Anthologies of black literature, some of them dubious in taste and judgment, keep pouring out. Black publicists

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whose talents are small and opinions sometimes detestable are thrust into the limelight by the mass media, often with a cynical sensationalism.

If only by way of recompense there is something good about all this: at least the Bennetts and McPhersons get published with the others. Yet there is also a serious peril. It is the peril of being picked up for a year or two and then brushed aside when the next cultural

fashion appears; the peril of being patronized by intellectuals in search of a pseudo-revolutionary *frisson*; the peril of doing slipshod work (Ellison speaks of "the dead, publicity-stained writing which has come increasingly to stand for what is called black writing") in the knowledge that there will be white publishers, white critics, white readers prepared to condone and praise and smile.

Writers like William Kelley, Hal

Bennett, and James McPherson surely be aware of these possibilities. My impression is that they are mined to speak to and for their people, which if they speak well enough mean speaking to the world, and that they want no special indulgence, not a drop from the poisoned well of critical descension—only that courteous attention and humane understanding that every writer needs.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

John Hollander, Richard Schickel, Marion Magid

Fiction

The Fifth Column and Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners, \$4.95.

Of all the Hemingway material to be posthumously unveiled, short stories dating from before World War II would surely be the most welcome. This awkward volume brings together four previously uncollected stories mostly set in Madrid during the siege, with *The Fifth Column*, Hemingway's play set in the same scene. This last is already familiar to us through inclusion in the canonical old Modern Library Giant edition of forty-nine short stories (until Scribners removed it, for undisclosed reasons when they took over the collected stories reprint again in the Fifties). These four stories are all a bit long-winded; they are neither of the genre of the World War I sketches nor of, say, "Hills Like White Elephants," with its almost visionary anticipation of contemporary Italian cinematic exposition. They propound a world of desperation, military blunders, a senseless slaying of a civilian in a café, the necessary dirtiness of turning in a spy, and the crippling aspect of the International presence on the Loyalist side. Within that world, familiar Hemingwayan acts of grace occur, in a kind of low-keyed way, and the genuine people are mostly being hurt. The Spaniards all speak the patented Hemingway dialect, no contractions and *may formal*. But the stories are authentic enough, and are quite better than the worst of those in the collected volume. It only seems a pity that these were not included in it, instead of appearing in this somewhat artificial format: "The Denunciation," "The Butterfly and the Tank," "Night Before Battle," and "Un-

der the Ridge" together take up 62 pages. In any event, once the publishers were committed to such a presentation, they might at least have included a note on the publishing history of its contents.

—J.H.

The French Lieutenant's Woman, by John Fowles. Little, Brown, \$7.95.

I reacted to *The French Lieutenant's Woman* as I imagine I would to a fatal undertow. I fought it for awhile, desperately tugging more tightly about me the modern critic's life jacket, the theory that a really pleasurable novel is probably not good in itself and certainly not good for you. But then, somewhere around the hundredth page, I let go and allowed John Fowles to pull me under for the third and last time.

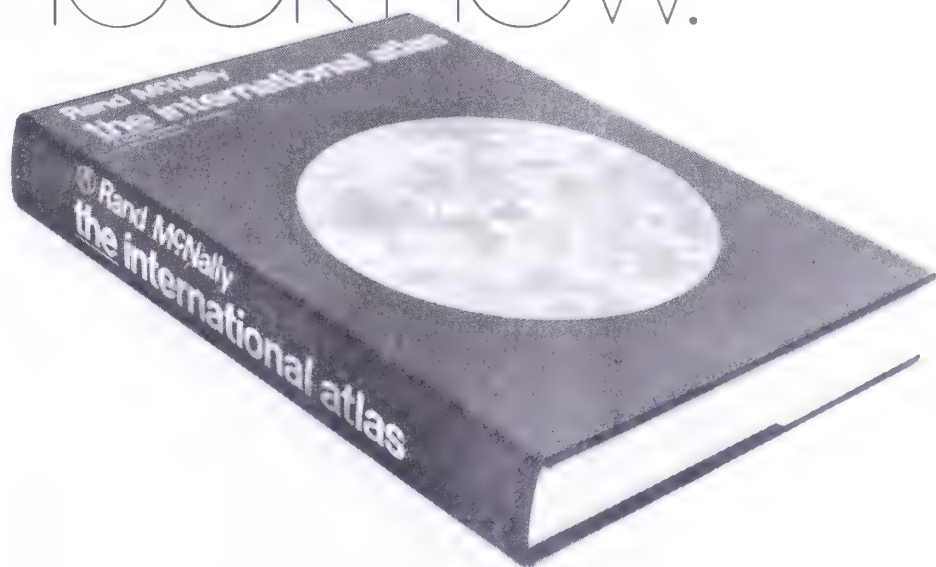
Mr. Fowles has written a pastiche of the nineteenth-century English novel. So he gives us a classic triangle—a morally upright, intellectually advanced gentleman of, naturally, independent means, his swoony betrothed, and the dark lady of the title, motives and morals ambiguous and in advance of her times. She is therefore able to ensnare first Mr. Smithson's commendable sympathies and then his less commendable lust. Ruin all around, of course. This neat bit of geometry—so reminiscent of Hardy—rests on a more complex but no less elegant base containing a very satisfying cross section of the society of the time—a fox-hunting country squire, a female religious fanatic of the hypocritical variety, an enlightened country doctor, an *arriviste* merchant, sly and lusty servants, rectitudinous barristers. In short, the whole gorgeous Victorian panoply which, without any strain on the author's part, manages to represent most of the age's more interesting ideas and attitudes.

It's beautiful—and set down in it of such surpassing grace that it puts to average American popular novel to shame (and popularity is what Fowles clearly aspires to, no less than the eminent Victorians who are his models here). There is some fashionable jiggery-pokery in which Fowles intrudes his own twentieth-century sensibility on the story, some fooling with alternative endings. But I am willing to indulge him in those conceits as I am willing to indulge any successful entertainer in anything he wants to do.

Selected Writings of E. T. A. Hoffmann. Edited, translated, and with an introduction by Leonard J. Kennerly and Elizabeth C. Knight. Twenty color illustrations by Jacob Landau. University of Chicago Press, 2 volumes, \$7.95 to Dec. 31, 1969; \$20.00 thereafter.

The doctrines of literary modernism that have influenced the teaching of criticism of literature since 1920 have prescribed a knowledge of French poetry and prose as an essential vitamin for the growing sensibility. German literature, however, with its dangerous romantic ingredients and consequences, was by and large neglected, and a major German writers thus remained known and inaccessible save by means of wretched nineteenth-century versions translated, as Oscar Wilde said in another connection, as if it were a paid duty. E. T. A. Hoffmann, that fascinating (like Rousseau) turned writer, has long had a trivialized reputation in English. His splendid essays, Beethoven's instrumental music have been translated for musicologists, but they can usually read German anyway. Recently there has been an attempt here and in England to

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collect some of the better-known. But a complete Hoffmann has long overdue.

The first volume of this lavish edition contains seven stories: "Ritter Gluck," "Golden Pot," "The Sandman," "The Councillor Krespel," "The Mines of Mademoiselle de Scudéri," and "The Doubles." All but the first of them are available in rather recent versions. "Ritter Gluck" is seriously damaged by the translators' ignorance of Hoffmann.

The second volume is considerably more valuable. It contains *The Life and Opinions of Kater Murr*, a marvelous parody of Nabokovian, pre-Borgesian, and Freudian dual life of the musician Kater Murr and his cat, and, as if secondarily, a rather sophisticated novelistic treatment of so many of the themes of Hoffmann's tales: art as power, the demonic aspects of craft, simulacra of living personalities, and so forth, most Swiftian layerings of satirical technique in its treatment of the problems in social milieus. With the exception of some lapses of knowledge of historical fact, the translations are adequate and the collection is accompanied by heavily learned and uninspired introduction by the translators, as well as a useful bibliography.

As grateful as one must be for *Kater Murr*, one must question the publishers' responsibility in not urging a more conscientious selection on the translators, in not going up on details a bit more, and, in the tastelessness of the twenty illustrations, sleazily modish, and vulgarations with which this expensive edition is defaced; if no effort could be put in trying to assemble some German romantic pictures to reproduce, at least a first-rate graphic artist should have been employed. Book illustration is a great, and, one hopes, revivifying institution, but this volume can only have a bad name. —J.H.

Nonfiction

Book of Imaginary Beings. by Jorge Luis Borges with Margarita Guerrero. Revised, enlarged, and translated by Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author. Dutton.

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CROSS
SINCE 1846

ders of biology. It is almost incredible that Borges, our great poet of native possibilities, should have led a volume of imaginary *lusus*.
 di Giovanni translation is of an edited version of an original 1957 edition, and contains not only the edited traditional basilisks, unicorns, phoenix, and the like, but some familiar Oriental and South American accounts as well. Arranged alphabetically, these accounts are partly deadpan imitations of sources, partly typographical descriptions, and include tales *Shaped Like Spheres, Thermal*, and instances from realms more recently brought forth, such as *A Creature Imagined by C. S. Lewis*. It was surprising to find several of Kafka's tales, particularly the terrifying "Worries of a Head of a Household." It is, however, too bad the idiosyncratic transliteration of the Jewish form of the legendary thirty-first men reads "Lamed Wufniks," mistaking wrongly some sort of crippling-bearing monster.
 The documentation of modern myth is part of myth-making itself: as this wonderful book should reopen-ended, to include someday Carroll's Mock Turtle (whom Carrollifies through the misplacing of all parentheses), or The Hound of Edges from *The Circus of Dr. Lao*. In event, the wit, the serious playfulness of the descriptions, and the tone of the whole assemblage make all these tales Señor Borges' own. —J.H.

Jewish Wife, by Gwen Gibson, Peter H. Artz and Barbara Wyden. Peter H. Artz, Inc., \$6.95.
 The authors—both of whom are professional journalists—went to the country asking a selected sample of middle-class Jewish housewives questions ranging from their views on sex, sex, and religion, to how often husbands telephone from the office when was the last time they had a cry. Their study (undertaken, however, a good two years before Mrs. Artz appeared on the scene) was of their feeling that the Jewish wife (or mother) has been unjustly blamed for too long. If, they ask, she is comical and predatory as all that, explain the relative stability of the Jewish family, and the improbably low rate of Jewish alcoholism, delinquency, suicide, *et al*?
 Though the authors' findings will probably leave the Jewish-mother joke

unscathed, and though the Republic could probably have survived without another venture—pro or con—in this area, the book turns out to be harder to put down than one might have expected. It has something of the fascination of conversations overheard in restaurants. The women interviewed are, for the most part, candid, peppy, talkative, and—even when they sound like an old Nichols and May routine—endearing ("I'm a very structured person, a perfectionist. . . . When I do something I give it my all. . ."). The book even contains one genuinely surprising statistic: Two hundred Jewish and two hundred non-Jewish mothers were asked by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. what they would do if a child came home from school with an upset stomach and a temperature of 100 degrees. Five and six-tenths per cent fewer of the Jewish mothers said they would call the doctor immediately. So there. —M.M.

Night of the Grizzlies, by Jack Olsen. Illustrated. Putnam, \$6.95.
 Jack Olsen is, so far as I know, the first writer to borrow the techniques of such literary detectives as Truman Capote and Gerald Frank and apply them to what is essentially a problem in ecology. The result is a fascinating, horrifying, extraordinarily edifying book.
 On the simplest level it recounts the events that occurred in Glacier National Park in the early morning hours of August 13, 1967, when two bears of the species *Ursus arctos horribilis*, otherwise known as the grizzly, and termed by the author "the grandest animal of North America, an animal whose qualities of courage, independence, and intelligence overshadows the bald eagle as a symbol of America," attacked and killed two nineteen-year-old girls who were camping just twenty miles apart in the park. In the fifty-seven years since records had been kept in Glacier no one was known to have been killed by the bears and a computer placed the odds on one such death occurring in a single evening at a million to one, the odds against two killings in a night at a trillion to one. It was a one-day sensation in the press, a year-long controversy in the National Park Service, which tightened up its procedures regarding the grizzlies (mostly this involved new regulations about garbage disposal) and issued a string of reassuring statements.
 But Mr. Olsen has something more on his mind than building suspense in his reconstruction of the "crime"—though

he does that admirably. He believes the girls were the victims of what has become an insupportable contradiction in Park Service policy. Among its several stated aims are the preservation and renewal of wildlife indigenous to its land holdings and the provision of recreation for a maximum number of citizens in the same areas. But Glacier, for example, is a small park—too small, really, for the mobs who have become, without training, campers and hikers in postwar America. Certainly it is too small for all of them plus the embattled grizzlies, once the monarchs of primeval America, now reduced to just a couple of narrow ranges. One side or the other must give way.
 Indeed, Olsen speculates that, in effect, the grizzlies know better than man what is happening. It is possible the 1967 attacks were the beginnings of a last stand by the Great Bears. Or (and in a way more scary) it may be that the bears have lost their congenital hatred of man's smell, may have developed, after prolonged proximity, a liking for it. Either way, the animal is doomed.
 So what *The Night of the Grizzlies* finally becomes is a tragic parable about the relationship of man to nature, the consequences of which are inescapable despite the application of good will or improved technology or better management techniques. And if there is no escape for the grizzlies, then in their fate we may be witnessing, in microcosm, the fate of all nature as it confronts overpopulous, overclever man. Extrapolating from Mr. Olsen's parable, as I think he wants us to do, one sees the end of the natural world as we have known it. And with it, perhaps, man himself, who is a part of nature but keeps forgetting it. —R.S.

Verse

Scattered Returns, by L. E. Sissman. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75 cloth; \$1.95 paper.
 L. E. Sissman's second book of poems broadens and deepens the terrain to which he laid claim in his recent first collection, *Dying, an Introduction*. He is a kind of American John Betjeman, familiar and intense, anecdotal and gazetteering. Oh, *mutatis mutandis*, all right—his verse a bit rougher for its having to contain the vagaries of our vernacular and our inscriptions, his mind more than a bit tougher—but with an equivalent skill at detailing the shapes of general meaning which lie hid-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

den in accumulations of the ordinary, in piles of things and behind stacks of years. In Sissman's poems, the tonal control afforded by rhymed iambic verse, frequently in couplets, widens the imaginative fronts along which show-downs with awareness can occur. When he is most wry or broadly funny, Mr. Sissman, unlike Betjeman, never seems either condescending or even faintly muddled about the direction of his irony. "A War Requiem," the long poem at the end of the book, is a fine instance of that classic American imaginative act, the exorcism of the specters of nostalgia. —J.H.

Parlour Poetry. A Casquet of Gems. Selected and introduced by Michael R. Turner. Viking, \$7.95.

Everyone who loves this anthology will want to quibble with the selection, but in a way, that is the measure of its success. This collection of former favorites is not a book of bad good poetry (as the editors of *The Stuffed Owl* defined it), but rather of good bad; it is not a gathering from the forsaken garden of minor romantic poetry, so much as an unearthing of old modes and bric-a-brac from cellars and attics, presented with an air of devoted and good-humored curatorship, and without undue facetious condescension. The recitation of verse in the nineteenth-century home that had any aspiration to culture depended not only upon a canon of poetry in English, but on a continuous creation of new material. This was frequently newspaper verse, by sophisticated journalists for whom a belle-lettristic education and some real competence in prosody was as basic to literacy as an ability to write clear prose. The range of quality represented here runs from Byron and Tennyson through Tupper and Mrs. Sigourney, "The Sweet Singer of Hartford"; included are song texts and occasional poems, with a good assortment of particularly American favorites, such as "Casey at the Bat" (no R. W. Service? but I shan't quibble). The introduction and notes are helpful and straightforward, although it would have been nice now and then to have publication dates of individual poems; the words of "The Old Oaken Bucket," for example, date from as early as 1818, which makes their Wordsworthian kitsch—the author was, actually, one Woodworth—a bit more timely than it would have been in the Seventies, with false echoes of temperance, when the well-known setting was composed. The collection is decorated with vintage engravings. —J.H.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGING EDITOR AND CIRCULATION

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A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	451,433	
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C. Total paid circulation	386,884	
D. Free distribution (inc. samples)	15,300	
E. Total distribution (sum of C & D)	402,184	
F. Office use, left overs, unaccounted for, spoiled after printing	49,249	
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Contest for those who've had it with rubber-stamp criticism.

To encourage better critical writing on the campus, to let a new generation of journalists fully explore new forms of journalism, Harper's Magazine announces its Second Annual Criticism Contest for College Students.

First prizes of \$500 each will be given to the authors of the best political, social and arts criticism appearing in any campus publication between March 1, 1969 to February 27, 1970, with matching prizes of \$500 given to each publication which carried the prize winning articles. The judges will be the Board of Editors of Harper's Magazine and their decisions are final.

All a student has to do to enter is to clip his article, mark it with his name, address and college or university, as well as with the name of the publication in which the article appeared, and send it to Harper's Magazine Criticism Contest, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 27.

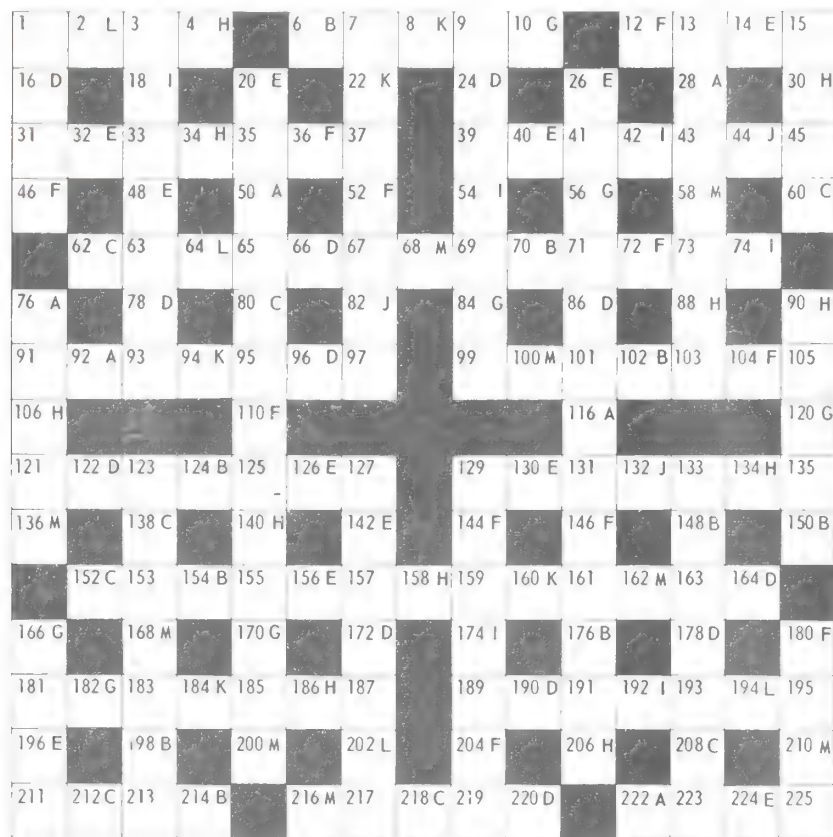
Which means that if you are a college student, you still have plenty of time to create and enter (but don't forget that the contest is also retroactive). And if you're beyond college, perhaps you know a student who has something of interest to say to a larger audience than just his classmates —by all means encourage him to enter.

For in the decade ahead, serious critical journalism is going to be even more necessary than it has been in the past.

HARPER'S PUZZLE

Acrostickler[®] No.

- Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- When the answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
- Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

- The kind of foe that may be coy?
- Started and canceled, paradoxically enough. (2,3)
- Most of 6 across breaks up, perhaps. (2,2)
- Fortunately not miserably.
- Picture not gaudy, or man sprucely dressed? (4,3)
- The Acrostician made the first of these. (5,8)
- No hen party for such a chorus. (3,4)
- Incited on the chicken farm? (5,2)
- Kind of breeches to make J. H. proud.
- What the brook did when Bab bled badly.
- Is a cent Queen's coin when tea leaves as a result? (2,11)
- Is his face fed and rubbed out both?
- Enter at the door if you plead.
- A tea urn to change direction.
- Fixes copy when tide's about.
- Duse with a second-hand look.

DOWN

- Hurt in the peaches-and-cream affair.
- How to pour the tea for a successful recipe. (3,4)
- Color preferred by aviators? (3-4)
- Kind of company a fine can make.
- Kind of wheel used in railroad-ing to flag Ned down.
- Bits found in all bridge supports, naturally.
- The last thing in landing or in diplomacy? (5,8)
- Inspiring a threat baking a cake! (6,1,6)
- I had Jay as the one who made the pilgrimage (Alt. sp.).
- Derogatory when one dines.
- Finished with one Ford. (4,3)
- Lived and desired.
- Command a search or will it?
- Combination of an alga and a fungus 50 inches across?
- Let a thousand thaw!
- Kind of shirt button to keep out of the dust.

For solution to last month's puzzle No. 1 see page 16.

For solution to this month's puzzle No. 2 see page 19, this issue.

- A 50 222 28 92 116 76 A ravi gully.
- B 102 154 124 6 214 198 148 70 176 A class comprising sea urchins
- C 152 62 80 212 60 218 138 2 "Youths green and happy in first lov So thankful for _____." Clough, "Dipsychus."
- D 78 24 86 16 122 96 190 220 172 66 164 A county in eastern gland.
- E 32 20 48 196 126 40 156 26 130 14 224 Kind of life desired b lazy, perhaps. (8,4)
- F 146 46 204 110 104 72 180 52 36 144 Answerable or account
- G 166 170 10 182 120 84 56 celebrate with extravagant public de strations (British).
- H 90 206 158 88 34 4 134 140 186 30 A tender of a certain kir farm animals.
- I 42 54 18 192 174 74 A sig the Zodiac.
- J 44 82 132 "Ay, there's the Shakespeare, *Hamlet*."
- K 8 184 22 160 94 Fiber for caul
- L 64 202 194 2 "Far or forgot to is _____." Emerson, "Brahma."
- M 100 210 136 58 168 68 200 216 Female of any of several African ga ceous birds. (6,3)

